

Toxic ATTRACTION

A DARK CUCKOLD STORY BY

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Summary:

1. Creepy lecherous roommate has plans for Dan's innocent wife.

2. Lester puts his nefarious plan for Sarah in motion.

3. The couple regroups as Lester continues to advance.

4. Lester makes his move on Dan's wife.

5. Dan's wife willingly goes to his creepy roommate.

6. Lester's plan advances with his roommate's innocent wife.

7. Dan accidentally pushes his innocent wife to his roommate.

8. Sarah navigates what happened during the snowstorm.

9. Dan's coworker tries to blackmail him to get with his wife.

10. Lester offers the couple a devil's bargain.

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Toxic Attraction Ch. 01

The idea of bunking with a roommate just seemed immature to Dan. As a forty-year-old man with a family, Dan believed he was far too old and past the point in his life when he should even consider living with some stranger. He had scoffed when his wife proposed the idea to him.

"A roommate? Jesus, Sarah, I'm forty years old," he said, half laughing. "I'm not in college anymore."

Like most American families, the economic downturn hit the Williams hard. The engineering firm that Dan was employed at for the last ten years went under, leaving the father of two unemployed. Luckily, Sarah was able to hold onto her job as a hospital administrator to keep food on the table.

Dan had been unable to find another job in his field or at the same pay rate in their hometown of Middleton, Illinois. Other companies in town seemed to have had a hiring freeze as Dan never heard back from anywhere he had submitted his resume to. In desperation, he'd just worked whatever odd jobs he could find to help keep his family afloat.

After two years without steady employment, Dan finally received a call from a firm out of Chicago. While the pay was much less than he was previously making, a regular influx of cash would help the Williams family get their lives back on track.

"Dan, we've gone over the numbers how many times? We'll be able to save a lot more money if you split the costs with someone else."

"I know, I know. I just don't want to live with some random person, Sarah. At this stage in my life, I just want to be with you and the kids."

Sarah made her way across the room and sat down on Dan's lap, circling her arms around his neck.

"I know, baby, but think of it this way. The more money you save by having a roommate, the faster the kids and I will be able to join you in Chicago."

Dan sighed. "You're right. It's going to be hard enough just being away from you and the kids, but if this gets us back together faster then so be it."

A half smile spread onto Sarah's face. "It's going to be hard on all of us, but this is the best scenario in terms of our finances." The smile on her face grew wider and she locked eyes with Dan. "And it's not like this is forever. Once we've saved enough money and I can find a job in Chicago, the kids and I will be right there with you in a place of our own."

Begrudgingly Dan faked a small smile so Sarah would feel that her efforts to comfort him were working. In an effort to put an end to his pity party, Dan joked, "I guess this move might put a damper on our sex life." He feigned a thrust into her butt with his hips for a punchline.

The smile on Sarah's face grew wider as she quickly shifted gears from comforting to flirty. She shifted her hips on Dan's crotch and playfully said, "Oh, I don't know about that. Between Skype and sexting, I'm sure we'll be able to find a way to satisfy each other." Her grin grew even wider, while naughty thoughts filled her head. Her fingers playfully danced along the skin of Dan's neck. "Who knows, it might be nice to get away from the kids and come visit you in Chicago."

Sarah and Dan spent the next week looking online exhaustively at places for Dan to live in Chicago. Due to the location of Dan's new

job and their budget, housing rentals were quickly eliminated from the equation. Many of the ideal locations close to Dan's work were occupied, so the couple had to expand their search to apartment buildings in different parts of the city. After a few days, they booked several appointments to view different units in person.

Sarah took a few days off work and had her parents stay with the kids so she could accompany Dan on his hunt for an apartment. They drove up to Chicago on Friday with the plan to spend the weekend making their appointments and looking for other rental opportunities.

Over the course of the weekend, both Dan and Sarah began to become dismayed at the rental prospects in the city. Their short list of apartments grew increasingly shorter with each appointment.

The first apartment they visited would have had Dan sharing a unit with an older gentleman who was clearly a hoarder. The common area was used as a storage space for the packaging and garbage that this man had accumulated over the years. Even the room that would have been Dan's was filled with a mountain of items that would need to be relocated before anything else could be moved in.

While the rest of the appointments were attractively advertised online, they were anything but in person. Either the state of the apartment was in disrepair or the quality of the roommate did not meet Dan's expectations. After checking out all of the rentals on their list, Dan and Sarah had met several high-functioning drug users as well as some that were not so high functioning. They encountered a few cat ladies and even a man that presented Dan with a roommate agreement that he wanted to be signed which outlined how Dan was to conduct himself while in the apartment. The agreement tried to regulate when Dan would be allowed to use their shared Internet and for what purposes. It even went as far as requesting that Dan book when Sarah was to visit ahead of time to obtain the roommate's approval.

The only appointment that had been acceptable to Dan would see him rooming with a female college senior. Sarah quickly shot down that option.

After visiting every apartment on their list, the couple returned to their hotel room dismayed.

With his eyes closed, Dan slowly massaged his temples while sitting on the edge of the bed. "I don't think I'm going to have a place to stay before I start work next week."

"We'll find something," Sarah said and she moved behind her husband and wrapped her arms around his chest. "This city is huge, and there has to be somewhere that isn't completely terrible." She planted a reassuring kiss on Dan's shoulder, letting her head rest there.

Dan stopped massaging his temples and brought his hand up to slowly stroke Sarah's hair. "I just can't believe every apartment we checked out was a bust." He shook his head. "We had a list of promising spots, a few were even close to work and none of them panned out."

Moving from her place behind Dan, Sarah got off the bed and stood in front of her husband with her hands on her hips. "We're not gonna let this get us down. There is a perfect spot for you....for us, here in Chicago. We just need to find it." She shot Dan a genuinely warm smile that reminded him just how much he loved her. Even though she was strikingly beautiful, her caring and compassionate personality was what he loved most.

The smile quickly faded from Sarah's face only to be replaced with a look of determination as she marched across the room to her purse. She wasn't about to let her husband be homeless in a new city, and she certainly wasn't going to let them sit around and mope in their hotel room. As a hospital administrator, Sarah was used to solving problems all day long. Whether the hospital was running low on a

certain item or had a staffing issue, Sarah was always able to find a solution.

She quickly unzipped her purse and reached in, searching for her smartphone. While making her way back over to the bed, she began navigating the internet looking for newly posted rentals in the area. Dan watched her as she crossed in front of him, Sarah not taking her eyes off the phone as she moved onto the bed in a sitting position against the headboard. He admired her determination and quickly located his cell phone to follow suit.

After a half hour of unsuccessfully searching for a new listing that would be different from their other appointments, Sarah was almost ready to call it quits. *I can't give up. We need to find a place for Dan to live. What other websites should I check?*

The answer quickly dawned on her. Before this pivotal decision, their searches were restricted to rental listing sites for Chicago and the websites of individual apartment complexes. Sarah then remembered the name of a website she had never visited, but had heard about on the news and from her co-workers at the hospital.

It was a website that she would eventually wish she had never remembered.

She quickly typed 'craigslist.com' into her phone's browser and navigated to the page for Chicago rentals. Scrolling through the listings, Sarah quickly realized that there were a ton of apartments available for rent that she had never even stumbled across in her past searches. *Maybe this is it!*

A recent listing near the top of the page caught her eye.

"Clean spacious two bedroom, quiet roommate"

She clicked the link and was brought to a page that had several pictures with a current time stamp on them. The pictures showed off

a reasonably clean apartment that appeared to have a good amount of space. The bathroom, common area, kitchen and Dan's prospective bedroom were all showcased and appeared much better kept than what the couple had already experienced throughout the weekend.

Staring intently at the screen, Sarah read over the description of the unit. *Location, check. Price, check. Male roommate, check!*

Before asking her husband his thoughts, she quickly sent the poster an email stating her interest and desire to see the unit in person. After the weekend they'd had, she wasn't about to let this apartment go to someone else.

After clicking the send button, Sarah excitedly looked over at her husband. "I think I found you a place!"

Across town, a computer monitor flickered on, accompanied by a short beep notifying its absent user of a new pop-up notification. The sudden light from the screen illuminated an otherwise dark room, exposing an unkempt mess. Piles of dirty clothes littered the floor amongst dishes caked with what was once food. Every surface in the room, from the computer desk to the nightstand, was occupied by trash or other forgotten items under a thick layer of dust.

A shape on the bed stirred in response to the sudden intrusion of light. Slowly, the shape of a man sat up and kicked his legs off the side of the bed. The light from the computer exposed a body that matched the room's level of upkeep. A t-shirt which was originally white, now a pale beige, was dotted with stains from an unaccounted number of days' worth of food and was littered with small holes. The fabric of the t-shirt was fighting to contain the protruding belly that hung over an equally neglected pair of boxers.

The man got up from the bed and expertly navigated the maze of dirty laundry and dishes scattered on the floor. As he plopped himself down in the computer chair, he ran his stocky fingers through his wiry hair. He used the mouse to click on the notification, which revealed a new email in his inbox. Licking the remains of the night's takeout dinner from his lips, he began reading the new message.

Hello there...

Soon the man's fingers were racing across the Cheeto-encrusted keyboard. The speed at which he typed amounted to the most physical exercise he had experienced in weeks. The email was from a woman named Sarah asking about his craigslist apartment posting on behalf of her husband. She wanted to come and see the unit as soon as possible. *I'll show her my unit all right.*

Satisfied with his reply that the couple could view the apartment anytime the following day, he signed the email 'Lester Marshall' and pressed send.

The rush of corresponding with a female stranger over the Internet awakened Lester's dick. He greedily clicked the Mozilla Firefox icon and began browsing his bookmarked porn sites.

Excited by the prospect of finding an actual apartment to rent, the Williams left the hotel early to have breakfast and then make their way to the apartment building. At the same time, Lester was doing his best to make himself and the apartment presentable to his potential roommate.

At a quarter past 10 am, Sarah and Dan pulled their Dodge Journey into the parking lot of the Cityfront Tower apartment building. Sarah leaned over and grasped her husband's hand. "This place looks great, babe! Can you see yourself living here?"

"Yeah, I guess," Dan replied, looking through the windshield at the tower in front of him. The tower might have been an exaggeration. The apartment building in front of them was only twelve stories tall and looked similar to the half dozen other apartment buildings they had visited this weekend. It definitely wasn't Trump Tower, but it wasn't a shithole either. "I just hope the actual apartment is better than the others you dragged me to."

Sarah feigned an annoyed expression. "I almost can't wait to be rid of you." She flashed Dan a quick smile. "Come on, it's almost 10:30. Let's go check this place out."

They exited their vehicle and made their way through the parking lot toward a narrow pathway that led up to the lobby. As they opened the glass lobby door, Sarah retrieved her cell phone from her purse and quickly located the email from the previous night. Satisfied that she remembered the correct room number, she pressed #609 on the intercom.

After a few rings, a gruff voice emanated from the intercom's speaker. "Hello?"

"Hi, this is Sarah Williams. We exchanged a few emails last night about renting out a room."

Without a reply, a buzzer went off followed by the click of the lobby door allowing them entry. As they rode the elevator up to the sixth floor, Dan began thinking about the brief exchange over the intercom. "So what do we really know about this guy?"

"Nothing really, I guess," Sarah said, while watching the ascending numbers on the elevator's screen. "What I do know is that you start work next week and need a place to live. This building is in a prime location and the pictures online made it seem worth our time. Plus, the rent fits in our budget."

When the elevator doors opened, Dan moved to step out but Sarah gently grabbed his arm. Looking back at her, Sarah raised both her hands to cup his face and stepped closer to look into his eyes." I love you."

"I love you too, babe," he said as he leaned in and kissed her.

After a few moments of holding up the elevator for their tender embrace, the couple made their way down the hallway to apartment #609 and knocked on the door.

Peering through the peephole, Lester took in the beauty of Sarah Williams for the first of many times. While the peephole only exhibited her angelic face, it was enough to cause Lester to adjust the rising bulge forming in his pants. Wanting to get a look at the rest of this woman's body, he quickly opened the door.

When the door swung open, the Williams were greeted by a short, overweight man a few years older than Dan. Despite his unattractive features, it was clear he was trying to make an effort to look respectable. His wiry hair was being kept down with some kind of product, and he was sporting a blue dress shirt a few sizes too big, tucked into a pair of black slacks.

Lester's outward appearance helped set the couple's minds at ease. While he was nothing special to look at, he at least seemed like a somewhat well-put-together individual. The potential roommates that they'd met over the previous few days had done little to impress them.

Dressing well upon first meeting a roommate was a tactic Lester had adopted over time. Portraying an upstanding member of society was Lester's strategy to gain a bit of trust with potential roommates. No one wants to live with a stranger, let alone one who's a dirtbag. The respectable appearance was just one strand of the web he was weaving to ensnare the couple.

While the couple's first impression of Lester was being cemented in their minds, he quickly looked over the body of Sarah Williams. While his eyes danced up her body, he groaned internally. *Yessss...*

The woman standing in front of him was the picture of perfection. It took all of Lester's mental fortitude not to emit that groan out loud. Her calf-length jean khakis hugged her slender thighs and shapely hips. A loose black blouse hung off her shoulders but did little to conceal the outline of the firm breasts hidden beneath. While he fantasized about what her body would look like without clothes on, Lester extended his hand. *I'll know soon enough.* "Hi, I'm Lester."

"Sarah," she reached forward and shook his hand, noting some slight perspiration in his palm.

"And this is my husband, Dan."

Making physical contact with Sarah's creamy vanilla skin caused Lester's dick to swell even harder. While shaking her hand, Lester briefly broke eye contact to admire the slight jiggling effect their handshake was having on her chest.

From his past experiences as a lecherous roommate, Lester knew not to give Sarah too much attention. If he did, she may come to see him as his last roommate did -- creepy. He released her hand and shifted his gaze to Dan, shaking his hand next. "So, you're the one looking for a place then?"

"That I am," Dan responded.

"Please come in and take a look around." Lester stepped aside and motioned for the couple to make their way into his lair. The couple walked through the entryway and into the living room of the apartment. They took a brief moment to look around at the state of their new surroundings. A moment was all Lester needed to take advantage of the couple's backs being turned to him as he admired the curvaceous behind of Mrs. Williams. Her perfectly round ass

stared back at him as he licked his lips. Even though the material of the khakis was stretched to contain her excellent butt, Lester didn't notice any underwear lines. *She must be wearing a thong....or going without. That naughty girl.*

Sarah was relieved to see that the pictures posted online matched the apartment's appearance. Everything appeared to be neat and tidy. The minimal furniture of the living room was neatly arranged around the TV without any dirty dishes or clothes strewn about. She was impressed that there was actually a centerpiece on the coffee table, as well as photos and candles neatly decorating the walls and shelves. *This is much nicer than the last few places we looked at.*

Dan gave Sarah a relieved glance. His apprehension about visiting this apartment from craigslist was slowly disappearing.

What the Williams couple didn't know was that the tidiness and immaculate styling of the apartment were due to Lester's last roommate. She had taken it upon herself to decorate and make the place more comfortable while she lived there. In her eagerness to move out and get away from Lester, she left many possessions behind.

"Feel free to take a look around and talk to each other. I'll be here if you have any questions." Lester forced the words out. He knew he had to seem outgoing and normal to make the Williams comfortable with him. He pointed across the living room to another doorway.

"Over there is the kitchen. It has fairly new appliances." Motioning to the other side of the living room, Lester pointed Dan and Sarah in the direction of a hallway. "Down there on the left is the bathroom. The first door on the right would be your room and the one at the end of the hall is mine."

After the brief exchange with Lester, the couple started checking out the apartment's other rooms. Each room they visited was just as

spotless as the living room. Even the fridge and medicine cabinet were neatly organized.

Standing in what could be his future bedroom, Dan was very happy with the size of it.

"What do you think?" Sarah asked with a tentative smile.

"I think this place is the best one we've seen all weekend. It's pretty tidy. I won't feel like I'm slumming it here," Dan walked over and opened the closet doors. Both doors opened to reveal a closet devoid of any clothing but with plenty of hangers and hooks for most of Dan's wardrobe. "And this room isn't half bad. It sure doesn't beat our room at home, but it will do for now."

"What do you think about Lester?" Sarah asked.

"He doesn't seem like a bad guy. Definitely better than some of the other candidates we've met. I think he might be a little weird, but at least he keeps the place clean. What do you think?

"He seems nice." Sarah thought back to meeting Lester a few minutes ago and the way he subtly looked her over. *Just because he checked you out doesn't mean he is a bad guy. He is a man, after all.*

Sarah glanced at the full-length mirror on the wall, admiring her reflection. *And I'm not too hard on the eyes. Can I really blame the guy?*

"And yeah, the place is well kept." She shrugged. "Not as well kept as our house, but I'm sure living with him will be bearable."

Dan nodded and continued looking around the room.

"So...what should we do? Do you want to take it or look around at some other places?" asked Sarah.

Dan turned to look at his beautiful wife. Her lovely green eyes showed nothing but love for him. Part of him still didn't want to commit to renting any place because it would mean leaving her. He sighed. "Well, work starts next week and I'm still going to need some time to move some of my things in. I'm not sure we have time to look at other places. Besides, this is just temporary so I don't need to live in the lap of luxury."

He strode over to her and took her hands in his. "Let's go talk to Lester."

Two days later, Sarah and Dan returned to CityPlace towers with the Dodge Journey full of items for the apartment. After a few trips up the elevator, their vehicle was empty and the couple began unboxing things and setting up Dan's new room.

Dan spent half an hour assembling an IKEA desk, while Sarah arranged pictures of their family around the room.

Having exchanged phone numbers when the Williams signed the lease, Lester sent Dan a text message apologizing for not being able to help him move because he had to work. In reality, Lester had taken the day off work and was watching the couple move Dan in through the peephole in his bedroom wall. Lester admired Sarah's womanly form as she bent over to grab picture frames from the bottom of a box.

The clothing Lester wore when he first met his new prize was scattered on his floor. He was now wearing nothing but his unwashed, yellow-tinged t-shirt as he gaped through the hole at his new roommate's wife. He rested his body weight against the wall using his left arm and was slowly stroking himself while Sarah moved around the other room in her sweatpants and hoodie. *Ahh, fuck, she is just a few feet from me!*

Lester furiously jerked himself off as he memorized every inch of Sarah's body. Whenever she would talk to her husband he pictured her talking to him and his dick. He wanted nothing more than to walk into the other room and grab her by the ponytail and force her onto the bed.

As she finished hanging the last picture, Sarah said "It's getting really hot in here".

With the two of them in one small enclosed room moving things around, the temperature was beginning to rise. Lester watched in amazement as Sarah began unzipping her hoodie. He began stroking faster as she tossed it aside to reveal a small tank top that showed off the tops of her juicy breasts. Lester grinned, his eyes glued to the naked flesh of her chest.

His eyes felt like they were bulging out of his head when she crouched to retrieve bed sheets from another box. As she sorted through the sheets, the angle of her chest gave Lester an unobstructed view down the top of her tank top. He furiously pumped his dick in his hand as Sarah's breasts jiggled to match the movement of her arms. *Fuck yeah, baby.*

"Are we almost done, Dan? I just need to put these sheets on your bed," Sarah stood up while opening a folded-up bed sheet.

"Yeah, the desk is all built and it looks like everything is set up," Dan said, looking around the room. He neglected to notice the small peephole in the wall which was allowing a pervert to ogle his wife's assets. "Once you're done with the bed we can head back to the house and let your parents go home."

Dan rose to his feet. "I'm just going to use the bathroom before we leave."

"Ok, I'll be done in two seconds and then we can hit the road." Sarah leaned over to tuck the bed sheet into the far side of Dan's

double bed.

As Sarah bent over and forcibly began tucking in the sheet, Lester's hungry eyes ran up her body, trying to decide what to focus on as he was getting close to finishing. Not a single bit of extra fat was on her.

Lester's breathing became rapid as he continued shifting his eyes across her body. He wanted to cum looking at her angelic face, but his attention was diverted to the movement of her heaving, beautiful breasts as she tucked in the sheet. His eyes trailed down to her flat stomach and onto her fantastic ass, which was on display for him. *I wish you didn't have those clothes on.*

With the bed completely tucked in, Sarah sneakily made her way across the room to her purse and reached for an envelope from it. Lester watched as she took the envelope and stuck it in one of Dan's dresser drawers. *What are you up to?*

While Lester was still pondering what could be in the envelope, she picked up her hoodie and stepped in front of the mirror, looking herself over. To Sarah, she was looking at her reflection, but she was unaware that the mirror was almost in line with the peephole. From Lester's side of the wall, it looked like Sarah was standing there just for him.

Having her this close and looking right at him sent Lester over the edge. He continued to pump his dick as he ejaculated onto a well-stained spot on the wall "Argghhh!"

Lester was so caught up in pleasuring himself that he didn't care if he got caught peeping.

Lucky for Lester, Dan chose that exact moment to flush the toilet, drowning out the sounds of the older man's ecstasy.

Dan exited the bathroom and made his way back over to his wife. Wrapping his arms around her from behind he looked at her through the mirror. "God, you're beautiful. I'm really going to hate living here without you."

She turned to face him while giving Lester a close-up view of her ass.

"It's only for a little while," she smiled with her eyes becoming watery. "And I will definitely be coming to visit you as often as I can."

Lester's ears perked up at those words. *I look forward to it.*

After a brief embrace, Sarah visited the washroom and the couple departed the apartment to head back to their family.

Waiting a few minutes to make sure they were gone, Lester left his den of iniquity and quietly entered Dan's room. He made his way over to the dresser and retrieved the envelope Sarah had discreetly hidden. The words 'For your eyes only' were written on it.

He opened it and a shit-eating grin spread across his lips. *Why Sarah, you shouldn't have.*

The envelope contained a love letter from Sarah to Dan. It expressed how much she would miss him and that he would always be in her thoughts. The note also described how much she loved him and would miss feeling his body next to hers. To keep Dan from missing her too much she included several boudoir pictures of herself to keep him occupied on lonely nights. *For my pleasure now.*

Lester took the photos out of the envelope and looked them over. Sarah was posing for the camera in several states of undress. These intimate pictures were meant for only her husband's eyes, but now a deceptive stranger was looking at the most private parts of the young mother.

As he shuffled through the photos, Lester felt his dick get hard again.

Without taking his eyes off the supple breasts of Mrs. Williams, Lester made his way back to his room.

Dan moved in a few days later and started his new job. He talked to Sarah and his kids every night on the phone and sent them plenty of text messages throughout the day. Aside from the occasional small talk, Lester and Dan rarely interacted. The only time that Dan would see Lester out of his room was when he would use the washroom or to heat up his dinner.

Over the course of their few interactions, Dan began to see Lester as a little odd and much different than how he portrayed himself during their first meeting. He didn't mind Lester's odd behavior, though, because it meant he was free to enjoy the apartment to himself.

Sitting down on the couch in the living room, Dan dialed his home number for his nightly phone call.

"Hey baby, how are you doing?" Sarah asked excitedly into the phone.

"I'm good, hun." Dan was beaming. He always loved to hear his wife's voice. "Work was good today, just the same old workload. I did try a new Chinese restaurant for lunch that I think you would like. Whenever you come to visit we'll go out to dinner there."

"Speaking of..." Sarah looked around to see whether her kids were within earshot. "I think I'll be able to come to visit next weekend. My mom invited the kids for a sleepover Friday night. I'm sure she wouldn't mind taking them for an extra day or two."

"That sounds like a dream come true, babe." Dan was ecstatic. Even though he had only been gone for a few weeks, he desperately missed the touch of his wife. "I can't wait to get you up here. I have some non-PG things planned."

"Oooh, I like the sound of that. I hope you have a whole itinerary planned out, Mr. Chicago." Sarah twirled the phone cord on her finger, fantasizing about the upcoming weekend with her husband.

"Yeah, the itinerary consists of you and me visiting the double bed of mine."

"Oh Dan, stop! The kids could hear you."

"Come on, baby, it's been three weeks since I've even gotten to touch you. I'm going crazy." Dan could feel his pants getting slightly tighter at the thought of fucking his wife.

"Well, you do have my special care package I left for you to take care of yourself."

Dan didn't say anything for a few moments before he remembered about her envelope. "Well, I do love that care package and I *really* appreciate it. It's gotten me through a few lonely nights, but as amazing as those pictures are, they don't even compare to actually being with you."

"Oh shit, Dan, the kids are coming to talk to you. We'll talk about the details of next weekend after."

As Dan began to talk to his children, Lester slowly sneaked back to his room. *She is coming back.*

The thought of Sarah back in his apartment gave him a raging hard-on. Plopping down in his computer chair, Lester turned on his monitor and navigated to a folder titled Sarah. In it were the special pictures meant for Dan. Lester had used his industrial grade scanner

to upload high resolution pictures of Sarah to his computer. *I'll have to add some material to this folder next weekend.*

Lester shuffled out of his sweatpants and began pleasuring himself to Sarah Williams as he had every night for the last few weeks.

The weekend of Sarah's visit arrived faster than either Dan or Lester had anticipated. Dan was excited about the arrival of his wife, while Lester anxiously wondered what sort of compromising positions he could watch Sarah get into through his peephole.

Dan was especially excited by the fact that Lester would be working most of the weekend, giving the married couple the place to themselves. He didn't want to reunite with the love of his life while a strange man was in the next room.

When Sarah arrived after dinner Friday night, both men were very happy with her appearance. It was clear that Sarah wanted to look her best for her husband. Sarah had come directly from work, but she appeared to be wearing a sexier outfit than Dan had ever remembered her wearing to the office. As Dan greeted his loving wife at the door, the couple was caught up in their reconnection and did not notice the glaring eyes of Lester.

Her shoulder-length blonde hair seemed to hypnotize Lester as it swayed back and forth when she entered the apartment. The tight-fitting button-up blue blouse gave off an air of professionalism and a sexy appeal that would usually be out of Lester's league. *But she is here in my home now.*

Sarah's heaving breasts tested the integrity of the shirt, jutting out and pushing against the buttons. As Lester leered at Sarah's body, he fantasized about those buttons popping open against the weight of her breasts so his eyes could feast on the special underwear she wore for her husband. Her blue blouse was tucked into a knee-

length pencil skirt that seemed to accentuate her voluptuous hips and perfectly round ass. *If she worked with me I wouldn't last a week before being fired for sexual misconduct. That ass....*

Lester licked his lips as his eyes danced down her stocking-clad legs to her stiletto-bound feet. Taking her entire figure in once again, Lester was adding her image to his mental spank bank. *I'm going to have to get more material for my Sarah folder.*

Dan carried Sarah's luggage into the apartment as she took off her shoes. Lester was standing awkwardly by the entrance to the kitchen, almost standing too still as he continued with his voyeurism. He quickly snapped out of it. "Hi Sarah, it's nice to see you again."

"Oh, hi Lester, and how are you doing?"

Aroused now that you're here.

"Good...good, just staying busy with work you know."

With the forced exchange over, Lester turned and shuffled back into the kitchen to locate his backup bag of cheesy chips. Dan saw Sarah to the couch and poured her a glass of her favorite wine.

Lester could hear the couple speaking while he eavesdropped from the kitchen. Before making the journey across the living room back to his room, the pervert had to compose himself so he wouldn't alert suspicion. He concealed the bulge in his sweatpants and moved back out to where the couple was.

Dan was giving Sarah a foot massage while she told him about that day's adventure as a hospital administrator. Lester walked across the living room toward the hallway, pausing awkwardly to look at the couple.

Sarah was distracted from her loving husband's foot massage by a strange, blob-like shape she noticed out of the corner of her eye.

She glanced over the edge of the couch to see Lester staring at her. When she made eye contact, he didn't look away but seemed to be transfixed on her.

After a few seconds, Lester seemed to snap out of it and hurriedly mumbled, "I work early. Goodnight." He broke eye contact and quickly walked out and down the hallway to his room.

"Well, that was weird," Sarah laughed, a puzzled look on her face.

Dan shrugged his shoulders. "He is a bit of an odd guy."

Lester sat at his computer chair with his bedroom door slightly ajar. He listened to the couple discussing trivial subjects, and when they grew silent all he could hear was the sound of his own smacking lips as he munched on his snack.

Bzzt. Bzzt. Bzzt. Bzzt.

Someone's phone was ringing in the living room.

"Hello?" Dan answered.

Lester leaned closer to his door, trying hard not to miss any details of the conversation.

"Are you sure, sir?" Lester could hear the nervousness in Dan's voice. "Absolutely, I'll be there. Goodnight."

"What's the matter, honey?" Sarah was concerned about the tone of the conversation.

"Fuck. Baby, I'm so sorry. That was my boss. He is having everyone come in tomorrow morning. There's some issue with one of our clients and he says it's an emergency."

An evil smile spread across Lester's face. He tuned out the rest of the conversation when he realized that Dan would be going to work tomorrow, leaving Sarah alone in the apartment. *Not alone. I'll be here*.

While part of Lester wanted to continue listening to the couple, it was quickly overpowered by Lester's desire for Sarah Williams. He gently closed the door and rolled his computer chair back into its place in front of his monitor.

When Lester was close to finishing himself off to one of Sarah's private boudoir pictures, he heard the door in the next room close. Breaking himself away from the full-screen image of a scantily clad Sarah on his monitor, he made his way over to his peephole.

Dan was holding Sarah in the middle of the room, his hands pulling her body to his as he kissed her. Lester watched the couple passionately kiss while running their hands over each other's bodies. He slowly stroked himself, not wanting to cum before the good stuff started.

Sarah broke off the kiss and pushed Dan into a sitting position on the bed. Backing away from him, Sarah began to slowly unbutton her blouse. Lester's greedy eyes followed Sarah's fingers as they danced over each button until her bra-clad chest was exposed.

The live sight of Sarah's magnificent breasts caused Lester to release an audible gasp. Luckily for him, both Sarah and Dan were too engrossed with their long overdue reunion to notice.

While Lester had seen Sarah exposed in her private photos for Dan, having her naked skin mere feet from him was tantalizing.

Sarah let her blouse fall to the floor. She ran her hands up from her thighs until they cupped the sides of her bra-clad chest. The only thing preventing Lester from viewing her lovely mounds of flesh,

kept private only for her husband, was a lacy white bra that accentuated her natural curves.

Sitting on the bed, Dan watched his wife seductively sway her hips to imaginary music. They hadn't been together for so long that it took all of his might not to take her and throw her onto the bed.

While she continued to rhythmically move her body, Sarah locked eyes with Dan as she moved her hands to the hem of her pencil skirt. Slowing her movements down, she hooked her thumbs under the tops of the skirt. She bent over at the waist and without breaking eye contact she slowly lowered her tight skirt, exposing her fantastic ass and long, slender legs.

The jaws of both Dan and Lester dropped at the incredibly sexy display in front of them. With her pencil skirt now discarded on the floor, Sarah closed her eyes and began slowly grinding her hips once more. She ran her hands up her naked thighs slowly making a trail up her body.

Her hands briefly paused around her breasts to tease her husband before resting on the back of her head. As she swayed her hips, she ran her hands through her hair.

Lester watched as the mother of two unknowingly danced in her bra and panties for a complete stranger. His eyes darted all over her body, trying to memorize every detail, not wanting to miss anything.

Sarah turned her back to her husband and teasingly lowered one of her bra straps. She looked over her shoulder at the lustful expression on Dan's face and knew she was moments away from having long overdue sex with her love. What Sarah didn't know was that directly in front of her was an obscure peephole that Dan's weird, oddly proportioned roommate was watching her through. The seductive dance meant for her husband that left the innocent wife in only her white lace bra and panties was being observed by a perverted stranger.

Giving Dan a wink, Sarah turned her head back to the wall as she swayed her hips and lowered the other bra strap. She then reached behind her back and undid the clasp on the bra, letting the straps hang loose as her other hand held the front of the bra in place. Dan was now staring at the smooth skin of Sarah's exposed back. Realizing that she was now almost completely naked he began to disrobe, not wanting a single delay in their copulation.

Knowing that she was driving her husband wild, Sarah gently took her bra off her chest and held it at her side before dropping it to the floor.

Aside from the pictures that Sarah had left for him, Dan had not seen his wife's voluptuous breasts for weeks. They were one of his favorite parts of her, and now they were bare just a few feet from him. The swaying of her body let him catch glimpses of the sides of her breasts but painfully kept them obstructed. Sarah knew exactly what Dan wanted and chose to tease him for a bit longer.

While Sarah's husband had been desperately waiting for weeks to see Sarah's beautiful heaving breasts, Lester would be the first man to lay his eyes on them. As Sarah was concentrating on teasing her husband, her chest was on full display to his lecherous roommate.

Much like Dan, Lester had also used Sarah's private boudoir pictures to satisfy himself over the past few weeks. As Lester pumped his cock faster while gazing at Sarah's bare breasts, he knew that the pictures he stole would never compare to seeing her magnificent chest in person.

Lester continued to stare through his peephole, mouth agape, at the beautiful, naked mother standing just a few feet away from him. His perverted eyes were locked onto the nakedness of her supple breasts as she rhythmically moved her body seductively. What felt like a private exposure for him was taken away when Sarah covered her breasts with her arm and turned to face her husband.

The view of her naked back and panty-clad ass was tantalizing, but Lester was angry that she turned away from him. Being able to view her naked form along with her angelic face was intoxicating, and Lester needed more. The moment only reaffirmed Lester's determination to get much closer to his roommate's wife.

Keeping her breasts covered, Sarah closed the distance to the bed and stood directly in front of her sexually frustrated husband. Locking eyes with Dan, she slowly removed her arm from her breasts, letting Dan see the treasure he so desperately wanted. She watched as his eyes broke contact with hers, his gaze shifting to her bra-free chest. Sarah decided that she had teased her poor hubby long enough.

She moved onto the bed, straddling Dan's crotch and embraced him in a passionate kiss. Dan pulled his wife as close as possible to feel her body against his. Her breasts were pressed against his chest while his stiff prick was fighting against the material of her panties.

Watching the couple reunite filled Lester with jealousy and lust. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the scene that was unfolding on the other side of his peephole, nor could he stop himself from masturbating. He wanted Sarah. He wanted to kiss her and run his hands all over her naked flesh.

I'm going to fuck her.

He didn't know how he would get between her lovely legs, but he was going to go to any length to get inside her.

Frustrated by the weeks spent apart and her seductive teasing, Dan decided he was done waiting. He thrust his hips up into the air while holding onto his wife and flipped her over onto her back. Dan greedily kissed her, their tongues probing one another's mouth. His lips moved onto her neck, exploring every bit of flesh that had been denied him for weeks. Sarah closed her eyes in bliss, treasuring the

renewed feeling of her husband's tender caress. She held the back of his head as his hand journeyed downward to remove her panties.

Sarah began to run her hand down Dan's chest, her fingertips caressing every inch of his torso until they reached his dick. As Dan sat up to better remove the lacy white panties from Sarah's hips, she grasped the base of his shaft and slowly stroked him. Lester glared at Sarah's hand moving up and down. He subconsciously slowed his stroking to match hers. For a fleeting moment, he almost believed that he was watching her play with his dick. The fat, grubby digits wrapped around his cock were replaced with her long, slender fingers.

Enjoying the sensation of his wife's hand grasping his dick, Dan dipped his head down and again kissed her. Sarah began to stroke Dan's dick faster and faster as the passion of their kiss ignited. Their lips smashed together as their tongues wildly moved about -- devouring as much of the other as they could.

Sarah broke their kiss and gasped as she felt her husband's fingers begin to trace a circle around her womanhood. Dan slowly extended one finger and began to slide it into his wife. Sarah slowed her stroking of Dan's cock, distracted by the feeling of being penetrated. She began to moan lightly as Dan pushed his finger further into her wet passageway.

Smiling at the effect he was having on her, Dan lowered his head and started tracing circles on her breast with his tongue -- purposely avoiding her nipple. Sarah no longer stroked Dan's hard cock, but held it gingerly in her hand as both her private parts were expertly manipulated.

When Dan's finger met less resistance, he pushed it deeper into her and slowly retracted it. He continued to finger her, building up his rhythm. Each time he pulled his finger back toward her entrance he made sure to put pressure on her g-spot.

Sarah's hips started to lift off the bed to meet each slow thrust of Dan's finger. Each time he pushed into her, more of her juices coated his finger and she grew closer to orgasm. Sarah was experiencing sensory overload.

She tightened her grip on Dan's cock, trying to keep the source of her pleasure right where it was. She was close to exploding and didn't want Dan to move. Her eyes were shut, concentrating on the feeling of Dan's finger inside of her and his tongue on her breasts.

Suddenly she felt the tongue flick the nipple of her right breast and it sent her over the edge. Sarah thrust her hips high into the air, burying Dan's finger deep within her. She clutched his cock with one hand and crumpled the bed sheets with the other.

Her back arched off the bed as she let out a powerful moan. She was so caught up in orgasmic bliss that she completely forgot about trying to stay quiet. She forgot about Dan's bizarre roommate in the next room.

Lester watched through the peephole in awe at the beauty of Sarah Williams' orgasming. Her face contorting in pleasure was the most magnificent thing he had ever laid eyes on. The way her body stiffened in pleasure as her orgasm exploded was something the perverted Lester would not soon forget. *Fuck, I wish I was recording this. I could listen to her cum all day.*

Coming down from her bliss, Sarah opened her eyes and looked at Dan. She pulled his dick toward her, "Get inside me, big boy."

Not needing any more encouragement, Dan removed his fingers from Sarah's dripping-wet sex and positioned himself between her legs. Sarah guided her husband's dick to her entrance and waited for him to penetrate her for the first time in weeks.

Looking down at his wife, Dan smiled. He loved watching her beautiful face react to the feeling of his cock as he slowly pushed it

inside her. This time was no different. As his dick began to part her outer lips Sarah closed her eyes to concentrate on the immense pleasure. Her mouth hung open, unconsciously taking sharp, short breaths.

As Dan pushed his full length inside of his wife's love passage, her hands encircled his neck once more bringing his lips to hers. Their mouths smashed together, passionately trying to keep pace with the other. Sarah's tongue twisted itself around Dan's.

The intensity of their kiss made Dan increase the pace of his thrusting. He was lost in lust, finally intimately reuniting with his lovely wife. Gentle lovemaking was out the window as Dan wanted nothing more than to fuck.

After weeks without feeling her husband's touch, Sarah loved the desperation of Dan's actions. He wanted her badly and could barely contain himself. The animalistic aggression of Dan's thrusts caused Sarah to instinctively wrap her legs around his back, pulling Dan as close into her as possible.

Breaking their embrace, Dan once again looked down at his wife in the throes of ecstasy. Bringing such pleasure to Sarah made him feel like a man. "Oh fuck yeah, baby."

"Oh god, Dan, don't stop!" Sarah exclaimed loudly. The sound of her own voice caused a brief thought to filter into her mind. Could Dan's roommate Lester hear them? The couple had been so caught up in devouring each other that she had forgotten all about the odd little man in the next room. The sound of their bodies fucking, along with both Dan and Sarah's grunting was not exactly quiet. *How could he not hear us?*

"Fuck, baby, how much do you like this?" Dan asked, staring into her lust-filled eyes.

"I love it," Sarah whispered.

"What? Come on baby tell me how much you love my dick inside you."

Sarah desperately wanted to answer her husband. To satisfy his desire to hear her verbalize her pleasure. But she also thought she should keep quiet, now realizing that there was no way their coupling wasn't audible through the wall.

"Tell me how much you love it, Sarah."

Despite her desire to stay quiet, Sarah was lost in the moment. The feeling of her husband's dick inside of her, the weight of his body pinning her to the mattress, the length of time since they last had sex -- everything else didn't matter.

"Ohhhhhhh god, baby, I love how you feel. It's so fucking good!" Sarah exclaimed loudly. As the words left her mouth, Sarah knew she was loud enough for her husband's roommate to hear her.

The thought of some stranger listening to their private reunion seemed to excite her.

"Oh god, Dan, FUCK ME!"

Sarah began pushing her hips up to meet Dan's thrusts. As she pushed her hips up, she used her legs to pull Dan into her.

"So good," Sarah whimpered and she continued to fuck her husband. Dan was surprised by Sarah's sudden actions. He gripped her hips and back tightly as he continued to meet her thrusts -- trying to keep up with her enthusiastic actions. *She must have really missed my special attention.*

Little did Dan know that his normally conservative wife was getting extra stimulation from the thought of someone listening in.

"Ohh God, Dan, don't stop fucking me!" Sarah knew she was being loud and she didn't care. *I bet the people above and below can hear us fucking along with Lester.*

The thought of someone else hearing her screams of pleasure drove her over the edge. "Ahhh, oohhh, Dan! FUCK!"

Sarah suddenly stopped thrusting, every muscle in her body tightening up. She held onto Dan, her nails digging into his shoulders as her legs clenched his back. A mind-blowing orgasm exploded and sent waves of pleasure coursing through her body. *Oh fuuuck yes.*

She arched her back off the mattress as her orgasm continued to wash over her. All of her muscles were so tight that it prevented Dan from continuing to thrust -- he had no choice but to stop and stare in awe at his wife's orgasmic bliss. Her toes curled and her eyes rolled back into her head.

Lester watched from his peephole as the couple stopped moving. His view of their coupling had been disappointing since Dan's back and naked ass cheeks were obstructing Sarah, but her sexual grunts and screams of pleasure made his cock throb in his fat hands. He had no idea that Sarah had briefly thought of him while fucking her husband.

As Sarah's muscles slowly relaxed, Dan took the opportunity to resume sliding his cock in and out of his wife. Feeling her seize up and the intense pleasure that spread across her face brought him close to cumming. Dan held her hips tightly as he increased his pace.

Dan had never seen Sarah orgasm like she just did.

The intensity of it made his dick swell inside of her. Thinking that his actions and absence caused her to have such a violent orgasm

stroked his ego and intensified the feelings of his cock head pushing into his wife's sweet opening.

Sarah had little time to recover. She was just coming down from one of the most incredible orgasms of her life when Dan resumed pushing his cock deep within her. The mother of two felt the sensations of her husband's dick and could feel yet another orgasm slowly building. She recognized the shallow breaths Dan was taking and the speed of his thrusting. She knew he would finish soon.

"Oh god, keep fucking me, Dan. Don't stop!" Sarah knew her encouragement would help push Dan over the edge. She also realized she loved the feeling she received from talking during sex, knowing it might be heard by someone else.

As Dan was rapidly approaching climax, Sarah feared that she wouldn't be able to attain her third orgasm of the night. She wanted to experience the feeling of an intense orgasm again -- she was immediately addicted to the feeling.

Sarah tried desperately to reach another orgasm. She again started thrusting her hips off the bed to meet Dan's. "Ooooohhhh yeees, DAN! Fuck me, baby. Fuck me."

Lester continued to stroke his cock in the next room. He was falling madly in love with listening to Sarah scream out in pleasure.

Dan was thrusting his cock into Sarah like a man possessed. He was on the verge of cumming and wouldn't let anything stop him. Part of Dan's mind had registered the volume of Sarah's screams. He really didn't want his roommate or anyone else in the building to hear them having sex, but he pushed these thoughts to the back of his mind and concentrated on emptying his sack.

Knowing that Dan was very close to finishing, Sarah didn't want her build up to an orgasm to go to waste. As she breathed loudly through her mouth while Dan plowed into her, she thought of the

faceless neighbors above and below listening to her and Dan having sex. She imagined them listening intently as she screamed, "Don't stop, Dan, I'm so close."

"Fuck, Sarah, I'm gonna cum!" Dan said through clenched teeth.

"Ahhh Fuck, Cum baby, CUM!" Sarah almost shouted. *I'm so close. So close.*

Dan was going to cum and she was going to miss her third orgasm. She wanted that feeling. She craved it. She desperately tried to think about strangers listening to her have sex to get her off in the seconds before Dan blew his load. To try and recreate the powerful orgasm she just experienced due to this newfound stimulation. *The people below us are listening to the bed slam into the floor. God, they can hear everything. They can hear me shouting.*

"That's it! I'm cumming, baby. Arghhh, yes!" Dan grunted.

Sarah could feel the shaft of Dan's dick begin to throb. *So close. So fucking close.*

She felt Dan's pace begin to slow -- *I need to cum! NOW! Dan's roommate. Lester. The walls are sooo thin. Lester can hear everything. He has been listening to us the whole time we've been fucking. HE is only a few feet away. HE is probably jerking off listening to US.*

The thoughts of someone not only listening but pleasuring themselves triggered an instant explosive orgasm more powerful than what Sarah had experienced before. She didn't find Lester remotely attractive, but the thought of someone getting off just listening to her drove her nuts. She bucked her hips off the bed, grasping at her husband with her legs.

"Arrgghhhh, ohhhh!" she screamed as she began to convulse under another orgasm. This one shook her to her very foundation as it

rocked through her body. Electricity exploded from her sex and radiated outwards, causing her muscles to contract. *He is jerking off to me right now! Stroking his dick as I come.*

An image of Lester's oddly proportioned body lying in bed masturbating slid into her mind. *He is lying on his back, stroking his dick listening.*

Her powerful orgasm crescendoed into yet another orgasm, her body going rigid again from the waves of pleasure. In a matter of milliseconds, Sarah's body had experienced two extremely powerful orgasms unlike any she had had before.

"Oooohhhhhh, FUCK!" Sarah shouted breathlessly. He heard that. *He heard me scream. He is cumming. His dirty spunk is spewing out of his cock everywhere.*

As Sarah was unable to contain the thoughts that set her orgasm off, Dan began to explode inside of her. Sarah's sudden multiple orgasms sent her husband over the edge. The tightening of her vaginal muscles gripped his cock, causing him to ejaculate in a powerful eruption. Sarah's crazy throes of intense pleasure drove him wild. He felt like he was shooting his cum into her like a pistol.

Sarah was so caught up in imagining Dan's weird roommate cumming that she was shocked when she felt Dan explode inside of her. She felt his hot cum filling every inch of her love canal. The orgasmic bliss she felt clouded her head.

She screamed like a banshee as another orgasm rocked her body.

Dan collapsed onto Sarah, exhausted. The lovers were struggling to catch their breath, both having experienced one of their most intense love-making sessions in years. Dan rolled onto his side and looked at his wife.

"Jesus. That was insane honey. God, I've missed you."

"Mmmm, I've missed you too. I needed that." Sarah curled into Dan's chest. "Do you think we woke the neighbors?"

"Oh, babe, I'm sure we woke up the whole damn block."

"What about your roommate?"

Dan laughed. "We were so loud I don't see how we didn't."

He was feeling playful and decided to tease his usually conservative wife. "I bet he jerked off to those animal sounds you were making."

While Dan was waiting for his wife's reaction, on the other side of the wall Lester was slowly stroking his rigid member. Even though he had just blasted a new stain into his wall at the same time Sarah achieved her last orgasm, he was still transfixed by the mother of two.

Sarah never liked Dan getting the upper hand or catching her off guard, so she shot back, "Well, I'm glad I can still get two guys off at once."

Two guys off at once? Had she, in the past...? The thoughts danced through Dan's mind. Sarah felt triumphant at her husband's speechlessness. To her surprise, she felt Dan's cock begin to stiffen against her. Something that had never happened so fast in the entirety of their relationship.

"Wow, somebody really does miss me." she reached down and gently began playing with his balls.

Dan didn't understand why he was getting hard again, but her teasing comment kept playing back in his head....'I'm glad I can still get two guys off at once.' He couldn't help it, but images flashed into his mind. Thoughts of a young Sarah with two men, thoughts of Dan and Sarah in a threesome, thoughts of his bizarre roommate

stroking himself to Sarah, thoughts of Lester creeping into the room at that very moment.

Before either one of them fully registered what was happening, their tongues were exploring each other's mouths and their hands were greedily exploring the other's body again. Lester continued to watch them through his peephole, contemplating the need for a video camera.

Dan slid himself into Sarah and slowly rocked back and forth as she wrapped her legs around his waist.

Against his better judgment, Dan whispered loudly, "Mmmph God, baby, we need to be quiet or someone might hear us."

She didn't know why, but this new game was really turning her on. "Maybe I want them to hear."

Dan was taken aback by Sarah's boldness. This wasn't like her. What had gotten into her? At the same time, he was too aroused to turn back. He wanted to see how far she would let him take this.

"And our creepy little roommate? You want him to hear us fuck?" Dan grunted, now no longer whispering. He knew he'd probably pushed things too far, but the response from Sarah's body made him think otherwise.

She was madly grinding herself against his cock, hitting that sweet spot over and over. Building towards her next imminent orgasm of the night.

"God, Dan. Yes, I want him to listen and jerk off to me." As the words escaped her lips she felt the tidal wave of orgasmic bliss descend on her yet again. Her vagina gripped her husband's dick so tightly that Dan couldn't hold back any longer, his balls emptied into her for the second time that night as Sarah howled at the moon.

"Awwrrrgghhhh, FUCKK," screamed Sarah. Lester added another stain to his wall that now oozed onto the floor.

The unknowing threesome all collapsed in piles of sweat, exhausted. Sarah and Dan into their recently set up bed, Lester into his Dorito and cum stained computer chair.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 02

The silent vibration chime of Dan's cellphone alarm slowly awoke him from a bizarre dream. In it, Dan was making love to his wife Sarah back in their Middleton bedroom but felt the presence of someone watching them.

The dream was so vivid. Dan could feel his wife's legs wrapped around him. Could feel her arms pulling on his back, trying to bring him deeper into her. The lust in her eyes as she looked up at him.

He could feel the hair on the back of his neck as he knew he was being watched. Somehow he knew the person watching was his strange roommate Lester. He imagined him watching from their walk-in closet and then in the room with them. As his dream swirled around where this voyeur was standing, Dan began to realize that he was the one standing there. He was the one watching.

The scene of the bedroom logically shifted in the ways that only dreams do.

Dan watched as his overweight roommate had taken his place on the bed. His pasty white and hair-covered figure was a stark contrast to Sarah's tanned and toned legs which were wrapped around his waist. Her fingers pulled on his back. Her piercing green eyes looked lustily up at the monster above her, beckoning him for more.

"Ah what the fuck," the cellphone's vibration finally woke Dan from his sleep. *What the fuck was that about*.

Dan smiled as the events from the night before came flooding back into his mind. His subconscious was playing tricks on him with his dreams. He and Sarah had a wild session the night before that brought some of their playful bedroom fantasies much closer to real life.

Sarah's words were still seared into Dan's brain.*I'm glad I can still get two guys off at once.....God Dan. Yes, I want him to listen and jerk off to me*.

Was she just playing into the fantasy she knew would turn him on or was there more to it? It seemed like playing with fire in such an enclosed space with a relative stranger.

Dan silenced the alarm on his phone and looked over at his wife.*God, she's beautiful*.

Like Dan, Sarah had fallen asleep right after the events of the previous night. The bed sheets were draped around her torso leaving her shoulders and legs bare.

It was only after seeing her bare skin that Dan realized how hard he was.*Fuck that weird dream...*

Dan sat up and checked his cell phone. It looks like while he was busy with Sarah, his team at the office had been busy exchanging emails and looking for his input. Dan wasn't happy that his boss was cutting into this rare weekend with his wife but what choice did he have? It took him this long to find a job to support his family. He couldn't risk messing things up.

He tried to quietly make his way around the room to get dressed until he heard Sarah begin to stir in the bed.

"Where are you sneaking off to Mr?" She lazily sat up on her elbows with the sheets still covering her nudity.

"Hmmm," he made his way back over to the bed, leaning over and kissing her. "You just looked so damn good I didn't want to disturb you."

"Do you really have to go into the office today?

Dan sighed. "Yeah unfortunately honey. I just checked my work email and it looks like everyone is going nuts trying to get everything ready for this client of ours. They need me."

Sarah made a fake pouty face and playfully crossed her arms. "Well, what about what I need?"

A smile spread across Dan's face. "Here I thought you got what you needed last night."

"Oh Dan, I've been stuck in Middleton by myself without you. Last night was just scratching the surface."

She narrowed her eyes playfully at him. "And now here you are running off to work, leaving your wife all alone."

Dan was not about to let Sarah win this, even if she was just being playful about it. He leveled his eyes at her in a serious manner. "Well, you won't be entirely alone....."

Recognition and amusement appeared on Sarah's face and she almost laughed out loud. She whispered, "Do you think he heard us?"

"Oh well," he paused. "I don't see how he couldn't, you were pretty loud."

"God Dan that's so embarrassing. I wasn't that loud was I?"

Dan smirked. "Oh yeah you were," he started to whisper and plant kisses on her shoulder. "I tend to have that effect on you."

Sarah closed her eyes, her body responding to Dan's kisses, "mhmm yes you do baby."

Pausing to see how far he could push his wife, Dan added "Or maybe it was just knowing you were being listened to that turned

you on so much." He continued to work his kisses up her neck, which he knew drove her crazy.

Sarah knew Dan was trying to push her buttons. She also knew the thought of being listened to did turn her on like crazy last night before. His kisses on her neck were getting her all worked up again. She decided to turn the tables and whisper in Dean's ear "Or maybe it was knowing that I was pleasuring two guys at once."

She pulled back from Dan's touch to look him in the eye. She reached down and grabbed his hard cock through his boxers. "It seems like you like that too."

Dan closed his eyes, picturing his dream.

She gave his cock another squeeze "Does that turn you on, Dan? Knowing I got someone else to cum for me?"

Dan involuntarily groaned and pulled himself free from her touch, conceding defeat to his wife.

"Oh, you are a bad girl." He stood up and began putting on his pants for work. "Save that for tonight."

Sarah smiled victoriously knowing she won their little game. She wanted to add a little insult to injury though. She loved teasing her husband. "What is your bad girl supposed to do all day while you are gone? At least I won't be completely alone. Lester will be here to keep me company."

She grinned as Dan stopped getting dressed and looked at her with a shocked look on his face.

Sarah added, "Who knows what will happen while you are away."

Dan recomposed himself. He knew he lost their little game but still wanted to feel like he won. He rushed onto the bed and started

tickling his wife through the bed sheets. "Oh yeah? Is that what you plan on doing today? Putting on a little show?"

Sarah couldn't stop laughing. She hated being tickled. Between laughs, she momentarily caught her breath and said "Who says I would stop at a show?"

She kept laughing "Your roommate is just*soooo* hot," she said sarcastically.

Dan stopped tickling her and just stared down at her. "You are such a goofball, Sarah. I love you."

"I love you too Dan." She reached her hand behind his neck and pulled him down for a kiss.

She broke their embrace. "I'm going to miss you today."

"I know" Dan signed. "I'm going to miss you too. Hopefully, I won't have to be there all day."

"I hope not." Sarah laid back down and closed her eyes.

Dan eased himself off the bed and began putting on his dress shirt and tie. "What are you going to do all day?"

Through her closed eyes, Sarah said "I don't know. What I do know is it's too early and I'm going back to bed."

Fully dressed, Dan walked back over to the bed and kissed Sarah on her forehead. "Alright get some sleep. I'll text you when I get to work. I love you."

"I love you too." She pulled the sheets up over her shoulders getting ready to drift back to sleep.

Before Dan left the room he whispered in her ear "and don't spend too much time with Lester today."

With her eyes closed, Sarah smiled "No promises big boy."

Dan chuckled, kissed her forehead again, and made his way to the door. He made sure to lock it from the inside and closed the door. From the hallway, he tried the knob again to confirm it was locked. He gathered his things and left for work.

As Sarah lay there falling back asleep, she thought about Dan's kisses on her neck and their playful teasing. She then thought about the night before and how loud she was.*He definitely heard me*.

Unbeknownst to Sarah, Lester had also heard their exchange this morning. Through his peephole, he had seen the way Sarah responded to Dan's kisses on her neck. He heard how he factored into their little game.

Standing naked at his peephole, Lester continued to stroke his cock watching Sarah's sleeping form. After 20 minutes he made his way into the hallway.*It's too soon, don't spoil this*.

He quietly wrapped his meaty hands around the doorknob to Sarah's room and tried the handle.

It was locked.

Fucker.

Lester slinked back into his room. He sat down in his ratty computer chair and pulled open his file on Sarah. He continued to stroke his cock looking at the pictures on his screen meant only for her husband.*She is right here, alone in the next room*.

He paused mid-stroke. Not today. I'll save my cum for Sarah. Somehow.

Lester closed the window containing the photos and opened up a word doc titled SarahWilliams.doc.

The document contained several pages of notes Lester had taken on Sarah. These were compiled from the conversations he overheard Dan having on the phone and the social media stalking he had done on Sarah and her friends. Lester had successfully created a fake profile of an old classmate of Sarah's and friended her on Facebook. She had accepted.

At the bottom of the document he added. "Is turned on by kisses on her neck and shoulders." Grinning, Lester also wrote "Enjoys being watched. Plays a game with her husband involving Lester."

Lester sat back and read that last line. It intrigued him.

Usually, the women that entered his lair were unwilling participants in his machinations. He would spy on them for weeks, slowly inserting himself into their lives. Stealing their things as trophies. He would sneak into their rooms at night and pleasure himself. If the stars aligned he would take them after they ingested drugs hidden in their food. He was always careful not to get caught and not to take unnecessary risks.

This was different.

From what he could make out the couple seemed to have a bedroom fantasy about being watched or heard. Dan also seemed to enjoy the thought of his wife with another man, something Sarah enjoyed teasing him for. She was lovely though and must play into this fantasy of her husband. Maybe she shares it to a degree.*How can I turn this in my favor? Can I take her willingly?*

Plans began to form in Lester's mind. He had to play his hand correctly. This might just be his best conquest yet.

Lester realized he was slowly stroking his cock thinking about the possibilities. He still needed release now.

He made his way across the room to his peephole, expertly navigating the mess of dirty plates and discarded clothes on the ground. He looked through his peephole. He could see Sarah's naked form obscured by the sheets. As she lay on her side he could make out her shoulders and her luscious hips. He imagined himself grabbing onto those hips as he thrust into her. Sarah gasped in pleasure. *This won't do*.

Still naked, Lester made his way back into the hallway. He once again tried the doorknob to her room. It was still locked. *Fuck*.

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed something out of place. The bathroom door was open and a pink bag sat on the counter. *Bingo*.

Lester took one last glance at the locked door as he stealthily made his way into the bathroom. Gripping the doorknob, he quietly shut the door. His dick was as hard as a rock. It wasn't just a pink bag, it was *her* pink bag.

He quickly unzipped the bag and began to explore its contents. He rummaged through the bag somewhat dissatisfied. He sniffed her hair brush and shuddered at her scent. He put her toothbrush in his mouth to taste her as he looked through the rest of the bag.

Grunting in frustration, Lester returned the items to the bag. There wasn't anything in there he could use.

As Lester was about to leave, dismayed at the contents of Sarah's toiletry bag a thought occurred to him. *What about what wasn't in the bag?*

He rummaged through it one more time, his mind racing. *There are no birth control pills in here*.

A wicked grin spread across his face. *That's interesting, I'll have to double check for these elsewhere to confirm*.

Lester got a wicked idea to hold him over. One other item was missing from the bag. He quickly zipped it shut.

He turned around and opened the glass door leading to the enclosed tiled shower. There, hanging from the faucet was a pink loofah that was entirely out of place in Lester's lair.*Oh yes. Yes, this will do quite nicely*.

Lester grabbed the loofah and immediately brought it to his cock.*This has touched her. It has touched her everywhere*.

He imagined the loofah running over her long-toned legs. Around her sexy shoulders and down her beautiful breasts. He imagined her holding it under her chin, squeezing out the soap in ecstasy but instead of soap, it would be his cum that oozed out all over her.

He pictured his end goal. Taking Sarah willingly in his room on his dirty bed. Her radiant beauty was a sharp contrast to the dark and murky dungeon he slept in. He would pull her deep into his web and she would be his. She would moan his name. She would milk the cum from his cock. He would impregnate her.

Lester's heavy balls tightened, and his cock exploded streams and streams of his cum all over Sarah's loofah drenching it in his seed.

Lester braced himself against the wall of the dark shower panting. He lazily hung the loofah back around the facet.*I need to play this right but she's getting my cum today one way or another*.

He took a second to catch his breath and then closed the shower door. After cleaning up the cum from his hands, he quietly exited the washroom to go back to his peephole and check on Sarah. She was still sound asleep.

Lester returned to his cheeto-encrusted command center to ponder his next move.

—-

A few hours later, the morning light shining through the window caused Sarah to stir slowly. Being a mom of two meant she rarely got to sleep in, so she had taken full advantage of the situation.

She reached out to the end table to grab her cell phone. She saw a text from Dan stating "I made it safe to work baby, I love you." She responded by telling him to hurry back and that she loved him too.

Checking her other messages, she saw some updates from her mom on her kids, so she gave them a brief call to check-in.

After catching up with her kids, Sarah hung up the phone and lay back in bed thinking of the night before. *What a wild night*.

She sat up and stretched her arms, causing the thin bed sheets to fall down, revealing the tops of her breasts. Lester licked his lips at the sight. The plans he had been formulating on his computer would have to wait now that his prey was awake.

Sarah swung her legs out of bed and stood up, letting the bedsheets fall back onto the bed and giving Lester a full view of her naked body before him. She walked over to her mini suitcase and began examining its contents to find the right outfit for today.

She wasn't sure what to do to keep herself occupied while Dan was at work. She had hoped to do some sightseeing and spend the day with him outside of the apartment. Without him, she didn't feel much like exploring solo but she also didn't want to stay in and make awkward small talk with Lester. *I'll just have to keep myself busy around here one way or another*.

With that, she selected an outfit. A comfy pair of mid-thigh sweat shorts and a loose-fitting white t-shirt. She looked through her underwear, noting some of the sexy ones she planned to model later for Dan, and grabbed the set she wore yesterday.

Lester watched as Sarah slowly stepped into her white panties and covered her breasts with the bra. *Why bother hiding those from me? I'm going to feast on them soon enough*.

Retrieving her phone Sarah made her way to the door to get some breakfast. She was surprised to find that the door was locked. *Why is this locked? Must be one of those old building quirks*.

She gently unlocked the door and poked her head out into the hallway, trying to gauge whether Lester was awake or not. Assuming he was still sleeping, she made her way into the hallway, through the common living area, and into the kitchen.

As she did, Lester cracked open his door slightly, watching the snug sweat shorts stretch across her perfect ass. If she was listening more carefully she could have heard an audible groan.

Instead, she opened the door to the fridge and began searching through its contents to see what was available. She settled on a raspberry yogurt, closed the fridge door, and sat down at the kitchen table to eat and check work emails.

In the middle of reading a thrilling email about a donation drive at the hospital, her phone buzzed in her hands.

Dan had just sent her a text message. "So what are you wearing?"

So he hadn't forgotten about her after all. "Wouldn't you like to know? Who says I'm wearing anything at all."

She knew that would make him squirm. He was probably stuck in a conference room hammering some deal. Sarah would make sure he ended his day early.

Her phone buzzed again. "Well, I'm sure Lester appreciates that outfit."

Sarah smiled, shaking her head.*So we're still going to play that game huh?*

"Oh, he isn't up yet. Should I go wake him up and see how appreciative he is?"

—-

Across town in a small office building, Dan sat alone in a conference room staring at his phone.*How the hell do I respond to that?*

She had him and he knew it. The idea of Sarah knocking on Lester's door wearing who knows what gave him a jolt of excitement and made him very uncomfortable at the same time. He had no idea what to respond with but the sounds of his coworkers coming back from their break made him fire off a quick message before tucking his phone away.

—--

Back at the kitchen table, Sarah laughed.*He can never just give up, can he?*

She reread Dan's last message. "Have to run honey. Whatever you decide to do, take pics :P"

Obviously, he wasn't serious but it did give her some ideas on how to spend her day. She would torment and tease her husband through text messages and make him regret going into the office.

Thinking about her husband and turning herself on with her wicked ideas, Sarah unconsciously licked the yogurt off her spoon seductively.

Having waited long enough, Lester decided it was time to initiate phase one of his plan.

He opened his door, ensuring he did so loud enough to alert Sarah to his presence, and headed for the kitchen with only his socks on.

Sarah heard the heavy footsteps of Dan's roommate making their way toward her. She was snapped out of her daydreaming by the realization that this was her first encounter with Lester after her loud sex with Dan last night.*God this is going to be awkward. Dan, why aren't you here?*

As his footsteps drew closer, she debated between pretending not to notice him right away or being overly enthusiastic and trying to move past and ignore the elephant in the room. She was not prepared for what came next.

While Sarah was about to have another spoonful of her yogurt, she was treated to an eyeful as Lester made his way into the kitchen butt naked.

She involuntarily took in his hairy shape, her eyes quickly glancing up and down as he moved towards the coffee maker. She found a spot on the kitchen table to stare at.

Lester pretended he hadn't noticed her and busied himself making a coffee. She hadn't made a sound.

When his coffee was finished brewing he turned around to face her. "Oh hey, Sarah, I didn't know you were here. Is Dan still sleeping?"

"Uh no. No. Dan is at work." Despite the awkwardness of the situation, Sarah's upbringing and manners made her look up from the kitchen table and meet Lester's eyes.

"Really? On a Saturday that's not normal." Lester was enjoying every second of this. He was intoxicated by being naked in front of a woman like Sarah, watching how uncomfortable she was while still trying to be polite.

"Yeah no, his boss called him late last night and asked him to come in. Some kind of emergency." Sarah couldn't help it. It was too awkward of a situation. His eyes quickly flicked down and looked at Lester's dick.

She let out a small inaudible gasp as she saw his large member swaying between his legs. Lester saw her look and flexed a little, making sure she saw it twitch.

Sarah composed herself quickly and looked back up at Lester, avoiding his gaze and settling on a point on the wall behind him.

"Uhh Lester, you're naked you know."

Lester smiled inwardly.*Obviously*.

"Oh I'm sorry, does this make you uncomfortable?" He feigned concern. "I'm just so used to having the apartment to myself I guess it's sort of a habit."

He didn't move. He let his eyes wander over her body until she responded.

"Yeah if you could put some clothes on that would be great." She made eye contact as she spoke and then quickly looked back down at his dick. She quickly adjusted herself and looked back up at his eyes "I would appreciate it."

"Yeah no problem, I'm actually going to run out and grab some breakfast. Do you want anything?"

Sarah smiled and shook her head. "No, I'm alright thanks though. Just going to catch up on some work emails."*He totally saw me look at his dick. Goddammit. Talk about awkward. Way to go Sarah*.

"OK, I'll leave you to it. See you later." Lester walked out of the kitchen smiling.*Phase one complete: make Sarah aware of your*

cock.

Sarah sat there in silence trying to busy herself on her phone but not actually comprehending what she was reading. She could hear Lester moving around the apartment, apparently getting ready. She wasn't able to breathe until she heard the sound of the front door close and the lock engage.

What the hell just happened? Did he come in here on purpose or was he really used to just walking around his apartment naked? She'd have to ask Dan about this later.*I wonder what he'll say....I'm never going to hear the end of it*.

She scrolled back through her phone and opened her chat with Dan to read the last message.

"Have to run honey. Whatever you decide to do, take pics :P" it read.

Well, at least now she had a good response for her husband that was sure to leave him speechless for a bit.

"Guess what. Lester wore the same outfit as me. I guess clothing is optional today ;)" she smiled slightly and pressed the send button.

The image of Lester's cock twitching popped into her head. She shuddered. Did she cause that twitch? If Lester found her attractive why wasn't he hard? Didn't she make him hard?*What would his cock look like hard?*

Sarah got up from the table and made her way to the bedroom. She needed to clear her head and nothing worked better than a nice long hot shower.

She began to get undressed, peeling off her hip-hugging sweat shorts and dropping her white t-shirt to the floor when her phone buzzed. She glanced at it, a message from Dan.

Smiling, she unlocked her phone and opened her messages. She has to stifle back a laugh at his response. "WHAT!?"*Looks like I won*.

—-------

Dan was still stuck in the meeting with his colleagues. It was more of a working session between them trying to figure out the best angle to take with this client and reformatting their strategy but after reading her vague last message, Dan was beside himself.

What did she mean Lester wasn't wearing any clothes? Was she serious about not wearing any? Are they both naked, together in the apartment? What's happening? Are they talking? Which room are they in?

"Hey Dan, you with us?" one of his colleagues asked.

"Yeah, yeah I'm just reviewing some of the last emails with them to make sure we didn't miss anything."

"Could you run us through your pitch deck again so we can see if there are any holes in it?"

"Yeah let me fire it up." Dan grimaced.*Goddamit running through this deck is going to take at least half an hour. I need to go call Sarah*.

—--------

Sarah stared at Dan's message, waiting for him to follow up and ask another question or call but nothing came in.*Let's turn the screws a little more then*.

Sarah finished disrobing, grabbed her towel from her luggage, and wrapped it around herself. She made her way over to the door and peeked out to make sure Lester was still gone.

Not hearing him at all, she made her way across the hall into the bathroom.

Closing the bathroom door, she dropped her towel and opened her phone's camera app. She would rarely send Dan a racy photo. Whenever she did it always led to a hot session between them. This was her nuclear option to get him home from the office.

Which pose will really drive him crazy? She played with a few different angles taking various pictures until she found one she liked. Then the little devil on her shoulder suggested something even crazier to drive Dan wild.*What if I sent him a picture from Lester's room?*

The idea sent a tingle of excitement through her body. It was so wrong and she knew it would drive Dan wild with questions. She was enjoying tormenting him and playing the naughty wife character.

She didn't know how long Lester would be at breakfast or where he was going so she had to be quick. She inched open the bathroom door and peeked out. Holding her towel around herself she tiptoed into the living room to double-check that the front door was still locked. It was.

Naked, except for her towel, she quickly hurried back down the hall stopping in front of Lester's door. She had no idea what lay beyond this point. She raised her fist and knocked on the door.

Nothing.

She tried the handle. It was unlocked.

Pushing the door open, it took a minute for Sarah's eyes to adjust to seeing the dark and dingy room beyond. She reached for the light switch and nothing happened. The only light source in the room came from the screensaver of Lester's computer. It illuminated a

mess of a room filled with old plates, dirty clothes, and empty Cheeto bags. *What the fuck?*

If Sarah had left her bedroom light on, she might have noticed another light source streaming in through Lester's hidden peephole.

How could anyone live like this? How was the rest of the apartment so clean? She stood paralyzed at the door, not knowing what to do next. Where would she even take the picture in this mess?

She slowly crept into the room, stepping between piles of garbage on the floor until she stood in the middle of the mess. Looking around there were really only a couple of options. She could take a photo where she was standing in the middle of the room, take one in front of the computer or the only other open space was Lester's bed.

Reminding herself she was working with a limited amount of time she decided to quickly do all three. The point was to tease Dan after all.

Working quickly, she gently dropped her towel in a clear patch on the floor and held her camera out in front of her. Not wanting to give Dan too much excitement she framed up the photo to capture just the tops of her breasts and face, making a kissing gesture with her lips. Even though these were going just to Dan, she still didn't trust sending nude photos over cell phone networks. Or worse what if one of Dan's coworkers saw?

She snapped a pic looking seductively at the camera, the background was clearly a foreign place Dan had never seen before but he should recognize the familiar hallway through the open door.

Sarah grimaced and she made her way over to the computer chair. *How did Lester find anything with a desk this messy?*

The light from the screensaver provided the best lighting for her next picture. This time she wanted to ratchet up the tension for Dan. She placed her towel onto the computer chair before sitting down.

Now naked in Lester's computer chair she framed up the photo the same way but instead of looking at the camera, she looked up and off camera, as if she was focusing on something else. Someone else. She made her best 'fuck me' eyes at this pretend stranger and pushed the camera button.

Now worried that Lester would return any minute, she quickly made her way over to the bed and paused to think of the best shot to drive Dan wild.

In for a penny in for a pound. She gently laid down on top of what she assumed were unwashed sheets.*The things I do for my husband*.

With the computer screen still casting the perfect amount of light, Sarah held the camera next to her, like the view another person laying in the bed would have. She closed her eyes, squeezed her legs together, bit her lip in bliss, and took a photo. Then she took another doing her best imitation of the face she makes when she orgasms.

She smiled as she scrolled back looking at the photos.*These are going to drive Dan crazy*.

Sarah slid her toned legs off the bed and stood up. Still naked, she made her way back over to Lester's computer chair to retrieve her towel. She took special care to tiptoe around the mess on his floor.

Sliding the towel around herself, she quickly made her way to the door. She was so focused on sneaking back out of the room and planning what to text to her husband she didn't notice the shadowy figure lurking in the open closet.

Closing the door behind her, Sarah let out a sigh of relief. She didn't realize how quickly she had been breathing or how turned on she had become.*Dan better come home soon*.

She wasn't sure if it was her anticipated reaction from Dan to her texts or the fact that she was just naked in a stranger's room.*A stranger who was just naked in front of me 10 minutes ago....*But she was ready for a repeat of last night.

—---

Back in his room, Lester stood still in his closet waiting for Sarah to reenter.*That was close. What the hell just happened?*

Lester had luckily been preparing to watch Sarah shower through the peephole in his closet. She hadn't showered after she had sex with Dan last night, it was only a matter of time. Faking leaving the apartment would only make her more comfortable showering there for the first time.

He did not expect her to enter his room. Not yet. He hadn't prepared it. Normally he didn't mind the mess he left around but he didn't want her to see it. A woman like Sarah liked cleanliness and now she's seen how he lives.

Still, it didn't stop her from getting naked in his room. Or laying naked on his bed taking sexy pictures for her husband. If only she knew that a few feet away in the same room, Lester was naked slowly stroking his cock and watching her private photoshoot.

Lester was used to preying on women who were alone. Dan was a new element he didn't fully understand but there was a way to leverage him to Lester's advantage.

She clearly liked to please him and she enjoyed the fantasy of being watched. Dan clearly had a thing for showing Sarah off and the thought of her with another man. Maybe she enjoyed it as well. He

thought back to the plans he made earlier in the day and began thinking about his timeline.

His thoughts were interrupted by the light from the peephole illuminating his face.*It's go time*.

From his peephole's vantage point, Lester had the perfect view of the shower but couldn't see the rest of the bathroom. He could hear Sarah moving around but wasn't able to see her yet.

After what seemed like an eternity she appeared and turned on the water. She tested the temperature with her hand while looking at her cell phone. To Lester's dismay, she still had her towel on.*GET NAKED!*

Once she was satisfied with the temperature of the water, she slowly walked back to the counter with her full attention on her cell phone. She had sent Dan the first picture, the one of her standing naked in Lester's room, but he didn't respond yet. She waited for the three little dots to appear but they never came.

She scrolled back up and smiled at his last message "WHAT!?"

She loved teasing him and getting him riled up. It always made things so much hotter the next time they had sex. And tonight would be intense.

With the hot shower calling her name and no reply in sight from Dan, Sarah sent him the three other photos. He was going to lose his mind.

Sarah put her phone down on the counter and made her way over to the shower. She reached in to test the water one last time. It was perfect and the water pressure felt great.

She undid her towel and hung it on a hook on the wall.

—----

Lester watched as Sarah got into the shower. She was completely naked right in front of him. He pressed his beady eyes up to the peephole to take in as much of her as he could. He had taken great care to ensure his peephole wouldn't be discovered and once again it had gone unnoticed by the shower's occupant.

He licked his lips as his eyes traveled up her toned calves to her beautiful ass. Beads of water streamed down her body and Sarah began to rinse off. Her body rivaled that of the other young women Lester had previously preyed upon. She clearly works hard to keep her body in shape.

In shape for her husband. All the effort that I get to enjoy.

Lester slowly stroked his cock as he admired Sarah's perfect breasts. His cock twitched involuntarily at the thought of sliding it between them. He was so focused on her body that he was taken aback by the look on her face.

Sarah didn't look like a woman normally did in the shower. No, her mind was elsewhere. Thinking about something naughty.

—--

Maybe it was the apartment or maybe it was just the fact that she finally had some quiet time alone. Away from the kids and the stress of work, alone in an exciting city like Chicago with her husband. She felt more alive than she had these past few months.

The difficulty and stress of their financial situation seemed to melt away as she thought about all the fun she and Dan would have soon. Had he checked his phone yet and seen the pictures? How would he respond? Would he text or just call?

Would he think that she was actually doing something with his roommate? She shuddered. She liked to tease Dan but she would never step out on him. Especially with someone like that.

Even though she didn't regard Lester highly, the mental image of his large cock from this morning appeared in her mind. The way it twitched when she looked at it. It was the first dick she had seen that wasn't her husband's.

Dan was going to go crazy when she told him what happened. What would he say to Lester? Would he be pissed or would he be turned on? Maybe both?

Sarah wished she could check her phone. She was dying to know how Dan replied. Maybe he blew off work and was on his way home to her now. After seeing the photos he would come in with questions and wonder what the hell happened while he was at work. He'd know deep down nothing happened but he'd still feel the thrill.

He would force her into the bedroom and rip off her clothes, pushing her onto the bed and smother her mouth with his.

Sarah continued to daydream and she lathered shampoo through her hair. Thinking of Dan taking her. Pushing himself inside her as punishment for her teasing. Sarah moaning loud for anyone to hear. For*him* to hear.

Washing the shampoo from her hair, Sarah massaged her scalp with her nails. The feeling combined with her dirty thoughts was electric. She slowly began caressing her skin. She needed release. She needed to see how Dan replied. She needed him home. Now.

Sarah grabbed her body wash and applied it to her white loofah. In her heightened state of sexual tension, she ran it all over herself, her body responding to its delicate touch. She only applied a small amount of body wash but her loofah felt like it was absolutely gushing as she ran it over her breasts and her tight stomach.

—---

Lester salivated watching Sarah use the loofah. He rapidly stroked his cock as she ran it over her tits. His cum was touching her skin. It was in her hand. He had marked her. She was his.

'mhmm' Sarah was indeed enjoying her shower. Lester watched as Saran ran the cum drenched loofah over her shoulders. He moaned from his hiding place as it caressed her long-toned legs. She thought she was getting clean but she was getting dirtier than she knew.

He held his breath and she brought the loofah in between her legs. She gently cleaned herself but her fingers lingered.

She quickly raised the loofah to her chest and squeezed it. The water flushed all of the soap and cum out onto her. She was trying to clear the soap from the loofah but just showered herself in his cum. His little soldiers ran rampant down her body.

As she hung the loofah back in its spot. She braced herself with one hand against the wall while the other traveled down to her slit.

—------

Sarah played with her clit. Slowly, gently massaging circles into it. She was clean now and could really enjoy this shower.

Dan's hands running all over her. The warmth of his cock inside of her sliding in and out. Faster and faster. Hungry to explore every inch of her. Dan's hands pulling the hair at the base of her neck, his other hand holding her hip down, letting her know she was his and he wasn't stopping.

The grunts and sounds he made as he fucked her. Her nails digging into his back. How loud she would moan as she felt his cock grow larger. Someone hearing her.

Someone listening to them. Enjoying themselves to them. To her. Someone pleasuring themselves to her. Lester in his room stroking his cock as he listened at the wall.

Ugh.

That little, weird inconsequential heavyset roommate with the twitching cock opening their bedroom door and watching them. Sarah's breath catching in her throat but Dan doesn't notice or doesn't care. He just keeps thrusting into her. Ready to fill her.

Sarah screaming in pleasure as she watches both men cum at the same time.

With the warm water raining down on her Sarah let out a long moan as she came "mhmm oh fuuuck."

—------

Hearing the moans from Sarah and watching her beautiful angelic face as she came sent Lester over the edge. He stroked his cock faster. His balls tightened as he unloaded load after load of his cum onto his closet wall. They came together in unison like they were making beautiful music.

Who was this woman and how did she get into his lair? She would be his.

He immediately regretted not putting his camera up to the peephole to capture this session to view it later.*There will be other opportunities....*

His eye still pressed up against the peephole and his mind now clear from cumming, Lester began to think of how he could get more. He needed more. His trance-like gaze broke from Sarah, recovering from her orgasm.

He planned to wait but he had to touch her. He had to feel her. To make her feel his cock.

He tore himself from his peephole and quietly marched out of his room into the hallway beyond. He stood naked at the door to the bathroom. His cock was rock hard again, knowing she was alone in his apartment on the other side of this door.

He grasped the doorknob and began to turn it. It was locked.*FUCK FUCK FUCK*.

He could pick it. He knew how. She is hot and bothered if he stormed in there she might just take it. He turned around to go back into his room and get the lockpick set hidden in the bottom drawer of his desk.

He noticed the door to Dan's bedroom was open. He paused.*Be smart. Think of the plan*.

He remembered Sarah, naked in his bed. Soon she would be back there but underneath him. He just had to pull the right levers.

Speaking of levers.*Fuck you for locking your door earlier today Dan*.

Lester opened the door to Dan's room, reached around and engaged the lock, and quietly closed the door. He tested the knob once. It was locked.

Sarah went right to the bathroom after being in his room. If her clothes weren't in there she would be locked out and in a towel.*Time to play the helpful roommate*.

—------

Sarah slowly counted to ten as the warm water hit her. In post orgasmic bliss, once she hit ten she would get out of the shower.

Ten came and went but Sarah didn't move a muscle. The warm water felt amazing on her skin. She didn't want to get out until Dan came back and joined her in the shower.

Eventually, she turned the water off and reached for her towel. After quickly drying herself she wrapped the towel around her body. She was so focused on taking those pictures for Dan earlier that she left her clothes in the bedroom.*I hope Lester isn't back yet*.

Unlocking her cell phone she was disappointed to see no response back from Dan. It had been 30 minutes and nothing. She looked back at the last message she sent and how sexy she was in those photos.*It'll drive him crazy, just hopefully none of his co-workers see them*.

Sarah turned off her phone screen and held it to her chest, where the towel's edge was tucked into itself covering her. She opened the bathroom door and peered out into the hallway. She was alone but there were sounds coming from the kitchen. Lester was back.

Being as quiet as she could, she tip-toed across the hallway to her bedroom door. Peering down the hall, she turned the handle and pushed on the door. It didn't budge.

She tried again. The door was locked. Just like it was this morning when she woke up. Maybe there is some trick or issue with this door. She glanced at Lester's closed bedroom door and then crept back into the bathroom to text Dan.

She hated to break the sexy game they were playing, especially since Dan hadn't responded yet. "Is there some trick to the bedroom door?' I'm locked out.'

She stared at the phone waiting, almost willing a response to come. Then she noticed the check marks. The checkmarks indicated that Dan had read her messages. He'd seen the sexy photos and hadn't responded.

Three dots appeared on the screen from Dan's side of the chat.*Finally!*

After what felt like an eternity of waiting for those three dots to be replaced by a message, they disappeared. Sarah continued staring at the screen for a minute waiting for a response to come in.

None came.

What the heck was he doing?

—----

"And this is our money slide" Dan gestured to the image projected on the wall behind him. "After Javier runs through the proposed designs and scope of the project, we'll show them how with the right team this project can be completed under their budget and well within their timeframe."

His colleagues, packed into the small conference room were all nodding their heads. Dan was had put a lot of work into this pitch deck and it seemed to be going over really well with his colleagues and new boss. He had done dozens of these at his last company and was a seasoned veteran when it came to —-

Bzzzt Bzzzt

What was that noise? He looked around the room for the source of the sound. With the projector on, the lights were dimmed so he couldn't get a good look.

"And we are sure these numbers are airtight?" Dan's boss Walter wore a neutral look on his face. Dan had a hard time getting a read on him but he knew what he was doing.

"We double and triple-checked them. It will still come down to which contractor they decide to go with but we can make

recommendations. We're confident it can be done."

Unlike most other people at the firm, Dan didn't falter when Walt asked him hard questions.

"Alright I like where this is going, lets's see --" Walter looked behind him and across the table.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

He was distracted by the same sound Dan had heard earlier. "Jesse, can you please turn your phone off"

The colleague who brought almost nothing to the table, Jesse looked up like a deer in the headlights. He obviously hadn't been paying attention to anything Dan was presenting. Why was he even here today?

"It's not mine Walter, it's Dan's" he pointed at the phone sitting in front of the empty chair next to him. Shit, it was his phone all along.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

"Okay sorry, Jesse. Please can you mute it or something? Dan let's continue so we can all get on the same page for Monday." Walter turned his attention back to Dan's presentation.

Dan watched as Jesse reached to mute his phone. "As I was saying, this is the money slide. The numbers are good. From here we can move into slides that spur discussion..."

Jesse still had Dan's phone in his hands. Still not paying attention to the presentation but looking down. All you need to do is click the mute button on the side of the phone dummy. "We'll ask about their past projects, what they found worked well and what didn't, and see if they have any preferential vendors. We can also explore if their project has any sustainability goals we haven't accounted for."

Jesse finally looked up and seemed to be paying attention to Dan's presentation. Good, maybe he wasn't a complete lost cause.

And then he smirked and put Dan's phone back in its original spot.

—------

The microwave beeped as Lester's meal finished heating up. It wasn't fancy but it did the trick. He hated cooking and when he was hungry he didn't want to wait. The microwavable dinner in front of him would do just fine.

While he was hungry, the microwave was intended to make sounds so Sarah would know he was 'back'. Despite his urges, he had to stick to his plan. He can't be a creep and try to force something or Dan would kick his ass and leave and he would never see Sarah again. This experiment would bear fruit one way or the other.

He heard a faint creak of a door. This was his domain. He knew every inch of the place. Sarah was quietly moving around and likely discovered that the door to her bedroom was locked. Now it was time to see what she would do next. Lock herself in the bathroom and wait until Dan came home or saunter on over to her knight in shining armor eating his hungry man dinner?

After ten minutes of waiting, Lester grew impatient. It was time to get this show on the road.

Trying to make his presence known he cleared his throat and began walking toward the bathroom. He wasn't sneaking like he normally would do when a female roommate was in there. He had gotten quite adept at moving around the apartment without being heard. This time he wanted Sarah to know just where he was.

As he made his way down the hallway all the doors were shut. He paused outside the bathroom, adjusting his rising erection into the waistband of his sweatpants, and licked his lips.

"Uh hey Sarah, was just wondering if you might be done in there soon. I have some business to attend to."

The door cracked open an inch and Sarah's fuckable face appeared. She looked uncomfortable, like she didn't know how to respond to the situation. "Sorry Lester I didn't mean to be in here so long, it's just that" she looked him up and down undoubtedly disappointed his bare cock wasn't on display like earlier "the door to my bedroom is locked and all my clothes are in there."

"So your naked right now?" He let the words hang in the air. He loved seeing a woman's discomfort in these situations.

"Yes. No, I have my towel." Sarah regained her composure quickly "Is there a trick to that door, I swear it wasn't locked when I went in it."

Lester studied her facial features and imagined her face as she came in the shower. Why the fuck didn't he record that. Realizing that there was now an awkward silence he replied "You know sometimes my door gets stuck and I have to unjam it. I can try and see if I can get your open if you want?"

Sarah cautiously nodded her head. "That would be great, thank you."

Lester took one glance at the radiant beauty in front of him and then turned around and walked over to her bedroom door. She hadn't shut the door so she must now be watching him. Time to put on a good show.

He tried the handle and pushed on the door. Obviously, it wasn't going to open. He locked it after all. He tried again putting more force on the door. Again this time pulling on the door. He knelt down next to the handle and made a show of trying to look into the hole and then listening in as he twisted and turned trying to get it working.

After what felt like an appropriate amount of time trying and just enough to hopefully make Sarah feel guilty for all the hard work he was doing for her. He turned back and asked her "Do you have a bobby pin or something like that in there? I can try to get it open."

A flash of happiness washed over Sarah's face "That's a great idea, here let me check." She moved away from the door to go check her things. She didn't shut the door. Lester took good care to ensure that all the hinges in the apartment were well lubricated. Especially the bathroom hinges. The door slowly swung open as Sarah leaned over the counter looking through her pink toiletry bag.

Lester hungrily looked over her body. His eyes devoured her toned calves and bare thighs. The towel obstructed his view of the rest of her body but he could still make out her fine bubble butt through the material. The towel hugged her body like a pair of yoga pants, barely containing her ample cleavage that was fighting to liberate themselves.

He could do it. He could march in there and rip that towel off and take her right now. She was probably still horny from her shower adventure. His cum was probably still on her somewhere. He could have her over the counter and watch her face in the mirror as he pounded her meticulously.

Patience. Stick to the plan.

He signed. The plan. It was a good plan but he didn't like waiting.

"Found one!" Sarah exclaimed looking over at Lester. She paused as she held it up in front of her. Only now realizing the door was open and seeing the animalist lust written on Lester's face.

No one moved for what felt like an eternity.*You're ruining the plan, get your head in the game*.

"Sorry I'm not all there right now" he reached one hand, palm up in a non-threatening gesture. "Here let me give that a try."

Seeming relieved at the broken tension she walked over and handed the bobby pin to Lester. Her fingers gently touched his palm during the transfer and electricity seemed to jump from his hand straight to his dick.

"Okay, let's give this a go." He straightened out the bobby pin and kneeled down again in front of the door. He inserted it into the mechanism and pretended to fiddle around with it. This was a simple lock to open. It wasn't one you'd find on the apartment door with a complex series of tumblers that needed to be picked. These interior doors just needed a bit of focused pressure applied to the lock plate to unlock it. Dead simple, which was what he was looking for when he purchased this handle.

He felt the plate through the end of the bobby pin. Purpsosly pushing in the wrong places to ensure he wouldn't get it open. "Crap I can't seem to get it."

He looked over his shoulder. Sarah was standing in the doorway, arms crossed in front of her as she watched him work. Apparently, she didn't seem to care about her current wardrobe in front of him.

Lester took a sharp intake of breath and stood up, handing the key over to Sarah. "Here why don't you give it a go, I'll go see if I can find another pin or something in my room."

Without leaving room for debate. He left her standing there in her towel, holding the bobby pin as he moved into the recesses of his room. He stood there in the dark until he heard her move to the door and try her hand at picking the lock.

After a few seconds of obvious difficulty with the lock, Lester crept back to the door peering out through the crack.

There she was, kneeling in front of the door, trying in vain to unlock the door. She was fiddling around too much, obviously trying to pick it like some thief when all she needed to do was push the pin straight in with some force.

His bedroom door glided open as Lester opened it. Lubricated hinges made no sound and he was still beyond Sarah's periphery vision. He gently stepped over the creaky spot on the floor and made his way back into the hallway, slowly coming up next to where Sarah was kneeling.

"No luck?" he said as he looked down at his beautiful roommate's wife. She jumped, looking up at him. From here Lester had the perfect view of her pretty face and round green eyes, not to mention a great angle down at her cleavage, barely contained by the towel she wore. He made a mental note to buy smaller towels.

"No, it doesn't seem to want to open." She trailed off turning her head and attention back to the lock. Lester could feel the bulge in his pants growing. The fact that she was kneeling just two feet away from his cock was driving him crazy.

"Well keep at it I guess. If we can't get it open you're more than welcome to borrow some of my clothes," he said as his eyes roamed down the rest of her towel-covered body.

She gave Lester a quick glance. 'Thank you, but let's see if I can get it open first."

"No problem, just putting it out there. Besides who knows what your husband would think if he came home and saw you wearing one of my band t-shirts." He grinned waiting for her response but she just kept working on the lock.

"Here let me give it another go." He closed the distance between them and crouched down next to her. Their bodies were almost touching.

She moved to the side and handed the bobby pin over the Lester. Her breathing grew quicker.

Lester stuck the bobby pin into the lock and purposely missed the locking plate again. "So are you wet?"

"Excuse me?" she sternly whispered next to him. He didn't look at her but could tell she likely had a look of shock on her face.

"Are you wet?" he paused turning to look her in the eyes. She didn't respond but the heavy rising of her chest made Lester wish he found some way to record this interaction. "Ya know from the shower? You came out here trying to get into your room, I want to make sure I don't need to clean up any puddles on the floor here."

He turned back to his fake lock picking.

"I was but I've dried off now. No puddles here." she mimicked looking around and decided to stand up. Likely to give her some extra room from Lester.

He spared a glance at her. The towel went up to her mid-thigh but her tanned legs didn't have a blemish on them. She obviously took great care of her body.*Really need to buy those smaller towels*.

"Shower good then?" he asked.

"Yeah it was fine," she said. "Why do you ask?"

She's wondering if Lester had heard her pleasure session. Oh, he more than heard it. He saw the whole thing and emptied his nuts to it. "Just making conversation and hoping you are making yourself at home."

"It's been a while since I've had a good roommate. Just want to make sure you and Dan are happy here." He smiled internally. Great comment to diffuse the situation and put her on her back foot.

"Things have been great Lester. It's just been a stressful time with Dan moving here but the thing that's made this better has been moving in here. So far so good." She smiled trying to be reassuring.

What an angel.

Click.

Lester unlocked the door and stood up. He gestured to the door and took half a step back. Not enough to entirely get out of her way.

She moved to enter the room brushing up against Lester as she passed. She'd likely have expected him to move back further.

"Awesome thank you, Lester, you're a lifesaver. I guess I won't need your band shirt after all." She stood in the doorway waiting for Lester to leave.

"It was dumb luck, I don't really know how I did it." A lie of course. He spent months learning how to pick locks after one of his past roommates installed a deadbolt.

"Anyways I'm just glad I could help a damsel in distress." he grinned. Still standing there in the doorway. After a few awkward seconds he stepped back "Alright, I'll let you get changed."

Sarah began closing the door "Thank you again, Lester." She smiled at him "My knight in shining armor."

With the door closed and another raging hard-on ready to explore, Lester made his way back into his room and took up his favorite spot at the peephole.

—--

"Well, I'd go with us," Walter exclaimed. Dan had just finished running through his presentation. "I can't see any reason why the

Lincoln Group wouldn't follow through with this. Thank you, Dan."

Walt began addressing another one of Dan's colleagues as he made his way back to his seat. As he approached, some of his colleagues gave him subtle thumbs up. Not bad for the new guy. This is how you do it. When he reached his seat, Jesse didn't acknowledge him. Instead, he was laser-focused on what Walt was saying.

Dan was eager to see what kind of message came through on his phone. What the heck was going on back at the apartment with Sarah? He recalled her last message about being naked in the apartment with Lester.

He could feel his heart beating faster as he grabbed his phone. Walt was still talking and he knew better than to check his phone in front of him. The guy was still the boss and was old school.

His phone seemed to be burning a hole in Dan's hand. He needed to see what was on there. Had Jesse seen what was on there?

"So Dan." Dan's thoughts were broken by hearing his own name. Walter looked at him pointedly "I'd like you to reach out first thing to their team over there and set up some time this week for us to over this."

"Happy to, I'll get that set up," Dan said.

"Excellent. And great work again Dan and everyone. Thank you for coming in on your Saturday. I'm sure you can agree it was worth getting on the same page here." he stood and began gathering his things. "See you all Monday."

With that people began filtering out. Notably, Jesse was one of the first out the door even though he was on the opposite side of the room.

Dan began packing up as well but took his time. When the last of his colleagues had left, Dan sat back down and unlocked his phone with a simple swipe on the lock screen.*Maybe I should put a pin code on this thing.*

Dan's eyes felt like they were going to burst out of his head as he opened his messaging app. Sarah had sent him four racy pictures. She rarely did this. What had gotten into her? She scrolled back up and say his last reply

WHAT!?

This was followed by the first picture. Sarah took a selfie of herself somewhere he didn't recognize. It looked dark. Her shoulders were bare and the tops of her breasts filled the bottom of the screen. She was making an incredibly sexy kissing face. Wait a second - he recognized the hallway in the background of the picture. That was the hallway in his apartment but it looked different. No. Not different it was just a different perspective. This wasn't taken from his room, or the bathroom. It had to be from Lester's room.

His heart and jaw felt like they were going to hit the floor. He could feel his heart starting to beat faster as he scrolled to the next picture. He noticed he was as hard as a rock and his breathing was getting quicker.*What was she doing in there?*

Dan hadn't even seen into that room let alone walked into it. And she was naked. In Lester's room, just like her last text read. He wanted to run out of the room and get back to the apartment but he stayed glued to his seat to see the next photo.

Sarah was sitting and looking up at someone. Did Lester catch her? She was still in a dark room but it looked like a light was shining on her. There was a bed in the background of the photo. It looked like it hadn't been made up in weeks.

Who was she looking at? Those eyes.....

She looked so fucking sexy when she looked at him with those eyes. That look on her face screamed 'fuck me.' But who was she looking at?

Dan was absentmindedly caressing his hard cock through his dress pants. Something he'd never done at work before.

He scrolled down to the next picture. Sarah was laying on what looked like that dirty bed from the last picture. The face she was making sent shivers down his back. This was the angle he loved. When they had sex in the missionary position and he got to look down at her just like this and see her face contorted in pleasure from their lovemaking.

A sudden motion caught his eye. Through the glass window of the meeting room door, Dan saw Jesse walking with his coat and messenger pack on. He glanced his way and the two shared an uncomfortable second of eye contact before Jesse broke it and continued on his way out of the building.

"That little fucker totally looked at these." He began thinking of the implications of that realization and how we would react on Monday. He'd have to say something to him, but how much had he seen? Does he think there is something more going on here?

These thoughts quickly receded to the back of Dan's brain as he thumbed to the last photo.

Another shot of Sarah on that bed. This time she was making that face. The most beautiful face in the world. The one that when Dan would see it in real life, no matter how strong-willed he was, this face always set him over the edge.

The face of Sarah cuming. Cuming on his dick as he fucked her. Always followed by her opening her eyes and looking at him like he is the only thing that matters to her in the world. But this was different. He wasn't there for this face.

He thumbed down again for the next photo - but that was it. In its place was a message.

'Is there some trick to the bedroom door?'

That was a weird follow-up to those photos.

Dan stood up and then sat back down. He had to get back to the apartment but should he call her on the way? Should he send a text?

He stood up again and purposely gathered his things. He left the conference room and made his way to his desk, dialing Sarah as he walked.

—-

Sarah let out a long breath as she finally shut the bedroom door.

When she woke up this morning she hadn't expected to get locked out of her bedroom in her towel. She also didn't expect that her husband's new roommate would saunter around the apartment naked in front of her.

Lester had clearly been pushing some boundaries with the way he looked at her and by standing a little too close. She didn't like the way she'd catch him eyeing her. Sure it was okay at first because he is a man and she looks the way she does.

She wasn't overconfident about her looks but she took care of herself and worked hard at it. She liked when people noticed. She didn't love when it happened when she was alone with a stranger in an apartment wearing nothing but a towel.*He did help you get the door open*.

Sure he did help but she couldn't shake the feeling that he enjoyed helping a little too much. The way he stood over her. He was clearly taking advantage of the situation to look down at her breasts. He

probably got off on her kneeling down in front of him. In front of his --

Her phone, she left it in the bathroom. She cracked the door open and sheepishly look a step out looking around like she had earlier. No sign of Lester, his door looked shut. It was irrational to be afraid of him seeing her in a towel when had just stood right here next to her.

Still, she tip-toed quickly over to the bathroom to retrieve her phone and some other toiletries. Looking back more than once to make sure her bedroom door was still open.

With her phone in hand, she quickly dashed back into her room and closed the door, locking it.

Dan had to have seen her photos by now. She tapped in her PIN code and opened up messages. Still nothing from Dan. No response, even when she asked about the trick to the door. At least Lester had been here to help, even if he was a bit of a creep.

She was about to put her phone down when she noticed the checkmarks. The checkmarks showed that Dan had read her messages. *What the hell Dan, it's been like 20 minutes here*.

As if being summoned, the phone rang in her hands causing her to jump. Dan was calling.

"Hey Honey." She answered.

"Hey -- what's going on?" Dan sounded unlike himself. He sounded out of breath a slight edge to his voice.

"Hey, nothing much. Are you okay babe?" Sarah was now a bit worried. Was everything okay at work? She hoped nothing bad had happened or that his job was in jeopardy again. It had been a tough

time since he lost his job and they were just getting back on their feet.

"What? Yeah, I'm fine. I'm just getting out of here now. I'll be there soon." The sound of a door shutting and footsteps in a staircase came through the phone.

"I can't wait for you to get back here, I've missed —"

Dan cut her off "What happened today? Where did you take those photos? Were they from Lester's room? You said he was naked -- were you naked? Sarah, what's going on?"

Oh right, their game. With the locked door, she had forgotten about all the teasing and exquisite photos she'd taken to tease him. She quickly switched back into teasing mode to rile him up. Hopefully, he wouldn't get into an accident on the way home.

"Oh, those photos? Sorry I didn't mean to send those to you." She paused there. How would he respond to that? The sounds of footsteps in the stairway stopped immediately. She had him. This was too easy.

"What do you mean?" He had to know what game she was playing at this point but he sure was bad at it.

"Those photos weren't meant for you." She smiled wickedly.

She was pacing around the small bedroom. She stopped in front of the mirror and realized she was still wearing her towel. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, taking a second to admire her tanned shoulders and silhouette figure.

"Well, who were they meant for then?" His voice had a bit of playfulness in it. He was catching on to their game.

"Hmmm oh, no one in particular. Just a*close* friend." She moved back over to the bed and looked at her clothes that were laid out and then began to unwrap her towel. "And to answer your question, yes I was naked in the apartment today."

She held the phone with her shoulder as she took off the towel and pat dried any areas of her naked body that still felt wet.

"What...When...When were you naked?" It sounded like Dan had a toad in his throat. He was breathing quickly now. The same way he did when she'd tell him stories like this in bed.

"Oh, when I was in the shower. I was here by myself so I took a nice long shower. It was*really* great."

"And you were alone? Alone in the shower? By yourself? Dan had started moving again. It sounded like he was outside.

"Yes dear, that's generally what being by myself means." Smiling, she began to slide a fresh pair of sexy white lace panties on before grabbing the matching bra.

"The shower was great but afterward I did get locked out of our bedroom. I was stuck in nothing but a towel. Didn't you see my text? I could have used your help." She thought she heard a gulp over the phone.

"Sorry, babe I just saw that text now. The meeting was running long and I had to present for a lot of it. I wasn't able to check my phone....." he trailed off. "Did you manage to get into the bedroom? I locked the door before I left this morning but it shouldn't have been that."

"Yeah, I'm in here now and changing." She grinned. "Actually Lester helped me open the door."

"Lester?" Dan asked sheepishly.

"Yes. Lester. You know your roommate?" She had finished putting the white lace bra on and moved back in front of the mirror to look at herself. She bit her lip and ran her thumb along her panty line as she prepared to rock Dan's world. "He's quite good with his hands."

"Jesus christ Sarah. Alight. Alight. I'm on my way back now." he half laughed, nervously.

She won. She always was able to one-up him and get him to break.

"Hurry up and come back to me. I've missed you today." She was lightly swaying back and forth.

Still looking at herself in the mirror. She turned back to her clothes and began to get dressed. "You really shouldn't leave your wife alone with a stranger you know."

"I'm sorry Sarah." Dan sighed. "You know this isn't how I planned this weekend. Last time I promise."

"Good. Now hurry up and get home to me. I want to hear about your day and I'm hoping for a repeat of last night."

"Yes, Ma'am." Dan replied, "On my way."

"I love you," Sarah said, pausing her selection of clothing for tonight.

"I love you too. I'll be home soon." Dan seemed eager to get back to her. "Bye baby."

"Bye, my love." Sarah hung up the phone and she looked over the clothes she had packed.*Now, which outfit will make Dan want to jump my bones?*

—-

Lester backed away from the peephole, a new deposit added to the stained drywall.

The notes he took earlier about Dan and Sarah's relationship still seemed to ring true. Dan seemed to have a thing about Sarah being seen or being with another guy. Sarah liked to play into Dan's fantasy and maybe shared a bit of it herself. She also liked being heard and probably would like being seen while in the act.

They also seemed to be subtly including Lester in their private games. He wasn't delusional. He knew he wasn't a super attractive guy, the reason he was included was because of convenience and this new situation they found themselves in.

Dan and Sarah were going to have sex tonight. That much he knew for sure. The question was, how was he going to up the ante and push the boundaries with them without having them running for the hills?

Restraint and appear respectful.

Admittedly it was a tactic he hadn't used much in the past. Sure he'd always shown restraint and respect at first with his previous roommates before devolving into his usual self. But this time was different. A man was involved and their situation proved to be unique.

Lester looked around his room. He never much cared for what others thought and didn't care to clean up after himself. He was happy and content with how things were. Still, if there was a chance he have Sarah, perhaps he should make some changes to lower any inhibitions she might have.

He was probably due to take a look in the mirror as well, something he didn't enjoy doing too often.*If you can soften your edges a little bit, it might go a long way towards making this happen*.

For now, it was time to do some recon. He jiggle his computer mouse and sat down at his command center. Dan would be home soon, he wanted to do a little bit of light research on husbands who

have fantasies about their wives with others and ways to subtly intrude on the loving couple.

—--

The lights in the elevator indicated the current floor seemed to be moving at a glacial pace for Dan Williams. He was staring at them, willing them to display '6' so he could run out and enter his apartment.

He was alone in the elevator with nothing else to distract him but his thoughts.

He knew his wife was teasing him with the photos, texts, and discussion earlier. She was merciless. Still part of his brain kept drifting back to the what-if scenarios that could have unfolded today while he was at work.

Had Lester really been naked? How the hell did Sarah know that? And how did he help her with the door? Was she stuck there in a towel when it happened? These thoughts and more kept racing through his head.

He found a bit of a reprieve when the display came up as '6'. He quickly rushed out before the door had completely opened and turned towards his apartment. Walking briskly down the hallway he checked his phone while snagging the keys from his pocket.

No new text messages from Sarah. He was both relieved and somewhat disappointed at this. What had happened since he talked to her last?

His mind was in overdrive. If his apartment hadn't been the only one around this corner of the hallway he would have walked right past it. He fumbled for the right key on his keychain.

Breath.

He took a deep breath and entered his apartment.

Leaning against the back of the couch was his wife Sarah. No matter how many times he came home to her, he always found her absolutely stunning. This time was no exception.

His eyes were immediately drawn to her long, smooth-toned legs that seemed to go on forever. He drank the sight of her in.

She was wearing those cute little black booty shorts that framed her ass so well. It was a shame he couldn't see her butt right now. It always perked him up after a long day at work.

Tucked into the tops of her booty shorts was a tight-fitting matching black tank top that hugged her bust and outlined her flat stomach. Her hair was up in a bun to be comfortable but Dan still thought it looked incredibly sexy showing off her neck.

He immediately gulped seeing the plugging neckline of the tank top, slowly realizing that she was wearing this outfit while alone in the apartment with Lester. There was no way he hasn't been checking her out all day long.

The little spaghetti straps of the tank top did not do anything to conceal the lacy white bra straps. That bra was one of his favorites and she knew it. This wasn't a coincidence, it was a preview of things to come.

In the split second it took for him to drink her appearance in, Sarah looked up from her cellphone and a large smile spread across her face.

"Finally you're back." She quickly made her way over to him, throwing her arms around his neck and pulling him in for a strong hug.

They held each other tightly, Dan resisting the urge to reach down and grab her butt. "I'm glad to be back babe. I'm really sorry again that I had to take off this morning."

She pulled back briefly to look up into his eyes. Dan met her gaze but his eyes instinctively dropped to look at the tops of her breasts pushed against him. In half a second his eyes were back up, looking into hers but a playful smile crossed her face knowingly.

"Did you guys at least get a lot done today?" She asked.

They slowly let go of each other as Dan said "Yeah actually it was pretty productive. Walt seems pretty nervous about an account we're working on. An out-of-state company called the Lincoln Group. They have this ambitious project and we're one of the final firms in the running to lead it."

Dan put a little bit of space between them. "And guess who Walt wants to lead things with them?" He gestured to himself as if it was a big reveal.

"Oh, that's great baby. I'm so proud of you." She closed the distance and embraced him again. "Mr. Chicago taking the city by storm."

She kissed him. A soft wet kiss that lingered on his lips. "I knew you'd do well here, we just needed the chance to show everyone what you bring to the table."

"Yeah I was surprised they didn't give it to someone that's been around the place longer but I think Walt realizes that if he wants to take on some of these bigger projects, he can't keep doing business the same way he has been." He grinned proudly at what he had accomplished in such a short time. "But work has taken enough of my attention today and you are heading home tomorrow, let's make the most of today - what should we do?"

"Honestly there is a ton of cool things I'd love to experience here with you in Chicago." She looked up at him coyly. "But tonight I want to keep you in this apartment and have you all to myself."

"Now that I can do. Especially after how..." He searched for the right word "Limber things were last night."

"Limber Dan, really? That's what you got." She laughed. "I'm not a gymnast."

"I know, I was just trying to be sexy." He gave her his best faux-suave look which caused her to shake her head even though she was beaming.

"Speaking of sexy" he ran his finger up and down her bare arm. "I need to know more about those photos and what happened today."

A mischievous grin spread over her face. "Well there is a lot to tell." she got close to him. Just shy of her lips touching his. "But where to begin? It was quite an eventful day."

Dan realized he was breathing quickly. His mind struggled to figure out what to say next to match how sexy she was being. He took half a second too long in responding as she turned away from him.

"But first I have hardly eaten today and I am starving. Let's get some food ordered and then we can chat." She looked back over her shoulder at him playfully and she thumbed her phone. "How about that Chinese place you were mentioning before."

"Why are you in the mood for the cream of sum yun gai?" he immediately groaned internally. Dad joke.

Sarah didn't take her eyes off her phone and she looked through the take-out app. "You never know, the night is still young."

Dan immediately felt his erection. He didn't know when it sprang up but her last comment caused it to make itself known.

He was making his way across the room to press it into her juicy backside but stopped when he heard a door opening.

Lester was coming.

A complete mirror opposite of Sarah, Lester looked like he just rolled out of a bag of Cheeto chips. Loose-fitting sweatpants that had seen better days and an oversized t-shirt that was once white but was now beige with colored splotches here and there. The guy looked like the epitome of a neckbeard and a mouth breather at that.

Dan suppressed a grin and chuckled to himself. *This is what has been driving me crazy all day? Really?*

There was no way anything happened while he was gone. Sarah was leagues above this guy. They wouldn't even be in the same sport. Heck not even on his worst day did Dan ever come close to resembling something like this.

"Hey, Lester. How's it going?" It was a good idea to try to stay on at least amicable terms with his roommate, even if he mostly kept to himself.

"I'm alright. Hungry." He walked past the couple but Dan caught him eyeing Sarah's cleavage. *Come on man*.

Sarah looked up from her phone and said "We're going to order some Chinese, do you want anything?"

Lester stopped in his tracks, one foot into the kitchen. He slowly turned his hungry eyes on Sarah. "How long will it take?"

"The app says 20-30 minutes if we order right now. I'm ready to eat too." She made a gesture of showing the phone to Lester. He quickly

walked over to get a better look, oblivious to how he was invading her personal space.

Dan stood there dumbfounded at the contrast between the two of them. Even at 35 and sticking around the apartment all day, Sarah looked like she could be on the cover of a women's fitness magazine or magazine-like maxim posing in her underwear. Toned muscles, tanned skin, and those high cheekbones should have graced the cover of one of the magazines Dan discovered as a teenager.

And here standing next to her, breathing down her neck, looking at her phone was Lester. He looked like he couldn't care less about taking care of himself and didn't give a shit about what others thought. He had probably given up on life and was content to look at women like Sarah on his computer screen forever. It was probably driving him nuts having her around.

Dan's breath was shallow again and he had to subtly turn and adjust himself. Seeing them together like that got him rock hard and thinking again about the naughty texts and scenarios they've been playing with.

"Dan, what do you want me to order," Sarah asked.

Dan turned, she was looking up at him and Lester was still looking at her phone. "You know me, I'm good with anything. Their sweet and sour chicken was pretty unreal last time I had it."

"Okay..." she pulled the phone closer to her, looking at the menu. Lester couldn't see the phone any longer and seemed to take the cue to step back away from her. "Sweet and sour chicken, got it. Anything else?"

"Honestly I can't think of anything else right now. My brain is still a bit fried from work" He lied. " I trust you."

"Yeah, no worries baby." She looked up at him. "Why don't you go get changed and shower or whatever and I'll get this ordered. By the time you're done it should be here."

Leave Sarah alone, again with Lester. "That sounds good. I'll be quick."

He moved down the hallway, undoing the tie on his deck. As he entered the bedroom to get changed he heard Sarah say "Lester what do you want to eat?"

And he shut the door to change.

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Twenty minutes later, Dan emerged from the bathroom. He'd showered and changed into some nice loungewear. Nothing fancy but a comfortable pair of shorts and a fitted black t-shirt. Most important of all, they were clean and stain free unlike his roommates'.

Walking back towards the apartment's living room, Dan was still beside himself at the situation. He felt bad leaving Sarah alone again so soon after getting home but a thrill rose from another part of him.

For a long time, Dan had harbored a fantasy about seeing Sarah flirt, tease, and more with another man. It was a frequent theme they played with in the bedroom and now Sarah was an expert at saying the right things to push his buttons.

Thinking about Sarah with Lester and seeing them standing so close together and ordering Chinese food caused this fantasy to creep back up with force. The idea of Sarah giving someone so beneath her and Dan her attention just riled him up. It was such a taboo concept that Dan couldn't stop thinking about it. Lester was also

completely unthreatening to Dan which was a nice safety net for this fantasy.

As he made his way into the living room, Dan was a bit disappointed to see Sarah sitting by herself on the couch. "Where's Lester?"

"After he told me what he wanted to order, he went back into this room." Sarah eyed her husband's outfit approvingly. "Black suits you boo."

"Thanks." Dan smiled "I'm pretty sure you picked this out for me."

"I did." Sarah gestured for Dan to sit down next to her. "The app says the food is on its way, we ordered your sweet and sour chicken, I grabbed some Cantonese chow mein and barbecue short ribs and Lester wanted....."

While Dan's stomach was certainly hungry and making itself known, another organ was in the driver's seat.

While Sarah was still giving Dan the run down of what was coming for dinner, he blurted out "So tell me for real, what happened here today."

Sarah paused and eyed him. The look on her face made Dan think she was both annoyed at being interrupted and amused at his inability to be cool under pressure.

She stared at him silently for a few seconds and with a smile began to recite the day's events. Dan waited patiently as Sarah updated him on the phone call with her mother. She was deliberately giving extra detail about the phone call to torture him.

She then told him about her yogurt and how Lester had interrupted her in his birthday suit.

"I have never seen him walk around here naked. Granted I am at work most of the time but it's still weird."

"mmm-hmmm." Sarah nodded her head agreeing. Then she told him about the lovely shower she took and how when she was done she realized she was locked out of the bedroom and Lester had to help her get the door open.

"And you were wearing just a towel while this was happening?" Dan asked.

"mmm-hmmm," Sarah confirmed in a very manner of fact way. "Lester did offer to let me borrow some of his clothes but thankfully it didn't have to come to that."

Dan was speechless. Not only did Lester get naked in front of his innocent wife but he had also seen her just in a towel, standing inappropriately close to her. A million questions were running through his head and he didn't know which one to ask first. Which detail or clarifying question was most important?

Sarah was eyeing him waiting for a reaction. She didn't pick up on Dan spreading his legs to suitably adjust himself.

Dan opened his mouth to speak but was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Sarah gave him a teasing smile "I guess the food is here." She stood up making a show of swaying her hips as she walked towards the apartment door. Dan's eyes were glued to her ass swaying back and forth that he almost missed Sarah looking over her shoulder at him, catching him staring.

Shaking away the daze of Sarah's mesmerizing butt, Dan got up and moved to grab some drinks from the fridge. As he returned to the living room with two glasses of water he stopped in his tracks.

Across the room standing at the entrance to the hallway was Lester. He hadn't seen Dan, his eyes were looking intently at something. Dan followed his eyes which led to Sarah's butt as she finished up paying the delivery guy.

When he looked back at Lester, his roommate was staring back at him. Dan had his share of confrontations at school and in the workplace but this was different. He felt it in his gut. It felt primal. Like two lions on the savannah competing for a single zebra.

Dan confidently stepped forward into the room making his presence felt. He put the glasses of water down on the coffee table. Lester's shoulders were hunched and he appeared smaller. *That was easy*.

Dan strode across the living room to Sarah who was turning around holding two big bags of takeout as she shut the door. In his periphery, Lester seemed to melt back into the hallway. Dan took the bags of food from Sarah which were heavier than they appeared and brought them over to the couch.

"Food here?" Lester asked, as if he had just entered the room.

"Yes just getting it out now," Sarah said she opened each bag and started unloading its contents onto the table.

Dan laid out three plates and utensils on the table. He didn't love the idea of dining with Lester but here they were. One of the perks of having a roommate.

Lester began peeking under the lid of each dish Sarah unloaded. Eventually, he seemed to find what he was looking for. He grabbed the dish and walked away, down the hallway towards his room. There was an audible click as his door shut.

Sarah and Dan exchanged a confused look.

The couple sat down and began to get ready to eat.

"So I guess it's just us for dinner then," Sarah said when it was apparent Lester wasn't coming back.

"I'm honestly fine with that." Dan shoved a piece of sweet and sour chicken into his mouth. "I'm guessing he didn't offer to split the bill with us earlier?"

"Nope" Sarah took a bite of chow mein.

The thoughts of their earlier discussion were replaced by Dan's hunger. Now that the delicious smelling food was here, all he wanted to do was devour it. Sarah seemed to be hungry too as she reached over and took some of his sweet and sour chicken.

After several minutes of indulging himself and overeating, Dan sat back and said "I was thinking. Maybe we can cuddle up here on the couch tonight and watch a movie."

"Oh, that sounds nice. I can't even remember the last time we just sat and watched a movie together." She began clearing the dirty packaging and putting any leftover food in one container. "Any good movies you want to see?"

"Ladies' choice," Dan said, trying to gesture in a chivalrous way.

"Ugh you know I'm just going to be scrolling through Netflix for like an hour."

Dan stood up and took some of the dirty containers from Sarah's hands. "Well, you better get started looking then. Sit down, I got this."

"You sure?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, besides your the guest here in my place." He winked at her.

"This is very true. I hope you roll the red carpet out like this the next time I visit." She sat down grabbed the remote and turned the TV on.

"I'm just glad to hear there is going to be a next time, after all, you went through today." Dan tossed this out there trying to reengage the conversation from before.

"Oh, it wasn't all bad. Nothing I couldn't handle." Sarah answered. She didn't elaborate further, fully intending not to say anymore. She held all the power here and she knew it.

Dan continued to empty the table, putting dirty plates into the dishwasher, throwing out the garbage, and packing the leftovers away in the fridge between the towers of Lester's microwavable meals.

As he finished up and reentered the living room Sarah said "Found one."

"Yeah? What are we watching?" Dan asked.

"I think I found the perfect movie. It's based in World War Two about an American soldier who gets injured and is taken care of by a French nurse..."

Dan cut Sarah off "and they fall in love but he has to go back to the front lines and she writes him every day. Right? Something like that."

She eyed him with faux anger "Yes, something just like that in fact."

Dan shrugged "Alright cool, let's do it. As long as I get to squeeze you close while we watch it."

They sat down and began to play the movie when Sarah asked "Do you think that's the last we've seen of Lester tonight?"

Dan didn't take his eyes off the screen "well I assume he's going to come back out with his dirty dish soon."

"I wouldn't be so sure. When I was in there earlier he had old dirty plates all over...." she trailed off realizing she was opening the door back up to him.

He gave her a pass for now. "Well I'm not about to get interrupted here, I'll go ask him if he wants to watch the movie and grab his dish."

She laid a hand on his thigh and he went to get up. "No, what if he says yes? I want it to be just us."

Dan stood up despite her protests "He isn't going to say yes, trust me."

Sarah paused the movie as Dan headed down the hallway to Lester's room. He could hear some sounds emitting from inside but couldn't place them. He knocked.

No answer.

He knocked again, this time harder bordering on a bit aggressive. He winced hearing how loud it ended up being.

"Enter," said Lester's voice through the door.

Dan turned the knob and opened the door. It was dark and he couldn't see much. Lester was illuminated by the light coming from his computer screen. The light also showed Dan the mess that was Lester's room.

Dirty clothes were thrown just laying on the floor amongst piles of dishes and other objects Dan couldn't place. The bed behind Lester looked like it had never been made and Dan swore that he could see a bag of Cheetos tucked under the pillowcase. He was frankly

surprised no obnoxious smells hit him when he opened the door.*How the hell did Sarah take those pictures in here without breaking her neck?*

Having decided he got a full appreciation for this room and a new level of disrespect for his roommate, his eyes settled back on Lester who hadn't looked up from his computer screen. Dan stood there for a few seconds waiting for Lester to speak.

When it was clear he just wasn't going to, Dan cleared his throat and asked "Hey there Lester. We're going to watch a movie, wondering if you might want to join."

"Which movie?" Lester's hand was moving his mouse and he kept his eyes glued to the screen. Not acknowledging Dan's presence at all.

"'Letters to the Frontlines'. It's a World War Two action romance movie Sarah found." Dan stared at Lester waiting for him to look up.

But he didn't. "I'm raiding in WOW tonight."

Dan was starting to get annoyed that Lester wouldn't even give him the courtesy of looking up at him. He was completely different than the Lester who showed them this apartment, to begin with. "Okay cool. Alright well, have a great night then...."

Dan slowly began to close the door. Lester stayed silent and continued staring at his computer screen.

Dan shook his head and walked back down the hallway.*Little jerk*.

"We're good. He isn't going to be coming out the rest of the night." Dan sat back down putting his arm around Sarah.

She nuzzled into his frame, dragging a blanket across her bare legs. "How do you know?"

"He is deep into his world of warcraft at the moment." Dan smiled. "I doubt even you could distract him right now."

"Don't be so sure Mr. I have a lot of tricks up my sleeve you know." she pressed play on the remote the movie started.

"Oh I'm not saying you don't, I'm just saying he is in hardcore nerd mode right now." Dan looked down and saw a pouty look on her face.

"Not even these could distract him?" She brought her arms together, pushing her breasts against one another, threatening to spill out of their black tank top.

Dan cleared his throat. "I stand corrected."

"Good, that's what I thought." She turned her head back to the movie and settled in.

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After about an hour it was clear to both Dan and Sarah that 'Letters to the Frontlines' was a bust. The movie dragged in all the wrong places and the lead characters made questionable decisions that no one, in reality, would do.

Even if the movie wasn't so bad, Dan's mind was preoccupied with the events of today. The worse the movie got, the more he kept running through them in his head.

Sarah shifted her weight to get comfortable, her hand grazing Dan's thigh. She felt the hardness of his dick. "Well, what do we have here Mr.?"

She looked up at him with a serious face and in a sultry voice said "Is this because of me or are you just really enjoying how bad this movie is."

"Oh, it damn sure isn't this movie." Dan started stroking her exposed lower back. "This just happens when I have my hot, sexy wife so close to me."

Sarah purred and moved her face close to his. Her hand now lightly caressing his dick through the fabric of his pants. "Mmmmm hmmm, good answer."

Her soft lips gently connected with his, their tongues slowly venturing out and exploring each other.

Dan cupped Sarah's face with his left hand as the other snaked around and pulled her body close to his. His fingers reached to the base of her neck where his nails slowly caressed the hair there.

Suddenly he tightened his grip on her hair and pulled her right on top of him.

His mouth opened hungrily, kissing her fast and hard. Sarah responded in kind, matching his passion and pushing herself down into him.

Dan could feel Sarah's tight shorts rubbing up against his dick as it strained against him. He knew her ass would look so good from the other side of the couch. He ran his hand down and grabbed one of her ass cheeks and squeezed as he pulled her harder into him.

Sarah moaned into his mouth and kissed him harder. She loved when he grabbed her ass and he pulled her harder onto his dick. It was pressing right into the inside of her thigh. She could feel how warm she was getting down there and the heat from Dan's dick was making her grow hotter.

She stuck her tongue into Dan's mouth and slowed down their kissing. She explored his mouth. His tongue darted out and danced with hers, moving to a long, slow open kiss. She continued kissing

him like this as she reached down and slipped her hand beneath the waistband of his shorts.

Fumbling to get beneath the boxer, Sarah eventually found her prize when her hand made contact with the rigid hardness of Dan's dick. He broke their kiss and took a sharp intake of breath as she wrapped her fingers around his dick and slowly began to stroke it.

Dan leaned his head back in ecstasy. Her touch was electric. He had been so pent up all day that the sudden attention was sending him into overdrive. Sarah added fuel to the fire by licking and kissing his neck while she stroked his dick.

After about a minute she got tired of the awkward angle and how difficult his short's waistband was making things. "Take these off."

She sat back as Dan raised his hips and began lowering his boxers and shorts simultaneously. She helped him pull them the rest of the way off.

Dan's dick sprang into view at full attention. Sarah enthusiastically began stroking it with her hands and she kneeled between Dan's legs on the couch. She locked eyes with him. The way she looked at him gave him no doubt where things were heading tonight. She wanted him and his dick badly and she wasn't about to take no for an answer.

"Do you want to move to the bedroom?" Dan whispered. Not because he was scared of making too much noise but this is just how it came out. It sounded like a confession and that he was pleading for the opposite of what he asked.

Sarah continued to stare at him with her burning eyes of desire and she slowly lowered her head towards his dick. "I. Don't. Care."

She engulfed his dick with her mouth, running her tongue along its underside and her hand continued to pump his shaft.

The words made Dan go crazy. He bucked his hips up as soon as her mouth made contact. He held his hands to his head and groaned in pleasure.

Sarah took her mouth off his dick but she never stopped pumping his shaft with her hand. Her mouth found one of his balls as she gently sucked it. Her tongue began swirling around it, tasting and caressing. Dan left out another low groan and she moved and began working on the other side and she switched to gently caressing and teasing his shaft.

Dan was in ecstasy. This woman knew what she was doing. He would do anything she asked as long as she never stopped sucking his dick the way she was.

Dan reached over and grabbed the remote, pausing the movie. Sarah didn't bat an eye and continued to lick and suck all over his balls, slowly and deliberately. Dan could hear the muffled music and action sounds coming from down the hall. Lester was still in his room playing World of Warcraft.

Holding his dick in her hands, Sarah began licking and kissing her way from his balls, up his shaft. Her beautiful face puckered and kissed every inch of his dick until she made her way to the head of his cock where she twirled her tongue around it, sending little shocks through his body. She kissed the head of his cock in the same intimate way she had kissed him earlier.

Dan watched all of this, transfixed and immobile at the pleasure he was feeling. He couldn't move a muscle, except for his mouth. "Did...did you really see Lester naked today?"

Sarah's eyes opened. Her concentration was broken. She looked up at Dan for the first time since she started on his dick. She didn't smile. She just continued to suck on his cock, looking at him with those eyes that read pure sex.

She slowly removed her mouth from the tip of his cock and began planting soft kisses on his shaft and she stroked him "mmhmm. I did....."

She stopped stroking him and slowly licked his dick from the base all the way to the head where she swirled her tongue around again. "Is that going to be a problem? That your sexy wife saw your roommate naked?"

Dan gulped. It was one thing to play this game with Sarah on the phone. It was another to do it live and in person with her. It was an entirely different thing to do it while she was kneeling in front of him looking at him the way she was.

He didn't respond so Sarah leaned back away from him and began tugging at the tank top tucked into her shorts. She peeled it off over her head, slowly revealing Dan's favorite white lace bra underneath.

Her soft perfect breasts were held perfectly in place for him to stare at. "So is this going to be a problem, Dan?" She threw her shirt to the side and began to crawl her way back up to his cock. "Are you going to punish me for being bad?"

She began to lick his dick again. Slowly. Her eyes not breaking from his, waiting for a response.

He whispered, "Did you see his dick too?"

Sarah stared into his eyes, her tongue coming off his dick as she slowly wrapped her hands around his shaft. She grabbed onto it hard and began stroking it. "You mean his cock?"

Dan was speechless. He always loved the dirty talk from his wife but this was on another level. *What was she going to do next?*

"Uughh..." Dan started and then stopped. Blanking on how to respond.

Sarah broke eye contact to look down at her hand stroking his cock. Her breathing was fast and the way she was positioned made her breasts press together like they were on display.

She continued looking down, enjoying the sight of her hand making Dan hard as a rock. Looking at his dick full of cum that she desperately wanted.

"I didn't see a dick today." She continued watching her hand rising up and down. She looked up at Dan with her sex-starved eyes. "What I saw today was a cock."

She whispered to him "a thick cock."

Dan groaned and reached forward grabbing the back of her head and pulling her down onto him. She obliged, removing her hand and letting his dick disappear into her mouth. He held the back of her head gently and she sucked his dick.

A few more minutes of this and Dan would be cumming.*She called it a cock*.

She knew just how to get him riled up.

Sarah suddenly pushed herself up and stood next to the couch. Dan was surprised and sat up, he wasn't sure what was happening. She bent over and peeled off her tight-fitting sports shorts and underwear all at once and moved towards him.

"I need you to fuck me." She mounted him, grabbing his dick and guiding it towards her opening.

Dan pushed himself up from the couch and they connected, his cock sliding deep into her wet pussy in one shot.

She moaned loudly and gripped his cock, never intending to let go.

Dan grabbed her hips in his hands and began to eagerly thrust up into her. Sarah forcefully pushed his shoulders down, to stop his thrusting. "You just watch right now."

He stopped and sat there as Sarah rode his cock. He looked up at her beautiful face, eyes shut, contorted in pleasure as she slowly brought herself up and down on his cock.

He watched as her breathing quickened and her bra-clad breasts began to rapidly rise and fall right in front of his face. He could feel her pussy strongly grabbing onto his cock, milking it for all it was worth.

The games she had been playing today with Dan had her waiting for this. Longing for it. She ground herself on his cock so that it kept hitting the right spots to get her to cum. She loved when Dan took charge and he was great at what he did but sometimes a girl she has to do it her way.

She wanted to tease Dan and rile him up some more but right now she wanted to get lost in her impending orgasmic bliss.*So close...*

She opened her eyes and looked down at him and immediately locked eyes. He was staring up at her. His hands were casually behind his head like the stud that he was looking at her with a self-satisfied grin.*He is so fucking hot right now*.

As he stared at her, he slowly raised his hips off the couch, pushing himself deeper into her.

Even though she told him to sit back the slow controlled move he just made turned her on. She bit her lip and his smile grew knowing she wasn't going to fight him. He was touching the right spot.

He slowly dropped his hips and then slowly raised them again. Over and over. Completely in control of what he was doing. What he was doing to her.

She gripped him tighter as his hands found their way back to her hips holding them firm, not intending to let go.

The way he took back control. The look of confidence and cockiness in his eyes. That smile. The way his cock was touching everywhere at once set her on fire.

It came quickly and washed over her entire body. She gripped his cock even harder as she came.

"Ohhh fuck Dan" she breathed as she came hard. Dan didn't stop but kept up with his slow deliberate pace, his cock rubbing against the sensitive spots again and again as her orgasm washed over her.

As she was beginning to come down from it, he picked up the speed of his thrusts as his hands moved to her ass, pulling her deeper into him. She felt it begin to rise again. Another orgasm was on the horizon.

"Oh shit. Fuck." she said louder than she intended to.

"Cum for me baby. Cum." he whispered. "Give it to me."

That encouragement was all she needed, as she came for the second time that night. Her nails digging deep into his shoulders.

Her pussy was gripping his cock so hard that he had to stop thrusting into her. He felt her cum on his cock and had to control his breathing or else he was going to cum with her.

Both of them were breathing hard now. They could still distantly hear the sounds of video games coming from down the hall but it

didn't register in their brains. All that mattered was what they were feeling.

Sarah wanted another orgasm but needed a second to catch her breath. She wanted to stay in this position so she kept herself firmly planted and tried to regain control.

He looked up as she slowly began to ride him again.

"I was waiting a long time for you to respond." She whispered. "I don't just send those pics to anyone, you better show your appreciation."

He grunted as he flexed his cock, making her moan. "Mmmmmmm....I guess that means you liked them?"

"They were hot," he said as his hands began to explore her back and legs. "I can't believe you took them. You know, in there."

She grinned and resumed slowly riding him, setting the pace for him.

"I was feeling naughty today," she whispered. "You make me do bad things."

"I'm just glad you didn't get caught." He challenged her. He let it hang there not elaborating, waiting desperately to see what she would say.

She leaned close to his ear. "I don't know what I would have done."

"What do you think Lester would have thought if he found me naked in his bed like that?" she purred and bit his ear lobe.

Dan didn't respond but she could tell he was thinking about it by the way his hips bucked and his cock flexed after she said it. God, was

he really thinking about Lester walking in, seeing her like that in his bed? What did Dan imagine she would do?

She loved seeing him like this. The face he makes when he is insanely turned on. He makes this face when she sucks his cock in their house and tells him pretend stories of her adventures with other men or during their roleplays. It was such an intense, lust-filled face.

Seeing him look at her like that always turned her on. He looked so animalistic like nothing would get in the way of him getting what he wanted.

She could feel another orgasm building. This one was coming on quickly. The taboo nature of their roleplay, his face and the way his cock felt inside of her was sending electric shocks through her body. It felt like a giant wave of an orgasm coming in, getting ready to crash down on her.

"This is much better than that movie I bet."

Dan and Sarah turned their heads. A figure was standing a few feet between the couch and hallway. They only now noticed the sound of unmuffled sounds of video games.

The figure's pasty white, hair-covered skin was illuminated by the movie on the television.

Dan's brain took a few seconds to register what he was seeing. He was so focused on Sarah and fucking her that the shapes that made up this figure's body looked strange and alien to him. His eyes were drawn immediately to a familiar motion.

The motion of someone slowly stroking a cock.

It was Lester. He was naked, stroking his cock just a few feet away from them.

Dan quickly looked away and back at Sarah. The image of Lester's dick burned into his mind, subconsciously noting its size.

Sarah took an extra half second to appraise what was happening before she too turned and looked back at Dan.

Neither one of them moved, still connected to one another. Both of them on the cusp cumming.

"Don't stop on my account." Lester took another step into the room. "It's okay, I'm just going to watch."

Dan and Sarah looked at each other. Trying to read the expression on each other's faces to decide what to do.

And then Dan's body did something that would alter the course of their lives forever. The situation was too much for Dan to process. Lester is here, watching them have sex. Seeing Sarah in just her bra.

His cock twitched and Sarah felt it. She gasped as it sent a bolt of electricity down her legs.

Her body responded by gripping him tighter. He let out a soft moan and pushed his hips slightly off the couch.

Sarah closed her eyes, her mind racing.*Fuck Dan feels so good but Lester is watching us. Watching me. Watching us have sex*.

Something that had always been private and just between them was now being shared with a spectator.

It was so bad and unlike her. She shouldn't be doing this. She should grab Dan's shirt and wrap it around herself and run into the bedroom, leaving Dan to figure it out. But it felt so different. So foreign and so base to be watched.

Their bedroom fantasies have often touched on them being watched and the idea always intrigued Sarah. She never knew how she would actually react if it ever happened and couldn't even fathom how it could happen.

Sarah realized she was slowly fucking Dan.

While lost in thought her body had taken the lead and was gripping his cock she rode him. Dan was looking up at her in amazement. This was happening.

Consequences are for tomorrow.

Dan was beside himself. One of his fantasies was actually coming true. Sarah was on display for another man, while she was fucking him no less. She wasn't stopping and seemed to be just as into it as he was.

He watched as she bit her lip and threw her head back. Her hands left his shoulders and moved into her hair.

Her pussy gripped him tightly. Her breathing grew rapid. Her breasts rose up and down in quick succession.

"Oooohh fuuck." she tried to whisper but failed.

Dan looked over at Lester, trying to avoid the sight of him and his cock. The spot where he was standing was empty.*Where the fuck did he go?*

Had Lester got bored and gone back into his room? Dan was surprisingly disappointed by this and his eyes continued to scan the room. He wasn't in the other chair. He was nowhere to be seen.

"mmm, that's right. Cum baby." Lester said from behind Dan.

Dan looked up and around but still couldn't see Lester from his vantage point. Lester was standing directly behind the couch out of Dan's view.

Sarah came down from her orgasm and immediately felt another begin building. She opened her eyes and saw her husband's odd roommate standing right in front of her on the other side of the couch.

He was looking at her with the same animalist lust-filled face that Dan would make. The look that turned her on so much. Lester's was more intense somehow. And it was because he was looking at her. There was no fantasy or roleplay attached to it, it was just because of her.

She could tell by his arm movements that he was stroking his cock. She couldn't see it from behind the couch but the fact that someone was touching themselves while looking at her....

She ground herself into Dan harder. She kept the same slow, deliberate pace as she recovered from her last orgasm but tried to push down onto Dan to take him further into her.

Dan looked up at her surprised. At first he didn't think she heard Lester's voice but she just opened her eyes and looked at him. At Lester. She knew he was there and was pushing into him harder.*She must like showing off*.

Sarah only looked at Lester for a split second before her eyes snapped down and locked with Dan's. Her mouth hung open as she breathed, her eyes needful. She's getting ready to cum again. Her face also wore an expression of concern.

Dan could read the look on her face. Without speaking she was looking at him for reassurance. Was this okay? Should they stop or keep going?

She was still grinding on him as she waited for some kind of indication from Dan. The situation was surreal, Dan didn't know how to process it or his thoughts. He wanted to shield Sarah and protect her from Lester's hungry eyes...

But he wanted Lester to see her. He wanted to see how Sarah would react. Where would she draw the line and how would she react to all of this?

He hadn't thought this through, he didn't know what he really wanted. All she knew was that Sarah's pussy was grabbing onto his dick harder than ever before. The way her chest was rising and falling and the look on her face, it was intoxicating. He didn't want to stop.

Without breaking their intense eye contact, Dan's right hand found the bra strap on Sarah's shoulder. He slowly pulled it down her arm until her bare shoulder was on display. On display for Lester.

Sarah gasped, surprised and turned on by Dan exposing her. They exchanged a look --*this was happening*.

Sarah closed her eyes and focused on the feeling Dan's dick was giving her.

One of this fantasies was actually happening, albeit not as he thought it would. Definitely not with who he had expected. His hips rapidly lifted off the couch as he met Sarah's rhythm in earnest.

Lester stood there looking at Sarah. They knew he was there and they weren't stopping. This spot behind the couch gave him a great view of Sarah. He didn't have to look at Dan at all. He actually liked how it must have set Dan on edge, not being able to see him. He wanted to get closer but he had to be patient.

She was still riding her husband with her eyes closed. Lester's eyes feasted on the smooth skin of her breasts, rising and falling. He

focused on her face, watching it contort in pleasure as she went along with the situation.

Lester licked his lips. "Mmmhmmm."

The couple didn't stop. Lester wanted them to know he was a part of this. He continued to slowly stroke his cock, not wanting to cum too quickly.

He heard Dan whisper something but it was too low to hear. Sarah made no reaction, she hadn't heard it either.

"Look at him." Dan croaked. Shame and arousal colored his voice.

Sarah rode Dan, not reacting to what he said.

Her hands moved to Dan's chest, briefly settling there before she placed them on the top of the couch above Dan's head. With her newfound leverage, she continued to push down to meet Dan's thrusts. Sarah slowly opened her eyes and met Lester's gaze.

She didn't break eye contact. And she didn't look down at Dan. She knew how much this would drive him crazy and wanted to make his fantasy come true.

Lester kept stroking himself slowly, matching the pace the couple was setting. Sarah's eyes burned into his. It felt like they were sharing something, but he didn't know what. He hadn't experienced this with any of his other conquests. She was getting fucked and staring at him. Her husband's dick might be in her but she was focused on him.

She looked at him lustfully with the bedroom eyes that so far had been reserved for Dan.

And then she did it. While staring at him she slowly licked her lips. He heard Dan quietly groan.

Lester took a step forward, closing the ground between them. He was close to touching the back of the couch with his cock, inches away from where Sarah's hands were.

Sarah flinched back ever so slightly but quickly recomposed her sexy demeanor.

Dan could feel himself getting close. He knew he had to hang on a bit longer, for Sarah but also to get the most of out this moment. *Who knows if it will ever happen again?*

"Blow him a kiss."

Sarah kept rolling her hips on Dan's cock. Without breaking eye contact with Lester, she slowly pucked her lips and mimicked a kiss.

Lester was beside himself. He involuntarily started stroking his cock faster, his breathing quickening. The thoughts of everything that happened today began to flood his brain. *I played this perfectly*.

"Mm-hmm did you like that baby?" she asked while finally closing her eyes.

"Fuck yes" Dan breathed. He looked up at her as his sweet and loving wife was fucking him in front of this stranger. She always went along with his fantasies in the bedroom and would often surprise him with the things she would say.

This sweet and loving woman could turn on a dime and become a sexy vixen between the sheets. He always knew she was doing it just for him, getting him riled up to get off but he never imagined she would actually do something like —

"I wasn't talking to you." Sarah's eyes were back down looking at him as she rode his cock.

Just like their game earlier, she knew exactly what buttons to press to get him off. The look she gave him made him question everything he knew. She seemed like this unpredictable character who just happened to look like his wife.

Lester grunted from somewhere behind Dan. "Oh yeah, baby I liked that. I bet you could do a lot more with those lips of yours."

Sarah looked up at Lester and bit her lip. "Mhmm, I don't know what you mean."

"I mean those lovely lips wrapped around my big cock." Lester said impatiently.

That comment was too much for Dan. The heat of the moment, Lester talking to Sarah like that, her exposed here in front of him and the way she was milking his cock. It was all too much.

With a sharp inhale of breath, Dan came. His cum shot out load after load of cum, drenching the inside of Sarah's pussy.

The feeling of Dan's cum inside her started to put her in overdrive as it always did. She ground into him harder, taking as much of his dick inside her as possible as she squeezed every last drop of cum from his cock.

"Sorry big boy." she breathed. Her eyes playfully looked Lester over. "These lips are just for my husband."

Fuck patience. Lester quickly moved from behind the couch until he was standing next to its arm, right next to the couple.

"Stay the fuck there Lester. No touching." Dan said, trying to rise from his elbows but Sarah's hard pounding kept him seated in place. She was getting close to cumming herself and wasn't about to lose this one.

"Don't worry Dan, I won't do anything Sarah doesn't want," he smirked, still stroking his cock. The real Lester coming out on display. "Besides, I just wanted to make sure she got a good view of this."

He gestured to his cock and both Sarah and Dan involuntarily looked at it.

Sarah gasped, taken aback. She saw it earlier in the kitchen when it was soft and from across the room before. But now, here so close to her, it looked massive. Lester's cock was long, girthy, and looked as hard as a steel pole. And it was hard because of her.

It jutted out over the arm of the couch, a drip of precum running down the bottom of its shaft before Lester's stroked it away.

Dan blinked. The cock he was looking at did not compute with the mental image he had of Lester. This shy, meek loser he shared an apartment with was packing. Dan was above average and Sarah always considered him well endowed but Lester's cock was something else.

"She can't take her eyes off it, Dan." Lester grinned.

Sarah immediately blinked. Her eyes darting to Dan's, then back at Lester not knowing where to look. She closed her eyes to escape the situation and focus on the feeling of Dan's cock inside of her. But behind her closed eyes, the image of Lester stroking his impressive organ was seared into her brain.

Dan was spent but the situation was keeping his cock hard as a rock. Sarah continued to ride him with desperation. She was going to cum soon.

"Hey wait" she heard Dan say.

Suddenly she felt her other bra strap being lowered. Her eyes flicked open, looking down to see Lester's finger looped under the left strap of her bra. The back of his fingers grazed her soft exposed skin as he slowly and deliberately pulled it down to rest on her bicep.

She looked up at his lust-filled face as he licked his lips.

"I'm going to cum for you Sarah," he said in a commanding voice. He didn't sound like the Lester she spoke to earlier in the day. This was someone different.

That's when it hit her. The orgasm that had been building inside of her exploded, radiating across her entire body. It hit fast and hard and didn't stop. Pleasure washed over her. Dan could feel Sarah's pussy clench into his cock, holding it tighter than he had ever experienced before.

"Ohhhhh fuck." she groaned through gritted teeth as her face contorted in pleasure. "Fuck."

Her eyes involuntarily closed. Her breasts were rapidly rising and falling, her nails dug into Dan's shoulders. He was trapped beneath her as her legs clamped down.

Dan sat there speechless at the events in front of him with post-orgasm clarity.*How did this happen?*

"Mmm, that's right. Come for Lester baby." Lester growled while stroking his cock with abandon.

Mid-orgasm Sarah looked up at Lester. His balls tightened.

"Fuck." Stream after stream of Lester's white hot cum shot from his cock, hitting Sarah square in her chest. His cum soaked into her white bra and ran down her cleavage.

Sarah had never seen a cock cum so much. Her orgasm hit another crescendo as another stream of Lester's cum sprayed across her bra. Her legs and pussy tightened even harder onto Dan as she looked into Lester's eyes.

Dan's favorite view in the world was watching Sarah look at him as she came. The beauty and vulnerability in it was such an erotic private secret she shared with him. And now Lester was looking down and taking in one of Dan's most prized treasures.

Lester shot his last load of cum but it dropped onto the arm of the couch without hitting Sarah. He took a few steps back, breathing hard looking at the site of debauchery in front of him. A shit-eating grim spead across his face.

With her chest covered in Lester's creamy cum, Sarah finally broke eye contact. She stopped moving and tried to catch her breath.

Dan sat there, unknowing how to react. What he did know was that his cock was still hard.

Sarah's eyes opened and she looked at Dan. Both of them sat there for a moment trying to read the other's face. This was the craziest thing that the couple had ever done together and both were terrified of how the other would react.

Dan could see the guilt spreading onto Sarah's face. She needed some reassurance after what had just happened. "I love you, Sarah."

"Holy fuck Dan that was crazy, I don't know how that happened." She said pleading.

"It's okay, it's fine." He looked at her cum soaker chest. "Let's get things cleaned up and then we can talk about it."

Sarah looked down at her chest and gasped. "Jesus....I'm a mess."

"Yes, yes you are. But you're my mess." He smiled up at her, trying to keep his best poker face.

He didn't know what to think of everything that just happened but she had to know that he wasn't mad and that they were okay.

Sarah smiled back at him. "I love you, so much Dan."

" I love you too boo."

They both realized their tender moment was being observed by Lester. Sarah and Dan both turned their heads to look at him but he wasn't there. The muffled sounds of video games down the hall meant that his door was shut. At some point, he had disappeared without a word.

Sarah dismounted Dan. "Well you're right, I better go get cleaned up."

She leaned forward to kiss him but then thought better of it.*I don't want any cum dripping onto him*.

Dan watched Sarah's ass bounce away as she went down the hallway towards Lester's room, but turned into the bathroom. The light came on briefly before going out as she shut the door.

He was left there stunned and alone. He was naked on the couch and just saw his odd roommate paint his wife's chest with his cum.*What the fuck just happened.*

He moved to stand up, pushing off the arm of the couch when he felt something sticky. He stood and looked at the couch and back at his hand. "That mother fucker."

Lester had retreated without cleaning up his mess.

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The sounds of video games muffled Lester's movements. He wasn't going to miss a golden opportunity twice in one day.

He held up his ultra-high definition camera to the pinhole in his closet. He watched from the viewfinder as Sarah got into the shower with her naked breasts exposed and covered in his cum for the second time that day.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 03

Tying a double Windsor knot used to be a challenge for Dan, but it had long become second nature to him. Standing in front of his apartment's bathroom mirror, he effortlessly finished with his tie while thinking back to that eventful evening a few weeks ago.

His mind all too often drifted to what had happened in his apartment's living room on the couch. Thoughts of that event had started to consume a lot of his work hours and had even begun to seep into his dreams at night.

The act of having sex with Sarah in front of someone had been such a turn-on for both of them. They'd talked about doing it in the past and even did some role-playing with the topic, but the real thing had felt like opening Pandora's box.

The fact that their watcher had been Dan's roommate, Lester, had led to some thought-provoking revelations about themselves. Dan didn't care for Lester, but he couldn't help but find the thought of him seeing Sarah incredibly erotic; someone so utterly beneath them seeing her, touching her -- fuck, even cumming on her...

Sarah and Dan had briefly discussed what had happened that night and the next morning, but it centered on how crazy things had gotten and reassuring one another that they were okay and that their marriage was still solid.

With Dan landing the new client at work and leading that project, while Sarah was busy back at home balancing her own work-life/mom-life with the kids, their life had quickly forced his fantasy to take a backseat. He yearned to talk to Sarah about it, but their conversations always consisted of daily updates without getting much deeper.

However, he was determined to talk to her about it this weekend. Heading back to Middleton tonight for the first time in what seemed like forever, Dan would finally be able to spend some time with Sarah and the kids.

Finishing with his tie, Dan undid his belt and lowered his zipper quickly to go pee.

"What the fuck, man." Dan looked down in disgust at the toilet.

Sprayed across the seat and onto the floor was a copious amount of urine. Even before Dan was domesticated by Sarah, he was never this bad.

Since that night in the living room, Dan's tolerance for Lester had continued to degrade. His roommate had put on a good act when they first met, but his true colors were slowly beginning to show.

"I'm not fucking cleaning this again." Dan relieved himself straight into the toilet without hitting the seat.

As he finished and was washing his hands, he heard his cell phone ring from the bedroom. He quickly ran over and saw that it was Sarah. He smiled and quickly accepted the call.

"Hey, baby! What's up?" Dan said as he began to look himself over in the bedroom mirror.

"Well, I just wanted to call and say I love you and to have a great day at work," Sarah said. "And I can't wait for you to finally come home tonight. I'm going to make use of that package you sent me."

Dan smiled. Last week he had ordered a black silk robe that ended mid-thigh for Sarah. He got the notification that it had arrived the night before.

"Oh, I can't wait to see you model it." Dan smiled. "I have lots of plans for you and that robe."

"Then hurry up and get home, big boy. I can't wait to --"

"Shit! Sorry, Dan, I have to take care of something here; text me updates on your way home, okay?" Sarah said.

"You got it, honey. I love you and I'll see you soon." Dan finished looking himself over, satisfied that he was ready to take on the day.

"I love you, too, boo." Sarah mimicked a kissing noise. "Bye."

"Bye, Sarah."

Dan grabbed his bag and headed to the kitchen to get his lunch. He looked sideways at the pile of Lester's dishes in the sink. *I think I liked it better when he would just leave those in his room*.

Ignoring the dishes for now, he grabbed his lunch from the fridge, put it in his bag and headed out the door.

As soon as Lester heard the apartment door shut, he sprang into action.

He opened the messaging app on his phone and typed "Go time" to Ned, one of his DnD and WoW buddies who did whatever Lester needed him to.

Today, that involved making Ned take the day off from his board game store and helping Lester with the next part of his plan.

Checking his watch, Lester waited impatiently for Ned to arrive. He didn't invite people into his domain. Not ever. But sometimes new opportunities require evolution.

Lester heard a limp knock rattle gently on the door. He rolled his eyes and opened it.

"Come in, I need to get going," Lester said, annoyed. He took a second to glance over Ned. Disgust flashed across his face.

Lester looked and behaved the way he did by choice. Ned was the opposite; life just seemed to happen to him. Sure, he was more outgoing and friendly than Lester, but he looked like the ultimate man baby.

Ned was around his height and sported the quintessential dad body. He was probably close to his own age, but Lester didn't know for sure. He had never bothered nor cared to ask.

Today he was wearing baggy cargo shorts and an oversized, faded t-shirt that read 'The Cake Is a Lie!' His eyebrows were just as bushy and unkept as his beard and his face was framed by thick, horn-rimmed glasses. He was also failing at masking the bald spot starting on the top of his head.

His shoulders were perennially hunched and his short neck gave him the appearance of a turtle staring down an 18-wheeler truck, unable to do anything but stare back as the headlights got closer.

"T-thanks for asking me to help Lester," Ned said excitedly. "I won't let you down."

"Of course you won't, Ned, a monkey could do this." Lester waved him to follow as the smile disappeared from Ned's face. Lester led Ned down the hallway to his bedroom.

"In the next 20 minutes the junk guys will be here. They are to take everything on the floor and the bed. Don't let them touch the chair or desk - got it?"

Lester eyed Ned.

Ned gulped, "Got it."

The floor of the bedroom was covered in filth. Dirty clothes and dishes piled everywhere. There were only a few spots open on the floor between the door, computer, and closet. It seemed like Lester had recently thrown more objects and clothing on the floor - almost like a dumping ground for unwanted things.

"Is there a problem, Ned?" Lester asked with a pointed look on his face.

"N-no, no problem. I just didn't know why I was coming here." Ned replied.

Lester had no intention of letting Ned in on his plans. He liked to keep his business and his social life completely separate. Still, he did feel the need to brag to Ned to ensure word got back to his group. "This is all for a woman, Ned."

Ned's eyes grew at the mention of a woman. This was a detail Lester had never shared before as members of their group were not usually in position to boast about the opposite sex.

"Now, they need to hurry up and clear all this shit out as fast as possible. At noon some house cleaners are coming to tackle this room and the rest of the apartment." Lester began to walk back to the door. "Make sure the guys take the bed and mattress, too. Another one and some furniture is coming that I'll need you to assemble."

Lester put on his shoes. "Oh, and all this furniture in the living room goes as well. Nothing stays. Got it?"

"Got it, Lester." Ned paused. "Is she hot?"

Lester smiled. "A total smoke show."

Ned gleamed "The guys won't believe this, I can't wait to hear what they say."

"Do a good job today, Ned, and maybe I'll show you a picture." Lester left to attend to his busy day.

"Dan, I just got off the phone with Marcus at the Lincoln Group," Walt shared as he paced back and forth in his office."They love the direction we're taking them in and they're confident we'll be able to deliver on our promises."

Walt stopped, looking at Dan, and smiled. "Great work son, you really outdid yourself."

"Thanks, Walt." Dan said, "It was really a group effort here. You've built a great team, and they pulled this all together just as much as I did."

Walt moved behind his desk and sat down "They are a great bunch, you're right about that. But none of them are willing to step up and lead an unknown account like you did, Dan. You're really the missing piece to the puzzle. I just wish we'd found you sooner..."

"Well, I'm glad to be here now. If there is anything else you need -- aside from the Lincoln Group -- just let me know. I'm eager to contribute." Dan said.

"No, you focus on them for now. I need this one to go well." Walt eyed the closed door. "Dan, can I tell you something in confidence? It stays here in this office."

"Yes, of course. I can be discreet." Dan was unsure what was coming next, but he didn't like the direction this conversation was heading. It was great that Walt would trust him with something like this, though.

"Some of our other clients haven't been overly enthusiastic with the work that has been delivered lately." Walt made a gesture with his open palms as if laying bare all his secrets to Dan. "A few of the other team members have dropped the ball, and it's hurt us."

Walt leaned forward, "I really need this project to go well." He removed his glasses and looked Dan right in the eyes, "The Lincoln Group can mean a lot of repeat business if we get this just right, followed by a lot of referrals to other firms. In our industry, one both lives and dies by those referrals."

Dan paused and thought about this revelation. It seems like Walt was looking at the Lincoln Group as a golden goose while some of their employees and -- by extension -- other clients were faltering. His gut twisted at that news.

Dan tapped down his emotions and smiled warmly, "I'll make sure this project exceeds their expectations, Walt. You don't have to worry about it."

He leaned back slightly in his chair, "And you also don't need to worry about me. I won't say anything about the other projects. My job is to make sure we shine with the Lincoln Group so you can keep an eye on other issues."

"That's a relief to hear, Dan." Walt had a faint smile but looked exhausted. "I know they are in good hands with you."

Walt paused with his eyes on the office door, seemingly lost in thought. Looking back at Dan, he let out a breath he had obviously been holding. "Actually, I wanted to ask you a favor."

Dan groaned internally. *Alright, what did I accidentally set myself up for now?*

"Sure, Walt, name it," Dan answered.

"Some of the other issues we've been having..." Walt let the words sit there in the air for a moment. "There have been some assumptions and missteps by one of our junior team members, Jesse. I know you haven't worked with him directly, but he was in the meeting on Saturday a few weeks ago and sat next to you, I think."

He knew exactly who he was. Dan was pretty sure Jesse had seen the sexy pictures on his phone that Sarah had taken for him in Lester's room. He never did get the chance to bring that up with him, and it seemed like the time for that confrontation had passed.

Walt sat back down and continued, obviously a little uncomfortable. "Jesse's made some mistakes, and it cost us. I'm not sure how many people even know what I'm about to tell you, so I'd like to ask for your discretion here as well. You see...Jesse is the son of a family friend who I'd promised to help out, and I really feel like I will be failing them if I have to terminate him. I was hoping you could take him under your wing and help mentor him."

Dan was flabbergasted. If he had asked him to do this a few months ago it wouldn't be a problem, but Jesse had obviously been avoiding Dan and the unresolved issue of the pictures still sat over his head like a storm cloud.

"Yeah, Walt, that's no problem." Dan tried to figure out a way out of this. "But are you sure you want him working with me on the Lincoln Group project? If he messed up other accounts and this one is so important..."

"I know, I know." Walt put his hands up defensively "But he'll have you to look after him and double-check things. I'm confident you can handle this."

Dan shrugged, pretending nothing was wrong. "I got this, Walt. Don't worry about it."

"Good. Great!" Walt stood, extending his hand to Dan. Dan rose and shook it. "Now, Dan, if you'll excuse me, I have some things to attend to. Oh, and have a great weekend with the family."

"Thanks, Walt. If I don't see you again before 5:00, have a great weekend." Dan left Walt's office, closing the door behind him.

Dan's thoughts were all over the place. He had been happy to avoid Jesse and pretend like nothing ever happened, but now he was going to have to work directly with him. *Better put that pin code on my phone soon.*

More disconcerting, though, was the news that some clients were unhappy with the firm's work. That was a red flag that Dan would need to delve into further. If there was a chance of layoffs, he wouldn't be caught off guard again.

It was getting close to noon and, needing a breather, Dan headed to the break room.

The room was empty, so it looked like he was the first one there. On Friday, most of his colleagues went out for lunch, a luxury Dan couldn't afford at the moment.

He retrieved his lunch pail from the fridge and got ready to microwave some Chinese leftovers from the night before. "What the hell?" he murmured.

The Tupperware containing his Chinese leftovers was missing. Dan now vaguely remembered seeing the container in the sink filled with dirty dishes this morning. "That fucking guy..."

"Arrrggghh, FUCK!" Lester bellowed as the wax was ripped from his nostrils, extracting his nose hairs with them. "That fucking hurt."

"Shall I do your ears as well?" the polite, little woman asked.

"Do it." He gripped the arms of the chair, bracing for pain.

Ten minutes later, Lester exited the waxing parlor and strode across the mall floor. His nose involuntarily twitched and his eyes watered as he made his way to the barber across the hall. It was time to update his appearance and remove barriers that could dissuade Dan or Sarah from succumbing to his machinations.

"Honey, I'm home!" Dan called out as he dropped his bag by the front door. Seconds later his daughters ran up and hugged him. Since he didn't have any lunch to eat, he worked through the lunch hour, managing to duck out and head home early.

"I've missed you guys." Dan embraced his girls. He couldn't get used to not seeing them every day. As such, once he finally held them, he really didn't want to let them go.

"We missed you too, Mr. Chicago." Sarah was leaning against the door frame to the kitchen. Her hair was pulled up in a bun, likely because she was busy cooking dinner. Her tight-fitting, white t-shirt with the plunging v-neck was tucked into her jeans.

Dan smiled up at her. "Get over here."

She smiled back brightly and almost skipped across the floor before giving him a bear hug, sandwiching one of their daughters between them. "I've missed you."

"I've missed you, too." He planted a long kiss on her lips.

"Hmmm...and I've missed that." She whispered.

Sarah stood back and looked him over. "Well, I've got dinner on the stove, chicken cacciatore. The girls have some stuff they want to show you. I'll call you when dinner is ready, boo."

"Mmmm chicken cacciatore, my favorite," Dan said.

"Why do you think I'm making it, Mister?" Sarah smiled playfully.

Dan let his daughters guide him over to the living room where they showed him all the things they had been up to in his absence. He was shown their schoolwork, new art they had worked on, and the games they'd been playing. Each one was talking over the other, excited to get as much of their father's attention as possible.

Dinner arrived quickly and Dan savored every bite of his chicken cacciatore. As he was enthusiastically scarfing down mouthfuls of his favorite dish, he'd occasionally catch Sarah watching him with an amused smirk.

After dinner, he spent more time with Sarah and the kids before getting them ready for bed. Reading the girls several more story books than usual, he then tucked them in for the night, turned out their light and closed their bedroom door.

With their daughters safely sound asleep, he made his way back downstairs to the living room where Sarah was waiting for him with some red wine. Her glass was already half empty.

Taking the wine, he sat down next to her and sighed, "God, you don't know how much I've missed this."

She sipped her wine and looked at him. "Me too, baby. I've missed just sitting here talking with you so much."

She stretched her legs over his lap and leaned back. "We'll figure this all out soon, but for now we just need to get through it. As long

as you keep crushing it with that new client, I'm sure things will turn around."

"Ugh, yeah," Dan replied.

"What is it?" Sarah asked.

Dan laid out that conversation he had earlier with his boss. She was glad that Walt was impressed with him and was now relying on him to strike it big with the Lincoln group, but she became worried as he also told her about mentoring Jesse and some of the issues he'd caused with their other clients.

"Well, that doesn't sound great." Sarah paused, mulling over the news. "Do you think things are okay for the company? Financially, I mean."

"I'm not sure, but I am definitely going to find out." He replied as he studied the wine in his glass.

"What about this Jesse guy? What's he like? He better not mess up your project." Sarah asked.

Dan took a long sip of wine in order to delay his answer. He hadn't told Sarah about Jesse probably seeing her pictures -- he wasn't even sure he wanted her to know. A part of him wanted to tell her, but it had been so many weeks now that it might appear as if he was keeping such an exposure a secret from her, which, in fact, he was. Having just gotten home after a relatively long time away, though, he didn't want to risk any kind of fight. "I don't know, really. I haven't worked too closely with him. He kind of seems like a weasel, though."

Dan noticed a look of concern on Sarah's face. "A harmless weasel, who is apparently incompetent. I can handle it."

"I have no doubts, my love." Sarah smiled. "What else is new in Chicago? Things are pretty boring here."

Dan sighed. "Nothing much. I really just go to work and then come back to the apartment each day. Rinse and repeat. The only highlights are when I get to talk to you on the phone."

"Awww, that's sweet." She leaned forward and planted a kiss on his lips and then sat back. "So nothing else new, then? No good restaurants or anything?"

This could be the opening Dan had been waiting for to work the conversation back to that night. "Nope, no new restaurants. There has been some weird stuff going on at the apartment, though..."

Sarah raised an eyebrow. "Weird stuff? Like what?"

"It's Lester..." Dan trailed off, trying to gauge Sarah's reaction.

To her credit, her face showed no emotions at hearing Lester's name. Sipping her wine, she asked, "What weird thing is going on with him?"

"I don't know. It just seems like ever since the last time you visited..." Dan paused to look at Sarah again. "He seems to have become more of a shitty roommate than before."

"How so?" Sarah asked.

"Just annoying things, like leaving dirty dishes in the kitchen for days. He certainly hasn't been helping clean or taking care of the place...and I'm pretty sure he ate my lunch today." Dan breathed out in a huff.

"What a dick." She eyed her wine glass, which was now getting dangerously empty.

Dan didn't respond. He was momentarily stunned by Sarah saying the word dick in reference to Lester. *Last time she called it a cock.*

She finished her drink and then gestured to her empty wine glass, holding it out to Dan, "Could you top me up?"

"Of course." Dan took her glass and made his way to the kitchen. As he refilled it, he tried to think of a subtle way to broach the topic of that night.

He made his way back to the living room and handed the refilled glass to his wife.

Sitting back down on the couch, Dan pondered aloud, "So...that last night in Chicago was a little crazy, huh?"

Real subtle, dumbass.

Sarah cocked an eyebrow and sat up. "Oh, whatever do you mean?"

His wife was clearly toying with him now. She had seen the angst on his face as Dan asked the question.

"You know damn well that I'm talking about. Lester and him watching us."

Sarah smiled and eyed him while she took another slow sip of her wine. "It really was crazy. I still don't know how it all happened."

"Yeah, exactly." Dan said. "I know we talked a bit that night and the next morning about it. I know that we're good and that we both felt like we got carried away with how tense and taboo the situation was, but..."

"But?" Sarah asked pointedly. She was looking at him with that expression that Dan could never fully interpret. The look implied that

Sarah would either give Dan everything he ever wanted, or tell him off and completely shut down the conversation.

"But," Dan emphasized. "We've been going about the last few weeks like nothing ever happened. And I am fine with getting back to normal, I like normal -- I like it a lot. I just wanted to, I don't know -- see where we both are."

Silence hung in the room for a moment. Dan looked at Sarah, waiting to see her reaction while he did all he could to control the verbal diarrhea that was ready to explode from his mouth.

Sarah swirled her wine and took a small sniff. "How much do you think about it?"

"What?" Dan asked. *Shit, this isn't going as I expected.*

"Over the past couple of weeks with things being normal, how many times have you thought about that night?" She continued to shift her position on the couch, now fully facing Dan. "I know it hasn't been ideal with the distance between us. And I know that the longer you go without some kind of relief from me, the more you start thinking with other parts of your body."

"I'm not going to lie, Sarah. I have thought about it quite a bit." Dan admitted. "I can't help it, replays of that night just pop into my head both when I'm at work or alone in the apartment. It was just such an intense experience."

"Mmmhmm, it was pretty intense as far as things go. Do you regret it?" She asked.

"Yes and no, I guess. You know how we've talked about a situation kind of like that before, but it was just when we were playing around. Being there and actually seeing it in person...it's just a lot to process." Dan sighed and took a large swig of his wine.

"Your...our fantasy about someone watching us. Seeing me exposed like that. Having someone else there with us in the room. Does thinking about it still turn you on?"

Dan paused, briefly trying to figure out the right answer to the question. He didn't want to seem overly eager or too regretful, but he also didn't know where he wanted this conversation to go; at least, that's what he was trying to tell himself.

"Yeah. Yeah, it does." Dan almost whispered. "And I sort of hate that it does. It's just so wrong and weird, but it's also exciting and unpredictable and feels like we're playing with fire."

He raised his eyes to look at her. "A part of me feels ashamed for even putting you in that situation, but another part loves that we did it. When I realize I'm getting turned on by it, I can't stop beating myself up thinking about how not normal I am."

"Oh, baby." Sarah laughed and closed the distance between them, putting her hand on his forearm. "You *are* normal and your thoughts aren't weird at all. Everyone has their own triggers and things that turn them on."

She looked at him reassuringly, "And I'm a big girl, okay? You didn't make me do anything. I could have gotten up off that couch and walked back into the bedroom anytime. You even asked if I wanted to and I told you no, remember?"

Dan looked down into his wine glass. "Yeah, but you did that because of my fantasy. Because of having another guy --"

"I did it for us, Dan. Not just for you, alright? If I didn't like where things were heading, I would have stopped it. The idea of getting caught, I've always found that hot. Don't feel guilty, I probably wanted it just as much as you did." Sarah squeezed his arm.

The conversation was getting a little too somber for Dan's liking. "You did look pretty damn hot riding me like that."

"Did I, now?" She raised an eyebrow at him, "Which part of the night did you like the most?"

"When I asked if you wanted to go to the bedroom and you basically said no and just jumped me on the couch. That was pretty hot."

The mischievous look had returned to Sarah's face as she eyed Dan over the rim of her wine glass. "Oh it was, was it?"

"The way you talked to me, while he was there watching..." Dan felt the floodgates in his mind open and he couldn't stop. "The way you talked to him was even more erotic. I have never seen your face when you orgasm while looking at someone else."

Dan shifted in his seat and Sarah noticed.

Her free hand moved from Dan's forearm to his crotch. She was not surprised to feel that Dan was already hard. "I see that just thinking about that night seems to have brought you to attention."

Dan groaned. His cock liked how things were progressing, but he had wanted to ask her one last question. "It has. That night was crazy, but it was so hot, too. I just really want to know your thoughts about it being him who saw us. In all of our fantasies acting that scenario out, I never imagined it being someone like him."

Sarah's hand stopped moving over his crotch, but she left it there. She half smiled. "Me neither, to be honest. He's not my type at all."

Dan could sense there was something left unsaid. "But?"

She looked at him, realizing she had unintentionally left herself open. "But...maybe him being what he is made it even hotter for

me. He isn't good looking or really much good at anything it seems, so having someone like that watching us... Watching me..."

Sarah trailed off, but Dan stayed silent and waited, giving her a chance to compose her thoughts.

"We both work hard, right? We both have good careers, and we do what we are supposed to do. We do things by the book. We work out, we eat well and take care of ourselves, and I think we both enjoy each other's hard work in and out of the bedroom."

She paused. "So having someone participate in our fantasy who isn't like us in any of those ways, just... God, it sounds like I'm a huge bitch for saying this, Dan, but having someone who is beneath us or who isn't on our level seeing me exposed like that must be a trigger of mine. For someone like that, who doesn't take care of themselves at all and is completely undeserving, but still gets to experience something they aren't supposed to... The idea of that just gets to me."

Dan smiled. "No, you're not a bitch. I get what you are saying, and I've always thought that idea was hot. It's like beauty and the beast, or the nerd and the cheerleader sort of thing, right?"

Sarah blushed, "Exactly. The cheerleader and the nerd or loser type, I've always liked that."

"Oh really?" Dan raised an eyebrow. "Weren't you a cheerleader in high school?"

"I was," Sarah said. Dan opened his mouth to speak but before he could Sarah added, "And before you ask, no, there were never any losers or nerds I got with in high school. I would catch some of them looking at me, and yes, it did give me a little thrill knowing what they might be thinking but would never get."

"Well, that is a role-play scenario I am going to have to add to our list." He smiled.

She laughed and her hand slowly began to trace along the length of his still erect dick. "What about you, Dan? What do you think about it being Lester who was the one who saw us?"

Dan took a moment to appreciate Sarah's touch. "I get all the reasons that you said, and I can see how it being someone like him added a little fuel to the fire. For me, it's much the same, but also somewhat different, especially after that night and over the past few weeks."

She stared at him seductively. "Different how?"

Dan sighed. "Well, at first he was just this little, inconsequential kind of guy who kept to himself, but starting that night I became aware of how he looked at you and then the smug sort of way he would look at me. I don't quite know how to describe it. And lately he has just been such a pain in the ass around the apartment. He is just getting on my nerves, he's inconsiderate, he's a crappy roommate who just doesn't give a shit and --"

"And this guy who is pissing you off has watched us have sex and came all over my chest."

Dan's cock twitched at Sarah's words. Sarah felt it and could feel Dan grow even harder.

"Fuck," Dan groaned.

Sarah's fingers continued to dance along the outline of Dan's dick. "So my loving husband likes it when someone he considers beneath him, who doesn't treat him with respect and is just an all-around shitty person gets to see his wife on display?"

"Ugh," Dan hesitated. He didn't want to admit it to himself, let alone Sarah. He had wanted this conversation, but it was becoming all too much, too quickly. "What about you?" He countered.

Dan leaned over and began planting kisses along Sarah's neck, working his way up to her ear lobe. "You, almost fully naked like that, sitting on display in a strange place in front of a strange man. I think you liked it, maybe even a little too much."

Sarah's hand worked its way into Dan's pants until it made skin-to-skin contact with his dick. "It was hot. What made it hotter was having you there with me, showing me off like that."

She abruptly pulled away from him and downed the last few gulps of her wine. She reached over and started tugging on his pants, pulling them down to his calves. "What made it even hotter was seeing the look on your face."

Her hands pulled down his boxers and she eyed his dick. She reached out and began to caress it. "Seeing the way you looked at me on display for him... God, you were so sexy. I love seeing you that way."

She leaned forward and licked him, from the base of his shaft up to the head. "Now tell me, did you like Lester watching me?"

She slowed her strokes, waiting for him to answer. Dan was staring down at her, riled up beyond belief. She was playing chicken with him. He had to answer, or else she might deny him what comes next. "Yeah...I did."

She knelt forward and took his dick into her mouth while her hand continued to stroke him. After a few seconds she backed off and looked up at him with an intense gaze. "Is that all you want, Dan? For Lester to just watch?"

Dan was stupefied. He knew what she meant, but he didn't know how to respond. "What do you mean?"

A half smile spread across Sarah's face. "I mean, did you like it when Lester took down my bra strap? God, the balls he must have to do that. You know his hand touched my skin."

She took off her shirt to reveal a black lace bra. Slowly reaching up, she pulled down each strap and let them hang loosely over her arms. She looked just like she had that night. Her hand snaked its way back to his dick and began to slowly pump him again. "Why didn't you stop him, Dan?"

"You had me pinned down, I couldn't get up." Dan lied.

"Maybe. Maybe." She took a long look at the hard dick in her hand. "But you could have put the strap back up. You could have swatted him away."

"I want to go upstairs with you soon, Dan, but I want to hear it first." She slowly stopped stroking him and looked up into his eyes. That lust-filled face that turned her on so much was looking back at her. "Do you want Lester to touch me, Dan? Does that turn you on?"

Dan couldn't comprehend how to respond. *Is this some kind of trap? Why is she asking me this...*

"Ugh, God." Dan breathed as Sarah gently tightened her grip on his cock. "The thought of Lester touching you, it just drives me over the edge. I don't want him to even be in the same room as you, but when he was there while you were exposed like that...fuck."

Sarah raised an eyebrow at him and slowly let go of his cock.

Dan sat there stumped. *Did I just fuck things up? Shit.*

She stood up and straddled his lap. Dan's hands found her thighs just as her lips found his ear. "Do you want it to happen again?"

Dan gulped.

"Do you want Lester to see us like that again?" she whispered huskily.

Conflicting emotions ran through Dan. His angst, anger, and jealousy mixed together with his overwhelming lust. "I want to see it again. I want to see you again."

Sarah pushed off Dan's chest and stood up, moving towards the stairs. She turned her head to see Dan still sitting there frozen on the couch. "I'm going to go upstairs and put on that special present you got me..."

"Wait 10 minutes and then come up." She started to ascend the stairs.

"Oh and Dan, it won't be you I'm fucking tonight." She smiled at him mischievously. "I think Lester might just creep his way in before you."

With that, she disappeared out of sight leaving Dan alone in the dark living room. He went to the kitchen to top up his wine glass and check the time.

The elevator doors opened and Lester stepped into the hallway, breathing hard. He hadn't expected the clothes he bought would weigh so much. Carrying several large bags, Lester finally arrived at his apartment.

Setting the bags down inside the door, he was greeted by Ned who was sitting on the floor of the living room assembling a piece of

furniture.

"Hey Lester, everything is taken care of. All that shi...your stuff in your room is gone. And they took your bed and everything in here, too."

"Great." Lester looked around at the state of the living room. Ned had clearly gotten everything set up for him. Mounted on the wall was a new LED TV along with a coffee table, brown leather couch and ottoman, two other comfy-looking leather chairs, and a new rug that ran between the furniture.

Lester had hired a virtual interior designer to help him choose the apartment's new decor carefully. He wanted it to evoke a certain emotion in Sarah. For inspiration, he had given the designer photos from Sarah's Pinterest page that she kept for her own home.

He wasn't about to paint the walls or do any big changes, but swapping out furniture was easy and a small expense for him.

Before purchasing anything he reviewed the video he had taken of Sarah in the shower to determine how tall she was. While the new furniture created the aesthetic he wanted, it was also the perfect height. No matter which seat Sarah sat in, her eye level would always be directly in line with Lester's crotch when he was standing.

The couch and ottoman also had a large enough base to accommodate the couple having sex comfortably and then some. The couch and chairs also had lower backs than the previous set. This ensured that if the events of the last night Sarah was in town repeated itself, she could see his cock the entire time.

Everything was also placed strategically to give Lester a prime line of sight from his bedroom.

Lester moved around the room taking pictures of the setup to send to the designer for confirmation. "How's the bedroom?"

"The bed and mattress are all set up. I did have to move your desk a bit since it's a king bed." Ned said as he finished assembling the side table. "So, do you want to --"

Ignoring whatever it was Ned was about to say, Lester made his way to inspect his bedroom. It still smelled like his room, but it looked quite different.

Gone was all the waste and refuse that had cluttered the floor. Dishes, dirty clothes, and uneaten food were things of the past. There wasn't even a single Cheetos bag in sight.

Lester had ordered more than one maid company to come today, giving each specific instructions on what to tackle. Each surface was now dusted and polished. His floors were bare apart from a couple of stains that must have been impossible to get out, likely from something he'd left there for a long time. *Note to self, get another rug to cover that.*

A brand new king size bed took center stage in his room now, topped with luxurious Egyptian cotton sheets that boasted a 1,000 thread count. *I'll have to throw some starch in with Dan's sheets to make them more uncomfortable.*

Like the furniture in the living room, the bed frame was the perfect height so Lester could comfortably stand next to it while thrusting into someone lying on it.

The only remnants of Lester's old room were the desk and chair. Even though the chair was ratty, it was *his* chair and the cornerstone of his command center. He'd ordered a slip cover to go over it that matched the bed frame which would be arriving that night.

The maids were given explicit instructions not to touch the desk or anything on it. That was especially the case for the locked drawers, which contained his most prized possessions - trophies of his conquests.

Lester's phone vibrated in his pocket. He opened it to see a notification saying his last package would be arriving soon.

Ned meekly appeared in the doorframe, peering in from the hallway but not daring to enter the room. "Is there anything else you need, Lester? I really need to get to the store, tonight we're hosting a group of --"

"Yeah, one last thing." Lester didn't look up from his phone. He had opened Instagram and was scrolling through the latest updates from Sarah, who had posted a picture of herself with Dan in their home. The caption said something about how happy she was to have him back home.

"I need you to patch that. There should be some drywall and mud in the front closet." He pointed towards the yellow, cum stained drywall beneath his peephole. *I'll have to cover that, too.*

Ned hesitantly stepped into the room towards the section of wall Lester indicated. He made a face and asked, "What is that?"

"I dropped some food there and the cleaning stuff made it yellow." He pinched the screen on his phone, zooming in on Sarah's face. *Soon...*

Dan watched the clock on the microwave with a raging hard-on. *Are we really going to role-play about Lester? God, that's fucked up.*

After ten minutes had finally passed, Dan finished his wine and headed for their bedroom upstairs.

As he ascended the stairs, he could feel his erection straining against his pants. He began to disrobe until he stood outside his bedroom in only his boxers. He placed his hand on the doorknob and quietly turned it while opening the door.

Holy shit.

Sarah's hands were firmly planted on the end of the bed as she stood there, pushing her ass out on display for whoever walked through the bedroom door. She was wearing the black silk robe that he had bought for her which barely covered her beautiful ass in her current pose.

Dan's eyes feasted on her toned legs on full display and quickly shifted his attention to how good her ass looked, even with it being covered by the robe. *That woman's ass would look good in whatever she wears.*

He stood there a few moments, just taking in the sight before him.

Sarah was gently swaying her ass back and forth, inviting Dan to step up and take it. "Oh, Dan, I've missed you so much. I just had to come and surprise you in your apartment."

She never turned around to look at him but kept gently swaying her hips, as if slowly dancing to inaudible music. Dan finally took the hint and crossed the room, stepping up behind her. He grabbed her hips with both hands and pressed his still boxer clad dick into her backside.

"Oooh, it seems like someone is happy to see me. Did you have a *hard* day at work, baby? I'm going to take good care of you." Sarah pushed her hands into the bed as she grinded herself back on Dan's dick.

Dan groaned as he felt his dick being enveloped by the silk of Sarah's robe as it pushed between the tops of her thighs.

"We have to be quiet, Dan, I don't know if Lester is home or not. I think he is probably out, though." Sarah whispered.

Dan, as Lester, stayed silent.

She shuddered as his hands began to explore her body. His left hand snaked its way inside of the robe and massaged her breasts. His other hand parted the slit in the robe and pressed against her panty-covered sex.

"Mmmmmm" Sarah moaned. Feeling Dan's hot cock on her backside and his fingers pressing into her was getting her going.

Dan's hands began moving again. The fingertips of his left hand began to trace along the line between the lace bra and her bare skin before moving upwards. His fingers danced between her cleavage as it rose to her neck.

When his fingers got close to her face, Sara instinctively turned her head and took his index and middle finger into her mouth and sucked on them.

Dan shuddered at the feeling. Sarah grabbed the back of his hand to pull his fingers deeper into her mouth as she alternated between sucking them and running her tongue along them.

His other hand found her panty line and gently eased inside. His fingers made contact with her bare pussy, making Sarah take a sharp intake of breath. She only had a second to pause before Dan continued to thrust his fingers into her mouth.

Dan found Sarah's clit and began to slowly massage it. His fingers pressed gently on it as he moved them in a circular motion.

She moved her head away from his fingers, eyes shut while she concentrated on the sensation.

Dan's fingers dropped down even farther, sliding along Sarah's smooth slit until they found their prize. As he gently put one finger inside of her, he felt her go up on her tippy toes and push her ass back into him.

"Ugh, Dan, that feels so good." Sarah moaned.

Dan wanted to fuck Sarah. The way her body was reacting to his touch was making his heart beat faster. In his mind, it wasn't his hands touching her, but Lester's. Lester had snuck into the room and was taking advantage of the situation without Sarah knowing. He was the one causing her to respond like this. *God I'm fucked up, but I need to do this.*

He wanted to get deeper into her. This position and the fact that her panties were still on were preventing his finger from fully pushing into her. He quickly removed his hands from their current spots and placed one on her hip while he used the other to apply pressure on the back of her neck.

Dan pushed and bent her down fully until Sarah was on her elbows, her head bowed and resting on the bed's comforter. With one hand keeping her firmly in place on the bed, the other reached under the robe and pulled down her panties.

Feeling her panties fall down her legs made Sarah moan, "Oooooh."

Dan used one hand to pull his boxers down and did an awkward, dance-like motion to slip them off and step out of them. His cock sprang out, hard as a steel rod as he looked down at Sarah in front of him. He raised the back of her silk gown up and rested it on her hips, pausing to admire his wife's gorgeous, bare ass.

"God, I can't wait to fuck you." He growled.

One of Sarah's hands reached back and she turned her head with a well-acted look of alarm, "L-L-Lester?"

Holding her hip firmly with one hand, Dan lined himself up and pushed his cock head into her entrance. "Damn right it's me, baby."

"Nooo, Lester, stop! I thought you were Dan." She kept trying to reach back with her hand in a seemingly valiant effort to push him off of her.

Dan put his hand on her back once more as he pushed her down again and slid more of his cock into her. "You don't have to pretend anymore, Sarah. Dan isn't here, and I know you've been curious to feel my cock."

Sarah shuddered as mental images of her last night in the apartment flooded her mind. There was no way she could have forgotten *that.*

"I saw the way you looked at me that night, the way you looked at my cock. Do you know what the look on your face said?" Dan said in his best Lester voice.

"Whaaat?" Sarah asked as she gripped the comforter in both hands.

"Hunger!" Dan said loudly as he pushed himself entirely into her. He pounded several strokes into her, causing her to shriek. Sarah inadvertently edged herself further onto the bed.

Never disconnecting, Dan followed her forward until his knees were resting on the bed. "You were hungry to experience my cock."

"Nooo, that's not true." Sarah moaned.

Dan took his hands off her hips and watched as Sarah continued to push back onto his cock over and over. "Then why are you still fucking my cock?" he said, mockingly.

Sarah didn't stop. She pushed back into him harder. Lester, er...Dan's cock, she corrected herself with a little shame, was filling her completely and hitting all the right places. Her first orgasm of the night was approaching rapidly and she wasn't about to stop now. "God, just shut up and fuck me."

"I thought you'd never ask." Dan grabbed Sarah's hips with both hands and started hammering into her.

Sarah loved when Dan fucked her hard like this, the way he held her and wouldn't let up no matter what she did.

Dan growled. "I knew I had you the moment I walked into that kitchen naked."

The mental image of Lester's bare cock swaying in front of her popped into her mind again. The way it had twitched when he caught her looking at it set her off now.

"Ooooh, Fuck! Fuck!" Sarah screamed as an orgasm quickly rose and washed over her. Her arms got weak and she sunk into the bed, laying down on her stomach. Her pussy clenched down on Dan's dick, slowing his movements as he tried to keep thrusting into her.

Suddenly, she felt her robe being pulled off of her. Dan tossed it next to the bed and momentarily pulled his cock out as he flipped her over. He wasn't sure if she would continue to pretend to put up a fight or not. *God, I need to fuck her more.*

He pulled her legs apart and pushed in again as he laid himself down on top of her. Instinctively, her legs wrapped around him, pulling him even deeper into her.

Dan thought of that night in the apartment again. He remembered the shit-eating grin on Lester's face as he came on Sarah's chest. *That fucker...*

He did his best to mimic that grin and said, "I knew you'd like my cock. Tell me how much you love it."

"Oh, I love it so much. Lester, don't stop fucking me." Sarah moaned.

Lester. She said his name. She had said *his* name while Dan was fucking her. *"Lester, don't stop fucking me."*

Hearing Sarah moan Lester's name sent his body into overdrive. He started rapidly thrusting into her, his cock quickly sliding in and out of her soaking wet pussy.

"Say my name again," Dan panted. *Holy shit, I'm going to cum soon.*

"Lester." Sarah groaned. She looked up into the eyes of the man she loved. "Lester, fuck me."

Dan looped both arms under her shoulders and pulled himself as deep inside of her as possible. He was like a man possessed. The look on Sarah's face had always driven him past the point of no return, but this time he imagined she was looking up at someone else, up at Lester. *Fuck, she said "Lester" again.*

Sarah closed her eyes and Dan's face was immediately replaced with that of Lester and the animalistic hunger he'd had on his face as he watched them have sex. She had certainly planned on doing this role-play for her husband, but she hadn't intended to actually imagine having sex with Lester. She now couldn't stop picturing his face from the apartment looking back down at her as she felt his cock rapidly fucking her.

She bit her lip and felt another orgasm beginning to swell inside of her. "Don't stop, don't stop."

"I don't have a condom on, Sarah," Dan whispered. He knew from past role-playing sessions that unprotected sex always turned her on.

"Don't stop, Lester, don't stop." She moaned.

Fuck, that was hot.

Dan kissed Sarah hungrily on the lips, his tongue pushing into her mouth. Sarah grabbed the back of his head and pulled him in closer. Her tongue danced with his as they both fantasized that it was Dan's odd roommate, Lester, who was actually between her legs in bed with her right now.

This was it. "Fuck, I'm going to cum Sarah," Dan grunted as he pulled back from the kiss while hammering into her as hard as he could.

"Fill me." Sarah moaned, her fingernails digging into his shoulder. "Fill me, Lester."

"Fuck, I'm going to knock you up." He bellowed as he felt his cum beginning to boil up in his balls.

"Oh, do it," Sarah said breathlessly as she felt the sheen of sweat cover her body. "Do it, Lester."

Dan roared as he exploded into Sarah. Hearing her say Lester's name and telling him to cum inside of her made him explode harder than he ever had before. Dizzying thoughts of Lester being in this position on his marital bed, with Sarah screaming out Lester's name from underneath him, filled his head as pure pleasure rocketed through his body.

The second Sarah felt his cum hit the back of her pussy, her mind flashed back to the experience of Lester painting her chest with his cum a few weeks ago. She could still almost feel the warm goo running all over her breasts. That same cum was now drenching her unprotected insides. The cum of someone so base and beneath her was violating her most protected treasure right now. She had begun to confuse her fantasy with reality as her climax approached.

Sarah's nails dug farther into Dan's shoulders as her legs wrapped tighter around him in a vice grip. The feeling of cum inside of her had set off the ticking time bomb of her orgasm as she came. Waves

and waves of pleasure radiated out from her sex. She arched her back, her bra-clad chest pushed up into Dan's body.

"Holy fuck..." she wailed through gritted teeth as her orgasm washed over her.

She collapsed, breathless, as Dan let out one final grunt as he fully emptied himself inside of her.

After a few moments of labored breathing, Dan rolled off of Sarah onto his side of the bed. "That was...intense."

Sarah didn't even open her eyes; her total and complete exhaustion wouldn't let her. "Mmmm, Lester..."

Dan's tired brain tried to tell him he should be bothered that the role-play with Lester was continuing after sex, but he had just climaxed harder than ever before, fantasizing the entire time that it was his roommate who was pounding away at his wife in place of him.

His eyes were also closed as he summoned one last, Lester-like grin to face. "Just wait until I have you back in my apartment, Sarah..."

"Mmmm..."

Without saying another word, both Dan and Sarah, still coming down from post-orgasmic bliss, drifted off to sleep.

"Okay Lester, I think I'm done here," Ned said, looking at Lester for approval. "I really do have to get going, they are probably already there waiting for me."

Lester eyed the patched drywall. It looked like crap. Ned obviously wasn't a handyman and had needed to refer to YouTube several

times while doing this small job. Still, it was better than years worth of cum stained into the wall. "Can you come back tomorrow to sand and paint it?"

"Well, Saturday morning I usually do inventory, and then..." He caught the look on Lester's face and stopped himself. "Yeah, I can come back tomorrow, no problem."

"Good." Lester walked back to the living room and began unboxing the packages that had arrived. As he opened the first box, he felt Ned's presence behind him trying to get a peek inside. *Always lingering.*

Without turning around Lester asked, "Are you still here?"

Ned gulped. "I'm about to go, Lester, but, uh I was, uh just wondering. You, uh, mentioned earlier that you might show me a picture of this woman you were doing all this for."

Lester sighed. He really wished Ned would just leave already, he had more shit to do. But he did like the idea of showing Ned the picture. He knew Ned would talk and tell all the other guys in the group about it. He always liked to have one up on the others.

He sighed and stood up. "Fine, fine." He thumbed through his phone, debating whether to show Ned one of Sarah's pictures from Instagram or one of the more racy photos she had taken for Dan when he first moved in. "But don't tell anyone about this."

He didn't want Ned looking up anything and finding Sarah's Instagram, so he opted for one of the boudoir pictures. He pinched the screen a bit so it just showed off her face and a bit of cleavage.

He held the phone up to Ned who instinctively reached for it. Lester pulled his arm back and gave him a stern look. Ned nodded and Lester extended his phone again, giving him a chance to see a side

of Sarah meant only for her husband. "Wow, Lester, how do you know her?"

"Soon-to-be girlfriend," Lester bragged and turned around to go back to his packages. Ned just hovered there for several seconds, like a lost puppy looking for someone to guide him. "You can go, Ned."

"Right, right. I'll see you tomorrow. Bye, Lester. Have a good night." Ned paused by the door, waiting for a reply from Lester. It never came.

Lester heard the door shut behind him and finally opened the package in front of him. He took out several other boxes and laid them out on the table. There was a DVD player, a few wall plug night lights, and three empty wall socket covers. Each box was labeled with a variation of '4k,' 'spycam,' 'security cam,' and 'wi-fi enabled.'

Lester spent the next hour installing these throughout the house. There were now some in Dan's room, the bathroom, the kitchen, and, of course, the living room. Satisfied that they were all working as intended, he threw out the packaging and headed back to his command center.

After a few minutes of tweaking the settings, he was able to pull up all the camera feeds on both his computer and his cellphone. The next time Sarah came to visit, he would be able to track all her movements. He wouldn't be surprised if she decided to take more nude selfies for Dan in Lester's room again, and he wouldn't let another golden opportunity like that pass him by.

He would also now be able to monitor any calls Dan took in the apartment. *I'll have to set these cameras up to auto-record if it detects voices, somehow.*

Lester laced his fingers as he leaned back looking over the camera feeds. He had good coverage of the entire apartment. He pursed his lips and thought about his next move.

How would Sarah and Dan react the next time she comes to visit? Will they have sex in the apartment again? If they do, will it be in their room or back on the couch? If it's the couch, do they want him to come watch again? If it's his own room, how can he take advantage of that?

He pressed a few keys on the keyboard, exiting the camera feeds. He pulled up a folder labelled 'Sarah Williams' and scrolled past the various note files and pictures until he clicked on a video file.

The screen filled, playing a video of an empty shower. After a few seconds, Sarah made her entrance, completely naked and with reams of Lester's baby making batter covering her chest. He watched expressionlessly as he studied the video.

Sarah let the water hit her and wash the cum off her chest. She probably didn't realize that the water would cause his cum to run down the rest of her body, likely even over her vagina. He watched as she rubbed her breasts, trying to remove any remaining trace of Lester's potent seed from her skin.

When she was satisfied that she was clean, Sarah stood there with her eyes open, looking at the wall in front of her. She stood like this for several minutes, just letting the water wash over her as she appeared to be contemplating something.

Lester had come to watch this video every night, studying her face and trying to discern what she was thinking. He needed to know what was running through her head and how he could exploit it.

Lester grabbed his cell phone and dialed a contact from his address book. After a few rings, someone picked up.

"Hey Lizzie, it's Lester." Lester rolled his eyes and put his feet up on the desk. "Yes, I know we agreed I wouldn't contact you again, but I have an offer for you. A favor, you might say."

Lester grinned evilly. "No, it doesn't involve anything like that, but you know I am always here if you change your mind."

He laughed. "Yeah, right. I know you still think about me."

"Okay, okay, calm down." Lester switched tactics and tried to sound reassuring. "I was wondering if you wanted to earn back the hard drive."

"Yes, that hard drive." Lester listened as the person on the other end of the line spoke.

"You'll have to come back to the apartment. No funny business, I promise, but there are a few things I'll need you to do for me."

Lester took off his pants and sat back in the chair. He took out his cock and began to stroke it, listening to the person in his ear while watching Sarah's shower on his computer screen. "Do you still have that little red dress?"

Toxic Attraction Ch. 04

Back and forth. Back and forth.

Dan couldn't help but be mesmerized by the subtle sway of Sarah's hips as she walked down the hallway toward his apartment. He knew she was saying something but her words never reached his brain.

The only thing it could process was how great her ass looked in her tight denim jeans. It didn't matter which pair of pants she wore, her ass always made them look better.

"What do you think?" Sarah said, looking over her shoulder. She raised an eyebrow and smiled, catching him checking her out.

Even though he was married to this goddess, he still found himself at a loss for words. "Yeah honey, whatever."

"Stop staring and start listening." She playfully chided him. "Dinner tonight. Did you look at any of the places nearby that I sent over?"

Dan sighed. "Honestly no, I never got to look at them in depth. Today was a little crazy with our client changing some stuff and Jesse not delivering some of his tasks on time."

"But I'm sure you have a preference?" He caught up to her as they approached the apartment door.

"I do, and I'm sure you are going to like it. But right now let's check out this new apartment of yours." She stood patiently on the door frame waiting for Dan to unlock the door. She had her own key but it was likely packed away in her carry-on luggage.

"You've already seen the pictures," Dan said as he put his key in.

"I know, but it just seems like an entirely different place," Sarah responded.

"Well, here it is. Home sweet home." He pushed the door open and stepped back, letting Sarah take a good look.

It was still the same space as before, but everything about it looked different. A few weeks ago when he had been in Middleton, Lester had redecorated. While Sarah loved the look, Dan was still a little peeved that Lester had done it without consulting him. It was their shared space after all. It made Dan feel like he was just a guest in Lester's home, not a roommate.

"Holy shit." Sarah stepped in and took a look around. "You weren't kidding, it's like a completely different apartment."

She left her bag by the door and sat on the new couch. "I love this couch. It's so comfy."

Dan smiled, closing the door and joining his wife on the couch. "I hate to admit it, but yeah, it is pretty nice."

"Don't be such a downer. It's like you got an apartment upgrade for free. We're just lucky that we're locked in at the current rate." Sarah's hands moved over the material of the couch. She gave Dan a mischievous look. "Do you think anyone has broken in this couch yet?"

"You mean...." Dan eyed Sarah who raised an eyebrow to confirm his suspicions. "No, I don't think so."

She got up and sauntered over to her husband, leaning over to whisper in his ear. "Well, maybe we'll just have to break it in tonight."

Dan was flabbergasted. Sure, they had played with the idea. They've talked about it often since he returned to Chicago. After their last

night in Middleton, Dan had hoped to repeat the events in the living room, but now it was really going to happen again. His heart was beating quickly, he couldn't contain his excitment. His nerves were going crazy. "Are you sure? What about last time?"

Sarah stood up and stretched, her breasts straining against the material of her t-shirt. "Well, maybe you're right. It was pretty intense last time. You'll just have to get me liquored up at dinner and see what happens after that."

Dan could feel his heart beating in his chest. His face must have telegraphed what he was thinking because Sarah gave him a knowing smile. She had him wrapped around her finger.

"I'm going to get changed quickly and then we can go. Say, 20 minutes?" Sarah retrieved her luggage and moved backwards towards the hallway leading to the bedroom without breaking eye contact. She mouthed, "Is Lester here?"

"Who knows. Haven't seen him since before I left for Middleton." Dan replied.

Sarah made a surprised face and disappeared down the hallway to Dan's bedroom.

The sharp crystal clear image of Dan and Sarah in the living room illuminated the dark room.

Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

Lester stared at the screen from his well-worn chair, one hand diving into the Cheetos bag on the desk beside him. He grabbed another handful, absentmindedly dusting himself with cheetos as he put them in his mouth. He was too fixated on the screen to notice such trivial details.

He couldn't quite make out the entire conversation, they were whispering after all, but he gleaned what it was about. They were going to fool around in the living room again tonight. *Perfect.*

That means things didn't go too far last time. Maybe they wanted a repeat performance. He would ensure they got it and more.

Dan never spoke to Lester since that night, other than complaining loudly to himself about the mess around the apartment. It had been weeks since Ned helped redecorate his apartment and each day waiting on Sarah's return was hell. Why couldn't she have come back sooner?

Sure, the maid service that came in after Dan left for work helped, but they weren't allowed in his room. Cleaning up, and walking the trash to the garbage chute were such annoying activities. He still hadn't worn any of the clothes he purchased yet because he didn't want to have to figure out how to keep them presentable.

Lester watched as Sarah made her way down the hallway to Dan's bedroom. He pulled his hand from the Cheetos bag and sat forward intently. He pressed a couple of keys and his monitor switched to another view.

This one was low to the ground, one of the power outlets he had replaced in Dan's bedroom.

Initially, he was worried Dan would notice the substitute but after a few weeks, he was confident it had gone unnoticed.

On the screen, the door to the bedroom opened. Sarah walked in, pulling her luggage behind her. She quickly set it in its place and began to go through her things.

Lester watched Sarah's ass as she bent over, pulling out clothes and setting them aside. His hand was slowly stroking his growing cock through his sweatpants.

His lips formed into a wicked smile as Sarah began to disrobe. She peeled her t-shirt off, revealing her magnificent breasts clad in a boring, beige bra. The smooth tops of her breasts jiggled as she undid her belt.

Lester got an eyeful of her chest as she lowered her jeans, her juicy ass coming into full display on his monitor as she stepped out of her discarded pants.

Something wasn't quite right. He was salivating watching his roommate's wife on his monitor, but it felt different.

He stood up and quietly marched over to the wall. Lester carefully removed the picture revealing his hidden peephole. Pressing himself up against the wall, he simultaneously closed one eye while lowering his sweatpants.

His hand found his cock and his eye found Sarah's alluring form standing before him. She slowly unclasped her bra and pulled it off, revealing her bare chest. Lester licked his lips and gripped his rock-hard cock as his eyes roamed over her.

"I can't wait to fuck you." He groaned into the wall.

Sarah slowly lowered her panties and wiggled out of them. She moved to her suitcase and bent over, giving Lester the perfect view of her voluptuous ass cheeks. He realized how quickly he had begun to stroke his cock and slowed down. He didn't want to stain the new drywall Ned installed. *On the other hand, he can always come back and fix it again.*

Lester watched as Sarah slid her slender legs into a pair of turquoise panties that accentuated her magnificent ass. She pulled a matching bra out of her suitcase and began to put it on. He cursed under his breath that her bare breasts were hidden from his sight but marveled at the way her chest looked. The bra pushed her breasts up, putting them on display and was low cut enough that it looked

like they could spill out at any moment. It was truly a marvel of modern engineering.

He didn't have long to take in the sight of her in her underwear. He stroked his cock rapidly as she put on a textured, form-fitting white dress with sleeves that extended to her wrists. It was a crime against humanity that the dress didn't show off any cleavage with its high neckline. The dress stopped mid-thigh, leaving plenty of her legs on display.

Sarah approached Lester's peephole to look at herself in the mirror. The dress was sexy as fuck. Even though it didn't show off her breasts, it hugged them tightly, showing off the impressive work of her bra. She looked stacked and the dress would have every man she encountered imagining what they would look like underneath.

She turned around and looked over her shoulder. Lester's mouth hung open as he continued to stroke himself, staring at how snug the dress was on her hips and ass. It seemed to be the same material as a pair of yoga pants judging by the way it made her ass look.

Sarah moved to the bed and pulled a pair of long, high-heeled rose-coloured boots out of her luggage. She slipped her flawless legs into them and stood up. The boots went high on her legs, a few inches below the hemline of her dress.

She looked at the outfit again in the mirror. Even though her skin was mostly covered, Lester thought it was one the sexiest outfits he had ever seen. It simultaneously accentuated all of her best features, putting them on display in a subtle way.

Lester watched as she retrieved a matching rose coloured clutch and left the bedroom, her heels clicking on the ground as she walked.

He stumbled back to his command center, almost stepping on a paper plate he had left on the floor earlier. Lester sat down and

cycled through the camera to find her. She was in the bathroom applying makeup.

She didn't need much makeup. She was already a knockout. Still, Lester watched her, fascinated.

After a few minutes, she had finished and made her way back to Dan in the living room. They spoke briefly and left the apartment, presumably heading out to dinner.

Lester stared at the apartment door on his screen. He made a steeple with his fingers as he rocked back and forth in the chair. Would they have sex again in the living room? On the new couch built for three? Does that signal they want him to come out and watch them again? Maybe more?

Lester contemplated this as he slowly began to stroke his cock.

A night out in Chicago always felt like a mini-vacation to Sarah. Getting away from the stresses of work and home life was a welcome change.

So when Dan suggested they grab a few drinks after dinner, she was more than happy to oblige. One drink turned into three, until the couple stumbled into the elevator of the apartment building, giggling.

Dan began kissing Sarah's neck while he pressed himself into her ass. "You looked so damn hot tonight baby. Everyone couldn't keep their eyes off of you."

Sarah pushed herself back into his crotch. "The only one I care about watching is you."

A wicked idea popped into her mind; she loved to toy with her husband, after all. "....and maybe Lester."

She heard the sharp intake of his breath and a small groan escape his lips as his hard cock pressed into her backside.

"You are such a bad girl." He whispered.

"I'm your bad girl, baby." She responded while gyrating her hips against him.

To their disappointment, the elevator door opened. They stepped out into the hallway but Dan made sure to keep holding Sarah's hand, his finger caressing the back of it.

With a bit of liquid courage, Dan asked, "So, were you serious earlier? Did you really want to do it again on the couch?"

Sarah glanced sideways at him and smiled. "Well, that new couch does seem pretty comfortable..." She stopped in her tracks. They were in the middle of the hallway, likely out of sight from any door's peepholes. She reached out and gently touched the fabric crotch of Dan's dress pants.

His eyes momentarily rolled back in his head before he composed himself.

She got up on her tippy toes and whispered in his ear. "Isn't that what you wanted, big boy? To let your weird roommate see your sexy wife? Watch us together, to touch...." She trailed off as she slowly backed away towards Dan's apartment door.

He gulped and followed her.

Before the door to the apartment was fully open, Dan was on her. He pulled her into him, his lips hungrily kissing hers.

Kicking the door closed, Dan grabbed Sarah and pulled her towards the couch. His hands and lips never left hers. He could feel how hot her body was through her dress and she could feel his throbbing erection through his pants.

Sarah's hands found Dan's belt and began to unbuckle it.

He kicked off his shoes as his belt came undone. Sarah reached in and found his hard dick and grabbed it. Dan moaned. Gravity helped his pants fall to the floor.

His lips were back on hers as his tongue explored her mouth. She continued to stroke his cock as he pulled her close into him. His lips moved across her cheek and down her neck until they found the edge of her dress.

He grunted in frustration that he couldn't go further. He wanted his lips to dive into the depths of her breasts. He sharply grabbed the hem of her dress at her thighs and pulled the tight-fitting material up.

Sarah's perfect ass bounced out of the dress and into view of the waiting living room. Not far away it also filled the monitor in an otherwise darkened bedroom.

She continued to stroke his hard cock under the waistband of his boxers. Dan pulled more of her dress up, past her midsection and just over her bra-clad breasts. She let go of his cock as he tore the dress over her head.

Standing there in just her bra and panties Sarah made a move to pull off her thigh-high boots but Dan spun her around and pushed her into the couch. She arched her back as Dan's hungry lips began kissing her neck.

His mouth was sending electric shivers down her body. He hungrily dragged his wet lips down her back, unclasping her bra as he

continued downward.

She pushed her ass back into his mouth as his tongue started drawing circles on her ass cheeks. His hands worked to unzip and remove her boots from each leg.

Once the boots were discarded across the floor, he rose back up and lowered her panties. Sarah drew in her breath as she knew what would happen next. His boxers joined her panties in a pile on the floor.

Dan's hard cock was free. He held it with one hand as he lined it up with his wife. Grabbing the hair on the base of her neck, he pushed her down onto the top of the couch. She braced herself with her hands, but he was too strong and they just collapsed under her as she was draped over the couch facing the TV.

With one quick thrust, Dan pushed himself into his wife.

"Oooh," she moaned as she felt her husband's hard cock slide into her wet and waiting vagina.

Dan kept his hand on her neck, the other on her hip as he pushed into her like a man possessed. Would Lester come out again? If he did, what would he do? Where would he stand?

Dan had purposely decided to take Sarah in this position. The last time in the apartment he didn't like that Lester stood back here out of his field of view. It felt like Lester was trying to dominate him by pulling a power play like that.

Dan wouldn't be manipulated. He would be the one standing here, able to see everything when Lester came out. *Who knows what he'll do.*

Sarah could feel herself getting close to an orgasm. It must have been the anticipation, the build-up to the moment. She loved when

Dan took her roughly like this, it was something he seldom did. Each thrust driving into her was like setting little fireworks off in her body, all building towards that glorious eruption of an orgasm.

She felt Dan's fingers making a fist with the hair on the back of her neck. He roughly pulled her up off the couch by her hair. The pain at the base of her neck was overridden by the pleasure of how dominating he was. His torso leaned into her. She felt his hot breath next to her ear.

"You think your friend is going to come join us?" He breathed.

"Join us or watch us?" She countered. She felt his cock twitch inside of her at that.

He quietly moaned as he continued to thrust into her. Both of them looked down the hallway towards Lester's bedroom.

In his dark room down the hall, Lester sat pensively watching the scene unfold on his monitor.

He leaned forward as he heard the couple talking about him. Talking about him watching them again. They both stole glances down the hallway towards his bedroom, wondering if he would come out.

Lester glanced at his bedroom door. It would be so easy to get up and walk out there. To be there in the room with her again. To show her his cock and how hard she made it.

He was absentmindedly stroking his cock through his pants again. His eyes shifted from the door, back to the monitor and down to his pants. *Fuck.*

The Cheetos dust from his fingers had transferred to his new sweatpants. *Fuck.*

Despite the new stains on his pants, he never missed a stroke as he continued to watch the couple.

He yearned to throw open his door and stomp down the hall holding his raging hard cock in his hand like the weapon it was. But he had a plan.

He sighed. *Be patient, Lester.*

Lester knew that the couple was excited about being watched again. He knew they wanted his attention. How bad would they want it if he denied it to them? How far could he push things then?

"What do you think he'll do when he comes out?" Dan grunted into Sarah's ear. "Where do you think he'll go?"

Sarah could feel Dan's thrusts quickening. She wanted to turn the screws a bit and tease him. "He'll probably stand right here in front of me to show me that big cock of his."

"Oh fuck, Sarah." Dan released her hair. His other hand found her hip and he gripped her tight, hammering into her. "Shit, I'm so close."

The fireworks were just beginning to crescendo inside of Sarah. She could feel they were building towards a big orgasm. "Don't stop, Dan, don't stop."

"Fuck!" Dan exclaimed as he thrust into her hard. He came. His cum shot out of dick and exploded into Sarah.

She felt it hit the walls of her insides, washing over them. Sarah felt fuller than she had a second ago. The cum helped to quicken the onset of the orgasm, but Dan's thrusts quickly came to a standstill.

The increasing tempo of her impending orgasm slowly began to recede.

She had to cling to something. Her body wanted to cum. She flexed all the muscles she had and gripped Dan's cock hard, not letting it go. She pushed herself back onto him as his cum continued to spurt out. She thought of Dan's roommate walking down the hallway towards them and standing there in front of her. She could imagine the hungry look in his eyes as he stroked his cock that was right in front of her face.

She stood up on her toes and she came. "Ohhh fuck, Dan."

Her body was rocked by a tsunami of an orgasm that caused her arms to give out as she collapsed back onto the couch.

Dan's hot breath was bathing her neck. His body weight pressed into her and she was pressed into the couch.

After a few moments, Dan withdrew his cock and stood straight up. Sarah stayed there briefly before turning around and looking at her husband.

She gave Dan a warm smile. "God, I missed doing that with you."

He closed the distance between them and held her in his arms. "I've missed you, too."

Both Dan and Sarah were still breathing heavily. He let her go and began cleaning up the mess of their discarded clothes. Sarah picked up her turquoise panties and put them on.

She reached down to grab her matching bra when she heard Dan speak. "I dare you to walk back there just like that."

She paused for a moment before letting the strap of the bra slip through her finger, back onto the floor. She stood up and glanced

over her shoulder at her husband. His wide eyes slowly raised from her ass to meet to gaze.

She held his stare with a level gaze. Her face showed no reaction to his challenge.

Then, without a word, she walked towards the hallway. Wearing just her turquoise panties, she swayed her hips to tease him. If Lester were to open his door he would be met with her naked breasts fully on display for him. He would be the only man other than her husband to ever see them bare.

The attractive couple on screen were breathing hard. They had just cum simultaneously and the afterglow of orgasmic bliss was beginning to fade from their faces.

Lester leaned back in his chair, spent. Not only were his new sweatpants stained with Cheeto dust, but they were now soiled with his cum as well. *Oh well.*

He stood up and peeled the sweatpants down around his ankles so he could step out of them. He grabbed the sweatpants and used them to wipe the leftover cum off his pale flabby leg. Making a face of disgust he tossed them into a small pile across the room.

He would decide later whether to wash them or throw them out. Sure, he had spent money on them, but he hated washing his clothes. The laundry room was down in the basement of the building and he couldn't get reception down there. *I'll probably just throw them out.*

The new clothes and furniture were just one part in his plan to take Sarah. It didn't matter whether she liked them or not, the purpose was to remove one barrier from the path of their copulation. He didn't want her to see him as gross, he just needed to be neutral.

Once he had her, it wouldn't matter how he dressed or what he did after that. She would be his.

Still, it was a waste of money to just throw those pants away. Lester looked sideways at the paper plates on the floor. His true nature was still battling with this latest scheme. Hopefully, he wouldn't need to keep this act up much longer.

He glanced back at the monitor. The couple were grabbing their clothes when he heard Dan say something.

"I dare you to walk back there, just like that."

Lester stopped breathing, his heart suddenly beating a million miles a minute in his chest. He felt like one of the xenomorphs from the movie alien was about to burst out.

He watched as Sarah seductively walked down the hallway towards him, like a meal being presented to a king. She never looked back at Dan. Instead, she was focused on her destination.

Dan watched Sarah's sexy ass sway as she walked away from him. Sweat was glistening off her back as she made her way down the hallway, topless. She passed the bathroom door and then, to Dan's surprise, she passed his bedroom door as well.

She walked a few more feet until she was standing there half-naked in front of Lester's door. She took half a step forward and reached towards the door knob. Her finger barely grazed it as she finally broke from her trance and looked back down the hallway at her husband.

She smiled seductively as she saw his slack-jawed expression. She raised an eyebrow at him, waiting for his reaction. It was almost like

she was challenging him on what he wanted her to do next. She had already upped the ante on his dare.

Dan was transfixed and didn't know how to react.

Lester was standing frozen still, his gaze alternating between the door and his monitor.

She was right there, holding the doorknob and staring back at her husband. If he opened the door now, how would they both react? *Fuck it.*

He started to move towards the door, his cock sporting a tent in his ratty boxers sweatpants where the Cheetos smudge was. Movement out of the corner of his eye stopped him in his tracks.

Lester glanced at the monitor as Sarah let go of the doorknob and slowly stepped away from the door. She never broke her husband's gaze as she made her way to the bathroom and shut the door.

Sarah smiled as she closed the bathroom door, chuckling to herself at the reaction she was able to get out of Dan. She knew exactly how to push his buttons and win their game. She always won.

Still, what if Lester had opened his door and seen her right there? Part of her was disappointed he hadn't caught her and Dan out in the living room. Another part of her was relieved; not knowing how things would play out was anxiety-inducing.

She had no idea how she or Dan would have reacted if Lester had opened his bedroom door with her standing right there. She probably would have screamed and run into the bathroom.

Still, it was an exciting night. *I wonder what tomorrow night will look like.*

Sarah quickly cleaned up the mess Dan made inside of her, did her business, cleaned the makeup off her face and left the bathroom to head to bed.

"You fucking idiot." Dan said aloud as he looked down at his phone.

He knew he shouldn't, but he was reading his work email as he waited for Sarah to return from the bathroom. He had taken her out to a hole-in-the-wall Italian restaurant that Walt had recommended. So far, it was everything he wanted for tonight. It was private, romantic, and had an extensive wine list to go along with the drop-dead gorgeous bombshell date he had in Sarah.

Unfortunately, Dan had to check his work email and saw the latest fuck up from Jesse. The moron had jumped into an email thread to try and look like a superstar by supplying the Lincoln Group with an answer to a question they sent at the end of the day on Friday.

The spreadsheet he attached was a couple of weeks out of date and the numbers were no longer accurate. "You were just CC'd on the email, Jesse, why the hell would you even respond?"

As Dan was visibly rolling his eyes at the email, he noticed things grow quiet on the other side of the restaurant. He looked up and noticed several heads subtly, and some not so subtly, turning to look at something.

His eyes followed theirs until a dark, red shape came into view. A beautiful woman in an intoxicating red dress was moving amongst the sea of tables towards him. The dress had a plunging neckline that went down to the middle of her chest, revealing the tops and

sides of her breasts. The dress was flowy but still hugged her breasts, accentuating and drawing attention to them.

Her bare legs were on display as the dress came to an abrupt stop at her upper thigh. If she were to bend down to pick something up, everyone in the restaurant would get an eyeful. Dan's eyes roamed down her perfect legs to find her feet bound in gold stiletto heels.

It was Sarah.

As she approached their table, he saw several women turn to see what their dates were looking at. Many men seemed to be engaged in heated conversations of denial and apology.

She was careful about concealing the hem of her dress and she sat back down at their booth.

"You sure know how to get attention." He said slyly to her.

"Oh, yeah? What about you? Do I have your attention?" She asked as she looked down at his phone and back up at him.

He smiled and held his hands up in surrender in front of him. He quickly put the phone away in his jacket pocket.

She smiled triumphantly. "So, what are you thinking? Desert here or back at the apartment?"

She eyed him mischievously.

"Well, that depends on what's on the menu," Dan replied suggestively.

"Everything." Sarah quickly responded before taking a long sip of the white wine in front of her.

Dan didn't know what to say. She was always so much quicker at this than he was. How could she be so perfect, so modest, so prim

and proper, yet so sexy and naughty at the same time? He was like putty in her hands, she could do whatever she wanted to him.

He knew when to admit defeat.

"Jesus christ, Sarah, you are so fucking hot," Dan whispered.

"I know." She batted her eyelashes at him and smiled. Her hand moved under the table until it found his crotch. Her fingers began tracing gentle circles on the material of his pants, careful not to come in direct contact with his dick to give him any stimulation.

She could still feel the material of the pants constrict as his dick began to rise.

"You better stop that, or I won't be able to walk out of here." Dan didn't stop her but he sat up straighter like he was pretending she wasn't stroking his dick under the table. "As it is, I'm probably going to have to sit here for 20 minutes until I can get up without anyone noticing anything."

"Well, if you take that long I might just have to go back to the apartment by myself." Her fingers pressed into his crotch a little harder, purposely running up the outside of his length. "Whatever would I do there while I waited for you to come back?"

"Hmmm." Dan softly moaned as Sarah continued to trace around his dick. "Sit tight and wait for me on the couch so we could have a repeat performance of last night."

Her eyes lit up. She could continue to toy with him or take the teasing in other obvious directions. "Last night was pretty great."

She paused, looking up at the man she loves. "Would you want it to be exactly the same as last night, or is there something else you'd want?"

It was getting hot in the restaurant. Or maybe that was just Dan. "Similar to last night, but maybe we can introduce that other new element into things."

"Oh, really?" She withdrew her hand from his crotch. "It didn't seem like they were interested last night. Just what do you have in mind?"

She sat back and drank the remainder of her wine. Dan didn't call attention to the fact that she had just finished her third glass of wine.

Dan leaned over to whisper in her ear. "Well, did you bring that present I bought you? The black robe?"

He leaned back into his seat with a smirk.

"As a matter of fact, I did." She eyed him suspiciously. "What exactly do you have in mind?"

Judging by the look on her face, Dan may have finally won a skirmish with his wife. His smile widened as he diverted his attention to their passing waiter. "Check, please."

Enemy trolls filled the screen, but they were no match for Lester and his party. Ned was incessantly droning on about what to expect in the next chamber, trying to rally the team toward the dungeon's boss.

Lester's character slashed through an enemy orc. He reached for the open Cheetos bag in front of him when an alert popped up on the screen. He clicked it.

Suddenly the world of Azeroth disappeared and was replaced by the view of his living room. Entering through the door was Dan followed by his beautiful wife Sarah in a very alluring red dress.

Lester caught his breath as his eyes roamed over her smooth, tanned legs and the way the dress cut down, exposing her cleavage for anyone to admire. *Hello mommy, you went out like that? Bad, bad girl.*

"Darkspire!" An annoying voice rang out from his ear. "Lester! We're pushing ahead into the next chamber, I need you to run up the middle at the center and draw the attention of --"

Lester disconnected his headphones and with a few quick keyboard clicks shut down World of Warcraft. He didn't bother responding to Ned or apologizing to the party of nerds he was leaving behind. He had business to attend to.

Sarah made her way over to the low couch and ran her hand over the leather. She turned to her husband and asked "So, what's the plan, big man?"

He had been silent almost the entire way back to the apartment. After getting the check, neither liked to talk in front of their uber drivers and he had been so quick to walk down the hallway that she hadn't had a chance to ask him.

Dan smiled back at her. She could tell he was hiding something. Sarah could also see that he was excited, maybe more than she was.

He walked up to her and slowly raised his hands to her arms. His fingers traced up from her elbow, over her shoulders until they began to slowly play with the straps of her dress. He ignored her question and focused his gaze on the dress's thin, red straps.

Sarah stayed silent. After a few moments, he looked her in the eyes. "Go put on that present I gave you."

She gave him a coy look over her shoulder as she slowly walked towards the hallway to their bedroom.

Subconsciously, Lester noticed that Dan had begun to disrobe, but his eyes never left Sarah as she walked through the apartment. The cut of the dress was mesmerizing. His 4K camera could track each bounce of her ass cheeks through the dress's thin material.

Tonight was his night. If the couple wanted Lester to watch them, they would get it. And more.

As Sarah made her way to the bedroom, Lester slowly stood and pushed his chair back. He backed away from the monitor without looking away. When he reached the shared wall, he finally broke his trance and turned, finding the hidden peephole.

From his secret vantage point, he watched the leggy blonde wife enter the room. He didn't notice it on the camera before, but she was clearly moving in a looser manner than normal. She must have had a few glasses of wine at dinner.

Sarah walked into the middle of the room, her hands finding the hemline of her dress. In one fluid motion, she stopped and pulled the dress over her head.

It was one of the sexiest things Lester had ever seen. Within a few seconds of putting his eye up to the peephole, this busty mother of two was standing in front of him clad only in her high-cut lace underwear and a bra that held everything together perfectly, while somehow also revealing more cleavage than normal.

Lester could feel his hard cock pushing into the drywall. He wanted to take his sweatpants off and stroke his meaty member right there, but he had to wait for what came next.

Without wasting any time, Sarah dug into the bottom of her suitcase, pulling out a thin garment that looked like a small square. She unfolded it until Lester saw that it was actually a silk robe.

She put it on and tied the delicate belt in the front. Turning, she appraised herself in the mirror. She kept the belt loose enough that the top of the robe still flowed freely, allowing her chest to come into view from the right angle. She couldn't do anything about the bottom of the robe, it stopped at her upper thigh - not leaving much for the imagination.

Somehow, the robe made Sarah look even sexier than she did just a few seconds ago in her bra and panties. It must have been the promise of something more, something that was hidden just underneath the black silk. There was a hint of modesty to the robe, but it mostly just screamed sex.

Lester was breathing hard and felt a pang of disappointment when Sarah turned and left the bedroom.

Dan wanted to sit. Instead, he was pacing back and forth in the living room. He didn't know what to do with his nerves or excitement. After stripping down to just his boxers, his body decided it had to move around and burn off some of that energy.

He stopped dead in his tracks when Sarah came back into the living room wearing the sheer robe he had purchased for her. Dan remembered how damn good it had looked on the model online. He also remembered how much better it looked on Sarah the last time he was home and they were roleplaying. But seeing it on her now, in this place with his fucking weird roommate just feet away - she looked like something else entirely.

She seductively sauntered into the room, making her way over to him. Her face was emotionless aside from the bedroom eyes she

was flashing him. "Is this what you wanted, dear?"

She turned at the last second. Instead of walking into his arms, she pressed her ass into his crotch. "The little black robe you bought me?"

Dan groaned as he felt his cock swell and rest between his wife's firm ass checks. She gently swayed back and forth.

"Fuck. Yes." He whispered. "God, Sarah, you look so fucking hot."

His hands found her waist and he pulled her into him, more of his cock pressing into her. He leaned forward and started to plant soft kisses on her neck. He knew kissing her neck would drive her crazy.

Sarah grabbed the back of his neck for support and began swaying more. His cock pressed into her, and with how hard he already was - it just felt so good to her. And the kisses on her neck. Each one was like a little shock. She could feel the hair on her arms begin to rise.

"Hmmm." She moaned. "So, I'm in your robe."

She paused, taking a second to focus on how hard Dan's cock felt against her. "What do you want me to do now?"

This was the point of no return for Dan. They had talked about being watched again the last time he was home and even played with the idea of things progressing further than that. But this was unchartered territory. He didn't know what he wanted or where they were headed. All he knew was that he wanted it. He wanted to see what would happen when worlds collide.

He just wasn't sure how he would react or if he would end up regretting it. He always did things by the book, which is what led him here to this apartment and living away from his family in the first place. Maybe it was time to roll the dice and see what happened.

"I want you to go back down that hallway and get him." He finally whispered into her ear.

Sarah slowed her swaying, taking an extra second to process what Dan just said.

"Get who?" She teased.

"Lester." Dan breathed hoarsely. "Go get him."

Sarah took a step forward and turned to look at her husband. "Are you sure this is what you want?"

Dan couldn't muster any words. They all flew past his brain faster than his mouth could process them. *'Yes', 'No', 'I don't know.'*

He nodded.

Sarah's hands nervously played with the robe's belt. This was actually going to happen.

She turned on her heels and walked back down the hallway, past Dan's bedroom until she found herself standing in front of Lester's door. She could hear some faint sounds coming from within.

Dan watched as Sarah gently knocked on the door.

After a few seconds, she knocked again. Then she turned the doorknob and opened the door.

Weak light from the room bathed Sarah's figure. He heard Sarah speak but couldn't make out what she said. A muffled voice spoke from the bedroom.

And then Sarah stepped into Lester's room.

Lester sat at his command center, trying to look busy. His heart was beating fast and he could feel his forehead getting clammy. She was coming to get him.

He watched her approach on the cameras but the soft knock on his door made him stiffen. The cameras and his monitor would never be a substitute for real life.

She knocked again, this time a little harder.

"Yeah?" He said loudly.

Without looking up from his screen, he saw the door swing open.

It took all of his willpower not to look toward the door. He needed to seem disinterested, to make her pursue him. For her to want to pull him into this situation.

He could see her form at of the corner of his eye, beyond the monitor in front of him.

"Lester," Sarah asked seductively, clearly trying to get his attention.

He continued to focus on his screen, switching his screen off the camera feeds and back over to World of Warcraft. Several cursing but polite messages from Ned greeted him. It looked like the entire party got wiped out without him.

Lester clicked his mouse randomly on the screen. "Come in."

Sarah hesitantly took two steps into the room and was taken aback by its transformation. Just like the rest of the apartment, Lester's room looked completely different. The pile of plates, clothes and other refuse on the floor were mostly gone. She still spied a few hidden paper plates and bags of chips, but this was a dramatic change.

His grimey, little bed had been replaced by a luxurious-looking king-sized bed. Lester still didn't seem to know how to make a bed, but it looked large in his room.

After her swift appraisal of the room, she refocused and looked at Lester. He was sitting in his chair silently looking at her. He wasn't hunched over like before. Now, he was sitting back, his bare gut protruding from his torso. He was wearing just a pair of boxers and his tube socks.

Sarah's heart jumped. His silent attention on her was so overwhelming. *Why wasn't he saying anything?*

Just when Sarah couldn't take it anymore and was about to turn on her heels and leave the room, Lester spoke.

"What can I do for you, Sarah?" He eyed her.

Breath Sarah, Breath. "Dan and I wanted to see if you'd like to join us.

A faint smirk spread across Lester's face. He had his hands on both arms of his computer chair to assist in pushing his mass up to the standing position. Without replying, he slowly walked over until he was standing just a foot in front of her. "Join you doing what?"

"If you wanted to..." She couldn't believe she was standing here on display in front of him like this. "Watch us again...like the last time."

"Hmmmmm," Lester said while obviously looking her body over. "I don't know, I'm pretty busy right now. Lots going on here."

"Well, we thought it --" Sarah was cut off by what he did next.

Lester interjected while closing the distance between them, grabbing the robe's belt. "Let's see if it would be worth my time."

Before Sarah could react, Lester tugged on the belt, causing Sarah's robe to open.

Sarah's black lace bra and panties were now on full display for Lester. The robe hung limply on her shoulders. Sarah was standing there half naked in his bedroom without her husband.

Her breasts were rapidly rising and falling, matching her breathing. Lester licked his lips as he watched them.

Every time Sarah was in this apartment, she always had this unnerving feeling that she was being watched. That feeling was in hyperdrive right now, the hairs on the back of her neck were standing up.

"Not bad," Lester mumbled as he began to walk around her. "Not bad at all."

She didn't know what to say or do. She had no basis for how to react to this situation. Sarah just stood there, frozen in place. Her mind screamed at her to think of something clever to say, but nothing came out.

Lester was now out of her field of view. She looked straight ahead at his king bed, thinking back to that day a few weeks ago when she laid down completely naked in this room and took pictures for her husband.

Then she felt Lester's fingertips on her shoulders, his hands coming to the rest of them.

Sarah felt his warm breath on her neck.

"Let's see the rest, shall we?" he growled into her ear.

His fingertips slowly grazed her bare shoulders until they found the edge of her robe. Without any resistance, he pulled the thin fabric

until the robe dropped to her feet.

"Oh, that's nice." Lester was admiring how Sarah's supple ass was framed by the high cut of her panties.

He had just been admiring this ass and the rest of Sarah's body through his peephole. Now she was in his lair willingly. He knew this would be his most delicious conquest yet. *Fuck Patience.*

Lester stepped up behind Sarah, placing his hands on her waist.

Sarah shuddered as Lester's hands made contact with her bare skin in such an intimate way.

Then she felt it.

Lester's cock pressed into her perfect backside, just like her husband did a few minutes ago. It was pushing against her ass cheeks, the thin fabric of his boxers and her panties were the only thing separating them. She tried to ignore the fact that she could feel that he was bigger than Dan had felt pressed up against her. His pouch touched her lower back as Lester pushed his cock onto her ass harder, his hands holding her in place.

He was subtly grinding his cock into her backside. She felt his hot breath on her neck again as a tingle ran down her spine and she shuddered slightly.

"Okay, lead the way, princess." And his breath and his cock were gone. She turned around to see Lester standing by the door, waiting for her to walk out. She noticed his cock jutting out from his boxers.

She bent forward to pick up the robe.

"Leave it," Lester commanded. He wasn't asking.

Sarah didn't know why she obeyed, but she stood back up and quickly composed herself before walking past Lester, working hard not to look at him. She felt completely flustered after he had completely dominated their interaction. Unlike with her husband, she didn't feel any confidence in coming out ahead against the strange man in the teasing game.

Dan was restlessly sitting on the couch.

He was trying to distract himself, but all he was thinking about was what Sarah was doing in Lester's room. It was agony waiting and not knowing. It was also exhilarating. His boxers were sporting a tent with a touch pre-cum dotting the top.

Finally, there was movement in the hallway. For a moment it was just shadows cast by the light from the room and were too distorted for Dan to interpret what was happening.

But then Sarah appeared wearing just her bra and panties, walking down the hallway towards him. *What the hell happened to her robe?*

Before Dan had time to ask any questions, Sarah quickly crossed the room and joined him on the couch. She saw how hard he was and straddled him. He wasted no time in grabbing two handfuls of her ass and desperately pulling her down onto his dick. He needed relief.

"What happened in there, Sarah?" He whispered.

Sarah rolled her eyes. "Your roommate wanted a look under the robe to see if it was worth his time."

"What a prick," Dan said. He noticed that despite her nonchalant answer, she was more flushed than she had been when she left the living room. She even appeared to be breathing a little heavy. He pulled her down onto him and started kissing her, feeling slightly

guilty at thinking how hot it was that she had apparently been on display for Lester in his own room. She quickly opened her mouth to reciprocate, her tongue darting out to dance with his.

Dan noticed movement out of the corner of his eye. A dark, shadowy figure was lumbering down the hallway.

It was Lester, of course. Wearing just his boxers and tube socks, he made his way toward them. Dan watched as he crossed the threshold into the living room, strangely aroused at the thought that this repulsive, little man had been alone in his bedroom, inspecting his angelic wife's body clad in only her lingerie.

Lester stared at them as he made his way over to one of the chairs on the other side of the coffee table. He plopped himself down and leaned back, causing his hair-covered gut to protrude.

Sarah had stopped kissing Dan and just sat there with her eyes closed, leaning her against his shoulder. She didn't turn around to look at Lester, though she had heard him sit down.

The couple sat there, frozen, not knowing how to react to his presence. Did they actually want this or was it just the idea of it that turned them on?

Lester was content for the moment. He didn't understand why the couple was just sitting there, but he was enjoying the view of Sarah straddling Dan. It caused her ass to push out toward him. He liked being this close to her bare skin without a monitor or wall in between them. Her scent still lingered in his nose from her time in his bedroom. *I'll have her back there soon.*

Dan's hard dick was the one that put events back in motion, just as it had the last time. It was straining against his boxers, being so close to Sarah's pussy was too much of a tease. It involuntarily twitched. Dan sighed and slightly raised his hips off the couch. His

hands began to roam up from her thighs until he was softly kneading her ass.

With a soft intake of breath at his touch, Sarah finally opened her eyes. She looked straight into Dan's soul as their eyes met and saw the conflicting emotions of angst and desire. The hungry look was also back on his face and she could practically feel her panties get wetter as she took in his expression.

Sarah's brain was still trying to process what had happened in Lester's room. She didn't know how she felt about it yet. But she did know that the look on Dan's face was a trigger for her.

She slowly resumed gyrating on his hips. Her thighs guided his dick to press against her panty-covered vagina and she felt it press into her. A low moan escaped her lips.

Dan was growing hungrier. He gripped her ass tighter, pulling her further onto him. He grabbed her hair and kissed her neck and shoulders.

His kisses were drawing Sarah's mind away from the events of the last half hour and back to the erotic scene, she found herself a part of. To the sensations of Dan's expert lips on her soft skin.

She pressed her breasts into his chest, wanting to get as close to him as she could.

Dan couldn't wait any longer. He lifted one of his ass cheeks off the couch and tried to pull off his boxers. Without taking her lips off of his, Sarah knew what he was trying to do. She moved off his lap and with one hand helped Dan slide his boxers down his legs onto the floor.

In an instant, Sarah had her panties off, accidentally giving Lester a quick flash of her vagina. She got back into position on Dan's lap. Now nothing was separating the loving couple from one another.

Sarah wanted to feel his dick ride up and down her slit. Much to Dan's disappointment, she didn't immediately mount him. Instead, she ground against his dick while it pressed up against her. His shaft was stimulating her clit.

She moved her hips in circles, using Dan's dick to pleasure herself. It wasn't long before his dick started to get slick with her juices.

Lester was staring at her perfect ass as she moved back and forth on her husband. *How am I going to interject here? Let's see how things play out.*

Sarah suddenly stood up on her knees, Dan knew what this meant. He shifted down and lined his cock up. Sarah slowly lowered herself onto it.

"Uh," she involuntarily said as Dan's cock head stretched her opening.

Dan was in ecstasy as his bare cock began to slide into his wife. He knew Lester was watching but he didn't want to look his way. Somehow he preferred when Lester was behind him so that he wouldn't actually have to look at him or his body.

Curiosity got the better of him. He opened one eye as Sarah continued to carefully lower herself onto him. He couldn't see much from his vantage point. Sarah's shoulder was blocking his view. He could see the top of Lester's head with his thinning hair and one stupid tub sock-clad foot. *Is he jerking off again? No way to tell....*

"Ohh" Sarah lowered herself completely onto Dan's cock. She took a second to just breathe and adjust to how full she felt. She opened her eyes and looked at Dan. He was staring at her shoulder, staring past her shoulder. At Lester. His attention snapped back to her, he met her eyes.

She felt him thrust up and it felt so damn good. She gripped his dick with her vagina. This position always made her feel powerful. And that's what she needed right now. Lester had caught her off guard back in his room, she didn't know how to react to that. It wouldn't happen again. She needed to regain that power.

"Hmmm what are you looking at, lover," she quietly purred into his ear.

"Wanted to see what our friend was up to over there." he whispered back.

Sarah continued to slowly move her hips back and forth. "I can imagine what he is doing."

"Why don't you take a peek and see?" Dan said. Sarah was barely able to hear him.

Sarah leaned back, continuing to rock her hips on Dan's dick. Looking directly at her husband she bit her lip and slowly turned her head.

She was surprised by what she saw. Lester was sitting in the chair wearing just his boxers and socks. She could see his cock running down the leg of his boxers but he wasn't jerking off. *Why isn't he jerking off to this?*

She decided to turn things up with Dan and regain some of her power back from that creep.

"Like what you see?" She looked right into Lester's eyes.

Dan groaned from behind her. She knew her dirty talk turned him on. He admitted how much her verbal foreplay with Lester last time put him over the edge.

That fat fuck just sat there and shrugged. "It's okay."

"Okay?" Sarah was getting irritated with him. After subjecting her to his review a few minutes ago and his indifference to being allowed to watch her have sex with her husband. *It was only okay?*

Dan and Sarah had found something here. Something they both enjoyed that let them grow closer and share this. They had talked about this and worked up to doing it again and this little man was going to ruin it.

Right before she was going to give him a piece of her mind, Lester said. "You guys did it like this the last time you put on a show for me. Don't get me wrong, I could watch your ass bounce up and down all night. I was just hoping for something new."

Sarah slowed her hips. Dan had heard what Lester said. *The fucking nerve of this guy.*

"What exactly did you have in mind, buddy?" Dan challenged him.

If only you knew what I really had in mind, jerk off. Your wife bent over my bed while I cum in her unprotected pussy as you watch from the peephole in the wall. Lester's heart was beating faster. He felt like he was turning beet red. "I don't know, I was thinking maybe a different position.....What about on her side?"

Dan was unsure how to respond to Lester's demand. He felt Sarah's hips begin to escape his grasp as she began to dismount him. He looked up at her surprised.

"Let's put on a show and show him who's boring," Sarah huskily whispered.

Lester couldn't make out what the couple was saying but it looked like his plan was working. Sarah had gotten off her husband and had laid down on the couch, her front facing Lester. She didn't look at him.

Dan got into position behind her, his left knee was bent behind her ass and his other leg was fully extended onto the floor. One of Sarah's legs was wedged beneath Dan's while the other straddled his leg. From this position, he had perfect access to completely bury his dick into her.

Sarah and Dan loved this position but like the last time, this was their first experience in exploring it with someone else present. Sarah loved when Dan fucked her this way. It made him feel so dominant, the way he would hold her hips and she had to lay there and hold on. The angle of his dick also hit all the right nerves inside of her.

She closed her eyes and her nails dug into the fabric of the couch, Dan lined himself up and started to push himself into her.

"Mmmmm" Sarah moaned as inch after inch of Dan's dick once again pushed inside of her.

Dan loved looking down at Sarah in this position. He watched her chest rise and fall as she breathed. He loved how her breasts looked in that black bra, laying on her side caused them to push together, almost spilling out. He decided not to try to take it off. He liked how it looked, plus he wasn't ready for Lester to see all of Sarah or expose her like that without her being okay with it. He wasn't sure he ever would do that.

His eyes traced up to her slender neck to her beautiful face. Her eyes were closed. He could tell she was enjoying herself. *What are you thinking about, Sarah? This is crazy.*

Even though Sarah's eyes were closed, all she could picture was the situation unfolding in that living room. Dan held her, thrusting into her while his creepy roommate watched them. Watched her. His eyes were probably running all over her body. *His hands....*

She shuddered at the thought.

She kept her eyes clamped shut. She wasn't sure she wanted to see what was actually happening.

"I knew you'd like getting fucked in that position," a hoarse voice said from nearby.

Sarah's eyes shot open looking directly across the room at Lester. At some point, he had taken off his boxers. He was now leaning back in the chair stroking his big cock. He caught her staring at it for a second too long and a shit-eating grin spread across his face.

Dan didn't like the way that Lester spoke to Sarah. In the course of living together, he barely spoke to him. Now, this guy, this older stranger was staring openly at his young wife during an intimate moment and he had to talk to her like that.

But he was conflicted. Having her on display like this, and him speaking to her in such a manner was such an unpredictable thing out of his control. He couldn't help but feel turned on by it. It was just so crass and forward, two traits he knew Sarah disliked.

The fact that she disliked that behavior somehow made it even more enthralling for him.

He saw Sarah's eyes momentarily open and then close. She had been looking in Lester's direction. Dan spared a glance Lester's way and made a face of disgust. His roommate was naked, except for his tube socks and was stroking his cock. Lester's eyes were firmly planted on Sarah, but when he noticed Dan looking his way they made eye contact.

Lester had that shit-eating grin on his face and raised an eyebrow. Dan didn't know how to interpret that or what it meant.

He shifted his gaze back to Sarah who still had her eyes closed.

Dan began to involuntarily pick up his pace. The situation was becoming too much for his brain to process.

Still, something was missing. He liked the way Sarah acted last time, and how she confidently held her ground against Lester and the situation. He wanted more of that, to hear more of what she would say.

"Open your eyes, Sarah." Dan said in a low voice. He wasn't sure if Lester could hear him, he didn't really care.

She slowly opened them and looked at her husband. He could see what she was trying to conceal. Lust, shame, arousal. She was a powder keg of emotions and he held the match.

"God, you are so sexy, baby. I love you." Dan said.

That seemed to reassure her a little bit. Dan couldn't exactly tell but she seemed to relax a little bit. She continued to hold his gaze, one of her hands reached out to hold onto his forearm as he thrust into her.

Dan mouthed "Look at him."

Sarah stared at him for a moment before turning her head with her eyes focusing on his roommate.

Lester seemed to take the hint. "See anything you like?"

Sarah knew what he meant. Her eyes flicked down to look at his cock. It wasn't so much about the size, but the fact that it was there, hard and erect because of her. Knowing that it was her and her body that was causing that reaction made her face flush. Part of her wanted to make sure that she could make it cum, just as she had last time.

Her eyes flicked up to look at the body that the cock was attached to. Nothing about it was attractive. On a normal day, she wouldn't even give it a second glance. But that was part of the reason she found this entire situation so intoxicating.

Lester slowed his stroking, almost holding his dick at full attention for Sarah to appreciate.

"I have everything I need over here." Sarah fired back.

Just the fact that Sarah was talking to Lester while she was having sex was making Dan get harder.

"Hmmm, I'm sure you do...," Lester said contemplatively. "But just tell me one thing honestly, while your eyes were closed - did you think about my cock? Even just once?"

Sarah's face seemed to grow a shade redder and it wasn't just from Dan's actions. She was tired of Lester's games and decided to go on offense.

"What about you, Lester? Do you see anything over here you like?" she said seductively. Her face quickly morphed from being embarrassed to becoming very seductive. Her bedroom eyes, which were normally reserved for Dan, were now fixed on Lester.

God, she said his name again. Dan tried to recompose himself as he listened to their back and forth.

Sarah pulled her arms together, pushing her breasts against one another. "Anything over here catching your eye?"

Lester sat silent for a few seconds and then resumed stroking his cock. "I want everything I see."

"Mmmm" Sarah moaned slightly. "That's too bad, everything over here is just for Dan."

She slowly licked her lips without breaking eye contact with Lester. "You get to watch while my husband fucks me, but all of this is just for him."

"Oh," Dan was now powerl thrusting into her, his fingers digging into her hips. His thrusts were coming quicker.

We'll see about that. Lester rose from his chair, his left hand helping to brace himself. His right hand never left his cock. He continued to stroke it as he stood there watching the couple.

No one spoke.

Sarah watched as Lester took a step closer until he was standing just on the other side of the table.

"I don't believe either of you," Lester said. He was slowly stroking his cock, almost emphasizing every word with a stroke.

This is where Lester would finally cash in his patience and show his hand. "You came into my room begging me to come and watch you and your husband fuck."

Lester took another step closer, this time around the table. "As much as you don't want to admit it to me right now, I know you've both been thinking about what happened last time. Thinking about me stroking my big cock to you."

He took another step until he was on their side of the table. "I know you both love the idea of me watching you, of me stroking my cock and cumming all over you like last time. This isn't just for you, it's for me too."

Dan had begun slowing his thrusts watching the situation play out. Lester was now right next to them, just like he was the time before. This time he was towering over Sarah, his meaty cock pointing right at her. "Just stay in your lane, Lester, and we can all enjoy this."

Lester looked at him and nodded.

"If I remember right," Lester breathed huskily. "You both seemed to like it the last time I did this."

Lester slowly reached toward Sarah's shoulder. He did it slowly enough that either one of them could have stopped him.

Sarah watched as Lester extended a finger and hooked it around her black bra strap and slowly dragged it down to her bicep. She inhaled sharply.

She knew how dangerous the situation was becoming. It was startling how much having another cock so close to her was turning her on. This wasn't like her. She teased Dan and played into this fantasy, but it was all happening so fast now.

Lester stood back up and continued stroking his cock over Sarah. His gaze was fixed on her face. She was staring straight ahead at his knees.

Dan groaned. "No more touching Lester, I mean it."

Without looking at him, Lester held two fingers on his left hand up. "Scout's honor."

"How's the view from down there, Sarah?" Lester asked.

"It could be better." Sarah said flatly.

"Really?" Lester asked. He reached back and pulled the coffee table closer to the couch and sat down on it. His cock was now directly in front of Sarah, and she watched as he continued to stroke it. "Better?"

Sarah stayed silent.

She didn't close her eyes. She didn't want to bend to his challenge. As a result, her eyes were fixated on the stroking motion of Lester's hand as he pumped his cock in front of her. She watched in fascination as his hand went up and down his length. *What would that feel like in my hand?*

Dan was beginning to unravel at the situation in front of him. His pace picked up and he began thrusting desperately into his wife. Sarah almost cursed him, his cock was rapidly hitting the perfect spot over and over.

"Ooh" she moaned as she felt an orgasm building inside of her. She turned her head away from Lester and focused on the love of her life, Dan. She looked up at him and saw the lust on his face. She saw how strongly this situation was affecting him.

That look on his face always sent her over the edge. She felt his cock continue to pound against the sensitive bundle of nerves in her pussy. Her muscles contracted and she gripped his cock hard as her orgasm began to rise up inside of her. Her right hand grabbed onto his forearm hard and her left hand dug into the couch.

Just as her orgasm was beginning to start, she felt an unfamiliar hand on her wrist. She broke eye contact with Dan. They both shifted their gaze to Lester, who pulled Sarah's hand to his cock.

He just broke Dan's no touching rule, seconds after he agreed to it.

Sarah's orgasm continued to build as Lester wrapped her fingers around his thick shaft and began to stroke himself with her soft hand.

He picked the perfect moment to make his move.Sarah's orgasm exploded as she came.

She felt a blanket of sparks wash over her whole body, radiating out from her sex while simultaneously covering every inch of her. She

curled her toes and tightened her grip on Dan's arm and Lester's cock "Ah Fuck! Fuuuck!"

The orgasm continued to wash over her, overloading all of her senses and thoughts. As she began to come down from her orgasmic bliss, she slowly got her bearing on her surroundings. She opened her eyes and looked back up at Dan whose jaw was hanging open as he breathed rapidly.

She followed Dan's gaze and then came to a stark realization. Her hand was still wrapped around Lester's cock. She had been stroking it freely while Lester sat back with his arms on the coffee table.

She looked back at Dan who seemed to have woken from his trance. She didn't know how he would react. They had talked about and played with the idea of touching, but this was real. She was stroking another man's cock outside of her marriage.

Dan looked at her lustfully and began to frantically thrust into her. She subconsciously began to stroke Lester's cock to match the pace of her husband's thrusts.

"Ohh yeah," Lester growled. "That feels good baby, don't stop."

Sarah continued to look at the hungry expression on Dan's face. The orgasm that she just came down from was quickly building back up. The hard cock in her hand and the taboo nature of this illicit scenario was driving her crazy.

Dan began to push harder into Sarah, over and over until he let out a loud moan "Oh fuck, Sarah!"

Dan came and his cock exploded within her. She felt his cum wash over her insides, dancing across all of her sensitive spots. Unfortunately, he stopped thrusting just as her orgasm was building. His spasming cock inside of her helped keep the momentum going, but it wasn't enough to get her across the finish line.

Dan leaned over into the back of the couch as he caught his breath, his hands still firmly holding Sarah's hips.

Sarah's stroking of Lester's cock had slowed but she still gripped it softly.

Lester saw that the situation was quickly evaporating in front of him. It was time to gamble.

He grabbed a hold of Sarah's hand and tightened his grip, ensuring she didn't let go of his cock.

She looked at him bewildered.

"Dan," Lester said in a low voice. "I haven't finished yet. Tell Sarah it's okay to finish me off."

As Lester said this, Dan slowly withdrew from Sarah. His softening cock immediately felt a jolt of energy at Lester's words.

Holding Sarah's hand tightly, Lester began to guide it up and down his shaft.

Sarah looked from Lester's cock to Dan's face trying to read the situation. She saw that hungry look reappear in Dan's eyes. He gave her a slight, almost imperceptible nod.

This was the point of no return that would change things forever. Sarah knew the sight of her doing this would be seared into her husband's mind forever. She wanted to regain some of the control back from Lester. She would give them both a show and make sure her husband never forgot this.

"Let go of my hand." Sarah began to sit up. Lester released her from his grip and her delicate hands left his cock.

She looked over at her husband one last time and gave him a wink. Then she moved off the couch and sank to her knees on the floor between Lester's legs. The feeling of her husband's semen dripping from her vagina as she knelt before his naked roommate gave her a heady rush of arousal at the naughtiness of the situation.

Her manicured nails came to rest on his knees and slowly scratched their way up his hairy thighs until they reached the base of his cock.

"So you want me to finish you off, Lester?" She spoke in a low seductive voice. She looked up at him with her bright green fuck me eyes.

Lester looked down at her heaving chest, the one bra strap was still wrapped around her arm. The beautiful face he had jerked off to countless times was now less than a foot away from his cock.

"Yeah." He mumbled. "Finish me off."

The fingers of Sarah's hand slowly began to glide up and down Lester's shaft. Teasing him with her touch.

"Just this once, I'm going to stroke your cock until you cum for me." Sarah breathed.

"You're going to sit there on your knees and stroke me right in front of your husband? You're a bad girl." Lester couldn't take his eyes off the pretty housewife.

Sarah looked over her shoulder back at Dan who was now sitting watching the events play out intently. His cock was hard again.

"He's sort of like you in that way, Lester." She paused to look at Dan's hungry eyes. "He likes to watch."

Sarah's fingers closed around Lester's cock as she began to sensually stroke him. The nails on her other hand found his balls

through the forest of pubic hair and began to tease them.

"Are you going to cum for me soon, big boy?" She asked, looking up at him. "Just like you came for me last time?"

"Mmmm." Lester moaned. "If I'm taking too long, maybe you can do something else with that pretty mouth of yours."

Sarah eyed him suspiciously. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean." Lester was starting to breathe hard. "Wrap those lips around my cock."

Sarah smiled and raised an eyebrow at Lester. "Did you already forget what I told you last time? These lips are just for my husband."

"Heh" Lester groaned. "So you have been thinking about our last encounter."

Sarah wanted to get this over with. She knew that if she leaned into the dirty talk, he would come faster and she knew it turned Dan on too.

"What can I say?" She continued to stroke his cock. She broke eye contact with Lester and looked down at his cock. "Certain things seem to keep popping up in my mind."

Looking down at his meaty cock in front of her, Sarah began to wonder. Thoughts involuntarily flooded her mind. *Could I make this thing cum with my mouth? What would it feel like? What would it taste like? How would Dan react? What a rotten man. God, this is so bad.*

Sarah unconsciously bit her lower lip at the thought of getting closer to Lester dick. It was so unorthodox for someone of Sarah's caliber to be kneeling between a misfit like Lester's legs, with his monstrosity of a cock pointing right at her.

She could see the precum begin to glisten from Lester's cockhead.

"I knew you have been thinking about my cock since I walked into the kitchen naked." Lester had that smirking grin on his face. "I saw the way you looked at it then."

Sarah continued to run her hand up and down his shaft, gripping it tightly. Her hand accidentally ran over some of the precum oozing out of his cock, but she didn't bat an eye and continued stroking him. Lester's cum disappeared into her hand as she continued to watch his cock, transfixed by how different it felt from her husband's.

"Oh yeah?" She challenged. "What look was that?"

"Curiosity." Lester fired back. "I think you were wondering what it would taste like if I slid it past those pretty lips of yours right there in the kitchen. Or what it would feel like if I fucked you with it."

That last line took Sarah and Dan aback. That seemed to be a bridge neither was willing to entertain crossing.

Even though Dan had a raging hardon watching the scene play out in front of him, Lester's words still stung. He was about to say something, but Sarah beat him to it.

She had stayed composed and in character. "It's too bad we'll never find that out, big boy. Like I said, this is just for Dan only."

Lester looked disappointed. "Well, how about a little more skin then? Why don't you lower that other bra strap like last time?"

Sarah didn't stop stroking him, but looked over her shoulder at her husband. "What do you say, Dan? Should I lower the other strap?"

"Do it," Dan croaked. He was now slowly touching his cock from the other side of the couch.

Sarah turned back to Lester and let go of his cock. She reached over and slowly slid the other bra strap down her upper arm. "Better?"

"Much better," Lester groaned as Sarah's hand found his hard shaft again. He reached out and began toying with the loose bra strap. "Seeing your bare shoulders is very sexy."

Sarah's eyes were glued to Lester's cock, looking for any indication that he was going to cum soon. She missed what he did next.

"What would make it even better would be...." He quickly leaned forward, his gut thrusting towards Sarah's face. He reached behind her and with one quick motion unclasped her bra. As he sat back down he looped his finger into her bra strap and pulled it down her arm.

The falling bra exposed Sarah's magnificent breasts for the first time to the living room, and as far as either Sarah or Dan knew, the first time to any man outside of their marriage.

Dan sat up watching the events unfold. He couldn't decide if he was sitting up to interject or get a better look.

Lester sat back with that stupid, toothy grin on his face as he watched Sarah's bare chest began to quickly rise and fall as her breathing quickened.

Surprisingly, it didn't outwardly seem to faze Sarah. "You're a bad boy, Lester." She let go of him to pull the bra off and toss it on the floor, completely naked now and on her knees before her husband's roommate. The sexual thrill from the exposure seemed to give her a boost in her boldness.

She made a show of licking her lips and looking at his cock. "A big, big bad boy."

She looked up into his eyes "I bet you'd love to touch these, wouldn't you?"

Her left hand found her breast and she slowly started massaging it while the other hand continued to stroke Lester. "I bet you'd love to pull on these," she teased him as she gently tugged on her nipple. "And then put that big cock of yours right here."

She traced a line up and down the middle of her chest, between each of her supple breasts.

"To fuck... my chest?" Sarah didn't break eye contact with the large man in front of her.

Lester was beginning to thrust up into Sarah's pumping hand. He wasn't talking anymore. She knew she had him. She knew she could take control and satisfy his unfamiliar cock in front of her.

Lester's breathing was growing ragged. He was going to cum soon. He felt the familiar sensation of his balls beginning to tighten. *Just one more thing...*

"Is that what you want Lester?" Sarah said seductively. "To take that big cock of yours and fuck my --"

Lester stuck his index and middle finger into Sarah's mouth before she had a chance to react. She was caught off guard and stopped stroking his cock, but Lester's hand quickly found hers and began to rapidly increase the tempo of her strokes.

Sarah's first reaction was to suck on the fingers like she had done a million times before to her husband. Her tongue instinctively ran under the palm of his fingers as her mouth gently sucked on their tips. She tasted something salty and familiar, but she couldn't place it.

An instant later her mind caught up with her body and she pulled back from his fingers in shock.

The feeling of Sarah's mouth sucking on his fingers was too much. His balls tightened and exploded, sending a stream of cum up his shaft and out of his cock head.

Rope after rope of cum shot out at Sarah. She continued to stroke the mighty,, spasming cock in front of her.

Her naked chest was peppered with Lester's cum. Line after line of cum sprayed across her neck and breasts. Some dripped out and down his shaft until it was interlaced with Sarah's manicured hands, drenching her wedding band.

"Fuuuck." Lester fell back as one last powerful stream of cum erupted from his cock and hit Sarah square in the chin and bottom lip.

He sat back on the table gasping for air.

Sarah held her hand out in front of her and slowly looked down at her bare chest covered in Lester's cum. It confused her that her first reaction to the situation was pride. She had once again conquered his cock and was again covered in the proof of her conquest. It took her a moment to come down from the rush and appraise the situation with a look between Lester and her husband.

Without thinking, she stuck her tongue out and tasted Lester's salty cum on her lips. The moment her taste buds registered that she had another man's cum in her mouth, a mortified expression spread across her face. She had not meant to do that. *What the fuck, Sarah?*

She quickly grabbed her bra off the floor and jogged down the hallway to the bathroom, her breasts bouncing as cum continued to slide down her naked body.

Lester watched her perfect ass jiggle as she went. Without looking at Dan, he got up and walked back down the same hallway and entered his room.

On his monitor, Lester watched with a wicked smile as Sarah stood naked in front of the bathroom mirror for several minutes, meeting her own eyes for a second or two and then taking in her practically pornographic state of being covered in cum.

She seemed to come back to herself with a start as she jolted upright and shook her head with a slightly guilty look on her face before quickly cleaning herself up. Dan had already tidied up the living room and made his way back to their bedroom to wait on her.

Sarah had stared at herself in the mirror for a few minutes before eventually opening the bathroom door and peeking out into the hallway before tip-toeing to their room.

The couple had a hushed conversation while laying in bed that Lester's new cameras couldn't pick up.

It was clear from the motion of the bodies under the sheets that Dan and Sarah had eventually fucked again quietly before falling asleep.

Lester switched off the live video and clicked into his recordings folder. He pulled up the latest file and a video player popped up. On the screen was Lester's cock spurting out cum all over the pretty housewife.

He chuckled as he opened the locked drawer at the base of his desk and retrieved a hard drive labeled 'Sarah Williams'.

He plugged the hard drive into his computer and began to transfer the file.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 05

Taking time to just sit and relax was something that Sarah tried to schedule for herself as often as possible. Having completed all the chores and errands the previous day, Sarah now had the luxury to enjoy a quiet afternoon by herself and read the latest thriller novel that had been assigned in her book club.

Her parents had picked up her daughters for the afternoon, giving Sarah a rare, child-free home for once.

I wish Dan was here.

It had been a few weeks since she had last spent the night with Dan in Chicago. They talked almost everyday, but things still weren't the same without him around. He was also distracted with work, and she could tell his mind was always elsewhere during their conversations.

She had her own career to focus on as well, along with the added pressures of running their household and ensuring each dollar spent didn't further deplete their stagnant savings account. The only times she really felt truly connected to her husband was when she had him alone, either at the house or in his apartment.

Those were the only times she was able to truly take her foot off the gas and let go of some of the tight control she kept on her life.

Then again, things can sometimes get a little out of control...

Her mind drifted back to her last night in Chicago as she relived not only the passionate love making from Dan, but also the combustible new element in their sex life: Lester.

She truly did not find herself attracted to her husband's roommate at all. Nevertheless, his mere presence seemed to add fuel to the fire of Dan's fantasies.

Dan had always held some dark fantasies about her involvement with another man, but until recently they had been just that: fantasies. Sure, she had also enjoyed teasing her husband and playing along. Part of her even reveled in the thought of being truly wild and fulfilling her husband's deepest desire.

She still couldn't believe that she had actually touched another man's cock and had even been alone with him in his bedroom.

Sarah sighed and closed her book. She hadn't comprehended a single word she had read for the last ten minutes. Her mind was constantly drifting back to Dan and his roommate.

What would happen the next time she went to Chicago, and how far were she or Dan willing to take things? The thought of teasing Dan and surprising him by bringing more of his fantasy to life turned her on.

Maybe it wasn't just his fantasy anymore. She absolutely loved the look that appeared on his face when she acted so out of character. Maybe next time she visited she'd see how far Dan was willing to push things.

And then there was Lester. Weird, lewd Lester. He clearly was not the same person they had originally met when touring the apartment. It was also obvious what his intentions were.

Sarah would have never given him a second glance if not for Dan's fantasy, but she had to admit that she found the idea of lowering herself to touch someone below her gave her a certain thrill that she didn't quite understand.

Sarah shook her head to try and clear away the distracting thoughts as she reached for her book again.

The familiar chime of her cell phone rang, and she grabbed it instead. A smile spread across her lips as she saw that it was Dan.

She sank back into the couch with a smile and answered the phone.

"Hello there, dear," Sarah beamed. "I was just thinking about you."

"Oh yeah? Hopefully, they were some R-rated thoughts." Dan replied with a smirk.

"I'll never tell." Sarah extended her legs out onto the couch in a long stretch. "How much do you miss me?"

"Baby, I miss you every second of the day. I can't wait until I see you again." Dan wasn't just saying that; she could feel the longing and loneliness in his voice.

I'll have to go and see him soon.

Sarah's smile slowly faded from her face as she was reminded of their situation.

"I miss you too, baby. Do you think you'll be able to come home soon?"

She heard Dan sigh on the other side of the phone.

"No, probably not. Walt's worried about our new client. They are super demanding and keep changing their minds on things. He even mentioned I might have to fly out there and get them to sign a new agreement."

Sarah frowned. The idea of her husband going even farther away upset her. It felt odd for him to be going on a plane without her and the girls, almost like he was going on vacation without them. It wasn't logical, so she pushed the thoughts aside.

"Well, you can worry about work tomorrow," she said firmly, trying to change the subject to something lighter. "Today's still Sunday, though. What are you up to at the moment?"

"Ha. Well, you actually wouldn't believe what I'm doing right now," Dan said. "It's really out of the blue."

"What is it? Now I'm curious." She raised an eyebrow, intrigued. Maybe he was looking at the pictures she had left for him when he first moved into the apartment.

Dan cleared his throat. "Our mutual friend asked me to take him to a doctor's appointment today."

"Lester?" Sarah whispered.

"Yep." Dan sounded like he was on the verge of revealing a big secret. "Guess what kind of appointment?"

"What kind?" Sarah asked.

"Vasectomy." Dan replied.

"What?! No, really?" Sarah gasped.

Why the heck would Lester need to get a vasectomy. It just seemed so random.

"Yeah, for real," he assured her. "I'm sitting here in the parking lot waiting for him to come out."

"So he just got up this morning and said "Hey, Dan, I know we don't really talk, but can you take me to get a vasectomy?"" Sarah wondered out loud.

"Not in so many words." Dan said. "He asked if I could drive him to an appointment. He was all weird about it and didn't tell me what it was for. When we got here he went inside and said he'd be out in an hour. I googled the place and that's what they do: vasectomies."

"That's so weird." Sarah said as she pondered the story. "So random, too."

"I know, that's why I had to call you. I needed to tell someone and you are the only other person who knows Lester..." Dan trailed off.

Sarah caught a hint of words left unsaid in his voice. It was obvious what had suddenly popped into his mind.

She had been increasingly frustrated by their separation, and her longing to be with her husband was becoming overwhelming. Smiling to herself, she decided it was time to be a bit playful.

"Oh, am I now?" she teased in an innocent voice. "You know, I guess I do know Lester pretty well..."

She paused, waiting to see if Dan would respond. He didn't. She did, however, begin to hear him breathing heavier now.

Even though Dan wasn't with her in person, she couldn't help but run her hand along the neckline of her sweatshirt.

"I guess you could even say that Lester knows me pretty well, too. I mean, he has seen me naked after all," she said in a husky voice.

"Do you remember that, Dan? The last time I was there with you? When Lester snapped off my bra and your wife was naked and kneeling before him?"

"Yes," came the barely audible reply from Dan. He was probably overwhelmed.

"Did it disappoint you?" Sarah asked innocently.

"Did what disappoint me?" Dan asked back breathlessly.

"When I was kneeling there in front of your roommate, did it disappoint you that I stroked his cock until he came on me?" she purred.

Seconds felt like hours. Dan didn't respond at first. After a shuddering breath, he finally began to try and reassure her.

"No, no, not at all. It was hot. Too hot, it--"

Sarah leaned forward with a wicked look on her face, interrupting him.

"No, Dan, I meant did it disappoint you that I stopped where I did? That I just stroked him until he came? Are you disappointed I didn't put his cock in my mouth?"

She sat there with a playful grin on her face, knowing the inner turmoil that she was causing to her husband.

She heard him groan through the receiver. "You are so bad. You're too much sometimes."

"Mhmmmm, I bet Lester would disagree," she responded mercilessly.

"Ok, Ok, that's too much. Jesus christ, Sarah, you know just how to fucking turn me on, but I'm going to get caught sitting here in the parking lot with a hard on like some pervert." Dan laughed, warming Sarah's heart as she had forgotten how long it had been since she heard that.

"Well, maybe we can pick this conversation up again next time I'm in Chicago," she said seriously, all playfulness and teasing gone from her voice.

After a brief pause, Dan finally responded to her bold statement.

"Is that...Is that really something you would consider, though? Something you would actually do?" he asked, matching her seriousness.

That wasn't just banter anymore. It was a real, honest question.

Without hesitation, Sarah answered her husband.

"Dan, I would do anything for you."

Greasy streaks were left on the screen as Lester thumbed his phone.

He was reading through the latest raid reports from the previous night on Discord. Ned had provided a long wall of text analyzing what the group could have done better.After a brief scan, he switched to his private server where he had cultivated a small following of like-minded individuals. A few clients had asked for rare photos or videos, which he was happy to oblige for the right price.

He frowned at a couple of requests, though. Someone was requesting videos that Lester had recently boasted about, but those were from his private collection which he didn't care to share.

As he began typing a response, a shadow fell over him.

He looked up to see the curvaceous receptionist standing a few feet away looking at him questioningly.

"Can I help you?" she asked with a small, polite smile.

Lester slowly looked her up and down, taking in her ample curves.

"No, I'm just waiting for a friend," he said dismissively.

Confused and a little disturbed by his lingering gaze, the receptionist turned and walked back towards her desk. Lester's eyes watched her ass as she went.

She'd be great on camera...

As she disappeared behind the desk, Lester finally pulled his eyes away from her and looked out the large, bay windows down toward the parking lot where Dan sat in the car, pointlessly waiting for him.

He sneered as he imagined the asshole thinking himself clever for "discovering" what Lester was having done at the office.

All part of the plan.

"Oh, I see you got the good stuff!" Sarah exclaimed as Dan brought her favorite bottle of red wine to the couch.

It had been a few weeks since Dan had sat in the parking lot waiting for Lester. Still, he couldn't get the conversation he'd had with Sarah out of his head. The idea of her doing more with Lester seemed to be creeping into his thoughts with startling frequency.

He blamed a lot of it on the physical distance between him and his wife and how horny he was becoming without Sarah around to satisfy his needs. Sure, he would take care of himself, but nothing replaced Sarah's touch or seeing her turn into the sexy vixen she did during their lovemaking.

And now he finally had her back in the apartment. Even though he was calmly pouring his wife a glass of wine, his heart was thumping with anticipation.

"Thanks, honey." Sarah took the wine from her husband and brought it to her lips. Dan sat back next to her and took a sip of his beer.

"So, what do you have planned for me this weekend?" Sarah asked. "Should we get out and see the town, or spend some quality time here?"

"Why not do a bit of both?" Dan suggested. "I'm sure we can find somewhere in the city to eat, but then again, I'm sure we can find plenty to do around here."

"Oh?" Sarah feigned innocence. "What exactly did you have in mind?"

"Well, for starters, you have thirty minutes max to enjoy that wine before I take you to the bedroom and rip off your clothes."

Sarah almost choked on her drink but recovered quickly. "I like the sound of that, but you're not even going to serve me dinner first? You used to be a gentleman. Chicago has obviously changed you, mister."

Dan leaned in playfully. "I just know what I want, and I've been wanting you for weeks. And we should take advantage of the time we have now, because you-know-who isn't here."

"He isn't?" Sarah leaned in, making sure Dan would have a great view of her cleavage. "Well, that is reason enough to celebrate. I've been craving you, too..."

Her fingers began to crawl up Dan's thighs. "But won't you be disappointed that your roommate won't watch us? Shouldn't we wait for him?"

Dan could feel his cock growing in his pants. Sarah's delicate fingers were just inches away from discovering it. He wanted to take her right there on the couch, but he also wanted to draw this out and hear her tease him with his fantasy.

"I don't know. If he isn't here, it's his loss," he said before giving her a small, wicked smile. "Besides, if he were in my shoes, do you think he'd wait?"

Sarah leaned back and took another long sip of her wine. "If he was here and I was like this with him, he probably would have cum already."

"Jesus," Dan said breathlessly. "Don't even tease me like that."

"What?" Sarah asked seductively. "You don't think I could make it happen that fast? Make someone...make Lester cum so quickly?" She licked her lips while staring into Dan's eyes.

Dan gulped as Sarah closed the distance between them. Her hand found his erection and she whispered in his ear, "You don't think that I could make that cock cum with my mouth?"

She pulled back and stared into his eyes. "I guess I'll just have to prove it to you."

Sarah abruptly sat back, removing her hand from Dan's crotch. She grabbed her wine and, stifling a smile, took another drink.

Dan looked at her, flabbergasted. How, after all this time, did she still manage to surprise him and turn him on as much as she did? He put his beer down on the table and stood up.

"Fuck that, let's go to the bedroom now," he said in a tone that brooked no arguement.

Sarah blushed at his enthusiasm and got ready to follow her husband.

They both froze when they heard the sound of keys engaging the front door's lock.

The incandescent glow from the hallway lights flooded into the living room, casting a stocky silhouette onto Sarah and Dan.

Lester's short frame entered the apartment. He was clearly wearing new clothes to look nicer, but they didn't fit properly. The pants and shirt looked to be a size too big, and they hung awkwardly onto his chunky body.

It was what followed Lester into the apartment, however, that made Sarah and Dan's jaws drop.

A beautiful, young woman a few years younger than Sarah trailed behind Lester. She had shoulder-length red hair and walked with the confidence and poise of someone a few years older. Her lithe form was wrapped in a tight red dress that looked like it was painted on.

Dan blamed his heightened state of arousal for the fact that he immediately noticed the young woman's impressive bust size. He quickly composed himself before Sarah had to pick his jaw up off the floor after she had picked up her own.

"Hi, I'm Lizzie," the red headed beauty greeted them with a warm smile.

Dan was still too shell-shocked to comprehend what was happening. Sarah glanced at Dan out of the corner of her eye before turning back to their new guest. "Hi, Lizzie. I'm Sarah and this is my husband, Dan."

Lester locked the front door and gently grabbed Lizzie by her elbow, leading her towards the hallway. "Well, it was nice to meet you," she said as she was pulled along behind him.

With that, the odd couple disappeared down the hallway, closing Lester's door behind them.

Dan looked down the hallway and then back to his wife. "What the hell was that?"

Lester plodded into his room and stood there, surveying the scene before he heard the door click closed behind him. The idea of letting Lizzie walk in first hadn't occurred to him. He was too focused on tonight's outcome and moving on to the next phase of his plan.

He had purposely been limiting his interactions with the couple in order to frame himself in a singular light. Now, he wouldn't be seen as a passive loser confined to his video games. They would come to see him only in a sexual context, subliminally framing him in that light.

His ultimate outcome was for Sarah's panties to grow wet at the mere mention of his name.

Tonight was a crucial piece of the puzzle. Everything had to go according to plan. Lizzie had to play her part to perfection.

Lizzie...

Lester turned on his heel to appraise his former roommate. She had managed to escape his grasp, or so she thought. Yet here she was, back in this room that held so many memories for them both.

He quickly fell back into his old dynamic with her. He stared at her, making her uncomfortable until she was the first one to speak, surrendering her power to him. He scanned her up and down, nodding his head.

Despite it being a few years since they'd seen each other, or at least since she'd seen him, Lizzie hadn't changed much. Her fiery red hair framed her confident and poised face. He was especially happy she had worn the red dress as requested as he knew how it looked on her. How it amplified her impressive bust and hugged at her hips.

No doubt both Dan and Sarah would have noticed all of this and would have many questions running through their minds.

All will be revealed shortly, or at least what I want you to believe.

Lizzie shifted her weight uncomfortably, a chink showing in her otherwise seamless armour. She clearly didn't like being back here.

"This room actually doesn't look as bad as it did before," she said stiffly before waiting for Lester to reply.

I guess I should at least be civil to help keep her in line.

Lester sighed and looked around exaggeratedly. "I've upgraded a few things."

"It's clean," Lizzie observed as she took one tentative step into the room while still keeping her distance from him.

"It is," he stared at her flatly. "I have a maid service now."

Lizzie crossed her arms, finally sensing an opening. "Really?"

"Yes. Really," Lester said in a monotone voice as he met her gaze.

He saw the fire behind her eyes that matched the color of her hair, the anger that wanted to lash out at him. After so long, she would no doubt have thought she had moved past the things that haunted her, only to discover that she hadn't.

His lair had that effect.

"So, what exactly caused you to decide to get a maid service? It was never a problem before when --" Lizzie had started to raise her voice before Lester cut her off.

"Let's focus on why you are here." He opened a cupboard in his desk and extracted a hard drive with the label 'Lizzie.' The sight of it quelled Lizzie's growing rebellion.

Lester had planted the hard drive there earlier. There was no point in giving Lizzie any advantageous information. He didn't want her to know where he really kept the hard drive or where the key to the drawer was, much less how many others he had stored away.

"You know what's on here," Lester stated flatly. He let his words hang in the air.

When it was clear he was waiting for a response, Lizzie replied meekly, "Yes."

"Tell me," Lester said.

The fire rose up in the redhead's voice once again.

"I'm not here to play this game with you, Lester! Let's just get this over with," she demanded.

Lester took a step towards her. It made her uncomfortable, but she didn't move. She didn't waver in front of his forwardness.

Careful Lizzie, I may just have to break you again.

"Tell me," Lester whispered. Sometimes women were more forthcoming when they felt like they were telling a secret.

Lizzie averted her eyes and stared at the new king bed. "Me."

A smile spread across Lester's face. "And?"

Lizzie shifted her gaze back to him, clearly doing her best to hold back her rage. "You."

Lester triumphantly took a step back, turned and placed the hard drive onto his desk. He prodded it with one finger. "How's Isaac?"

"What?" Lizzie asked, astonished.

"How's Isaac --"

This time Lizzie cut him off. "Don't! Don't talk about him, okay?"

"Fine," Lester conceded. "But where does he think you are tonight? I can't imagine you told him the truth."

He turned back to look at her. She still had her arms crossed and was staring daggers at him.

"Don't worry about it," she replied. "Let's just get done what we have to do so I can take that hard drive back."

Lester smirked. She had clearly learned not to divulge too much information to him. She had learned that lesson the hard way, after all.

He walked over to the small mini fridge under his desk and opened it. "Want a soda?"

Lizzie eyes him suspiciously. "I'm not an idiot. I won't drink anything you hand me."

Sounds from the other side of the wall distracted Lester. He heard hushed voices and the unmistakable sound of the door shutting. Dan and Sarah were retiring for the night. It had been several weeks since they had seen each other. No doubt they would be having sex soon.

He quickly crossed back over to Lizzie. His speed caught her by surprise and she backed up against the wall. Lester continued moving forward until his gut was pressing against her taut stomach.

Her nervousness was apparent by her increased breathing. Her calm and cool exterior was crumbling at his proximity.

"Tell me." He raised a hand and clutched a lock of her hair. "What the plan is for tonight."

She took a second to compose herself before slapping away his hand.

"The plan," she said in a harsh whisper, "is for you to stay the hell away from me while I work."

Lester smirked and backed away from her, raising his hands in surrender.

Muffled sounds of sheets moving and weight shifting came from beyond the wall. It looked like the night was proceeding right on schedule.

He gestured to the bed. Lizzie raised an eyebrow at him and didn't move. He smiled and moved to his closet. There, he retrieved a foam fold out mattress that he laid out on the floor. He took a blanket out of the closet and one of the bed's pillows and set them up on the small mattress.

He gestured again to the bed as he struggled to get down onto the floor.

The sounds of quiet moans began emanating through the wall from Dan and Sarah.

Lizzie gave him one final glare before crossing to the bed and lying down on it. Then, she started her performance.

Sarah was finally back where she belonged: in Dan's warm embrace.

After the odd couple of Lester and Lizzie left the common space, Dan was eager to pick back up where things had left off. They didn't

want to chance being interrupted on the couch; the night had been weird enough as it was. Instead, they snuck back to the bedroom to quietly make love like teenagers under their parents' roof.

Her legs were wrapped around Dan's waist as he slowly thrust into her. He gently pinned her wrists to the bed and kissed the inside of her neck. His tongue was driving her crazy. A quiet moan escaped her lips.

Dan drew back and looked at her. They had said they'd be quiet, but she couldn't help it. He gave her three quick thrusts, eliciting another small moan that escaped her lips.

He wouldn't deny that he had done that on purpose to get a response out of her.

She tightened her grip with her thighs, trying to pull more of her husband into her. God, he felt good. Now he was picking up his pace, seeing how far he could push her, and how long she could stay quiet.

"Oh, Dan," she moaned, a little louder than a whisper. He smiled at his ability to have this effect on her, even if he was playing with fire by making her moan loudly when they weren't really alone.

"Fuck me," she whispered in a sultry voice.

As Dan was about to respond, they both grew still at a new sound. Moaning was coming from the other side of the wall.

They both shared a look with one another. In all the time Dan had lived in a shared space with Lester, he had never once seen him bring anyone else into the apartment. They didn't understand who Lizzie was or what she was doing here.

Initially, Sarah suspected she might be a prostitute when they had both walked in the door earlier, but she didn't really have that look

about her. Besides, if Lester was desperate for some kind of satisfaction, he would have known Sarah was coming to town this weekend. Wouldn't he have tried to press his luck again like last time?

"Oooooh." They heard a female voice moan through the wall. "Ahhhh, fuuck!"

Accompanying the moans was the rhythmic sound of something hitting one of the walls over and over again. It didn't take long for Sarah to realize it must have been the bed's headboard. This was what listening to Lester having sex sounded like.

Dan stirred and began to thrust into her again. Something had changed, though. Instead of the quiet fucking from a few minutes ago, he was now pushing into her with a determined look on his face, almost like he was rising to meet some kind of challenge.

"Oh," A soft moan escaped Sarah's lips. "Mmmm, fuck!"

Dan's renewed speed quickly brought her close to the brink of her first orgasm. "God, Dan, don't stop!"

He didn't.

Like a man possessed, he continued to pound into her. He let go of her wrists to give himself more leverage on the bed. Her hands found his back and she pulled him into her.

"OOOOOHHHH!" A scream reverberated through the wall. "LESTER!"

The unmistakable sound of someone cumming reached their ears. Lester had actually managed to get Lizzie off before Dan had gotten her off. Who knows what they had been doing beforehand, though.

Dan continued to thrust into her. His thrusts now seemed off tempo against the continued rhythmic banging coming from the other side

of the wall.

"Oh fuck, don't stop, Lester. Don't stop!" Sarah could hear Lizzie's desperate pleading loud and clear. Her mind was subconsciously painting a picture of what that scene must look like. What position was Lizzie in to get that kind of reaction?

Sarah could feel herself about to cum. "God, Dan! Oh, fuck!"

She came hard and gripped his cock with everything she had. Dan somehow pushed through it and continued to thrust into her. Sarah could feel that stimulation inside of her. She was quickly building towards another orgasm.

"Oh, fuck me!" she heard through the walls. "Fuck me!"

And then Dan came. His cum shot into her over and over as she felt him pulse inside her. Sarah lay there and held onto him. She pushed her hips up, desperate for more of him, desperate to cum again. Dan didn't move, though as she tried to fuck him back.

She only now realized he was panting. He collapsed down onto her, slowly withdrawing himself from her and rolling over onto his side.

Sarah looked into Dan's eyes and gave him a smile, content at what she had received tonight, but wishing for just a bit more. Dan's hand found her cheek. "I love you, Sarah."

"I love you too, Dan."

Their tender embrace was broken by the continued sounds coming from the other room.

"Ahh! Oooh," they heard a feminine voice moan, accompanied by the sounds of thuds, this time even harder against their shared wall. "FUUUCK!"

Sarah and Dan just looked at each other, unsure how to react to what was happening in the next room. After several more minutes of listening to a woman in the throes of pleasure, they heard one final loud, long moan and then silence.

They both drifted off to sleep shortly after the noise had ceased and silence had returned to the apartment.

Lizzie sat up on the bed with her arms crossed, looking defiantly at Lester. He had moved to his computer chair during her "performance" and had been silently providing her instructions like some kind of conductor.

Even though she had only faked that performance, she was still breathing hard afterwards. She hated the fact that she was now helping Lester manipulate someone else, but she had to look out for her own interests.

She also didn't like the way Lester was looking at her right now, as she could tell her face was flushed.

"Time for bed," she whispered tersely to him. She grabbed the blanket and lay down, turning away from him. After a few seconds of him probably trying to ogle her ass, she heard his weight shift from the chair and settle across the room on the makeshift bed.

As she held her eyes closed, she couldn't help but think of the performance she had just given and the sounds she'd made. Hearing herself moan his name again had given her chills. She had thought she could come here and do this without it affecting her, but being back in this room and saying those things was stirring up things inside of her that she had thought were long dead and buried.

Lizzie didn't like what was being dredged back up to the surface. She needed to get out of here. She needed to get back to Issac.

The only problem was that she had agreed to stay until morning. That was the condition for Lester to give her the hard drive.

The hard drive!

She peeked her head up to look at Lester's desk where he had left it.

Gone.

Damn! I'll have to stay here all night.

Lester lay silently staring at the ceiling of his room. It was a different perspective than he was used to. His body should be ready to sleep, but his mind was alert, not willing to miss this opportunity.

Based on Lizzie's breathing, she had fallen asleep a couple hours ago. He reached for his phone to check the time. 3:00am.

Perfect.

Lester slowly and quietly threw off his blanket and rolled off the mattress, careful not to crush his throbbing erection. It was time for relief.

Sarah hadn't gone to the bathroom after fucking Dan. Based on their past encounters that he had studied, she either cleaned up right away or drifted off to sleep. When she did fall asleep first, she would usually wake up a few hours later in the middle of the night.

She hadn't stirred yet, so Lester speculated that it was only a matter of time. He wished he could check his computer to see what was going on next door. He'd have to review the footage in the morning. Turning on the screen might wake up Lizzie, and he didn't want her to know more than she had to.

He crept to the bedroom door, being careful to avoid the creaking floorboards. He opened his door slowly, its well greased hinges opening without a sound. He peeked his head out.

Just as he thought, no sign of Sarah yet. He was tempted to try their bedroom door, but he assumed it would be locked.

Time for him to enact the next part of his plan, that he hadn't divulged to Lizzie. The one where he got two birds with one stone.

He turned back to his room, leaving the door open. Moonlight from the window illuminated Lizzie's form beneath the blanket. Part of her white shoulder was exposed to his eyes.

Lester licked his lips and began to cross the room, carefully listening for sounds of Sarah stirring. He pulled one side of his shirt up and then awkwardly grabbed it with the other hand, pulling it off and over his thick frame. He tossed it aside onto the floor without a care.

He stepped up to the foot of the bed. Keeping his gaze on Lizzie, he lowered his pants. His legs were pale and matted with hair, blood was rushing into his erect cock as he bent over.

Now he was naked in the moonlight, staring down at a beauty practically begging to be uncovered. This was a familiar feeling for him.

Lester's eyes flicked up to check Lizzie's face. Still asleep. She had wisely not accepted his drink, but Lester did enjoy his challenges. From his notes, he knew she was somewhat of a heavy sleeper.

He slowly pulled back the blanket. Lizzie's red dress had ridden up her thighs, and she was sleeping on her side, giving him a great view of her legs.

Lester leaned over her, careful not to disturb her with his gut. His hand found the zipper to her dress, and he carefully slid it down to

the bottom. Trying to take her dress off now would be a rookie mistake. That would come later. For now, he was preparing the scene, the way a great artist would lay out their brushes and paints first before even touching the canvas.

The king bed really was a great investment as he now had plenty of room to work with. Lester stealthily set himself down onto the bed and smiled. No creaking. The reinforced bed frame had been another great investment.

Lester's hands didn't caress Lizzie's legs as he longed to, but instead they reached up for the hem of her dress and gently hiked it up until her panty covered sex was exposed.

He expertly hooked his thumbs around the sides of Lizzie's red panties and began to gently tug them down her legs. Once they were off, Lester bunched them up and tucked them between the mattress and the frame of the bed, adding another trophy to his collection.

He gently rolled her hips so she was lying on her back before he slithered up the bed until his head was between her legs. He inhaled slowly through his nose, taking in the familiar and intoxicating scent of her pussy and smiled.

It's been too long.

Hooking one arm around her thigh to keep her in place, he slid his other under her ass, lifting it slightly to give him a better angle. He cocked his head to the side and listened one last time for sounds from the other side of the wall.

Nothing.

Reassured that he had plenty of time to lay the trap for Sarah, he lowered his head and began to run his tongue along Lizzie's bare slit.

Her body squirmed at his touch, but Lester held her still. She didn't wake up.

People made assumptions about Lester when they saw him. Generally, none of those were positive. One assumption people never made about him was that he was skilled in the bedroom. Given his appearance and body type, this would be a logical assumption to make.

However, Lester had dedicated lots of time to perfecting his craft. One of the tools he had honed over the years was being particularly attentive to the female body. Giving a woman the most pleasurable experience of her life made it that much harder to deny him the next time.

Lester's tongue continued to dance up and down Lizzie's slit. He could taste her beginning to become wet, and he smiled when he felt her hips involuntarily push up off the bed towards his face.

His tongue found her clit and began to slowly draw circles around it. He chanced removing his arm from around her thigh and brought one of his fingers towards her opening, slowly inserting the tip into her.

His finger gently traced the inside of Lizzie, matching the circular motion of his tongue. He remembered from one of the instructional videos he had studied long ago how the entrance to a woman's vagina had a ton of sensitivity.

He continued his oral assault as he pushed his finger farther into his former roommate.

"Mmm," Lizzie moaned in her sleep. "Mmmmmmm."

Lester stifled a smile. He knew he had her now. He slipped a second finger inside of her and rotated his palm to face up, beginning to make a 'come here' motion with the two digits. The tips of his

fingers ran over Lizzie's sensitive g-spot as he did this, bringing out an even greater reaction from the sleeping redhead.

Each time his fingers ran against that spot, Lester sucked hard on her clit. Lizzie's hips were bucking up against his face, wanting more.

"Oh," she moaned dreamily. "Mmmmmmmm."

He could tell by the way her pussy was clenching his fingers and the increasingly desperate movement of her hips that her body would come soon.

He increased the tempo of his sucking and his fingers followed the faster pace he was setting. It didn't take long before she finally came.

"Oh, oh," Lizzie's hand found the back of Lester's head and pulled him into her as her hips pushed up against his face. He could feel her nails digging into the back of his scalp.

She'd definitely be waking up soon after that one, so Lester shifted positions, removing his fingers from her vagina and looping both arms around her thighs to hold her in place. He drove his tongue deep inside of her, doubling the intensity of his oral assault.

"Oh, fuck," he heard from her sultry lips. His eyes flicked up to see her magnificent breasts pushing up against her red dress as she arched her back.

His tongue spun around inside of her, alternating between licking the walls of her vagina and driving into it in a penetrative movement. Lizzie's hand stayed on the back of his head while the other had moved to grip the headboard.

Her back slumped to the bed as her orgasm subsided and her eyes opened, looking lazily down at Lester. She blinked a few times as she seemed to be slowly getting her bearings.

Her hips lifted off the bed, trying to roll to the side, but Lester held her tight. She opened her mouth to protest, but Lester stuck his tongue in deep and licked back alongside the roof of her vagina, hitting her g-spot.

Lizzie's head fell back against the pillow while her hand stayed planted on Lester's head. Her hips continued to rise off the bed, no longer trying to get away.

"Lester," she moaned unintentionally as she tried to speak. "You shouldn't, we didn't agree to --"

Lester picked up his tempo, cutting her off.

"Mmmmm," she moaned again. "This is wrong. You fucking tricked me. Mmmmm."

Lester could feel another orgasm building inside of her. She raised her hips yet again, trying to get as much of his tongue into her as possible.

"Oh fuck." she moaned. "Right there, don't stop. Don't stop."

Lester slowed down the pace of his tongue, withdrawing it so it only teased the inside edge of her pussy.

"Fuck, don't stop. Please," Lizzie moaned. "Don't fucking stop."

Lester continued to slow his assault, though, purposely not matching the desperate pleas of her body. She wanted to cum again, her mind was rushing with endorphins, looking for that sweet release.

In one fluid motion, Lester unhooked his arms and crawled up her body. Before Lizzie realized what was happening, he was on top of her. His cock was in one hand, pressing against her sex as her hips were still lifted up, looking for contact from his tongue. His thighs

bent her legs back until they were resting on his hips, her body automatically responding by softly wrapping them around his waist.

He rested on his forearm, his hand going under her neck to grab the hair at the base of her head in a fist. He didn't forget how much she loved that.

She turned her face away and didn't meet his gaze. He continued to rub the head of his cock up and down her entrance, slowly pressing into it without diving all the way in yet. Lizzie's hips continued pushing up, seeking out more contact with him.

Lester tightened his grip on her hair and turned her head to face him.

"Mmmmm," she moaned desperately. Her eyes eventually opened up to look at him.

Lester still saw that fire of defiance behind her eyes, but they were clouded over by something even more powerful: Lust.

He didn't dare smile like he wanted to, as this was the moment of truth. He just stared into her eyes like a hungry animal, matching the intensity of the lust in her gaze. He held his cock steady against her opening, pressing the cock head to her entrance, but not initiating penetration himself.

Then he felt it. Lizzie's legs tightened around his waist, pulling him forward. Her hips lifted off the bed again, this time pushing against his cock instead of his tongue as more of his shaft disappeared inside of her. He didn't break eye contact.

"Oh!" As more of his cock slid into her, she opened her mouth in pleasure.

The fire in her eyes subsided, consumed by pure lust now. He let go of his cock and pushed a little deeper into her. He wanted her to be

the one to bring him all the way inside. Her hands came to rest on his arms, her grip tight.

Her legs pulled at him, trying to get more of his cock. Her hips were continually pushed against him, desperate to cum.

He had her. Checkmate.

Lester sunk down, burying the entire length of his bare cock inside of her. She was lost in bliss. In the past, Lizzie would always insist on condoms, but in her sleepy stupor she must have forgotten.

"Ohhhh, fuck," Lizzie moaned loudly. With the door open, the sounds would be more noticeable than before. "Oh shit. Mmmmm."

Lester pinned one arm down and pulled her head up towards him, his lips mashing into hers. Without thinking, she returned his kiss as his tongue invaded her pretty mouth while his bare cock explored every inch of her behind her lower lips.

"Mhmmmm," she continued to moan into his mouth. Her hand found the back of his head, and she ran her fingers through his thinning hair as she pulled him down onto the bed with her. "Mmmmhmmmmmmm."

Sarah stirred and sat up in bed. She blinked her eyes trying to get her bearings.

Dan's apartment. Right.

Her brain was still fuzzy, caught in that post-dream haze. Her mind was trying to piece together reality as it processed her most recent memories and the events of her dreams. She remembered her passionate night with Dan and realized she had probably fallen asleep right after. The pressure in her bladder confirmed it.

She stood up and made her way towards the door, briefly catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror. For waking up in such a state, she still thought she looked pretty damn good. Her mind registered that she was naked, though, so she quickly grabbed one of Dan's discarded dress shirts on the floor, threw it on and lazily did up a couple of buttons.

The last thing she wanted was to put on a show for Lester without Dan being present for it. As she thought about her husband's weird roommate, her mind clicked and she remembered that Lester had been part of the dream she was having.

The details were still mostly vague, though. As she shuffled out of the room and into the bathroom, she seemed to think the dream had something to do with Dan leaving her alone at the apartment with Lester. There were images in her mind of Lester and his body, but she couldn't make a solid connection of what the dream had been about.

She finished her business in the bathroom, and as she washed her hands, more details of her dream popped into her head. Walls shaking, screams of pleasure, and loud noises seemed to be the focus of what her subconscious mind had created.

Sarah shook her head, trying to discard the memory, but it seemed like she couldn't fully wake herself up. Her mind must be playing tricks on her, as it felt like her dream was creeping into her reality. She was sure she could actually hear the moaning sounds.

Wasn't I the one making those sounds?

She flicked off the light, opened the door and stepped out into the hallway. To her surprise, the sounds were louder out there. She stood in the middle of the hallway for a second getting her bearings, her brain fully waking up from its fog.

Those sounds are real...

Sarah tried to hone in on where the sounds were coming from. Everything looked normal in the living room, so she turned her head and looked in the direction of Lester's room. The door was ajar.

The sounds were definitely emanating from there. She took a step towards his room as her curiosity was getting the better of her.

God, is he watching porn?

Sarah took one step more than she had intended, and was now standing fully in front of the threshold to his bedroom. She squinted her eyes, peering into the dark abyss that was only dimly illuminated by his dim computer monitor.

Lester wasn't in his chair. No porn on his computer, then. She shuddered at the thought of him sitting in that chair, the same place he sat when she had entered his room wearing her black robe the last time she visited.

My black robe, does he still have it --

Her train of thought was interrupted by movement on the bed. Her breath caught in her throat as she realized what she was seeing.

The beautiful redhead girl from earlier was completely naked, bent over the side of the bed. The loud moans were coming from her.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned as her breath was coming in short gasps.

Sarah's eyes grew wide while she watched the woman thrash about on the bed, her head hanging limp as she braced herself on her forearms. She was trying to get leverage to push back onto the dick inside of her, trying to get as much of it into her as possible.

"Oh, fuck! Don't stop," the girl screamed. She collapsed onto her chest, her hands grabbing the sheets as she came. "Fuck me!"

The assault against the woman never stopped. Sarah's eyes briefly locked onto the point where the tanned, fit girl was connected to the cock giving her such pleasure. It was only then that Sarah's brain caught up with her eyes and registered that the younger woman was connected to someone with pale, hairy thighs.

Sarah's eyes inexorably drifted upward. A large stomach sat on top of this woman's perky butt, hands gripping her hips. Her eyes ran across the broad shoulders, the out of shape chest, and the fat on the arms that jiggled relentlessly as his body pounded into this woman.

She saw the unshaven cheeks and neck, partially hiding the double chin and pockmarked face underneath.

It was Lester.

She took a step back as she realized he was watching her. Lester's eyes were trained on Sarah. They held each other's gaze like that for several seconds. Sarah was frozen in the hallway, her body unable to move. She didn't know what to do.

Lester never looked away, but he seemed to pick up his tempo. It was almost as if he was thinking about Sarah in the redhead's place.

The girl was thrashing on the bed, screaming for more. "Oh, fuck. Fuck me, Lester! God!"

Sarah's eyes darted to the girl and the bliss she was clearly experiencing. "Mhmmmmm, oooooohh."

"God, Lester," the girl moaned. "Don't stop. I'm so close!"

Sarah watched as Lester deliberately slowed down his pace despite the cries of desperation that came from the young woman. The redhead tried in vain to push back harder onto Lester's cock to speed him up, but it didn't work.

Lester was the one setting the pace.

Sarah's eyes darted back up to Lester, who still had his gaze transfixed on her. Sarah remembered how little she was wearing and how much of her legs she was showing off.

Lester puckered his lips and blew Sarah a kiss. Without breaking eye contact, he increased his tempo again, much to the delight of the girl on the bed.

That snapped Sarah out of her daze. She crossed her arms in a futile effort to conceal her state of undress before she quickly fled out of Lester's line of sight and back to Dan's bedroom.

She closed and locked the door. Lester must have continued his quickened pace, because Sarah could hear the girl's increasingly loud moans again through the wall like she had earlier.

She made her way back to the bed where Dan was still asleep. She kept his dress shirt on, trying in her mind to make up for her lack of modesty a few seconds ago.

Why am I suddenly concerned about modesty with that creep? He's seen me completely naked while I jacked him off.

She stared up at the ceiling as confusing thoughts swirled through her head, making a quick return to slumber unlikely. Instead, the sounds of Lester pounding into the redheaded girl in the next room kept her awake for the next fifteen minutes until they finished with an explosive, loud climax.

As Sarah darted back into her room, Lester shifted his gaze back to Lizzie who was thrashing underneath him. He faintly heard the sound of Dan's bedroom room closing as Sarah hurried back to bed.

He grinned triumphantly. His plan was working perfectly. Not only would he be invading Sarah's thoughts based on his display tonight, but he also had his bare cock inside Lizzie again. He remembered the last time he saw her and the harsh words and threats she delivered to him.

And now here she was, bent over his bed with her pussy squeezing and milking his cock.

He tightened his grip on her hips. His fingers dug into her flesh, keeping her in place.

He salivated at the magnificent sight before him. He loved that he had broken this fiery head red again.

I wonder how she is going to explain this to her boyfriend.

That thought made him increase his pace. Lizzie moaned in response. He'd make sure she had a night she would never forget and would have trouble explaining away to Issac. She'd be limping home after the fucking he was giving her tonight.

Lester ran his right hand up her back, the pressure causing her body to press into the bed. He found the base of her neck and gripped it tightly, forcing her down as he relentlessly pounded her.

Lizzie reached out, trying to grab onto something for support. Her hands bunched up the bedsheets, but she couldn't find any leverage with just her arms. She raised her legs instead, her knees finding purchase on the edge of the bed frame. Before she could get accustomed to the new position, however, Lester pushed her forward and crawled onto the bed above her.

Her feet now dangled off the bed as he perched on top of her. His cock was still sliding in and out of her from behind as his weight pushed down onto her hips. She could feel his hot breath on her cheek as he leaned down towards her.

Lester's wet tongue began to dance around on the back of her neck. His old notes on Lizzie that he had read earlier mentioned how kisses on the back of her neck turned her on greatly, but that particular reminder wasn't necessary as he hadn't completely forgotten everything from the time they had been together.

He continued licking and kissing the base of her neck, eliciting primal groans from Lizzie.

"Mmmmmmmm," she moaned into the mattress.

Lester kept up his oral assault as he changed positions. His breathing was growing ragged from both his efforts and arousal, but he could tell his prize was close at hand. He shifted his weight onto his forearms that were near Lizzie's head. His left arm was directly in front of her face.

Seemingly on instinct, Lizzie reached out with her tongue and began licking Lester's arm, swirling her tongue around his forearm like she would his cock. Her hand grabbed it and tried to pull it closer.

He could feel her pussy was absolutely soaked for him as it gripped him tightly. Her tongue left his arm as her breathing grew more and more shallow. Lizzie's hips were pushing back against him much faster than before. Lester knew what was coming.

He stopped his oral assault and one of his hands grabbed her hips. He could feel her body growing desperate, pushing back to try and coax out another orgasm.

"Fuck, Lizzie," Lester whispered in her ear, "I'm going to cum."

"You...can't," she grunted out as her hips were still pushing back against him. "You have to pull out now."

A sly smile spread over Lester's face. "Why's that?" He noted with amusement that despite her token protest, the intensity of her

thrusts onto his cock were still increasing.

"You just have to," Lizzie moaned. "Issac and me, we're..."

Lester kept his pace steady as he had her right where he wanted her. He had no intention of letting her impending orgasm slip away until she gave in.

"You can stop me anytime you want," he told her calmly with a smirk that she couldn't see.

"Oh," she moaned with the bedsheets balled up in her fists again. "It's not safe, you have to --"

Her body began to tremble as orgasmic bliss began to wash over her. Lizzie's toes went numb as she clenched them tightly. "Oh, fuck! Lester, don't stop."

Lester's shit-eating grin reappeared as his brow dripped with perspiration. He could feel her body begin to come down from her orgasm, but he knew he had her right where he wanted her.

"I won't," he growled into her ear. He felt her body respond to his voice, and the waning tempo of her thrusts picked back up.

"Oh fuck," she said breathlessly. "Oh, uh."

Lizzie moaned desperately under Lester's weight as her body started to respond to him again before she had even had a chance to recover from the orgasm she had just experienced. He tightly gripped her hip and shoulder, pushing them down as he pushed into the young bombshell harder than he had before.

"I'm going to cum for you, Lizzie," he groaned into her ear.

Her body began to frantically push back into him, desperate for his cum. Whatever her brain might have wanted her to do, her body

wasn't listening.

"I'm going to cum in you, Lizze." His cock pushed deeper into her as his ball began to empty.

"Take it!" he grunted as he exploded inside her.

"Oh, shit!" Lizzie screamed as she pushed back onto Lester's cock with a final thrust. She was frozen in place as she felt his illicit seed flooding into her. Her body was rocked by another orgasm as her vagina clenched down hard on Lester's cock, coaxing more of his cum deeper inside.

She finally collapsed onto the bed, her arms giving out.

Lester held himself in place, ensuring every drop of his cum emptied into his old roommate. When he was satisfied there was nothing left to give her, he pulled himself out and rolled off of her. Lizzie didn't move as he settled into place next to her.

Maybe she was in shock over what had just happened. She had vowed that he would never see her again, let alone touch her. He had probably just broken her self image by making her body betray her like that. He didn't really care either way.

He heard gentle snores coming from the other side of the bed, and a satisfied smile spread across his face. Lester had fucked her so hard that she had actually passed out.

Lester groaned and rolled over the next morning as sunlight filtering in through the slits in the closed blinds of his window managed to shine right onto his face. He scooted himself over to the side of the bed and carefully sat up as his eyes adjusted to the room.

He looked down and saw his feet sticking out from beneath his gut. He couldn't see his cock, but he could feel that it was matted with Lizzie's juices from the night before. He grinned, thinking back to the way she had thrashed under him as he came. More importantly, he remembered the transfixed look on Sarah's face as she had watched them from the doorway.

Lester looked around the room. No Lizzie in sight. He groaned softly as he pulled his thick frame up off the bed and shuffled his way over to his desk, checking to make sure the bottom drawer was still locked.

He retrieved the key from its hiding place, unlocked the drawer and smiled at its contents. The hard drive labeled "Lizzie" was sitting there at the top. He took it out and set it down on the desk.

Lester found his discarded clothes from the previous night and put them on. As he was pulling up his boxers, his door opened and Lizzie slid in. She was taken aback to find him in his state of undress. Her eyes flicked down to his cock before she quickly looked away and composed herself.

"Morning," Lester grunted as he pulled up the waistband of his underwear.

Lizzie ignored him. She was dressed in her red dress from last night, but she had clearly showered. Her hair wasn't wet, but it looked more put together than the state he had left it in the previous night.

She crossed the room without looking at him. It was only then that Lester noticed the leather strap peeking out from under his bed. Lizzie grabbed it and pulled out her purse. She turned around and froze, her eyes locking onto the hard drive on his deck with her name on it.

She moved quickly and grabbed it, spinning around with a look of triumph on her face. "Fuck you, Lester. This is mine. I'm done with

you."

Lester didn't say anything as she moved towards the door. "I'm going to ruin whatever it is you have going on here and tell them what a fucking creep you are."

As she opened the door Lester finally spoke. "Are you sure about that?"

The door only opened a crack, Lizzie holding it in place. Her body stiffened like she had just seen a ghost, and she didn't turn around to face him. Lester closed the distance between them, placing a hand on the door and gently pushing it shut.

He was now standing right next to her, clearly invading her personal space.

"I have the hard drive," she said before turning her head and locking eyes with him. There was a fierce expression on her face as she spoke through gritted teeth. "This is over."

Lester smiled at her condescendingly.

"You're right. You do have the hard drive, and you can walk out of here right now and never look back." He could tell that his unconcerned demeanor was unsettling her. "You could even warn my new roommate and his wife about me, but I don't think you will."

The confidence in Lizzie's face wavered. "Why not?"

Lester reached a hand up, caressing her cheek. "For one thing, I could give Issac a call and let him know about last night. After all, I am completely wracked with guilt over what we did, and I think he ought to know what you allowed me to do with you."

Lizzie flinched back from his touch, but he held his hand firmly against her cheek. "And the second thing is, yes, you do have that

one hard drive. It is yours to do with as you please. Throw it out, destroy it or secretly keep it to relive the good times we had together. That was the deal, after all: stay the night and the hard drive is yours."

Lester narrowed his eyes. "But the thing is, do you really think that hard drive is the only place I keep your videos?"

Lizzie's face reddened, her breath catching in her throat. "You fucking bastard. I'm going to --"

"No," Lester said firmly. "The only thing you are going to do is go out there and do what we planned and then leave. Got it?"

Fires of defiance burned behind Lizzie's eyes. He could tell she wanted to strangle him. Instead, she gave him a slight, almost imperceptible nod before turning the doorknob to leave.

Lester kept his hand firmly planted against the door, though, while his other hand was still on her cheek. "One last thing before you go: Give me a last kiss goodbye."

Before Lizzie could process what was happening, let alone try and stop him, Lester had pushed her up against the door jam. His hand slid to the back of her head, pulling her face towards him. He smashed his lips into hers, his tongue taking her by surprise and forcing its way into her mouth.

His hard cock pushed up against her dress-covered sex as his other hand grabbed a handful of her ass and pulled her tightly against him.

"Alright, I got us a reservation for seven at this hole in the wall Italian place some of the guys at work have recommended. The food is supposed to be great, and they apparently don't charge an arm

and a leg for the wine." Dan handed Sarah a mug of hot coffee as he sat down next to her on the couch.

He took a sip of his own before continuing. "But until then, I'm thinking we can do some touristy stuff. Maybe a bus tour or hit some of the sights around town."

"Mmmmm," Sarah hummed in agreement as she deeply inhaled through her nose over the steaming cup. She gripped the mug in both hands, taking in its warmth along with enjoying the rich scent of the dark roast blend Dan used at the apartment.

"I think that sounds perfect," she said after taking a small sip. "For all the times I've been here to visit, we haven't really seen much of the city."

She leaned forward, puckering her lips for him. Dan moved in and kissed her chastely before he tilted his head and darted his tongue out slightly. Sarah smiled as she felt that the kiss was a prelude of what their night could hold. Just as she was ready to kiss him back, they heard a door shut.

The couple leaned away from each other reluctantly, both of their heads turning to look down the hallway. The beautiful, mysterious redhead from the night before sheepishly walked towards them with her purse hanging off one shoulder. Dan covertly gave her a quick once over.

As she entered the living room, her eyes darted to the door before turning to them.

"Hi," she greeted them shyly.

Dan decided to let Sarah respond. It was never wise to appear too eager to talk to a stunning woman in front of your wife.

"Hey," Sarah said warmly. "Like I said last night, I'm Sarah and this is my husband, Dan. Dan is Lester's roommate."

"Lizzie," the redhead reintroduced herself. "I'm Lester's, well...it doesn't matter. It's nice to meet you both. I'm actually late," she gestured towards the door. "So, I'm just going to run."

"Oh, no worries. It was nice to meet you." Sarah reassured her. "I guess we'll be seeing you around?"

Lizzie smiled. Her eyes looked down the hallway and then back to the couple. She stepped away from the door and walked halfway towards Sarah. "Actually, no, probably not. Lester and I aren't a thing anymore. Last night was a mistake."

Dan could tell Lizzie had more to say. Sarah must have picked up on it as well as she stayed quiet, too.

Lizzie glanced again at the door before turning back to the couple on the couch. "Just be careful."

"Careful?" Sarah asked, her brows furrowed in confusion.

"Be careful with Lester," Lizzie clarified. "He doesn't look like it, but he just has this way of getting you hooked and before you know it, he'll break your heart."

"Okay, thank you for the heads up," Sarah said, mostly hiding her bewilderment, though Dan picked up on it as he was baffled by what the girl was saying.

Lizzie gave Sarah a parting smile and a half wave towards Dan before turning on her heel and walking out the door.

The couple exchanged puzzled looks as soon as they were alone.

"What was that about?" Sarah asked.

Dan shrugged his shoulders and shook his head slightly. "I have no idea. It's definitely weird, though. I can't imagine Lester with..." Dan caught himself and quickly continued. "Anyone, really. That's just strange."

Dan took a big sip of his coffee and set it down on the table. "Anyway, if we want to go and see some stuff, we should probably get going."

The couple hurriedly drained their mugs and began to get moving. When they were finally ready and about to head out the door, Lester emerged from his room.

"Is Lizzie still here?" he asked. His voice was soft, very unlike his usual, abrasive tone.

"You missed her. She left like, half an hour ago." Dan said.

"Oh, okay." Lester began to slink back towards the hallway.

"What's the deal with you two?" Sarah asked as she put on her shoes. "She seemed a little upset when she left."

Lester turned around with his shoulders still hunched over. "We used to be a thing. On again, off again, sort of thing. I think this is the end, though. When she found out I got that operation done, she said that was it. She really wanted to have kids, and even though she knew I didn't, she always thought I'd come around one day. It's over now, I guess."

He shrugged his shoulders. Dan and Sarah didn't respond, so he turned and went back down the hallway.

"Really?" Dan asked as he held open the door for his wife. "That girl and Lester were a thing? I don't see it."

A sly smile spread across Sarah's face as she moved past her husband into the hallway. She looked back at him.

"Well, she did say she was hooked on Lester. Maybe that meant she was hooked on his big..." She paused, watching Dan's mouth hang open. "Personality."

"Oh, you're so fucking bad." He made a move to try and tickle her side, but she jogged a few steps away. Dan locked the door to the apartment, and the loving couple set off to see the sights.

Dan's key scratched his apartment door handle for the fifth time as he tried to find the lock. He blinked his weary eyes and tried to focus. Dan had kept his promise to Sarah, and they had stayed out of the apartment all day, taking in the sights of the city.

As this was their first time together in weeks, they had indulged and splurged more than they should have. They had eaten lunch at a nice restaurant and had both ordered a couple of drinks. Dinner followed after they had visited some famous landmarks, and the couple made sure to order off the wine list again.

It was only after a couple of nightcaps at a classy Al Capone themed speakeasy that the couple had finally Ubered back to his place.

Dan closed one eye as he tried to concentrate. The door seemed to be swaying side to side until warm hands ran up his waist and over his torso, steadying him.

"Hurry up," Sarah whispered loudly. "It's freezing out here! Let's get inside so you can warm me up."

Dan grinned and pushed his hand forward, the key finally finding the hole.

The couple stepped into complete darkness. It was late...really late. Dan knew that he would regret all of the alcohol in the morning, but for tonight he just wanted to have fun with the love of his life.

Light assaulted his eyes and he squinted in confusion.

"Oops," Sarah snickered. She had flicked on the bright ceiling light. She turned it back off and crossed the room, turning on a dimmer lamp.

Dan blinked his eyes, refocusing. It didn't look like anything had changed since they had left. He didn't see anyone in the living room, so he assumed Lester was asleep already, or maybe he was out with that girl...

"Hey, big boy," Sarah's sultry voice called from the other side of the room.

The room spun as Dan turned to look at her too quickly. It took a second to register, but as she came into focus, he saw Sarah looking at him seductively as she slowly peeled her t-shirt up and over her head. His wife's magnificent breasts were on display for him now, clad only in a lacy, white bra.

I always love that color on her.

Despite Dan's inebriated state, he could feel the blood rushing to his dick, pushing against his jeans. He placed a hand on the back of the couch as Sarah made her way back towards him, unbuttoning her pants as she walked.

"You ready for a repeat of last night?" she asked when she was standing only an inch away from him. Her hands abandoned her pants and started tugging on his belt.

"God, yes," he whispered. Or at least, he had meant to whisper it. He wasn't entirely sure how loud he was being. "I've been wanting

to take you all day."

"Oh, yeah?" Sarah raised an eyebrow at him. "Why didn't you?"

Sarah's hands completed their task, and Dan's pants fell around his ankles. Next, she began working to get his shirt off.

"It's not like we had an opportunity," Dan grunted as she pulled it over his head. "We've been stuck in tourist spots and restaurants all day."

"Hmmmmm, excuses, excuses." Sarah turned around placing one hand on the couch as the other lowered her pants. She pushed her white panty clad ass out for Dan to ogle. "Those restaurants had bathrooms, you know."

What?

She was teasing him, obviously. But would she actually have done that? In public?

Dan reached out and ran his hands over Sarah's ass before stepping out his jeans and pressing himself against her. "You'd want that? Having this inside you in public like that? That could be dangerous..."

Sarah pushed her ass back into his crotch. "Only if we get caught...." she murmured before pausing. "Or maybe that would make it more fun: someone catching us...watching us."

"Watching you," Dan whispered into her ear. "They wouldn't be watching me, that's for sure."

He licked her ear and spun her around. He grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her in for a passionate kiss. His dick pushed into her, trapping her against the couch. She returned the kiss in force, her tongue pushing into his mouth and swirling around.

They stood there making out for several minutes with their hands exploring each other's bodies. Sarah wanted to reach down and feel his dick, but it was nestled perfectly against her pussy. She could feel the heat coming off of it, though, and she couldn't wait to have it inside of her.

She angled her arms up between them and pushed Dan backwards, harder than she intended. He stumbled backwards slightly, clearly caught off caught. The alcohol was also clearly affecting his balance.

She didn't break eye contact, though, and she slowly backed away from him towards the hallway. "You forgot one thing."

Dan's dick was straining against his boxers, jutting straight out towards his wife. He followed after her at the same, sedate pace she was setting. "What's that?"

"You said tourist traps and restaurants." She made it down the hallway and opened the door to Dan's room. "You forgot about the Uber ride. I'm sure the driver would have loved to see me, too."

With that, she disappeared into the room. Dan quickly followed after her.

He kicked his boxers off as he entered the room and shut the door behind him. Sarah lay on the bed, looking at him with lust filled eyes.

God, I'm going to fuck her so hard.

He quickly crossed the room and was on her, lips smashing into hers. His bare cock running up her thigh toward the prize. Her nails dug into his back pulling him into her, even though she was still wearing her white panties. She started kissing his neck, slowly working her way down towards his chest.

"You'd want me to fuck you in the back of the Uber and let the driver watch?" Dan breathed out hoarsely. His fantasies were crashing back into his mind, melding together with the events of their night.

"Who said it was you I would have fucked in that Uber?" Sarah purred in her ear.

She looked up at him with her striking, green eyes. She knew just how to push his buttons. He couldn't wait any longer. He had to have her. He kissed her again as his hand found her panties. He wanted to rip them off. He tugged at them, but they wouldn't budge. He tried again. Nothing.

Sarah gently pushed his torso up. Right, he was lying on top of them.

As he raised himself up and Sarah began to lower her panties, a door slammed loudly in the hallway. Lester was awake.

The couple froze, unsure what was happening. Dan tried to remember if he had shut the door. It looked shut. Had he locked it? Lester wouldn't dare try to come in here. He wouldn't cross that line. Would he?

They listened as heavy footsteps shuffled past the door down the hallway. Something was odd about this, but Dan's alcohol fogged brain couldn't quite figure it out. Whatever it was, it was so close, but he just couldn't comprehend it.

The TV in the living room suddenly roared to life. It was obnoxiously loud. Even though they were in another room, it felt like the speaker was pointed right at the wall. Loud laughter reverberated from the wall, followed by half a second of silence, and then loud voices talking about the Chicago Bears.

Dan finally looked over at Sarah and caught her eye. She wasn't happy. His dick was still desperate for her, but this noise was just too much. He fell back into the bed in frustration, contemplating his next move.

"Dan, go tell him to turn it down," Sarah said with a frown. Her arms were folded across her torso under her breasts.

The room was spinning slightly, though, and Dan's eyelids were getting heavy. He was going to go deal with it, but he needed a moment to gather himself.

"Heh, why don't you go tell him to turn it down?" He joked, trying to buy time until he could see straight again. "I can't go out there until my cock goes back down a bit."

Sarah eyed him closely before a slight smile spread across her face.

"You want your innocent wife to go out there like this?" She moved her arms closer together, pushing out her breasts.

"Don't you think that would give Lester the wrong signal?" she asked before widening her eyes dramatically. "Unless...that's what you want: Your wife on display for that creep. Maybe you really do want me to explore a little further with him than I did last time."

Dan's breath caught in his throat. He was stunned and incredibly turned on at the thought of what might happen if she really went out there. Did he really want to see things progress beyond what had happened last time? She was teasing him, obviously, but did he really want to see Lester alone with Sarah again? His alcohol-addled brain told him that he very much did.

"You wouldn't dare." Dan met her eyes as he tried to figure out how serious she was.

"No?" she asked with raised eyebrows before slowly rolling off the bed and standing up, one hand reaching out to steady herself. It looked like he wasn't the only one feeling the effects of their last few nightcaps. He watched her perfect round ass sway side to side as she moved to the door. She turned her head around to look at him as she extended her arm and placed her hand on the doorknob.

"You still think I won't?" she asked as she pushed her ass back towards him.

Her eyes were almost burning a hole into his with the intensity of her gaze. His cock was already about to explode from all her dirty talk, and now the ball was in his court. He didn't know what would happen if she were to actually go out there, but he couldn't deny that he wanted to find out.

She stood there waiting for what felt like an eternity for him to finally respond.

"I dare you," he whispered, embarrassed to say it any louder. It had come as a shock that he was finally willing to admit to himself that he wanted this, let alone admitting it to her.

Sarah never backed down from a challenge, as Dan well knew when he threw down the gauntlet. She gave him a look of defiance before opening the door and moving quickly into the hallway. The door closed behind her.

Dan just lay there for several long moments, stunned and unable to move. He couldn't hear Sarah's footsteps in the hallway because the TV was so damn loud, but he knew he needed to sit up as he was getting more tired by the minute. His cock and thoughts of what his wife was doing willed him up into a sitting position.

Through the haze of his drunken state, he tried to calculate how long it had been since Sarah left. Was it just a few seconds, or had it been minutes already? He hadn't drifted off accidently, had he? She

was probably standing just outside the door and would be back in soon, he thought.

Dan's confused thoughts were interrupted by his brain finally noticing a change in his surroundings. Something was different. It was now silent in the apartment, he realized. He couldn't hear the TV anymore.

Sarah exhaled in a huff as she stood in the hallway in just her underwear, closing Dan's bedroom door firmly. He didn't think she would do it? Well, she would prove him wrong. It wasn't as if Lester hadn't seen her in much less than her bra and panties before, anyway. She'd go out there and get him to turn down the TV before hurrying back to Dan.

As she walked down the hallway, her mind drifted back to the night before. Seeing Lester having sex with Lizzie had caught her off guard, and she hadn't gotten the opportunity to bring up what she had witnessed with Dan today. She hadn't wanted to distract them from the great day they had planned in the city.

At least, that's the reason she gave herself as to why she hadn't brought it up with her husband. The sightseeing and restaurants had done a good job of distracting her from last night, but now she couldn't help but remember the way Lester had looked at her while he was fucking Lizzie. It was almost as if he was imagining that it was her lying there as he pounded Sarah from behind.

She shook off those thoughts with a reluctance that confused her as she walked into an empty living room. The TV was blasting an infomercial about a set of revolutionary frying pans, and the lamp she had turned on earlier was the only other source of light in the room. Lester was nowhere to be found.

She stood in place, still a little unsteady from the alcohol and looked around. The TV had been loud in Dan's bedroom, but out here it was almost unbearable. It surprised her that the neighbors weren't already knocking on the door and demanding that the volume be turned down.

Moving to the back of the couch, she surveyed the living room and located the remote which was sitting conspicuously in the middle of the center couch cushion. She leaned over the back of it and reached for the remote.

"Yum," a deep voice growled out from behind her. She quickly turned her head and looked towards the source of the voice, realizing it must have actually been fairly loud for her to hear it over the noise of the television. Lester was standing only a few feet away near the kitchen door.

And he was naked.

Sarah froze in place while fully bent over the couch, one hand bracing herself on the seat cushion. She hadn't expected him to be naked. She stared at him, but his eyes didn't meet hers. They were feasting on her backside that was currently draped over the back of the couch. Her eyes unconsciously drifted down to look at his cock before she quickly refocused them elsewhere.

She retrieved the remote and quickly pushed herself up off the couch, scrambling back into a standing position. As she moved, she felt more than heard the heavy footfalls of Lester crossing the distance between them. With the remote in hand, she stood up straight and turned around. Lester stopped in his tracks only two feet away. If she had been slower, would he have kept moving toward her?

He just stood there and silently looked her up and down as he licked his lips. She hated when she caught him doing that.

"What are you doing?" Lester asked, still casually inspecting her nearly naked form.

Sarah thought of herself as a proud and strong woman, and she quickly worked to regain her composure and push past the fact that this man now leering at her had just caught her in a somewhat compromising position.

"Dan and I are trying to sleep, and your TV is too loud. I came out to get you to turn it down." She stated confidently, trying to hold her ground.

"Well, I'm watching it and I'm hard of hearing, so I need it that loud. So, no. Besides, I was sound asleep until you and your hubby came back in here like barnyard animals, making all kinds of noise." He raised his eyes from her chest and met her gaze. "Unless..."

"Unless what?" Sarah asked as she thumbed the volume down on the remote. She was going to have things her way, regardless of what Lester wanted. Also, this was the first time he had claimed to be hard of hearing and she wasn't buying it.

"Unless...are you telling me that you came out here dressed like that to tell me to turn it down? Why wouldn't you put something else on before coming out here?" he asked as he looked back down at her sexy body.

"Well, I would have worn something, but you neglected to give me back my black robe. Where is it?" Sarah asked in a slightly shaky voice. Memories of the last time she had put on the silk gown were now flooding her mind in spite of herself.

Lester grinned and stepped closer. He could smell her sweet perfume now and could have reached out and grabbed her if he wanted.

"Nice deflection. It doesn't change the fact that you came out here in just your bra and panties," he stated as his eyes inspected said

undergarments. "Did you want to get me alone? Did Dan fall asleep and now you want some company?"

"No, and Dan's not asleep --"

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as Lester suddenly stepped forward, his large frame lining up right against hers. He wasn't pressing up to her completely, but she could feel his hot breath on her. He was certainly invading her personal space as she could feel his gut pushing against her stomach.

"So, Dan is awake, and he asked you to come out here dressed like that?" He eyed her with a conspiratorial grin. "And you said yes?"

Sarah was going to deny his disturbingly accurate depiction of what had led her to the living room when an unexpected stimulus brought her up short.. She felt something touch her leg and immediately knew what it was. Lester's naked cock was growing and pushing steadily against her thighs. They stared into each other's eyes as she felt it grow larger, inching its way up her until it was pressing against her panty covered sex.

Lester ever so slightly pushed his cock closer against her. Sarah's breath hitched slightly as she felt him rubbing slightly against her pussy, just on the other side of her lacy panties. She was caught between staying still and holding her ground, or trying to move away from him.

Lester raised his hand and extended a finger as he began to draw little circles on her bicep. It pleased him that she wasn't rejecting more contact from him, even if he did have her pinned in place. "Did Dan really send you out here alone, expecting a repeat of last time? Is he watching us right now?"

Sarah's eyes darted toward the dark hallway, but she didn't see Dan down there. Lester ran his finger up her arm to her bra strap and gently lowered it. Sarah shivered slightly at his touch as her eyes

shifted back to Lester. She noticed the smug look on his face, but her facade of indifference towards him was rapidly crumbling.

"I've been thinking about it," Lester mused. His finger left her bra strap and slowly up and across her shoulder towards her neck. "I think I can help you two out."

"Help us how?" Sarah asked in a quiet, meek sounding voice.. Sarah was breathing more quickly now, and her breasts were putting on quite the show for Lester as they heaved in time with her respirations. This whole taboo situation along with Dan revving her engine earlier were having a dramatic effect on her.

Lester's finger dropped down until it was tracing lazy circles on the tops of her breasts. "This whole fantasy of yours," he murmured.

He dropped his head and whispered right in her ear. "If Dan is watching us right now, I'll help you put on a show for him. Bring your fantasies to life."

Sarah shuddered at the thought. Her mind flashed back to Lester's treatment of Lizzie the night before.

Sarah couldn't see it, but Lester grinned as he closed the small distance between them, pushing his body fully into hers as his lips began to taste her neck. His flabby arms encircled her, one hand going around her back pulling her into him. His other hand dropped down and grabbed a handful of her luscious ass, squeezing it and pulling her crotch even tighter against his throbbing cock.

Dan quietly turned the doorknob to his room and stepped out into the dark hallway. He could hear voices speaking in low tones coming from the living room in the now dead silent apartment. He walked a couple of feet forward before freezing in place.

Lester was butt-naked and had Sarah pinned up against the couch. He was feasting on her neck as his hands ran all over her body. Dan was spellbound as he watched Lester release her ass only to grab her thigh instead, hoisting her leg up off the ground to give his cock better access to her pussy.

From what he could see, she at least still had her bra and panties on. He realized with shock that he was almost disappointed at that discovery.

His mouth was dry, and the alcohol caused him to stumble slightly. He used one hand to brace himself against the wall as he watched his wife act out one of his deepest, darkest desires. Lester's head moved down and started licking and kissing Sarah's chest. She turned her head, hands resting on his shoulders. She opened her eyes and made eye contact with Dan, raising her eyebrows in surprise at finding him already watching her.

They held each other's gaze for a few, long seconds. The same lust-filled expression Sarah had worn on her face earlier was looking back at him again. He knew, or hoped at least, that it wasn't Lester causing her excitement, but the situation as a whole along with their fantasy coming to life. It also didn't hurt that he was sure his face had that "hungry" look that she loved so much.

She kept looking at him for reassurance or some kind of communication before she let herself give in to Lester's advances. As he hadn't really moved since he started watching, it was pretty clear Dan wasn't going to step into the room and stop it. Sarah's eyes flicked down. It was only then that Dan realized he was unconsciously stroking his cock. She met his eyes again.

Dan nodded his approval to her, his lust drowning out any concerns he might have had at surrendering his wife up to Lester in this way.

With that, Sarah looked relieved and turned back to give Lester her full attention.

Lester had touched her some before, it's true, but this was a completely different animal. She wasn't lying beneath Dan or riding him on the couch this time. Instead, she was locked in a lover's embrace with Lester as he pawed her all over. Sarah still wasn't completely sure how to act in this situation, but with her husband's nod of approval, she was determined to put on a good show for him.

Focus on making this hot for Dan.

Lester's tongue started licking between her breasts, running up and down the middle of her cleavage. Sarah braced herself against the couch and held the back of his head, pulling him towards her. Her fingers laced into his thinning hair.

She extended the leg Lester held in the air and bent it around his back, pulling him even closer into her. He smiled in triumph at her enthusiasm.

Finally! She's willingly going along with this now. Time to push things a bit further.

Lester's hand found the back of her bra, expertly flicking the clasp, he let it fall open. He withdrew his tongue from her chest and slowly stood back up, keeping a firm grasp on Sarah's thigh. He pushed into her again, his hard cock jutting up against her pussy which was protected only by her thin, white panties.

As he rose to look into her eyes, he noticed her quickly glancing down the hallway. Lester shifted his beady eyes and saw Dan standing there, stroking his dick. Lester remembered how Dan had tried sizing him up all those weeks ago when he had wanted to move in behind Sarah as she got the chinese food at the door.

Now it's time to really claim her and see just what Dan does.

Lester raised his hand to Sarah's shoulders and slowly pulled her bra free, looping down one arm and then the other one. Her bare breasts started to rise and fall quickly, a clear indication that she was becoming turned on. He was pleased to see her nipples were also already quite hard after all the attention he had been giving her body.

Sarah's eyes left Dan's to focus on him, waiting to see what would come next.

With one last smirking look at Dan, Lester grabbed Sarah by the back of her head and slowly pulled her lips towards him.

Dan's heart panged with jealousy. Lester's lips connected with Sarah's as he looked on, mesmerized. She stood there frozen for a moment, unsure what to do, but she soon relaxed and tentatively returned Lester's kiss. It was soft, polite kissing at first until Lester started to grind his bare cock against her panty-covered pussy yet again.

He turned his head and seemed to finally work his tongue into her mouth. He held the back of her head, controlling how she moved. Sarah's arm eventually encircled Lester's neck, returning his embrace.

Dan had wanted to see Sarah do things with another man. He had wanted her to be naughty. But actually seeing her kissing someone else, especially someone so beneath her like Lester, was difficult to handle. It was just such intimate behavior that it made it seem like Sarah was giving herself fully to Lester, body and mind.

Even though Dan's brain was still fighting to comprehend and accept what it was witnessing, his dick was harder than he could ever remember it being.

Lester's tongue darted around in her mouth until it made contact with her own. Sarah reluctantly returned the kiss, her tongue eventually running into his and swirling around it. She was momentarily shocked at how far his tongue had actually gone into her mouth.

Sarah hadn't expected his tongue to be big just like his cock. It was a novel experience having it in her mouth as she obviously hadn't kissed anyone but Dan in years. The size difference just added to the new sensations she was experiencing.

He used his grip on her thigh to pull her closer towards his cock. She felt the heat and strength of his cock pressing up against her womanhood. Sarah was slightly embarrassed that there was no way he wasn't feeling the moisture leaking through her panties onto his cock.

Lester was slowly beginning to thrust up and down on against the front of her underwear, mimicking what it would be like to actually fuck her in this position. He was grateful she was already leaking like a sieve as the friction on his cock against the lacy material was a little abrasive.

Out of nowhere, it seemed like Lester suddenly lost control. He pushed her ass back hard into the couch before using two hands on her ass cheeks to lift her up until she was sitting on the back of the couch. He slid his hands down her thighs and wrapped her legs around his waist.

Sarah was taken aback at how seamless the transition between their positions had been. It was as if this couch had been purposefully made for this.

Both of Sarah's legs tightened around Lester, her ankles crossing and locking against his bare ass. He continued kissing her passionately,

invading her mouth and playing with her tongue. He also continued thrusting up and down and against her drenched panties. He slid one hand under her ass and grabbed a handful of her cheek, enjoying the silky smooth skin under his fingers.

Lester used that hand to subtly begin pulling her ass up and then letting it drop back down again. Sarah hadn't consciously realized what was happening as her mind was on fire from so much new stimulation. Lester diligently kept manipulating her ass and hips to meet his thrusts. As his cock pushed up against her slit, he would pull her ass down towards it.

After a couple minutes of working at it, Lester's efforts finally paid off. He was delighted to find that Sarah was now rolling her sex against his cock on her own, even meeting his thrusts with anticipation.

Dan stood there in a daze, transfixed by the sight before him. Sarah and Lester were dry humping each other with enthusiasm on the back of the couch. The only thing protecting her from penetration was the pair of thin, white panties she was still wearing.

He couldn't deny that he had enjoyed watching her bra being taken off earlier, but he now wondered if that small bit of fabric covering her pussy was next in line for removal. She looked completely lost in his embrace as they made out, and Lester looked like a man possessed as he thrust himself against her.

She wouldn't let him go all the way, right? Lester's not about to fuck her, is he?

Lester eventually broke their kiss. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at him a few moments later, breathless. He grinned as he observed

the effect that he was having on her.

You're mine now.

He looked over at Dan and smirked before he leaned in and began licking Sarah's earlobe.

"Do you feel that, Sarah?" he whispered. "Can you feel how hard I am for you?"

Sarah held the back of his head for stability, but she didn't answer. She just wanted to focus on the sensation of his cock rubbing against her clit.

"Tell me," he whispered. "How does it feel?"

"Good," she murmured absentmindedly. "Hard."

"You did that to it. You made it hard, Sarah. God, I knew the first time I saw you that one day I would make you feel my cock as I slid it into you."

Dan stayed in the comfort of the dark hallway, watching. He didn't want to step into the light. That felt like he would be exposing his dark fantasy to the world.

Lester was whispering something to Sarah. She whispered back. Something hidden from Dan's hearing. His cock was growing painfully hard as his fantasy came to life before his eyes. But it was becoming too much. He slowed his strokes, not wanting to cum and have all this crash down around him.

He leaned against the wall and watched, slowly teasing his dick.

Lester apparently thought he was in complete control. He was holding Sarah close and whispering in her ear about fucking her. She was becoming overwhelmed by the situation and all the new stimulation, but her mind was screaming for her to get some control back over this.

After all, she could tease and control Dan seemingly without effort. There wasn't any reason she couldn't do the same with Lester. She had seemingly forgotten that the last time she underestimated the man, a certain black robe had been surrendered to him in defeat.

"I'm...not going to let you fuck me, Lester," she panted out in a firm voice.

He pulled back, meeting her gaze in surprise. Clearly, he thought he had her under his thumb. She gripped the back of his neck and braced her other hand on the couch. She started thrusting her hips back against his cock again, taking control and using him to pleasure herself.

"I'm only doing this with you for me and Dan. It turns him...us on," she corrected herself.

"I know you've been watching me. Thinking about me. Touching yourself to me, even. But you need to get this through your head, because I'm only going to say it once."

She was thrusting back against his cock now, faster than the pace he had previously set. By changing the tempo, she was challenging him to keep up with her. "This is just for me and Dan. There is no you and me. You're here because of your convenient proximity, and yes, you just so happen to have a big cock."

Lester glared at her with a blank face, seemingly unperturbed by her diatribe. "Is that so?"

He moved quickly, far faster than Sarah would have thought possible for someone his size. He took a half step to the side, his cock pressing against her inner thigh. His hand snaked between them, his arm twisting a little awkwardly as he slid his hand underneath her panties.

Sarah was about to protest when she felt his hairy knuckles disappear as they moved towards her most private area, an area that until now had been reserved only for Dan. Lester twisted his hand so his palm rubbed against her skin as he moved downwards. His fingers slid towards her slit, briefly touching and stimulating her clit.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as Lester's finger nestled between her labia until it found its target. His fingertip pressed slightly into her opening. He stared at her intensely, eyes ablaze as if he was waiting for her to challenge him.

However, just when she had mostly composed herself and opened her mouth to speak and reject his advances, he pushed his entire finger inside her vagina.

Sarah gasped loudly and arched her back in pleasure. She would have fallen off onto the seat of the couch if she hadn't been holding onto the back of Lester's head. He forcefully and confidently started thrusting his finger in and out of her as his cock rubbed up and down her thigh, leaving a messy trail of precum in its wake.

She tried to look back at him defiantly, but Lester could see the simmering lust and desire that was just barely masked behind her brave front. He continued his assault, moving a second finger alongside the first one, pushing even more of himself into her.

Sarah threw her head back and let out an involuntary moan, any thought of protest now long gone from her mind.

Lester groaned with her, his thick cock waiting for release. He leaned forward, his tongue lapping at her bare breasts.

Gravity slowly started to pull them backwards. Sarah braced one arm on the seat of the couch as Lester followed her down, over its back. His fingers didn't leave her even once.

Dan watched as Sarah pulled Lester over the couch with her. The last thing he saw were Lester's big, hairy balls swaying before they both disappeared from his sight. He had a choice to make now.

For one bizarre moment, he actually felt the urge to give them some privacy. He shook his head quickly, trying to rid himself of that strange feeling as he pushed off the wall and left the hallway.

Dan stepped out and walked quietly into the living room. He heard familiar noises before he made it to the corner of the couch and froze at the sight before him. Sarah was lying on her back, one hand gripping the pillow above her as the other pulled on the back of Lester's head, burying it into her chest.

He was alternating between kissing, licking and sucking on Sarah's breasts. As Lester moved his head, Dan saw that her perfect tits were covered with his slick saliva. He watched in awe as her left nipple was caught between his lips, and he heard his wife moan in response.

His dick twitched when he heard Sarah yelp softly a moment later. He recognized that sound; she only made that particular noise when Dan gently bit her nipples.

His eyes then caught a different motion, and his captivated gaze moved to Lester's hand which was still connecting with Sarah's crotch. Two fingers were expertly thrusting into her while his thumb was drawing slow circles on her clit.

Dan noticed that her panties had slid down slightly and were bunched up just under her ass cheeks. Sarah's hips were raising themselves voluntarily off the couch to meet his roommate's fingers as they continued to penetrate her deeply.

Lester's fingers were curled slightly, stroking over her g-spot with each thrust and igniting the spark of an orgasm within her. She was holding onto the back of Lester's head, not wanting to let him go as she was afraid this new sensation might die and she would lose all progress towards her impending climax.

She could feel his fat fingers driving into her again and again. As he slid them deftly over the ridges of her g-spot, she clenched down on them hard, her eyes closing as she focused on the feeling inside her.

So close...so close.

"Don't stop," she whispered through gritted teeth. "Don't stop, I'm so close..."

"Do it," Lester growled. "Cum for me, Sarah. Cum on my fingers. I knew I would have you begging for me to not stop pleasuring you. I want to feel what it's like inside of you when you cum. I want to watch your face as you cum right in front of your husband."

Sarah opened her eyes at that. Dan was sitting on the chair across from them, his cock hard as a rock and twitching in sync with his heartbeat. And that face...

His face was painted with that intense, lust filled expression that always got to her. He was only staring at them, though, just watching them as Lester had done on the previous occasions.

The last time the three of them had found themselves here, Lester had been the one sitting in that chair, watching and stroking his big

fat cock as she and Dan had made love.

Now it was her husband in the chair, watching as his weird roommate lay on top of her and worked to bring his own wife closer and closer to a powerful orgasm. She saw Dan carefully touch his dick, probably worried he might cum too quickly.

His eyes met Sarah's, and she had never seen him look so intense. She maintained eye contact with her husband, but gasped as Lester's fingertips pressed hard into her g-spot as they slid out of her pussy, stimulating all the nerve endings focused there.

Lester's tongue moved to lick her right nipple this time, circling the outside of it until he finally claimed the prize. His lips covered it tightly, sucking it inside his mouth.

She clutched Lester's balding head with both hands now, nails digging into his hair and skin, likely close to drawing blood. Dan's eyes stayed on her, watching them. Watching where he should be as his own cock pointed straight at her with an almost painful intensity. His eyes were filled with longing, lust and arousal as he witnessed another man make his beloved wife cum hard.

"FUCK...FUCK!" Sarah screamed as her body was wracked by a mind-shattering orgasm. She closed her eyes to ride it out, the image of Dan's face burned into her mind. Her pussy tightened around Lester's fingers, holding them in place as if trying to keep them in there forever. "GOD....."

As her first orgasm began to wane, she could feel another slowly beginning to build, ready to take its place next in line and crash down onto her. She started gearing up for it, ready to be welcomed into its sweet embrace.

Lester's mouth suddenly released her nipple, and he quickly crawled up her body, his hand snaking smoothly behind her neck. His lips

descended towards hers and she opened her mouth to his invading tongue, willingly accepting him.

She could feel the weight of Lester's gut on top of her. As his fingers slid past her g-spot again, she involuntarily moaned into his mouth. Part of her brain was embarrassed that Dan was hearing all of these noises from her.

Not only was she moaning for a man like Lester, but she could faintly hear the sounds of squelching as his fingers slid in and out of her very wet vagina. If she could hear that, no doubt her husband was listening to it as well.

The other part of her brain that was hooked on this pleasure, though, quickly buried all those "extraneous" thoughts and focused on the new sensations of his fat fingers in her pussy and the large tongue exploring her mouth.

Sarah let out an audible groan of frustration as Lester slowly pulled his fingers out of her. He didn't stop kissing her, though. If anything, he stepped up the intensity of his oral assault. The lack of sensation in her vagina was driving her crazy, and she realized her hips were rising up off the couch, looking for Lester's fingers.

She felt his cock brush lightly against her leg before she felt it rub against her more firmly. She opened her eyes to look, but Lester held her head in place, restricting her vision. She let go of his head and moved her arm down to investigate.

Lester was stroking himself with one hand just inches away from her pussy. The head of his cock was sliding against her inner thigh.

He was slowly working his cock closer and closer towards her pussy. She knew that any second now, he would shift his weight on top of her and try to press his luck. With her panties slightly pulled down, she felt he would have a pretty good chance of success in penetrating her in one shot.

Dan must be watching, she realized with a start. How did it look from his angle? He must be able to see what Lester was up to, but maybe he couldn't.

Or maybe, he would be okay with Lester actually fucking me right in front of him..

Sarah shuddered at the thought. The idea of actually having sex with someone like Lester, of letting him inside her was too intense with his cock so close to her opening. She couldn't stop herself, though, from briefly imagining what it would feel like to be bent over his bed like Lizzie had been the night before.

Lester shifted his weight, getting ready to line up his cock. Sarah came to her senses and quickly disengaged, pushing herself to the side. She glanced over at Dan who was still wearing the same lust filled expression, and she couldn't tell what exactly he had seen nor what he wanted her to do.

She still wanted to please him, though, and he hadn't asked her to stop what she was doing. Before Lester could pull her back to him, she shuffled down the couch until she was face to face with his cock.

Lester seemed to get the idea and rolled over, making himself comfortable on his back. Sarah stole another glance in Dan's direction, noticing his eyes seemed to be popping out of his head. He also seemed to get the idea, and by the way his dick was twitching, she could tell he really liked it.

"Mmmmm," Sara moaned. Her fingernails ran up Lester's thighs until she found the base of his cock. She then moved her fingers around, lightly tracing around his very sizable girth. "Hello again, big boy."

Sarah stared at Lester's cock, licking her lips in a very familiar way to the man in question. "Lester...you remember what I said before, about my lips belonging only to Dan?"

"Yes..." Lester hissed out through clenched teeth.

"Well," She lowered her head, closer and closer to his cock. It pulsed and shook, just inches from her face. "I'm thinking of breaking my rule tonight and giving you something that is supposed to be just for my husband. What do you think?"

"Do it," Lester hissed again. He was perched up on his elbows, watching her closely.

Sarah's finger began to trace a vein upwards on Lester's shaft until it reached the head of his cock, pausing to play with the sensitive skin there. She lowered her head until Lester's cock was right in front of her mouth, close enough that she could stick out her tongue and lick it.

Just as he thought she was going to take it into her mouth, Sarah's eyes flicked up to look at her husband. From Dan's perspective, Lester's cock was in between him and his wife's beautiful face.

"What do you think, Dan?" Sarah whispered sultrily. "Should I suck Lester's big cock?"

He was speechless as his fantasy continued to unfold before his eyes. Sarah continued staring at him as Lester stared at her in turn. Dan wanted to see this more than anything in the world, if he was being honest with himself. He slowly opened his dry mouth to speak.

Before he could utter a word, though, Sarah extended her tongue and licked the underside of Lester's cock. Dan's mouth hung open as he watched his wife seemed to forget about him and focus only on the cock she was tasting. Lester's body jumped at the sudden stimulation.

Sarah licked up along the entire length of Lester's cock until her tongue found its head. She swirled her tongue around it before

slowly lowering her mouth onto his cock. Her hand closed around his shaft and began to stroke it.

"Fuck yeah, baby," Lester moaned. "God, I knew you would be a good cocksucker."

Dan frowned slightly at the comment, but his dick almost exploded as his wife was talked down to like a whore as her mouth was filled with another man's cock.

Sarah continued to pump Lester's shaft as she took more and more of his cock between her lips. She abruptly pulled her mouth off of him and stared at him with her piercing, green eyes. "Mmmm, you like that, Lester? Do you like the way I suck your big cock?"

"Yeah, I want your lips wrapped around my cock all night," Lester grunted. "Fuck, that feels so good."

Sarah flashed him a wicked grin. "I think my husband likes watching this, too."

"I really don't give a shit." Lester reached out and grabbed the back of Sarah's head, pulling it down back towards his cock. She didn't protest and quickly opened her mouth to let his cock slide back in. Lester kept his hand there, grabbing a fist full of her hair. He pushed her head down and pulled it back up, setting the tempo of her blowjob.

Sarah obliged him and even sped things up. Her hand wrapped around the base of his cock and quickly stroked it up towards her mouth each timeLester pushed down. He eventually let go of her and lay back to watch the show.

Dan felt like he was in a dream as he watched Sarah's beautiful mouth being filled with Lester's cock. Pre-cum dribbled out of Dan's dick onto the chair. He wasn't touching it at all now, fearing that he would cum right away.

He wanted to watch the entire show, though his stomach dropped as he heard Sarah moan around Lester's cock. The mix of jealousy and lust inside him was making this whole experience feel like a strange hybrid of bliss and agony. He saw her pretty lips sliding back and forth along his roommate's cock, the very same lips she had kissed him with when they had both said 'I do.'

"Balls," Lester groaned. "Lick them."

Sarah opened her mouth wide, extending her tongue out. She backed up and off Lester's cock, licking the entire underside of it. Once her lips had passed his cock head, she tilted her head to the side, tongue still out as she ran it back down his shaft until it was buried in Lester's hair-covered testicles.

Her tongue started tracing circles around them, switching between one ball and the other. Lester was in heaven seeing this beautiful woman servicing him like this. It was especially enjoyable as she was doing it willingly in front of her husband. He grinned at the thought.

I am going to take her from you, dumbass. You won't recognize Sarah by the time I'm done with her.

He grabbed the back of her head again and pulled her harder into his balls, putting pressure on her as he guided her to do longer licks up, down and across his sack. Sarah didn't miss a beat and started slurping on Lester's balls with enthusiasm. Her hands reached up and started stroking Lester's shaft, both hands running up and down its length, moving faster and faster and she sucked and licked every inch of Lester's scrotum.

She felt her pussy tingling at the sheer naughtiness of what she was doing. Her thighs started grinding together without conscious thought. She couldn't believe that she was actually getting off on sucking Lester's balls.

I'm probably still just horny from before, I never got that second one after all...

Sarah suddenly raised her head back up and put her lips around Lester's cock again. "Mmmmmm," she moaned in pleasure at the now familiar sensation.

She knew that at some point, Lester was going to cum, though she had decided she wouldn't take it in her mouth or swallow it. As silly as that might seem, considering everything she had done so far, it still felt like it would be a step too far as she considered it to be a very intimate act. Sarah would sense when it was about to happen and pull her mouth off his cock, letting him cum all over himself.

Lester, meanwhile, was lost in ecstasy. Of all the women who had sucked his cock in this apartment, Sarah was by far the best at it. He wanted even more, though.

"Tell me what you think of my cock." It sounded more like an order than anything else.

Sarah slowed down and looked up at him. Without breaking eye contact, she kept her lips wrapped around him as she slid up and down its length. After a long half a minute or so, she released it from her mouth and started to plant kisses up and down his shaft.

"Hmmmm," she pondered, looking contemplatively at the cock in her hand. "You know, your cock is pretty amazing. It's so big and thick. It's just so...powerful that it's affecting me on a whole different level."

"Bigger than your husband's?" Lester grunted. Sarah looked up at him and nodded.

"Tell him," he commanded. "Tell Dan."

Dan gulped and felt his dick twitch in anticipation as he watched Sarah look back down at Lester's cock before glancing over at him. "God, Dan. Lester's cock is just so much bigger than yours. Something like this really makes a girl think...it's just too bad that it's connected to someone like him."

"Someone like me?" Lester challenged.

Sarah looked back at him. "Yes, someone like you. Someone who looks like you do and acts the way you do. No offense, but you're not a catch or anything. This cock, though...I can see why Lizzie was so interested."

Her words were meant to hurt him, to challenge him. But Lester didn't really give a shit. She was pushing at a button that didn't exist. "Just wait until the day that I slide this cock into you and take you the way I took Lizzie last night."

Sarah licked Lester's shaft again and resumed stroking him, her bare breasts jiggling slightly as she laughed at his words.

"You're very confident, but I don't think that's ever going to happen," she said defiantly as she continued to use her tongue on him. "Besides, you might have a great cock, but I don't think you could handle a woman like me. I'd hate to be disappointed after just a couple of minutes of pleasure."

"We'll see," Lester groaned as Sarah twirled her tongue around the head of his cock, pushing into his opening. "You said before that those lips were only for your husband, right?"

A line of saliva and pre-cum trailed from Sarah's tongue to Lester's cock as she backed off. She leaned forward and licked from the base of his cock all the way back up to the top before responding. "That is what I said before, yes."

"And where are your lips now?" he asked.

"On your cock, Lester."

Hearing her name escape his lips caused a jolt to run through his body. He was surprised he didn't come right then and there. "Then do something for me. Kiss my cock the way you kissed your husband on your wedding day."

Sarah raised an eyebrow and glanced at Dan. Aside from the lust on his face as he watched her mouth, he didn't give any indication that he had heard Lester.

"Kiss my cock the same way you did for him at the altar. I want to see what your lips looked like back then, especially now that I get to enjoy them, too."

Sarah leaned forward and pursed her lips, giving a very conservative, lingering peck right on top of Lester's cock.

He grinned. "Now, kiss it in the same way you kissed Dan on the night of your honeymoon."

Sarah looked over at her husband again, seeing him sitting there with his hard cock pointed right at her. It was encouraging to her that he seemed to have heard his roommate this time. What's more, he nodded his head repeatedly for her to go on following Lester's instructions.

This is really turning him on, isn't it? I should focus on making this as hot as possible for him.

She lowered her head and began to passionately kiss the tip of Lester's cock. She planted kisses all over it, her tongue eventually extending to french-kiss it thoroughly. Sarah could feel her thighs rubbing together again; she was on fire with lust now.

Lester had noticed it as well. He shifted his weight, briefly pulling her to one side of the couch as he slid his leg in between hers. As

she continued to kiss his cock, he raised his thigh and pressed it firmly against her pussy. Her sex had found the contact it had been longing for, and Sarah unconsciously began to grind herself against his hairy, pasty white leg.

Sarah stopped kissing his cock momentarily and looked up at him in shock. Her body was already going into overdrive, riding Lester's thigh as she pressed forcefully into him. His leg was stimulating her clit and outer labia which were peeking out the sides of her bunched up panties. She hadn't realized just how quickly she would be able to get back to the edge of an orgasm. She was so close.

The overwhelming feeling of her pussy's stimulation was matched by the strength and hardness of Lester's cock in her hands. She could feel it pulsating, the power radiating from it was adding fuel to the fire of her orgasm as it continued to build. She felt like the dam was about to burst.

"Say my name, Sarah." Lester groaned. He was now thrusting his hips up off the couch, his cock pushing towards her face. "Say it."

"Lester," She whispered. "Lester."

"Again," he demanded.

Sarah closed her eyes. "Lester."

The thought of her in Lizzie's position beneath Lester on his bed flooded into her brain. She tried to fight the image, but the pleasure center of her brain was overriding all rational thought. "Lester!"

She started grinding her hips into him with a frenzy. Sarah was so close to cuming, nothing would stop her now. It was right there, it was so close.

Lester suddenly grabbed the back of her hand and pulled it down towards his cock. Sarah instinctively opened her mouth and took in

as much of his cock as she could. She was stroking it frantically in time with her grinding, willing its contents to cum up and out of the shaft.

Having Lester's cock in her mouth pushed her over the edge. Her thighs clamped down on his, pushing down hard as her body started to shake from the mind-numbing orgasm washing over her. She grimaced at the force of Lester's fingers digging into her hair, and she felt the familiar pulsating of Lester's cock in her hands and mouth as he arched his hips up and came hard.

"Arrrggh, FUCK!" Lester growled as his cock exploded in Sarah's mouth. He held her head down, ensuring she didn't miss a single drop.

Lester's cum shot like a rocket straight to the back of Sarah's throat. She tried to pull back, but he held her firmly in place. Cum flooded into her mouth, coating every single one of her taste buds. The shock of the whole situation served as the catalyst for another orgasm to blow past her previous one, eclipsing what she thought possible in terms of sexual pleasure. Waves of bliss radiated out from her pussy, spreading out to her entire body.

Sarah curled her toes, tightened her lips around Lester's cock and swallowed.

She knew she shouldn't. She hadn't planned to. She'd told herself that she didn't want to, but it was the only logical thing she could do in her current situation. Sarah swallowed load after load of Lester's cum without any hesitation after the first one. It seemed like it would never end.

As Sarah finally came down from her orgasm, she released his leg from between her thighs and slowly disengaged from his cock once he let go of her head. She stared at its wet length, slightly dazed as she watched his shaft twitch before one small, last bead of cum gathered on the tip of it.

As the reality of her current situation set it, she couldn't believe that Dan's fucked up roommate's cum was inside of her now.

Dan!

She had been so lost in her own orgasm that she had momentarily forgotten about her husband. She looked over at him, worried he might be furious with her. Instead, Dan was leaning back, breathing quickly as his eyes seemed to be slightly glazed over. He seemed to be looking at her mouth that he had just watched guzzle down loads of his roommate's semen.

Sarah was surprised that there wasn't even a hint of anger in his eyes. Instead, excitement and lust were still the dominant emotions displayed on his face. His cock was pointed straight up in the air as cum was slowly drizzling out of it, running down onto his stomach and the chair.

That's what I had wanted to do to Lester: make him cum on himself...

She blinked and forced those thoughts from her head before turning to look back at Lester who had a stupid grin on his face. He was like the fat kid at school that had somehow just beaten the jocks in a race. Any anger she might have had toward him faded quickly as she just wanted to collapse now. Her energy was thoroughly drained, but she couldn't just fall asleep on the couch in Lester's lap.

She stood up, wiped her mouth and headed towards the hallway.

WHAP!

A sharp pain spread across her ass with a jolt. She jumped and looked back in shock. Lester had turned in his seat and slapped her butt with his full force.

"Thank you, Sarah. That was fucking great. Can't wait until the next time." He grinned as she turned and walked to the bathroom with a huff, his red handprint clearly visible on her flawless ass cheek.

After Sarah had finished cleaning herself up, she made her way back to Dan's room, hoping to avoid encountering Lester again so soon. Thankfully, she made it across the hall without incident. Closing the door behind her, she found Dan waiting for her as he leaned against his dresser, cock still hard even after she had made him cum without touching him.

It was at that moment that Sarah realized she still really wanted a cock inside of her, even after the multiple orgasms she had experienced.

Dan strode over to her with that lustful look on his face that turned her on so much. He grabbed her and pulled her towards the bed, hands already running all over her body.

Almost immediately, she was on her back and Dan was on top of her, pushing himself inside her.

There was no foreplay. Both Sarah and Dan just started fucking each other, desperately racing to an orgasm together.

Dan wanted to cum inside of her. He felt a need to do so, to reclaim Sarah.

She loved the feeling of Dan's cock inside of her, looking up at his intense, concentrated gaze. As her hands reached around his neck, she couldn't help but remember how they had felt when she had wrapped them around Lester's cock. She was enjoying the pleasure her husband was giving her, but she couldn't stop her mind from drifting back to all the events that had occurred a few, short minutes ago.

Dan's pace was increasing, and Sarah wrapped her legs around his waist in response, pulling him tightly against, matching the speed of his thrusts.

"Fuck," Dan groaned, pushing into her hard. His balls began emptying themselves inside of her. Sarah moaned as she came for the fourth time that night. Her body was tingling from head to toe.

Dan stayed in her until he was empty before rolling off to the side, panting. They both just lay there, naked and panting until they eventually caught their breath and drifted off to sleep.

The sunlight rising over the parking lot forced Dan to squint as he and his wife made their way to her car. He had zipped up his coat as soon as they'd stepped outside, unprepared for the chilly Chicago morning. The majority of his attention was not on his current condition, however, but on the events of the previous night that kept replaying over and over again in his head.

He could still hear Sarah moaning in Lester's embrace as his hands ran all over her naked body while he kissed her. A pang of jealousy wracked his heart. The kissing seemed like the worst part to Dan. It was so intimate. He could still remember the first time he had kissed Sarah, how he had finally worked up the courage to initiate it and the joy he felt when she had accepted and returned his kiss. It had felt like fireworks going off in his brain. And now she had kissed Lester without any kind of courting whatsoever.

She did it for you, dumbass.

He held Sarah close as they moved across the windy parking lot. Logically, he knew why she had done it, but the thought of it was still bothering him. He took a long step, attempting to adjust his growing cock into a more comfortable position.

And then she had put his cock in her mouth...

Sarah had given Lester a blowjob. Not just any old blowjob, but an insanely sexual blowjob with extensive ball-sucking, magnified even more by how very dirty her talk with Lester had gotten. His wife had even talked dirty about Dan at his roommate's prompting while she was servicing him.

His body shivered. Not because of the cold, but at the thought of what she had said. Dan had always loved hearing his wife's dirty talk, but he had never expected that hearing her talk like that to someone else would drive him so crazy.

There had also come a point where Lester's naked body had been positioned right over hers. His naked, unkempt cock had been poised just inches away from Sarah's sweet spot.

I wonder what would have happened if Lester had tried to.....

"Dan! Earth to Dan. Open the car! It's freezing out here," Sarah pleaded.

Dan shook his head to clear it of the memories. He hadn't realized they were already standing by Sarah's car. He'd been so lost in his thoughts that he hadn't comprehended anything she had been saying. "Right, sorry."

He quickly unlocked the car and climbed into the passenger seat, handing her the key fob he had been holding. Sarah got behind the wheel and quickly slammed the door shut. She turned on the car and started the heater, clasping her hands together and blowing into them until it warmed up inside. "I almost turned into a popsicle out there waiting for you."

Dan sighed and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. "Yeah, sorry, my mind was just drifting back to last night."

Sarah eyed him curiously and then glanced down at his dick. "Well, do you want to share with the class? What exactly were you thinking about?"

"Mostly just how wild and crazy things got in the living room. I knew what might happen when I dared you to go out there dressed like that, but seeing it unfold right in front of me..." Dan rambled, still a little groggy from all the alcohol he had only partially slept off. "It's just a lot for my brain to process," he finally admitted.

"You know that everything I did with him last night, I did for you, right? I wouldn't have done those things otherwise." Sarah looked at him reassuringly.

"I know. I do know that, and that's the fucked up part. It's like I made you do those things like I forced you into it." Dan's shoulders were slumped.

"Dan," she said firmly as she stared at him intensely. "No one made me do anything I didn't want to do. Got it?" She smiled mischievously after absolving him of his misplaced guilt.

"Besides, I did enjoy myself," Sarah said with a wink.

"You did?" Dan looked up at her, his cock stirring slightly at her admission.

"Of course," she assured him. "I loved seeing the look on your face and your reactions to what I was doing. God, that was hot! I also enjoyed making love to you afterwards and seeing how relentless you were, as if you were reclaiming me. That turned me on a lot."

"What about Lester? I can't imagine..." Dan wanted Sarah to fill in the rest.

"Well, about Lester..." She glanced at the vents that were finally pumping out warm air. Moving her hands right in front of them to

thaw them out, she sighed at the sensation before turning back to look at her husband.

"He isn't much to look at, and I do find him very irritating...and weird. Irritating and weird," she smirked before letting her bedroom eyes come out as she held Dan's gaze. "But he does fit the mold for our 'beauty and the beast' thing, and I know it turns you on like nothing else to see someone you generally don't like have their hands all over me."

"Jesus," Dan muttered.

"His large cock in my hands," Sarah added, emphasizing the word "cock."

Dan held his hands up in surrender. "Okay! Alright! You're about to drive home and leave me here alone, so don't try to get me worked up before you go."

Sarah laughed softly. She could always get him going and loved her ability to do so. With his fantasy no longer limited to bedroom roleplay, it was almost too easy to rev him up.

"Can I ask you a question?" She leaned over toward him, unable to resist a little more teasing before she left. "What was your favourite part of last night?"

"Having sex with you," Dan replied, almost too quickly. "Obviously."

"Obviously," Sarah rolled her eyes. "I meant when we were in the living room."

"All of it was amazing and unpredictable," Dan answered after a moment, his eyes glazing over slightly in remembrance. "Watching you being pinned against the couch as he felt you up, then being under him as he fingered you was unbelievably hot. Taking him in

your mouth and even sucking on his balls...fuck!" he growled as he looked at her lips, arousal blazing on his face.

"The words you said and the dirty talking you did with him also turned me on," he paused for a moment, dropping his gaze slightly before continuing. "Especially...when you talked about me. I don't know why, but it almost made me explode right then and there when he had you talk to me."

Sarah raised an eyebrow, having noticed the bulge in his pants twitch at his admission. "I thought you might like that," she purred. "I'll remember to up the intensity a little more next time..."

Dan's eyes snapped back up to his wife. "Next time?"

Sarah smiled and gave him a seductive look. "Well, I assume you want to see a repeat performance after gushing about it so much."

Dan gulped. "I don't know. Yes? Maybe..."

"Well, next time I'm here, we'll just have to see what happens," Sarah paused. "Can I ask you another question?"

Dan groaned. "Have mercy on me, Sarah, I have to go back upstairs with this." He gestured toward his growing erection.

"I'm sure you know how to take care of that by now." She eyed his crotch briefly before continuing. "Last night, when Lester was on top of me. After his fingers were in me...did you notice him try to drop his hips as if he was trying to line up his cock with me?"

"Not exactly," Dan shook her head. "It did feel like I was frozen in place, though, and seeing things in slow motion. I didn't notice him doing that precisely, but I saw how close he was getting to you. I wondered if he would try something, but then you took control and blew him instead."

"I did. I felt he might try it, so I switched things around before anything could happen," she admitted. "I just know that if we keep going like this, he will eventually try something or expect something more than what we've already done. What do you think about it?"

She let the question hang in the air as the car windows were fogging up from the cold air outside and their breathing inside along with the heater.

"I..." Dan paused, trying to compose his thoughts. "I don't know if we are ready for that. I don't know if I'm ready for that yet. The idea of it...picturing you two together. It just seems so obscene in my mind. I can't lie, though. When you asked me that just now, my dick got even harder as the idea undoubtedly turns me on, but my brain is still fully in control right now." Dan shifted in his seat as he laid out his thoughts. "It seems like that is a bridge you definitely can't uncross. I don't know, though. What do you think?"

Sarah had listened to his thoughts carefully and was glad they seemed to be on the same page on this issue. She had been slightly worried he would only be thinking with his dick from now on.

Well, any more than he already does...

"I agree, it would be like opening Pandora's box. Hard to walk back. The thought of doing that with Lester himself doesn't do much for me. Sure, the idea of submitting to someone beneath me does get me going. I do like that fantasy, but it's playing with fire," she explained.

"I won't lie, though," Sarah said as lowered her voice to a husky whisper. "When I had Lester's cock in my mouth last night, I felt powerful knowing I could make it cum. After that moment, I wanted you inside me. If he had tried anything when I was in a state like that, though, I just don't know if I could have resisted. We'll have to be careful. I don't think that is something we should explore until we both thought long and hard about it."

The image of Sarah screaming out in pleasure while under Lester with his cock buried deep inside of her became lodged in his brain. "I agree. It's dangerous."

"Okay, good. That's settled for now, then." She smiled at him before glancing at the clock. "Oh, crap! Dan, I hate to cut this short, but I need to get back home and you need to get to work."

Dan followed her eyes and sighed when he saw the time. If he didn't leave soon, he would be late for work. "Crap. Alright."

He leaned over and cupped her face with his hands and kissed her. He let his lips linger, clinging to every last second he had with the love of his life. "I love you."

"I love you too, baby," she whispered.

Dan broke their embrace and moved back into his seat as Sarah put on her seatbelt and checked her mirrors. "Okay, boo," he said, "Have a safe drive. I love you, and tell the kids I love them and that I'll see them soon."

"I'll Facetime you after work with the kids and you can tell them yourself." She looked warmly at him.

Dan exited the car and shut the door, backing up several paces to let her pull out. She waved to him, indicating she wanted to see him heading back into the building.

He stood his ground, waving to her and made it clear that she should leave instead. He watched as the mother of his children pulled her car out of the parking lot and started the long drive back to their home.

He shivered as he turned to walk slowly back towards the apartment building.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 06

With her eyes closed, Sarah rested her head on Dan's shoulder as the stewardess pushed the drink cart down the aisle. "I can't believe we are actually getting away."

"Yeah, it's nice. Feels like things are actually going our way for once. Even if it is just a short work trip," Dan flipped through the magazine he had grabbed at the airport kiosk. Walt had asked him to meet with the Lincoln Group at their Minneapolis office.

Minneapolis in the fall wasn't his first choice for a vacation destination but the fact that the hotel and his flight were covered made it easier. All they'd had to do was pay for a cheap ticket for Sarah, enabling her to tag along. The plan was for him to try to attend a couple of meetings and resolve things quickly so he could spend a fair amount of his time with Sarah. Luckily her parents had wanted to take the girls, otherwise, this trip would never have happened.

Sarah wrapped her arms around his arm and encircled his fingers with hers. "So, what's the plan when we land? You go take care of business things while I wait alone in the hotel room, dressed in my sexy lingerie?"

Even as he pretended to be engrossed in the magazine, she was still able to drive him crazy.

"Or I could just skip out on all the business things and spend a few days in our hotel room with you." Dan closed the magazine, realizing the conversation was too distracting for him to comprehend anything.

Sarah opened her eyes and sat up. She adjusted the collar on his shirt. "As much as I would love that. Especially getting alone time

with you, without anyone else around.... I am guessing that would be frowned upon by your work."

Dan shrugged. "Who knows, maybe Jesse will hit it out of the park and handle all the meetings on his own."

"Jesse...he's the one who keeps dropping the ball?" Sarah asked. "He's on the trip, too?"

"Yeah." Dan said, rolling his eyes. "Walt still wants me to teach him the ropes and keep an eye on things. He is supposed to be my backup and just to show that we have more than one person working on their account."

"Well, I just hope he doesn't mess anything up for you. I don't want you stressed out while we are out and about."

The rest of the flight was uneventful. Dan and Sarah deboarded and grabbed an Uber to the hotel. Dan did notice the Uber driver trying to catch glimpses of Sarah in his rearview mirror several times.

When they arrived at the hotel, Dan was a little taken aback by how luxurious it looked. He knew that the team at the Lincoln Group had recommended it to Walt. It was close to their office and there weren't many other hotels nearby. Walt had probably felt obliged to take their recommendation and hadn't wanted them to perceive his firm's financial hardships by booking Dan and Jesse elsewhere.

After catching the Uber driver taking one last eyeful of Sarah's sweet ass, Dan grabbed their bags out of the trunk, and the couple went inside to check in.

"Hi, checking in, Dan Williams," Dan said, laying his driver's license and Visa card on the counter while he waited for the young receptionist to pull up his reservation.

"Thank you, Mr. Williams." The woman clicked her mouse a few times, smiled and extended a keycard toward him. "It looks like you are all set, your partner checked in earlier."

Dan shared a confused look with Sarah, who shrugged. "Partner?"

"Yes," the receptionist said, still holding out the keycard. "A Jesse Thompson. Two queen beds."

"There must be some mistake, can you check again?" Dan asked.

After a few minutes, the receptionist confirmed that her information was accurate. Dan's firm had only booked one room for Jesse and Dan to share.

"This is ridiculous," Dan said as he pinched the bridge of his nose. He was holding his phone up to his ear, waiting to get connected to the lady at his company who did their travel booking. Meanwhile, Sarah asked about booking an additional room but was told that the hotel was at capacity.

After a brief exchange, he regrouped with Sarah who was holding the keycard from the receptionist. "Yep, those cheapskates booked us in the same room. God, I don't know what to do."

Sarah placed a calming hand on his chest. "We'll figure it out. Sure, this might put a damper on all the sexy underwear I brought along, but we'll make it work. Besides, once you're all done with your meetings, we'll spend most of the time out of the hotel room anyways."

Dan sighed and nodded. This was nothing like what he had planned. The couple rode the elevator up to their room. With a sharp intake of breath, Dan opened the door with the keycard.

Aside from the suitcase hastily thrown on the chair in the corner, there was no sign of Jesse to be found. Dan opened his phone and

sent Jesse a message as he got ready to head over to the office. Sarah started to organize their things and settle in.

Thirty minutes later, Dan was dressed and ready to go. He checked his phone, still no response from Jesse. *Typical.*

"Alright, hon, I'm heading out," Dan said to the closed bathroom door. After a few seconds of silence, Sarah opened it looking absolutely stunning. She smiled as he had trouble picking his jaw off the floor.

"Ugh," Dan was flabbergasted. "And what, er, where are you going?"

"Well, I figured I'm not going to just stay here in the hotel room and wait for you. I'm going to go down to the nice restaurant downstairs and wait at the bar until someone tries to pick me up." She smiled devilishly.

Dan shook his head, trying to get his brain to work. "You what?"

"I need to find someone to keep me entertained while you are gone. After all, you're leaving your poor wife all alone in a strange city..." she said, looking at him with her sexy bedroom eyes.

When it was clear that Dan couldn't put a coherent thought together, she laughed and gently slapped him on the arm. "Relax, killer, I'm just trying to decide which outfit to wear tonight when you take me out to dinner."

Dan exhaled. "That sounds good. I can't wait. You had me going there for a second." "I always do," she winked at him and went back to looking over her outfit. "You be safe, okay?"

"I always am," Dan said as he leaned forward and kissed Sarah before heading out of the hotel room.

A few hours later, Sarah received a text message from Dan.

> Hey, so the lead guy here wants to keep going over things. He suggested dinner at a place near the hotel. I know this sucks and isn't what we planned. Are you game to come? Jesse just ghosted today, I could use some backup at dinner.

That asshole, just leaving Dan on his own.

It wasn't the mini-getaway she had planned but at least she could get her dinner paid for by Dan's company. It was the least they could do after messing with their arrangement.

> Of course, baby. I can't wait.

The incessant pinging of the Discord alert was distracting Lester from his task at hand. He was transfixed at the image in front of him, Sarah grinding against his leg with his cock in her mouth. He was listening intently to her moans of pleasure from his computer speaker.

Ding. *What the Fuck!*

Lester removed his hand from his cock, grabbed his mouse and opened his discord app that was running in the background. He quickly scanned the channel that kept interrupting his Sarah time.

Surgebinder: @All we are starting the raid in t-minus 10 minutes!

Surgebinder: Ready to go, waiting on you, Darkspire!

Surgebinder: Darkspire, are you still raiding tonight?

Surgebinder: Darkspire, come conquer this dungeon with us and share in our fortunes! Our names will be etched in eternity.

Surgebinder: @Darkspire

Surgebinder: Lester! Where are you?

Lester narrowed his eyes and muted Ned for 24 hours. An unread direct message caught his eye.

Anon34: I'm ready for more videos. Do you have any married women?

Lester shifted his eyes to the window with Sarah's mouth wrapped around his cock.

No, she is mine. At least for now.

As they entered the restaurant, Dan was still marvelling at how stunning his wife looked. The bottom of Sarah's dress was a hip-hugging pale pink that went past her knees with a slit in the middle exposing a little of her thigh.

The top made her look like she was covered in nothing but rhinestones, but the rhinestones were mounted on some kind of fabric that matched her skin. It gave the illusion that all her interesting parts were just waiting to be uncovered beneath a sequence of small gems. The rhinestones stopped at her wrists and just below her collarbone. The bejewelled top did wonderful things for shaping and accentuating her natural figure. The back of the dress was completely open, exposing her naked back. Dan wondered about the physics of the dress: her chest looked amazing despite the absence of any bra strap across her back.

Even though it was a chilly Chicago night and the restaurant was a short walk from their hotel, Sarah had still managed to prioritize her appearance.

After a brief exchange with the hostess, she led them towards a booth in the back of the dimly lit restaurant. The eyes of the booth's sole occupant scanned Sarah up and down as the couple approached. He stood up and extended a hand across the table.

"Sarah, this is Byron. He's my counterpart over at the Lincoln Group," Dan gestured.

Sarah shook his hand, noting that he held it a few seconds longer than expected.

"Dan failed to mention that his wife was such a stunner." Bryon grinned as the couple slid into the booth next to him. "Frankly, Dan, I am impressed you managed to get into the office with us at all today, knowing that your wife was waiting for you in the hotel."

He winked. "It just shows how extra committed you are to us."

Dan and Sarah both chuckled politely.

The group continued to make small talk while reviewing the menu. Byron took the liberty of ordering a couple of bottles of wine for the table, even though it had been implied that Dan was taking him out.

After the wine arrived and everyone placed their orders, Byron enthusiastically poured for the table. He paid particular attention to Sarah's glass, filling it beyond a normal restaurant pour.

Byron began to tell a story about a recent issue that had happened at work. His voice was getting loud, and drawing looks even with the background noise of the restaurant. He was clearly building to some kind of punchline but Dan wasn't paying close attention. He was watching Byron's eyes as their focus kept seeming to shift and stay on Sarah.

Byron smacked the table, laughing to accentuate whatever joke he was making. Sarah laughed enthusiastically while her husband

marvelled at her social acumen.

She sure does a great job wining and dining folks.

Dan laughed as well, not wanting to offend Byron. He was working after all, and he needed to get Byron to sign some amendments to their contract.

The table suddenly got quiet. Dan glanced at Byron who seemed to have been interrupted mid-sentence and was now looking up toward where Dan presumed the waitress was standing.

Instead of the waitress, it was Jesse. No one said anything for a second. It dawned on Dan that no one at the table had actually met Jesse yet in person.

"Byron, this is Jesse, my work associate. He wasn't able to make it to our meetings today and just got into town. Jesse, I don't think you've met my wife yet. Sarah, this is Jesse."

Jesse gave the group a limp wave. "Hi, nice to meet everyone."

Out of courtesy, Dan had forwarded the dinner details on to Jesse, but he had assumed the asshole would simply ghost him, just like he had done all that day. Word about that had probably already gotten back to Dan's boss, which might explain Jesse's sudden appearance.

There wasn't room in the booth for Jesse, so he just awkwardly stood there.

"Excuse me," the waitress said from behind Jesse. He moved to the side as she scooted past him, her arms carrying three plates of food that she set down in front of the group. "Are you joining the group here?"

"He is," Dan said flatly, unable to feign much enthusiasm for his coworker's presence.

"Great, I'll go get you a stool." The waitress returned, toting a stool from the bar and placing it at the outside edge of the table. "Can I get you something to drink? Here's a menu."

"I'll take a beer, whatever you have on tap." Jesse perched himself on the stool that was clearly only meant for the bar counter. Dan suppressed a groan. It would have been better if Jesse hadn't shown up at all. His belated appearance had instantly killed the flow of the conversation and he was now sitting on a stool that was too tall for the table. He looked like some kind of comedian about to entertain the booth.

The conversation shifted to how good everyone's food looked and thankfully some semblance of normalcy returned. Byron noticed that Sarah's wine glass was getting close to empty and took the initiative to refill it.

Dan eyed the glass. Sarah smirked at him, knowing what he was thinking. He could already see the telltale signs that his wife was going to get tipsy.

"So, Byron, I've gone through the new changes to the design of the project that your team outlined today. I have to say I'm impressed by the number of sustainability goals you've added. It does change a lot of the scope in a few areas. I've drafted what those changes will look like. I just need to get you to sign off on the approvals," Dan said before biting into a piece of his steak.

As Byron was about to respond, Jesse cut in, "Sustainability goals? Personally, I feel like a lot of those things are meaningless. It's always just a way for a company to virtue signal to their friends and other investors how woke they are."

Byron's face grew beat red at the accusation. Dan cringed, trying to think of some way to salvage what had just happened. In a matter of a few sentences, Jesse might have just tanked all the changes Dan had been working on all day. Even though these sustainability

changes were a pain in the ass, they still meant more revenue flowing into his firm.

What the fuck, kid!?

"Byron, I love that you and your company place such an importance on sustainability. I think it really shows leadership. Dan hasn't told me about the changes and I'd love to hear about them. Which ones are the most significant?" Sarah smoothly interjected.

God bless her.

Dan took another sip of his wine as he watched Byron's side eye at Jesse transition over to a glowing enthusiasm directed towards Sarah.

For the next several minutes, Byron went into great detail explaining why his company was leading in this space, what changes were being made to the project and the wide-reaching impacts they would have. During this time, Jesse's food was served to him while the waitress picked up the plates that the others had finished with. The group politely waited for Jesse to finish his meal, allowing Byron to top everyone up and then order another bottle of wine.

After everyone had wrapped up their dinners, it was suggested that they move things to the bar for a last round of drinks. Dan and Sarah were enjoying themselves, even if this was more than they would normally partake in.

The waitress set the check down in front of Byron. Without looking at it or breaking from his animated conversation with Sarah, he slid it across the table to Dan.

With a bemused smile, Dan gave his credit card to the waitress to settle up. Sarah excused herself to use the ladies' room.

"Dan, I think we're good. I'll call you soon, maybe tomorrow morning, and we can get that amendment signed." Byron clapped Dan on the back and shook his hand. It looked like this trip and this large bill would pay off.

"Hey, have a good night. I see a couple of folks over there I want to catch up with. Let's connect in the morning. Give your beautiful wife my best, and let me know if you need me to keep her entertained while you are in town working so hard." He winked at Dan and made his way toward a group of men drinking at the other end of the bar.

Before Dan had an opportunity to grill Jesse about where he had been today, Sarah returned and the trio left the restaurant.

"Jesse, did you know that Walt booked us all in the same room?" Dan asked as he shuffled down the street. He had given his coat to Sarah to keep her warm, so his hands were stuffed in his pockets.

"No, not until I checked in and they asked if the other guest was present. I didn't realize there would be two other guests..." Jesse trailed off as his eyes made a quick appraisal of Sarah. Both Dan and Sarah were too intoxicated to notice the subtle look.

They rode the elevator in silence. When the doors opened onto their floor, the trio awkwardly stepped out with Dan and Sarah taking the lead toward their hotel room. Even though Jesse had checked in first, he loitered a few paces behind the couple, oblivious to his third-wheel status.

After Dan opened the hotel room door and let Sarah in, he gave Jesse a flat look. "Let's just crash tonight, okay? Tomorrow, I'll go down and talk to the receptionist and see about getting another room. Your stuff is already over by the window, so you take that bed. We'll take the other one."

"Got it," Jesse slurred as he barged past Dan. He immediately headed to the bathroom, much to the displeasure of Sarah who seemed intent on changing in there.

Dan locked the door and the couple sat in silence as they waited for Jesse to finish up. Sarah yawned and blinked her eyes several times. They were getting heavy and she would have to crash soon.

As Jesse finished up and exited the bathroom, Sarah sat on the edge of the bed behind Dan, unwittingly using him as a physical barrier between herself and this young stranger. She wasn't too impressed with what Dan had said about him in the past and his lack of decorum at dinner hadn't improved her opinion of him.

Jesse immediately walked to the far bed and flopped down, pulling the covers over himself. Sarah took the opportunity to carry her small bag of toiletries and a stack of clothing into the bathroom.

She wasted no time completing her bedroom routine. She sighed as she examined the pajamas that made up the stack of clothing. She had brought a new pair of lacy pink underwear to surprise Dan with. They would just have to wait until their return to Chicago.

Once Dan wrapped up business in Minneapolis, they would fly back to Chicago where she would spend one night before driving back home. It looked like fate would keep her and Dan apart until then. She just hoped that she could spend at least one night with Dan before she had to leave him. If it had to be back in Chicago, so be it. She would just have to keep her husband's expectations for extra participants in their sexual activity low and not allow his roommate to intrude on them this time.

Shaking her head, she pushed away thoughts of sexy, bedroom fun so she wouldn't be too disappointed when she stepped out the door and rejoined her husband. There was no point working herself up as Jesse's presence precluded any chance of sex with Dan.

Sarah slipped out of her dress and into the pajama set. She hadn't planned on having a third party in their room when packing. Her pajamas weren't meant to be sexy, but she still appreciated how nice they looked on her. The snug pajama shorts with a tight, matching t-shirt definitely accentuated her figure.

Sarah yawned again and rubbed her eyes before exiting the bathroom.

Dan was already dressed for bed. Either he was desperately tired or he just didn't care that his co-worker was sharing the room. Loud snores were emanating from Jesse's bed already. He was clearly asleep, which was some relief to Sarah.

The couple pulled the comforter off and slid under the covers. Neither of them wanted to do too much talking in the same room as Jesse, lest he overhears their private conversation. He seemed to be asleep, but they still really didn't feel comfortable discussing anything there. Dan turned the light off and leaned over to give Sarah a lingering kiss before whispering goodnight to her.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

Dan reached out to the bedside table, his sleep-deprived brain fumbling to find his phone.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt.

He finally found it. Without opening his eyes he thumbed the button to answer the call and whispered, "Hello?"

"Hey! Danny boy. What's up? It's Byron. Hey, I have a change of plans for tomorrow." It seemed like Byron was screaming over the phone. Dan could hear lots of background noise and realized he must still be at the nearby bar.

"I now have another business meeting I need to attend, a round of golf, you know how it is. Do you think we could get those amendments signed off tonight? I want to wrap this up and get out onto the course early tomorrow. You can make that work, right?" Even though it was technically a question, it felt more like a command.

Shit.

Dan sat up blinking his eyes.

"Uh, yeah. Sure. Give me a couple of minutes. Where are you?" Dan tried to sound awake and alert, ever attentive to a client's needs.

"Same place you left me. Hurry up, it's gonna be the last call soon." Byron abruptly hung up.

Talk about a Hollywood hang-up.

Dan reached over and grabbed Sarah's shoulder, trying to shake her awake.

"Sarah," he whispered. "Sarah."

She mumbled something in her sleep but didn't stir. She was out cold.

Dan stared out the outline of Jesse's body in the other bed. He was still snoring, likely also out cold from the alcohol he had ingested with dinner.

I'll just quickly get this signed and hurry back. No need to wake her, I guess.

He quietly moved across the room and got dressed in the clothing he had worn earlier that night. He crept to the door and slowly opened it. The ever-present hallway light streamed into the room. Dan

closed the door, took the elevator back down to the lobby, and walked as directly as he could to find someone to open the business office so he could print out the contract.

Jesse's eyes snapped open at the sound of Dan's muffled phone conversation. It was late. Or it was early. All he knew was that it was dark outside. He could hear that jackass Byron asking Dan to sign the contract tonight.

"Sarah." He heard Dan whisper. "Sarah."

After a few moments of feigning sleep, Jesse heard Dan moving quietly around the room getting dressed. When he heard the door click shut, Jesse felt his cock swell in his shorts.

I'm in here alone with Dan's sexy wife.

He shifted in his bed, lying there for a minute while he listened to the sound of Sarah breathing, and for any indication that Dan was returning. Where would Dan manage to acquire the revised version of the contract at this hour? Would he head back to the Lincoln Group's office to print it? How long would he be gone for?

Jesse nervously shifted his weight again as he sat up on the bed. His eyes were glued to the alluring shape of Sarah in the other bed. She was lying on her side facing away from him. The sheets had shifted enough that he could see the back of her t-shirt pajamas. The exposure was enough to jolt his cock erect.

He stood up and stepped over to the other bed, hovering above Sarah, unsure of what to do. His eyes flicked in the direction of the door then back to the sleeping beauty. He hadn't forgotten about the sexy pictures he'd seen of her on Dan's phone. He had thought about those often. He had wished that there had been some way that he could have copied them. Tonight, he'd met her in person and

she had turned out to be even more stunning in person than in the photos. The way she talked at dinner was so confident, she just seemed so in control. He found that sexy.

An idea sprang into his mind and before he fully comprehended what he was doing, he pulled the sheet back from Sarah's body and gently eased himself down into Dan's place, lying next to the most stunning woman he had ever seen.

It took Dan a few minutes to find the front desk attendant and convince them to open the business office after hours for him. After logging into the computer, he was able to pull up his email and retrieve the amended contract for Byron to sign. While waiting for it to print, Dan pulled up his cell phone and called Byron.

It continued to ring until it went to voicemail. Dan checked the time, it was late. He quickly stapled the pages together and in a split-second decision, decided it was best to run back down to the restaurant and hope that Byron was still there.

Jesse just stared up at the ceiling, trying to control his breathing. Nothing had changed. She hadn't stirred or woken up now that he was in the bed with her. After composing himself, he gingerly turned on his side so that her back was now facing him.

God, she smells good.

He reached out and grazed her arm with the back of his hand. Nothing.

Sarah was completely enveloped by the dream she was having. Dan's hands were holding her tightly against him. They were in their bed at home and everything was as it should be. Everything was

finally normal again. She could feel how hard Dan was in her hand. They kissed and started making love. Dan was so gentle and yet so strong.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned.

Jesse quickly withdrew his hand, terrified he had woken her.

"Oh," she moaned quietly again. Her hips moved a little bit.

Is she having a dream?

Jesse didn't know quite how to react, but his dick sure did. It strained against his boxers for contact. Without thought, Jesse shifted himself over until he was right behind Sarah, just shy of pressing himself up against her. At the restaurant, he never would have dreamed he would get so close to her.

In her dream, Dan was beginning to thrust into her. Her legs were wrapped around his waist and he was gently kissing her neck. She raised her hips to meet his thrusts.

Jesse was flabbergasted as Sarah began to rock her hips a little more noticeably. She closed the distance between them on her own. Her perfect ass moved and pressed up against his rock-hard cock. As she pushed back into him, she emitted a soft moan, "Mmmmm."

Even if she was dreaming, she had felt his dick and liked the way it felt. Jesse reached out and firmly placed his hand on her hip, pulling her back into him as he gently began thrusting his cock against her pajama-clad ass.

Back in her Middleton bedroom dream, Dan turned her over and took her from behind. His cock felt so good in her, his hands holding her down as he thrust into her. She screamed into the pillow, her nails digging into the sheets. But now, something was calling her attention. Something was wrong. She looked towards the doorway

of her bedroom. She saw herself standing there in horror, watching Dan fuck her from behind. What was wrong with what she was seeing? Why did she look like she'd seen a ghost?

Jesse had worked his cock out of his boxers and had pressed his naked flesh up against his boss's wife. His hand snaked up from her hips and found the hem of her shirt. He recklessly slipped it under, grazing her soft tummy on its way to touch those magnificent breasts of hers, the ones he couldn't help but drool over during dinner. He found them. His hands began to dance over the lace material until he found the soft flesh of the tops of her breasts. His cock grew harder.

He thrust himself into the sleeping wife and her hips pushed back. Jesse held her chest firmly and an audible moan escaped Sarah's lips. "Oh."

Jesse leaned forward, his head right next to Sarah's. He kissed the base of her neck while fondling her chest.

Dan ignored the hostess, his eyes scanning the bar and lounge area. He didn't see Byron anywhere.

"I'm meeting someone," he said dismissively as he walked past her and strolled through the restaurant. He thought he recognized some of the faces at the end of the bar. Maybe they were the guys Byron had left to go talk to earlier.

"Hey, do you guys know Byron?" he asked as he made eye contact with one of them. The guy was clearly still dressed from work, likely drinking with his co-workers before going home.

"Yeah..." the guy said, looking him up and down, trying to place him. "You're that guy that was in here earlier with that sexy blonde, right?" He looked around at his buddies smiling.

"Yes, that's me. Is Byron still here?" Dan said, trying to keep these drunk idiots focused.

"He might have left?" The man said, appearing like he was searching through his recollections. "He said he had some business to take care of."

Dan grimaced at the idea. He had no idea where Byron could have gone. Maybe back to the office.

"I saw him go to the bathroom, but I dunno after that." Another one shouted a little too loudly.

"Thanks." Dan left the group and stalked away, eyes looking around. Before he knew it, he decided to make for the bathroom just to check.

Sarah's dream was becoming hazy. She kept looking back, trying to see what the other Sarah in the doorway was looking at. Her perspective shifted. She was no longer under Dan, she was standing in the doorway watching Lizzie being fucked from behind by Lester. He was holding her down by the base of her neck, but staring back at Sarah as he powerfully thrust into the girl.

Her perspective shifted again. She was on her elbows staring down at her bed sheets as someone thrust into her from behind. It was her that Lester was holding in place instead of Lizzie. She could feel his weight on her back. His cock was sliding in and out of her. She was quickly building to an orgasm and didn't want him to stop.

"Don't stop," Sarah mumbled in her sleep. Jesse took this as a sign. He slid both his hands under the back of her shirt and unclasped her bra. He shoved his boxers down and held his erect cock in his hands. He knew better than to try anything serious, but his lust-filled brain still convinced him to begin peeling Sarah's pajama shorts down to

just below her ass. Her hips were still moving backwards, seeking contact. Jesse wished he had a better view of her panty-covered ass, but it was too dark in the room. He'd have to go by touch. He reached out and explored the material of her underwear. It was so soft. His fingers found her naked asscheeks. He wasn't blind, but working in the dark made it feel that way. If he had been blind, he would have still recognized that he had found a flawless ass with smooth skin.

His fingers lingered on her ass for a second before they trailed down and found her panty-covered sex. She was wet. He thought about playing with her for a second but his cock had other ideas. He held it in place as he gently eased it between her thighs, pressing up against her pussy. She rolled her hips back against him.

Jesse and Sarah moaned in unison. Sarah's pussy had finally gained the contact it had been seeking. As she pushed her hips back against him, her thighs and the bottom of her ass encased Jesse's hard cock.

This is what it must feel like to fuck her.

As he began thrusting between the thighs of his boss's perfect wife, his hand shot back up and began fondling her bare chest under her shirt. He held her perfect breast in his hand and squeezed while he began kissing her neck.

The bathroom door clanged shut behind him as Dan rounded the corner into the men's room. He sighed, relieved at the sight in front of him.

"Danny boy!" Byron shouted, looking at him through the mirror as he washed his hands.

"Hey, Byron, how's your night going?" Dan tried to let go of his frantic feelings and shift back into smooth operator business mode.

"It's good. The boys out there are keeping me company. But how is your night going?" He winked at Dan. "I bet you're having a much better night than I am, what with that wife of yours."

Byron made an exaggerated face and mouthed 'wow' before grabbing some paper towel to dry his hands.

"Yeah," Dan said, unsure how to proceed. "Speaking of, she is going to kill me if I don't get back there soon. I brought the contract, are you ready to get it going?"

Byron shrugged. "Sure, whatever. Let's do it."

The pair exited the bathroom to go find a table.

"Mmmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester relentlessly fucked her from behind. He pulled himself free and powerfully flipped her over onto her back. She wasn't in her Middleton bedroom anymore. She was back in the apartment in Chicago. In Lester's dirty room, on his unkempt bed. She surrendered herself to him and he slid his cock into her. He was staring down at her with that lust-filled look before she pulled him down for a sloppy kiss.

To a bystander, it would have looked like Jesse and Sarah were fucking. Sarah was lightly moaning as her body pushed back against Jesse's cock. She squeezed her thighs together, pressing her drenched panty-covered sex against his naked cock.

Jesse was in bliss. His boss's wife was arching her chest into his waiting hands. He was sure that his kisses on her neck were sending her into overdrive. He was confident he knew how to play this

woman's body. He thought he could probably even pleasure her better than her husband. Her body was so warm against his cock.

Sarah's tempo was picking up. Would he actually make her cum while she was asleep? He matched her pace, ecstasy spreading across his face as his cock slid against her smooth skin. Her ass was so firm and bubbly that it felt like he was really fucking her. Even if Dan came back now, he didn't think he could stop.

Lester was picking up his pace. Her hips were wrapped around his waist as he had her arms pinned down above her head. She had never been fucked this well before. She wanted to kiss him, but he held her still, just looking down at her with that intense expression. That look that said everything: Strong, Determined, Conqueror.

She needed to kiss him. She couldn't reach his lips, so she began kissing his chest. Her tongue danced along whatever it could find. She was getting close. Lester was going to make her cum. And then he was next to her head, his lips against her ear. She sloppily kissed his neck as he whispered, "I'm going to knock you up."

"Mmmmm, fuck," Sarah moaned loudly in the hotel room. Jesse felt her body tense up and her breath caught in her chest as she came. He felt her sex push hard against his cock, her thighs somehow clasping him tighter than before. It was too much for him.

"Ugh," Jesse groaned into her ear. Warm cum shot from his cock, spraying the bedsheets, Sarah's thighs and her panty-covered pussy.

They lay together like that for a few minutes with Jesse just spooning his boss's wife. His eyes were getting heavy. He knew he couldn't fall asleep in this bed, but he wanted nothing more than to keep holding this woman in his arms. Her breathing was steady, she was sound asleep. As he began to drift off, a small part of his brain started screaming at him. It was the rational part that had just woken up from his post-nut bliss.

He groggily grabbed a handful of the bedsheets and pressed them against Sarah's thighs and underwear as she slid out from behind her. He tried to soak up as much of his cum as possible so it wouldn't be noticeable.

He gingerly pulled her sweat shorts back up and re-clasped her bra. He stared down at her and froze in place as she turned onto her back. It just felt right to lean down and kiss her. So he did.

Her lips were soft and part of him longed for her to wake up like sleeping beauty and fall in love with him. It seemed like that was possible at the moment. After all, they just shared something, hadn't they? She must have felt something for him. Then he remembered she had been asleep the entire time and his fantasy crashed down around him.

Jesse shook his head and chastised himself. He got off the bed and pulled the sheet back up over her. He surveyed the scene for a second and felt confident nothing looked amiss. Tiptoeing back to his bed, he began to drift off with a shit-eating grin plastered on his face. Hopefully, Dan didn't come back and see it.

"Alright, so here, I've outlined the change order requests," Dan said, pointing to one of the pages in the contract. Byron and Dan were seated at an empty table that was still cluttered with someone's dirty dishes. "If you take a look throughout there, I've highlighted each of the sustainability initiatives that you are ---"

Bryon flipped to the last page and quickly signed and dated it, almost by instinct.

"Want another beer?" Bryon asked with a sly smile, likely testing Dan to see if he would partake and foot the bill for him and maybe his group.

Dan's patience was running thin. He gathered up the contract and stood up. "No, thanks. Like I said, I have to get back to my wife."

Byron laughed. "Yeah, that's right! Sure, I don't blame you at all. Hey, what about a nightcap? Maybe I could come back up with you --"

"Sorry, Byron, gotta go. I'll call you tomorrow, alright?" Dan shut him down as he reached out and shook Byron's hand and headed towards the door.

After speed walking back to the hotel, the elevator took an eternity to reach his floor. He quietly made his way down the hall, slid his room key into the door and entered the pitch-black hotel room. Dan quietly got undressed and surveyed the scene. Jesse was still snoring and Sarah seemed to be out as well.

Good, everything is just as I left it.

With the contract amendments signed and Byron unavailable to meet with them again, there wasn't any point to staying in Minneapolis. The hotel room was paid for another night, but with Jesse opting to stay, Dan had called the airline to see if they could catch an early flight back to Chicago. There wasn't one available until that evening, but at least they could spend a night alone at his apartment if they took it.

After a relaxing day of visiting a few tourist spots in the city followed by a decent late lunch at a nice restaurant, Dan and Sarah finally found themselves sitting alone in the back of an airplane. It was a later flight back to the windy city, set to touch down around 9 pm. They had lucked out and had the whole row to themselves. The plane was only sparsely populated with other passengers.

"I'm sorry this trip was such a bust," Dan said, looking over at Sarah. Somehow, after all these years he was still taken aback at how beautiful she was. "I'm pretty pissed that Walt and the company screwed us over like that."

"I know, honey. It sucked. I guess they didn't know you were going to sneak your wife onto the trip with you, but still, it's a pretty cheap move by them." Sarah rested her hand reassuringly on Dan's forearm.

Dan fidgeted with the blanket that was covering their laps. They were only half watching the latest Oscar-nominated movie playing on the screens in front of them. "Sometimes, I worry about what the company's financial situation is like. Maybe it's good and they are just cheap, but things like this set-off alarm bells in my head after all we've been through."

"I know," Sarah said. She didn't like thinking too much about the financial situation they were just pulling themselves out of, but it was time to shift gears a bit and stop being so depressing. "I just feel bad for you, baby. I had lots of things planned for you on this trip that I didn't get to make happen."

Sarah hid an impish grin and she pretended to focus back on the movie, blatantly ignoring Dan as he stared at her.

"What plans, Sarah?" Dan asked in a hushed voice. He took a tentative look around the cabin, but there were no flight attendants in sight and it didn't seem like anyone around could hear them.

Sarah shrugged nonchalantly and kept her focus on the movie. "Oh, nothing special."

As Dan was about to respond and press for more information, Sarah turned to him. Her face had transformed from a regular movie-watching airline passenger to that sexy, vixen wife with bedroom

eyes. He stared at her like a deer in headlights. He knew he was in trouble, but he was unprepared for whatever she was about to do.

"I had planned on having my way with you," she informed him, her hand sliding onto his blanket-covered lap, deliberating moving over his crotch.

Dan looked around again to see if anyone was watching them. Sarah was enjoying this too much.

She continued to stroke his growing cock through the blanket. "I brought a few sets of underwear I was planning to model for you. I was especially interested to see your reaction to this black, lacy set with white trimming. It came with the whole stocking and garter set up, too."

She flashed him a devilish smile. Her eyes made him think she might just straddle him right there on the plane in front of everyone. Instead, she moved her hand under the blanket and began to caress his cock over his pants.

"We really shouldn't be spending money right now on fancy stuff like that..." Dan had to stifle a groan at Sarah's manipulations.

"Mmmm," Sarah whispered in his ear. Her hand was now fighting with the waistline of his sweatpants. He knew what she wanted. He raised his hips gently off the plane seat and she tugged his pants down until they were sitting about mid-thigh. It was just enough for Sarah to pull Dan's boxers up his leg and expose his shaft to her hand.

Dan sucked in his breath as her delicate, manicured fingers made contact with his naked dick. "It's not polite to turn down a gift you know," she said softly, her hand gently stroking him. She couldn't put her mouth on it at the moment for lubrication, so her touch took a gentle and teasing approach.

"That kind of leads me to the other idea I had." She was staring at him now. Dan didn't dare make eye contact in case he spontaneously ejaculated just from looking at her. "But if you don't appreciate the present I got you," she said, lowering her voice and adding a ton of sexual inflection to it, "maybe someone else would."

Dan turned his head to look at his wife and realized how dry his mouth was. She squeezed his dick, causing him to close his eyes in pleasure.

"I was thinking. You've been working so *hard* and working such *long, hard* hours that you deserved a little reward." She shifted her eyes so that she appeared to be staring at the screen in front of her.

Her mouth was still next to his ear and she whispered, "Do you remember the last time we had sex in our bedroom at home and the roleplaying we did that I know you love so much? We were going to do some more of that on this trip. I was going to let someone else besides my husband enjoy my new lingerie."

"Fuck," Dan whispered. He wasn't staring at the screen but shifting his eyes all around the cabin. Dan loved role-playing with Sarah, especially when he got to pretend to be someone else fucking her and seeing her reaction and listening to her say their name. If it wasn't for that idiotic coworker, he could have had that. And it had been so long since his last time with Sarah, too. Jesse hadn't even contributed anything on this trip, as expected. He had been just a waste of space, except in one regard. He had managed to be an excellent cock block. "Fucking Jesse..."

"Jesse?" Sarah said seductively. "I had expected a new, different character, or maybe your roommate, but not him. Would you really want the guy that wrecks your work day to wreck your wife, too?"

That thought had never occurred to Dan before, but it seemed like his cock liked the idea. Dan shook his head, unsure how to respond. He didn't know where this was going.

"Hmmmm, maybe. Maybe not." Sarah's hands continued to graze and tease Dan's shaft. "What about Byron? Is that who you wanted to play with me? Or maybe it was some random person from the hotel? Tell me, baby, who would you have been?"

Sarah smiled wickedly. She knew she had him wrapped around her finger. He must be close to cumming. She just had to keep playing their game. She might not be able to join the mile-high club today, but she could damn well make sure it was a memorable experience for her husband. At the very least she could wring something positive from this trip.

"I'll tell you what, since you've been such a good boy, I'll give you a redo for this trip. Tonight in the apartment, I'll show you my new outfit and you can be someone else for me."

"Ugh," Dan closed his eyes; he didn't care about the people on the plane anymore. He was focusing on Sarah's hand jacking him off. She rolled her fingers over the tip of his cock sending a wave of electricity through his body. Part of his brain managed to ask, "What about Lester?"

"What about him?" Sarah was now staring at him. If anyone walked by it would be very noticeable what they were doing. The blanket was rising and falling. Their only saving grace was the loud background noise of the airplane in flight.

"What if he tries something tonight?" Dan looked at her again, and his heart skipped a beat.

God, she is so fucking sexy.

"I. Don't. Care." Her hand squeezed his dick with each word for emphasis. "It doesn't matter what Lester wants. You and I will decide what happens, and tonight I want to give you this." She bit her lip as her other hand pulled down the neckline of her shirt, revealing the tops of her breasts. "All of me."

"Jesus," Dan muttered and closed his eyes again. He could hear talking farther ahead in the cabin. The stewardess was pushing the drink cart towards them, but he could feel Sarah's hot breath on his neck.

"Who are you going to be tonight, Dan?" Sarah asked huskily. "Who is going to be the one to fuck me?"

"Lester," Dan whispered, unable to beat around the bush anymore now that she was asking him so directly.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned lightly, trying to send him over the edge. "Lester, huh? Do you want Lester to fuck me in your apartment? In your bed? I told him my lips were only for you, and yet you still let him stick his cock in my mouth. He took what he wanted. I can tell he has been dying to fuck me by the look in his eyes. Is that what you want, Dan? Is Lester going to fuck your wife tonight?"

His dick was twitching almost nonstop in her hand, so she knew she was on the right track. Just a bit more and he was going to explode.

"You know he doesn't deserve it," she continued. "I mean, just look at him. He is so far beneath me, but you want your wife to open her legs and let that man fuck her? You want to see me writhing in pleasure as he pounds into me while I moan his name over and over. Do you want him to fuck me so hard that I forget all about you? Will you let him cum inside me?"

"Fuck," Dan whispered harshly as he came. His cum shot out and hit the inside of the blanket, dribbling down onto his naked thighs as she pumped his shaft. Sarah's hand continued to squeeze him as more cum shot out, drenching her own hand as stroked him.

Dan closed his eyes, spent. That was one of the most powerful orgasms he had ever experienced. The dirty talk from his wife had been next level and sent him completely overboard.

"And what can I get you two?" The stewardess asked as she rolled her cart up to their aisle.

"He's asleep," Sarah whispered loudly. "Can I please get a diet coke?"

"Of course," the stewardess replied, opening a drawer and taking out a can before pouring it into a plastic cup with ice. She didn't give Dan a second glance. If she had, she would have noticed the wet spot forming on the blanket over his crotch.

"Anything else?" the stewardess asked as she placed her hands on the cart's handle, ready to push it away.

"Oh, could I get a few napkins?" Sarah asked, holding back a naughty smile.

Dan and Sarah rolled their carry-ons through the doorway and set them down inside the apartment. There had been an issue at the gate which delayed their deboarding.

"I can't believe I'm going to say this, but I am so happy to be back here," Dan said as he stretched and took off his jacket.

"I'm just done with airplanes for a while, that was brutal." Sarah already had her jacket off as she headed towards the kitchen. "Let's see if you have anything to drink in here."

"I thought we weren't drinking after last night? You were dead to the world this morning." Dan chuckled as he followed her. As he entered the kitchen he found his wife's beautiful ass on display for him. She was bent over looking in the fridge.

"That was this morning. After that long wait I wouldn't mind a glass --oh," she felt Dan press himself up against her backside. "Hello,

there."

"Hello to you too." Dan grinned.

"No, hello to you," Sarah stood up brandishing an unopened bottle of white wine.

"I may have picked that up for you." Dan smiled.

"My hero," Sarah found a couple of glasses and began pouring. Dan slid up behind her, crotch against her ass and his hands encircling her.

"I love walking in on you like that. Bent over. It's like I'm walking in on something private." He breathed into her ear.

"Oh, I know you do. Just you wait until later tonight. I'll be bent over like that for you when you come to take a peek at my surprise for you." She slowly gyrated her hips back and forth, feeling Dan's dick begin to rise.

"Surprise for me?" Dan whispered. "I thought you were going to be spending the night with someone else."

"Mmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt Dan's dick pressing harder into it. "Of course, how could I forget."

She broke away from her husband's embrace and handed him his glass. They both took a sip, staring into each other's eyes. They could read each other's expressions. Longing, desire and imminent satisfaction were apparent on both of their faces.

"Got some for me?" A voice said from behind Dan. He turned towards the interruption to find Lester standing in the doorway, looking like a wild dog. Unkempt appearance and clad only in a pair of sweat shorts. "I thought you were coming home tomorrow."

"Change of plans," Dan said, not taking his eyes off Lester as he strolled into the kitchen.

He walked right up to the couple, invading their space. Lester slowly reached out and grabbed the glass in Sarah's hand. He held his hand over hers as he moved the glass to his lips and took a sip.

"That's sweet," he said as he stared into her eyes, ignoring Dan completely.

Sarah yanked herself out of his grip. "And it's mine. Was mine. Here, take it."

She gestured the glass towards him until he took it, then filled another glass for herself. "Dan and I are going to have a bit of wine before heading to bed for the night."

Sarah pushed past him and led Dan out of the kitchen toward the couch in the living room. Dan noticed his heartbeat quickening at seeing Lester interact with Sarah. This creature had somehow crossed paths with his beautiful wife. In reality, their worlds should have never collided, but here they were. *What the fuck is wrong with me?*

Dan followed his beautiful wife over to the couch. She sat herself in the middle, so Dan took up the spot directly next to her. He looked over his shoulder but his roommate still hadn't emerged from the kitchen.

They heard sounds coming from the fridge, like Lester was rummaging around playing for time. Sarah rolled her eyes.

"I can't wait for later," Dan said under his breath.

Sarah took a sip of wine. "Me neither. Let's finish up this wine and ditch your roommate."

Lester walked into the living room holding his glass of wine. Apparently, he hadn't found anything else while he was making all that noise. His hairy belly hung over his shorts and he eyed the couple as he moved behind them. He stopped on the other side of the couch and stared at them, as if he was trying to read the situation.

"Can we help you?" Dan asked.

"Just wanted to see if your wife here wanted to join me in my bedroom," Lester said plainly as he took a seat across from the couple. The same seat Dan had sat in the last time Sarah had been in the apartment and she'd given this creature a blowjob.

Sarah turned and raised a suspicious eyebrow, "And what exactly would we be doing in your room? Did you want to show me your World of Warcraft character?"

The confident smile disappeared from Lester's face as he narrowed his eyebrows. "No, I would strip you down and lick every inch of you."

"Easy there," Dan said. "That's my wife you're talking to, alright. I'll admit we have had some fun in the past here but this isn't something that just happens every time she comes to town because you want it to. We're tired and we've had a long trip. Nothing is happening here."

"You sure about that?" Lester quipped. "The tent in your pants says otherwise."

Shocked, both Dan and Sarah looked down at Dan's crotch. His dick was clearly visible against the fabric of his sweatpants.

"If you really need to know, I was just admiring my wife's beautiful behind when you interrupted us in the kitchen." Dan looked confidently at his roommate.

Lester held up his hands defensively. "Hey, you don't need to convince me. Convince her. I'm content just to sit here, sip on my wine and take in the scenery."

He made a point of slowly looking Sarah up and down, briefly licking his lips. She shuddered.

Dan was about to say something but Sarah put a hand on his chest and stood up. She downed the rest of her wine and winked at Dan. She turned and strode over to where Lester was seated. She put one knee on the bottom of the chair, directly between Lester's thighs and leaned forward over him. She took the drink from his hand and downed its contents as well.

"Tonight it's just going to be me and my husband. Got it?" Sarah stood back up and made her way back over to her husband.

"Whatever you say," she heard him say behind her. She could feel his eyes on her ass as she moved. She bent over to whisper in Dan's ear, making sure to give Lester a full view of her spectacular behind. She shifted her weight between each leg, moving her ass in time to tease Lester. She took hold of Dan's wrist and checked the time on his watch.

"Wait five minutes and then come join me in the bedroom '*Lester*'," she whispered to her husband. Dan gulped and nodded.

Sarah gave him a deep kiss on his mouth and then spun on her heels turning around. She gave a pointed look to Lester, retrieved her carry-on and walked toward Dan's bedroom.

"What, no kiss for me?" Lester asked crudely, his eyes glued to her ass until it disappeared from view.

After hearing the bedroom door close, Dan and Lester sat there awkwardly for a few seconds. Thankfully Lester went back into the

kitchen. Dan double-checked the time on his watch and set a five-minute timer to make sure he didn't miss anything.

Lester returned holding the wine bottle. He stopped next to Dan and, without asking, poured more into his glass before sitting back down and refilling his own. That was the first time that Lester had done anything nice for Dan. More importantly, he did it unprompted. Dan didn't like it.

"This wine sucks," Lester complained after taking a sip.

"Oh yeah?" Dan leaned back and looked his roommate over. What a slobby-looking guy. The idea of him with Sarah was just ridiculous, but Dan did notice that his own dick hadn't gotten any softer since Sarah left. "And what do you usually like to drink?"

"Coke," Lester took another sip of his wine, "Maybe some Redbull."

"There's plenty of your Coke in the fridge." Dan said, "If you don't like the wine, why didn't you grab one?"

"Because," Lester was clumsily swirling the wine around in his glass, "I want to get you drunk."

Dan leaned forward, "It'll take more than this wine to get me drunk Lester. What's your angle?"

Lester looked up from his drink and stared at Dan intently, "I heard what Sarah said before she left the room. Wait five minutes and then you go in there pretending to be me. Well, I want you to let me go in there and I thought a little more wine might help you see things my way."

Dan could feel his heart beating rapidly in his chest and his dick straining against the material of his pants. He was trying to formulate a response while thinking through all the potential outcomes.

His thoughts were interrupted by a buzzing on his wrist. His five-minute timer was going off. It was time. Sarah was waiting.

Dan stood, clutching his glass. Lester mirrored his movements, standing up and downing the rest of the wine in his glass before setting it down on the table.

Lester took a step towards the hallway, without breaking eye contact with Dan, "I know you are curious about the idea. Just give me a couple of minutes and then come in." He continued to move towards the hallway.

"Lester," Dan said in an authoritative tone, "You can't fuck her."

Lester held up a hand beside his shoulder and extended two fingers. "Whatever you say, boss. Scout's honour."

Dan stood in the living room paralyzed as Lester turned and stalked down the hallway toward his wife.

Lester grinned as he placed his hand on the doorknob to Dan's room. He remembered all the times he had stood here with Sarah on the other side, only to find the door locked. This time the knob turned all the way as he pushed the door open.

Light broke into the hallway. Lester took one last glance towards the living room and then stepped into Dan's room. He closed the door behind him and quietly engaged the lock.

Click.

As Lester walked into the room, he was greeted with a most magnificent sight. Bending over the bed in front of him was Sarah, dressed only in a new set of lingerie. The black bra and panties were trimmed with white lace. Lester's hungry eyes were drawn to Sarah's

stocking-clad legs that ran up to that perfect ass that was pushing itself out toward him.

"Hmmm," Sarah moaned as she moved her hips back and forth seductively. "Who's there?"

Lester beamed and he quickly lowered his shorts and stepped out of them. He looked at himself naked in the mirror attached to the wall. He smiled knowing where his peephole was hidden. It felt great to finally be on this side of the wall.

Lester held his cock firmly in one hand as he approached the beautiful wife who was unknowingly bent over before him. He reached out with one hand and grabbed her hip.

"Dan, is that you?" Sarah said seductively. "Or is that Lester?"

To answer her question, Lester lined his cock up with her panty-covered sex and pushed against it. His cock pressed against her opening but was held in place by the material of her panties. He could feel how wet she was.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned. "It must be you, Lester."

She was still playing her role-play game with Dan, not realizing it was actually Lester pressing between her legs.

Lester continued to push against her. He shifted so that his cock was no longer pressing up against her opening but running up the entire length of her slit, between her thighs. *I could take her right now. I've done it like this before. I don't know how they will react. I don't want to ruin this long-term. It almost happened last time. Patience, Lester. Wait for your moment.*

He thrust between her legs, holding onto her hip while his other hand held the base of her neck.

"Mmmmmh," Sarah moaned, feeling Dan's dick sliding between her thighs. She pushed back against it. Dan must be leaning forward over her, she felt extra pressure on the top of her ass. "Did Dan let you in here, Lester?"

Lester stayed silent. He wanted to wait for the perfect moment to reveal himself. Instead, he snaked his hand around to the front of Sarah's neck and pulled her up into a standing position.

"Ugh," Sarah moaned at the unexpected move. Dan continued to thrust between her legs, running up and down her soaking vagina. Suddenly, Dan turned her head to the side and held it firmly in place, so that she was staring up at the corner of the ceiling. Dan's lips began kissing her bare neck and shoulders as his other hand aggressively started to maul her chest.

God this feels so good. Dan is so hungry for it. I need this. I wish I could see his face. Sarah tried to turn her head to see the look in Dan's eyes, but he held her in place. He must really be getting into character and taking this seriously. She decided to play along, 'Ugh, Lester, fuck, this is so wrong. We can't. I can't. God, your cock feels so good."

Dan released her neck and pushed her back down onto the bed. Sarah gasped and braced herself with her arms. Her body tingled as she felt Dan's hands trace down her body until they found her panties. Dan expertly unclasped her stockings from the garter and lowered her panties. He kissed her ass and thighs as her panties were lowered to her ankles and she stepped out of them. Dan's tongue traced the inside of her right leg over the stocking, up her bare thigh until it was dancing on the edge of her sex.

Dan shifted behind her. She felt his head moving between her thighs and his tongue made contact and began licking her slit. He was under her now, between her and the bed. His hands were holding

her ass tight, pinning her against his face. She couldn't move to look or to reach down and run her fingers through his hair.

His tongue quickly found her clit and began drawing circles around it with his tongue. "Uh, mmhmm," Sarah moaned as she ground her hips against Dan's expert oral assault. She could feel the prickliness of his stubble. His tongue began flicking back and forth over her stimulated clit.

Sarah could feel an impending orgasm begin to build up. "Oh, don't stop, baby, I'm close."

Lester shifted focus; he dragged his tongue off of her clit and down her slit until he found her soaking pussy waiting for him. He pushed his large tongue inside of his roommate's wife and began lapping up her juices.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned from above him. Lester brought one of his hands down and got access to her clit. He gently rubbed the nub with his thumb as his tongue continued to explore every inch of Sarah's most private area. He quickly darted his tongue in and out, simulating his cock, fucking her with his tongue. He could tell she loved it. It felt like she was humping his face. Her thighs and the bedsheets were muffling his ears but he could hear her moaning. He switched tactics and began creating large 'Os' with his tongue, dancing across every side of her.

Sarah was getting frantic. Her body was convulsing, pushing against Dan's face as his tongue drove into her over and over. His thumb pressed slightly against her clit and drew slow delicate circles over it. It was all too much for her, Sarah bucked her hips and came. Lightning bolts shot from her vagina and spread across her entire body. She found herself on her tiptoes as her body was wracked by an orgasm she had been waiting to have since she boarded the plane with her husband.

Collapsing onto her arms, she croaked, "God, put it in me, Dan. Fuck me."

Dan was slowly walking down the hallway listening to the sounds emanating from his bedroom. As he reached the door and turned the knob he heard Sarah moaning loudly from the other side. She was cumming.

"God, put it in me, Dan. Fuck me," his beautiful wife demanded from the other side of the door. Dan knew he better get in there. He turned the knob and it stopped halfway. *That fucker locked the door!*

Lester pulled his tongue out of the young mother and he heard her take a sharp intake of breath.

He stood back up and got behind her. He looked down and saw her ass pushing backwards seeking contact. He grinned as he lined up his cock and began teasing her entrance with the head of his cock.

"God. Fuck me, Dan...er...Lester. Lester, fuck me," Sarah moaned in ecstasy.

Lester stood there with a shit-eating grin on his face. He held his naked cock in his hand as Sarah began pushing herself back. He stood still as Sarah's pussy opened for him and Sarah pushed back onto his cock. The head of his cock started to disappear into her fertile pussy.

"Ugh," Sarah moaned, feeling her husband's cock starting to push into her.

"Sarah!" She heard Dan's voice muffled from behind her followed by several loud knocks at the door. She quickly spun her head around

and looked over her shoulder.

In the mirror, a large man with unkempt features was beginning to push his large cock into a beautiful toned blonde woman. It was Lester's naked cock that was trying to invade her.

As she felt Lester begin to push forward into her, Sarah found her footing and pushed away, scrambling up the bed. She turned onto her back, breathing hard. Her bra-clad chest was quickly rising and falling.

Lester stood, looming over her stroking his cock that was now glistening in her juices.

"What's the matter?" Lester asked, "You told me to fuck you."

"I didn't...," Sarah's eyes were drawn down to Lester's hand stroking his large angry cock. It was pointed right at her with intent. "I thought you were Dan."

"Yeah, I know," Lester smiled as he stepped closer. "Thought it was Dan who was pretending to be me. You know, other people might think this game you are playing is kind of sick, right? But I am happy to play along and help you guys out."

Lester took another step forward, he was now directly next to the bed where Sarah was staring up at him. He was stroking his cock at her. "Your husband is going crazy out there, wondering what is going on. He is going to come in here soon with a raging hard-on."

Lester leaned forward and grabbed Sarah's hand. He felt slight resistance from her as he brought her hand up to his cock and wrapped her fingers around it. "We both know you were just moaning for me, why don't we put on a show for him? We don't want him to be disappointed, right?"

Sarah's hand was stroking his cock. She looked away from Lester and found herself staring at the purple head of his cock. "We're not...we can't...we're not going to have sex today, Lester."

"Fuck," Lester breathed. He watched as he released his hand from hers and she didn't stop stroking his cock. "It's called fuck. That's what we'd be doing. What I did to Lizzie the last time when you couldn't stop watching us."

A flash of contempt flared across Sarah's face as she looked up at Lester in defiance. "I know what it's called, thank you. You should count yourself lucky you're getting this much from me."

Sarah couldn't help but feel the wetness grow between her legs. This was all so wrong on so many levels. This dishevelled, arrogant man had the nerve to talk to her like this. The mix of his appearance and personality was so abrasive to her. But, at the same time, giving in to someone like that was tantalizing. Especially since it was someone who her husband disapproved of, the illicit allure of it was almost overwhelming. And the fact that he had started to actually enter her.....

Lester heard the sound of rushing footsteps in the hallway. "I'm going to get this and more from you tonight, Sarah."

"Oh yeah? What exactly --" Sarah was cut off as Lester grabbed the back of her head and pushed his cock into her mouth. "Mmmph."

Lester held the back of her head as he pushed into her. Her hands pressed against his thighs trying to control his movements.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned unintentionally. Her body was responding to Lester's forcefulness with complete disregard for her opinion. The size of his cock in her mouth, the fact that she was able to make something like that hard, it all gave her a sense of validation and accomplishment. "Mmmmmm."

Sarah's hands weren't pushing as hard against his thighs. Lester took this as an indication to loosen his grip on her head. As he did, Sarah's mouth didn't leave his cock. One of her hands found his shaft and began to stroke it. She was setting the pace now.

Lester reached down and began fondling her breasts as he heard the door open behind him.

Lester had locked the door.

Dan quickly glanced down at the knob and recognized its type. He'd need a small paperclip or bobby pin and he would be able to pick it open. He scrambled into the bathroom looking for Sarah's toiletry bag. It wasn't there, it must have been with her suitcase in the bedroom.

He ran into the living room and opened his suitcase. He looked through it. The contract with Byron was stapled, no paper clip there. He threw open his padfolio looking for something that might work. And then he found it. A stack of his business cards held together by a paperclip. Dan ripped it off and ran back towards his room.

He unfurled the paperclip and inserted it into the small hole in the doorknob. Nothing. He must have missed. He tried again and this time he felt it engage. He turned the doorknob and entered the room.

The sight before him would forever be burned into his memory. Not only was Sarah not fooled by Lester's ruse, but she was laying on the bed in her sexy new lingerie set with Lester's cock in her mouth. *He saw this outfit before I did...*

Lester's hand was fondling his wife's chest as his other hand rested on the back of Sarah's head. She didn't even look up and notice him, she was so concentrated on pleasuring Lester.

Lester noticed him though and grinned. This was different than the time before. The last time that Sarah had Lester's cock in her mouth it had really been for him. To tease her husband with the fantasy they both enjoyed. But here she was behind a locked door with Lester's cock in her mouth. Just the two of them alone.

The implications caused him to take a step back and steady himself. Then he noticed Sarah's discarded panties on the floor. He looked up and realized her pussy was exposed to the entire room, glistening with her arousal.

Lester on his own had turned his wife on. So much so that she was sucking his cock with abandon.

"I told you he couldn't keep away," Lester growled at Sarah. "He wants to watch us together."

"Mmmmfff," Sarah groaned as she pulled her mouth off Lester's cock and looked around the barrier of his body. Dan was standing there with his jaw hanging open and a clear erection stretching his sweatpants.

"Dan, I..we --," as Sarah was about to explain to her husband, Lester pulled her head forward, sticking his cock into her mouth again. Sarah rested a hand on Lester's thigh in protest but soon she was back to sucking Lester's cock on her own. She glanced at Dan, who had now backed up and was leaning with his back against the wall for support.

"See what happens when you leave her alone?" Lester grinned as he was face fucking Sarah, "She was moaning my name earlier."

Dan stood there staring at the scene unfolding in front of him. His mind was screaming at him to interject himself into what was happening, but his body was frozen in place. The debauchery in front of him was almost too much to process. He had experienced Sarah like this, in her wanton lust. But watching her from this angle,

with someone who wasn't him, was intoxicating. He just wished there was a chair in the room so he could sit down and take it all in.

"Touch yourself," Lester growled quietly, "Touch yourself and then you can talk to your husband."

Without any protest, Sarah ran her hand down her body until she found the familiar place between her legs. Her fingers began to gently roll the nub of her clitoris around. The manual stimulation was overdue: after all the prior teasing that Lester had done and how far he had pushed it, she needed to do this. The large cock in her mouth only added to her heightened lust.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock.

Lester leaned forward and whispered in Sarah's ear. It was too quiet for Dan to hear. "Your husband is on the verge of exploding. I know he'd like some of that famous dirty talk your sweet mouth is so good at delivering."

Lester leaned back and withdrew his cock from Sarah's mouth. Her hand stayed wrapped around his cock, stroking it sensually.

"Dan, I'm sorry this just.... happened. I thought it was you," she said with pleading eyes. Then she remembered Lester's words. Dan got off on this and was clearly enjoying it. "But then when I felt his cock.....I knew it wasn't you, but I just couldn't help myself."

She saw Dan's hand lower and began to touch himself over his sweatpants. Her words were clearly working. "Is this okay, Dan? Is it okay if I keep sucking your roommate's cock?"

"Tell him how it tastes," Lester murmured. Once again his suggestion was too low to be heard by Dan.

Sarah kept staring Dan in the eyes as she leaned forward and extended her tongue to the base of Lester's cock. She slowly licked

up the entire underside of his shaft until she reached the head of his cock. It disappeared into her mouth for several seconds before she backed off of it again."Mmmmm, so good. It tastes so good, Dan."

"Switch hands," Lester said in a harsh tone.

Sarah shifted her weight and repositioned herself. She lowered her right hand to continue touching herself and her left hand up to Lester's cock.

Dan caught the glint of light running up and down Lester's shaft. Sarah hadn't taken off her wedding ring. The symbol that represented their love and commitment to one another was now running against the vile cock of his roommate.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned as she took her mouth off Lester. She needed to catch her breath. She could feel an orgasm beginning to build inside of her. She desperately needed to let it out. Being on display in front of her husband was driving her crazy.

"God, your wife is a good cocksucker," Lester sneered. "She can't get enough of me. Tell him how much you love my cock." This time he didn't bother to lower his voice.

Sarah's eyes were closed. She was getting close to cumming. Just a few more seconds and she could get it. "Oh," she crooned.

"Tell him," Lester growled. He withdrew his cock from her mouth and gently slapped it against her cheek. "Tell your husband how much you love my fat cock."

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's cock sliding up and down her face. She could feel the veins protruding from its thick shaft on her cheek. She was about to feel bliss. "I love it. I love it so much. It's so fucking good."

Dan watched as Sarah's body tensed up. Her thighs clenched around her hand. She stopped stroking Lester's cock and just held it tightly.

"Oh, fuck, fuck," Sarah moaned as her body was rocked by another orgasm. "Oh, uh."

Lester held her head tightly as she came, pressing his cock into her face. She held the base with one hand as it stretched up and over her beautiful features. As she came back down to earth, she opened her eyes and was greeted by a very up close and personal view of Lester's hard cock.

Something in her had changed. She didn't quite know why, but she was determined to make this cock cum. She pulled back from it and it dropped down, pointing right at her. She wasted no time diving forward, back onto it again, wrapping her pretty lips around Lester's cock. She took it as far into her mouth as possible until Lester's public hair tickled her nose.

"Mmmm, yeah, that's right, suck my cock, Sarah," Lester beamed. "Suck my cock right in front of your husband."

Lester let go of Sarah. She continued to suck his cock on her own, while her other hand continued to play with herself. He pulled down her bra straps as he had done so many times before. He grinned at her lack of protest as his hands ran slowly along her back and unclasped her bra.

Sarah shivered as she felt the material fall away from her. Without missing a beat she quickly wriggled her arms and hands to free herself from the bra. Lester grabbed it and chucked it at Dan's feet.

His wife was lying on the bed, clad only in her stockings and garter. And her wedding ring.

"Look at your husband," Lester said boastfully.

Sarah's eyes shifted seductively to her husband while she kept Lester's cock in her mouth.

"Tell him what you are going to do the next time you visit." Lester said.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned in disappointment as Lester's cock slid out of her mouth. "God, Dan, the next time I'm here, I'll probably drop to my knees right away and suck this monster cock. I can't get enough of it."

"That's right," Lester jeered. "I'm going to take your wife into my room next time and feed her my cock....And I'll make sure my door stays locked that time."

Dan was speechless. He didn't know how to respond. He wanted to get involved in the back-and-forth. He wanted to say something but he just couldn't figure out how to get his brain to make his mouth work. Finally, he croaked out, "Sarah....are you going to let Lester do that? Lock his door?"

Sarah slowly peeled her lips off Lester's cock as she continued to tease her pussy. "God, Dan, I don't know. Maybe I'll be the one to lock it....or maybe I'll just be too focused on this cock to care and leave it open."

"Anything can happen behind a locked door, Sarah..." Dan knew what he was playing at but he didn't want to fully admit it to himself.

"Lots of things have already happened today behind this door," Lester laughed. "Do you want to tell him or should I?"

Sarah started to speak. The admission she was about to make caused her to speed up her fingers on herself. As she opened her mouth, Lester began dragging his cock on her cheeks. She could see Dan out of one eye while the other was covered with Lester's cock as he drew a line of precum on her.

"I thought it was you in here with me, Dan. But you let Lester in instead. He put his tongue inside me and made me cum," Sarah paused and stared at her husband. Lester slapped his cock across her face. "I thought it was you. I thought it was you behind me that....Lester put his cock inside me. Inside my pussy. Just the top, but I felt it. Felt him, in me."

"How did it feel?" Dan was taken aback. He didn't know if it was serious or if it was just more bedroom talk. The room felt like it was spinning. His cock yearned for more, wanted more details, but his mind knew he had to play it safe and not escalate things too far. He needed to have a level-headed conversation with Sarah without Lester here.

"Mmmmmm, it felt good, baby. Really good. It's a good thing you knocked at the door or I might not have realized it wasn't you." Sarah purred.

Dan worked the waistband of his pants down and began stroking his cock, watching as his beautiful bride worshiped Lester's cock.

"Lie back," Lester murmured. Sarah didn't bat an eye but just did as he instructed. Lester followed her onto the bed, keeping his cock close to her mouth. He pulled it out and scooted down until he was straddling her chest. "I'm going to fuck these. I've been watching your tits since day one."

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester placed his rigid member between Sarah's large breasts. His cock almost disappeared between them but it protruded up towards her neck. "Dan, he has been fantasizing about me since the first day. Did you know?"

"Every guy you meet fantasizes about you, Sarah," Dan breathed sharply. "None of them ever got more than that...."

Lester used Sarah's spit on his cock as lubricant as he started thrusting against her chest. Sarah wanted to hold her chest together

for him, to make it more pleasurable for him but Lester had her arms pinned down. All she could do was keep stroking herself.

Lester's massive hairy thighs were holding her breasts together for him. Sarah could feel her nipples pressing up against his hairy legs. Each time he thrust she could feel her already erect nipples rubbing, being further stimulated. She quickened her pace with her hands, playing with her gushing slit. Another orgasm was fast approaching.

Lester scooped a hand under her head and grabbed it, pulling her face up slightly. Sarah extended her tongue and tried licking the top of Lester's cock as thrust up between her chest. She licked and made contact, tasting his salty precum.

"Whose cock do you like more?" Lester growled. Sarah looked up at him and saw lust and a look of dominance plastered across his face. That look turned her on. It looked more intense than Dan's. More desperate and wanting. A want she could fill.

"Mmmm, oh, oh, uh," Sarah tried to respond, but Lester was fucking her chest hard and pushing her to the brink. Finally, she managed, "I love my husband's, but yours is different.

"Different how?" Lester commanded.

"Don't make me say it," Sarah pleaded. Half playing the part but half not wanting to admit it out loud.

"Dan wants to know," Lester said. "Tell us."

"God, mmhmm," Sarah moaned. "I love your cock. It's so fucking big. It just feels powerful. There's something primal about it when I have it near me. I just need to have it."

"Do you remember our first night together? In the living room?" Lester said to Sarah but he was looking at Dan.

Sarah nodded her head as she kept trying desperately to lick Lester's cock. The feeling of it sliding between her breasts and of his thighs pressing against her nipples was driving her crazy.

"I blew my load on you and you licked a bit of it up and ran away. Then last time I made you swallow my load. Now you're lapping up my cock like a good little wifey. Where should I put my cum this time? Where do you want it?"

"Ugh," Sarah moaned at the thought. "Give it to me Lester. I don't care, just give it to me. Cum all over my chest."

Lester could feel Sarah's hips rising and falling behind him.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned. Lester's cock between her breasts and her fingers playing with herself had her teetering right at the edge. Finally, she felt it rise inside of her and come crashing down on every nerve ending in her body.

Sarah came and screamed, "Give me your cum, Lester. Fuck. Give it to me."

Lester let out a long moan and she felt his cock begin to convulse between her breasts. He suddenly pulled back from her. Sarah's head rose, instinctively following his cock and, as a tidal wave of pleasure rolled over her body, one of her hands shot up to her chest to add to the sensation she was feeling.

Streams of white hot cum began shooting out of Lester's cock. The first strand fell onto Sarah's perky white breasts. Its warmth on her skin caused her orgasm to crescendo, to come crashing down and rising higher than before as another one rocked her body. "Uh, fuck. FUCK."

Lester roared as strand after strand of cum shot out of his dick. The wads of cum splattered across Sarah's chest and began impacting her face. Cum shot directly into Sarah's waiting mouth and she

swallowed it without hesitation. Another shot across her lips, her tongue instinctively lashing out and licking it off. Her hand massaged Lester's come into her chest, across her nipple, over and over again.

Sarah's wedding ring was covered in gobs of Lester's cum. Sarah was too distracted by the warmth of Lester's illicit seed to notice.

Lester grinned down as the last bit of cum he had shot out landed in Sarah's hair. He looked down at the masterpiece in front of him. Dan's sexy wife was covered in his cum. Sarah was breathing hard as she continued to play with his cum on her chest. Lester watched as Sarah's wedding ring was drenched in his cum. She licked her lips clean and looked up at him, amazed at the amount of cum he had produced.

Lester bucked his hips forward and thrust his cock at Sarah's face. He rubbed his cock across her cheek, smearing the cum into her. He dragged it across her face as she tried to follow it, opening her mouth to take him in but Lester didn't give her the satisfaction. Instead, he ran the length of his cock down the other side of her face and with a flick of his hips gave her a light slap with his cock.

Dan stood there, staring in silence at the devastating portrait in front of him. Tonight was supposed to be a rekindling for him and Sarah. Instead, he'd allowed his lust to consume him; allowed a snake into the garden. Lester had taken his place and dominated his wife so thoroughly that he'd never seen Sarah so hungry for cock before. She looked like she was possessed. He couldn't imagine how Sarah would reconcile this after everything that happened.

Dan watched as Lester backed away from the bed, holding his erect cock in front of him. He was smiling from ear to ear. Sarah was still trying to catch her breath as she came down from the powerful set of orgasms. She was staring at Lester with the bedroom eyes that Dan had seen so many times before, but mixed with a sense of disbelief.

Lester strode towards Dan. It was only then that Sarah seemed to register he was still there. Her eyes quickly regained their focus as she tried to compose herself.

Lester bent over and retrieved Sarah's panties and bra, the sexy new set she had purchased as a surprise gift for their trip. Lester bunched them in his hands and used them to clean off his cock, wiping up Sarah's saliva and his cum. He dropped them in a pile on the floor at Dan's feet and walked out of the room.

Sarah felt a sudden sense of anger and hurt at the way that Lester had just walked out of the room without a second glance at her. The way he had discarded her clothing, discarded her. She didn't know what it was she wanted, but something felt missing. She felt Dan step closer to her. She looked up at her husband and smiled, "Well, was that everything you wanted?"

Dan stared into Sarah's eyes trying to ignore the gob of cum that ran across her forehead. "I...don't know what to say. It was wild and crazy."

"Amazing," Dan said to himself as he shook his head. "You were amazing. I can't believe all that just happened."

"Neither can I," Sarah said as she rose from the bed. She was trying to wipe Lester's cum off her face and chest with a kleenex.

"Is it true?" Dan asked, "Did Lester.....did his cock actually get inside you?"

Sarah turned to look at her husband, saying, "I didn't mean for it to happen, but it did. I thought it was you behind me. I should have known. I'm sorry."

Dan said, trying to console her, "It's not your fault. It's my dumb ass that let him come in here. I knew what could happen, but I never thought that it actually would."

Sarah sighed as she found more cum on her chest to wipe off. "I don't know what happened. He just played me. My body was on fire. I can't believe how out of control things got just now. All I could think about was making him cum...."

Dan wanted to embrace her, pull her close to him. Kiss her. Reclaim her. But he didn't want to get Lester's cum on him. He thought it was foul. Lester had marked his wife and for tonight, she'd be his. "I think we're starting to play with fire here. I didn't know things would escalate like this. We need to be careful."

Sarah looked up at him guiltily. "Do you want this to happen again? Maybe you should visit us instead next time."

"Maybe," Dan said, lost in thought.

"Maybe, what," Sarah asked. "Maybe you want it to happen again?"

"God, Sarah, I don't know. Today was a little much, but it's like I'm still craving to see it. I can't explain it. I did enjoy watching you....hearing you talk about it. I think we found our line, though. The line we don't cross unless we both agree to it."

"No sex," Sarah said. She was relieved but part of her couldn't help but feel disappointed. The whole time she had been sucking Lester's cock, her body had been aching for it. Her brain wondered what it would feel like, how Lester would feel when he fucked her. "I think that's smart."

"Alright," Dan said, surveying the scene around him. The room was a mess. The bed sheets were ripped off and in bunches, covered with sweat and cum. Sarah's new bra and panties were wadded up, all stuck together with Lester's spunk. His wife was covered in his roommate's cum and Dan still had a raging hard erection that he couldn't take care of. "I'm going to grab the suitcase and some water, why don't you take a quick shower and then we can figure this out."

"A hot shower sounds great," Sarah said. As she held up her hand and pulled her fingers apart, strands of Lester's cum hung between them. Sarah left the bedroom in just her stockings, not bothering to put on any clothing. She entered the bathroom and turned the hot water on.

Dan stood in the empty room by himself. "God, what the hell have I done?"

Lester triumphantly sat back at his command center with a smug look on his face. He had just come buckets and plastered it all over Dan's wife while she begged for it. His roommate had just stood there and watched as he used and abused the mother of his children.

He double-clicked on his computer screen, bringing up the video files from Dan's bedroom for the last hour. He saved it to his hard drive. *Might as well save everything from tonight.*

He made a note to go back and review the conversation that Sarah and Dan were having. Hopefully, there would be something useful in there he could use.

Lester could see several discord notifications from Ned and his raiding party. Lester booted up WoW and logged in, ready for his second raiding session of the night.

"Darkspire!," Ned bellowed in his ear. "You're here! We've needed you. Okay, so here is what we are doing --"

Lester's attention drifted from the game as he heard the shower turn on. He crept over to his closet and looked through the peephole. Sarah was standing there in a trance letting the water hit her and wash his cum off her body.

Leser smiled evilly as he noticed the lovely wife's hand begin to drift down to her vagina and begin to lightly tease it.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 07

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose as he sunk back into his seat on the plane. He tried to drone out the noises around him and concentrate on catching some sleep. These past few months had been a whirlwind of stress and tonight was no exception.

It was the end of the week and he was supposed to be heading back to his apartment. He wanted nothing more than a nice quiet night alone where he could watch Netflix and order in some food. Instead, the incompetence of his company had him back on a flight to personally smooth over some issues with the Lincoln Group's project. It seemed like whatever he didn't directly touch on this project turned to shit and Walt had insisted that Dan and Jesse immediately go and fix the issue. Walt had apparently held off informing them until close to the end of the day, which really pissed Dan off.

Dan opened one eye and peeked at his coworker. Jesse was sitting next to him, face down in his phone. Dan rolled his eye before closing it again. Walt had been impressed with their last outing and seemed to be under the impression that Jesse and he were becoming a great team. Having Jesse around was just one more thing Dan would need to manage. Jesse had almost insulted the client last time, who knew what he would do on this trip.

Dan pried his eyes open and checked his watch. It was 6 PM. A quick flight to Minnesota, meet Byron again, fix the issue and catch the first flight back tomorrow morning.

"So uhmm, what's the game plan when we get there?" Jesse had noticed Dan checking his watch.

"We check in and go meet with Byron. You follow my lead." Dan said looking at the younger man. "And this time, don't try to insult the client. Just nod your head and smile. Got it?"

"Easy enough, I guess," Jesse said as he turned back to his phone.

Dan sighed and realized he might have been too hard on the kid. "So, do you know if they booked us separate rooms this time?"

Jesse scoffed. "I doubt it, Walt seems cheap as hell."

Dan knew it was more complicated than that. Walt had alluded to the company being in a precarious financial position. He really didn't want to but perhaps he should polish up his resume this weekend and start looking elsewhere. It had just taken him so long to land this job, how long would the next take? Things weren't great right now but they were at least stable; looking in from the outside, there was just no way to know how a new job would turn out.

"Ummm," Jesse was trying to verbalize a thought but seemed to be struggling with it. "Is, er, your wife coming on this trip again?"

Dan looked at him blankly and then feigned a look around the crowded cabin.

"Jesse," he said mustering all the patience he could. "Walt just put us on this flight at the very last minute. We literally took a taxi right from the office and barely made this flight. Do you see my wife here anywhere? No, she isn't coming."

It was only then that Dan realized he had been in such a hurry to get to the airport and clear security that he'd neglected to update his wife on the situation. He reached into his bag under the seat in front of him and fished out his phone.

"Oh, right, right, that makes sense," Jesse mumbled. "She just seemed nice. I liked her last time, ya know."

Dan gave him a thin smile and nodded. *I bet you did.*

Dan pressed the button to call Sarah, leaning as close to the window as possible, trying to put as much distance as possible between himself and his coworker.

"Hey!" Sarah's angelic voice said from his phone. "You've reached Sarah Williams, unfortunately, I can't get to the phone right now. If you leave your name and number, I'll get back to you as soon as I can."

Dan hung up and decided to send her a quick text message instead. She was probably busy cleaning up after the kids' dinner and getting them ready for bed. A ding rang out from overhead, followed by a gruff voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Captain Hopper from the flight deck. Pacific Airlines welcomes you on board this non-stop flight to Minnesota. We're going to depart a little early here to get ahead of this winter storm rolling into Chicago. It's supposed to be a bad one. We should be touching down at approximately 7:15 PM."

"At this time, please make sure that your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position and that your seat belt is correctly fastened. Also, your portable electronic devices must be set to 'airplane' mode until an announcement is made upon arrival. Thank you."

"Flight cabin crew, please prepare for gate departure.'

Dan finished sending the message to his wife and then slumped back into his chair as the plane started taxing on the runway.

Sarah heard her phone ringing but didn't take her eyes off the road. Her phone was somewhere in her purse but she didn't dare look down. Both her hands were clenching the steering wheel as her car was battered by snow.

Normally when she drove up to visit Dan, it was a fairly leisurely trip. This time she felt like she was on an episode of ice road truckers. As she'd dropped her kids off with her parents, her father had warned her that the weather was supposed to get bad and suggested that perhaps she should reconsider.

But at the time, things had looked clear and she thought she could make it ahead of the storm. She had really wanted to surprise Dan with a visit. It had been weeks since she had last been able to sneak away into the city. Her mind began drifting back to the unplanned events of that night after their little trip. To what had happened when she'd realized it wasn't Dan who was behind her.

Things had gone further than she intended. She hadn't even planned on involving Lester that night. But then Dan had sent Lester to her to secretly take his place. She couldn't believe what happened. Lester had played his part perfectly, never letting her know it was actually him behind her. She felt butterlfies in her stomach at the thought of doing those naughty things on front of Dan.

Lester just took her, right in front of Dan, he wanted her so badly, he threw caution to the wind and just went for it. That drove her insane with lust, knowing she has turned on a guy so much he was willing to be that aggressive and want her so much. She knew Dan would love it, Lester was insane with lust and wanted it, and she was fulfilling her deepest fantasy in pleasing two guys at once who were both delirious with desire for her.

Rubbing her thighs together her breath caught as she thought of their conversation after that incredible evening, about how Lester entered her bare and almost fucked her. She still didn't fully know where she landed on the idea. It should never in a thousand years even be a consideration. But after so many times involving Lester in person and in their role play, of course she now thought about it. How could she not? But it seemed like it would cross an invisible line of no return. She didn't know what the consequences would be. The

only thing she knew for sure was that she and Dan needed to be on the same page about it --

Sarah's thought snapped back to reality as she passed another SUV that had gotten stuck in a ditch. It was the third she had seen already. Sarah turned her windshield wipers up to full speed to combat the barrage of snow blanketing her vision.

As she reached down to turn on her four-way signals she heard a ding from her phone. A text message. Whoever it was would just have to wait.

Sarah could barely see in front of her. She could faintly make out the headlights of the oncoming cars on the other side of the highway. That road looked much rougher than the lanes she was driving in.

One thing was for sure. She couldn't turn around now. It would be too dangerous. She was already halfway to Dan's apartment. Soon she would surprise him and he would warm her up.

Dan tried calling Sarah again in the taxi from the airport but it went to voicemail again. He texted her 'Everything okay?' and then switched apps to look at the latest exchange with Byron. Another colleague of Dan's had failed to include sustainable design specifications in the latest project update to the Lincoln Group. Dan had naively assumed that people would do their jobs correctly and he wouldn't have to micromanage them. Now Byron was questioning whether Dan's company had the expertise to lead a project with these ambitious goals.

Dan had quickly created the necessary material but Walt had insisted he go present it in person to rectify the situation.

After tipping the taxi driver and retrieving their bags, Jesse and Dan made their way into the hotel lobby. Dan felt a bit crestfallen at

being back in these familiar surroundings without his wife. As they were halfway to the reception desk, his phone began to ring.

"Go check us in," Dan said to Jesse as he fished his phone out of his pocket. "I'll be right there."

Dan anxiously looked at his phone and frowned. The incoming call was from Byron. He sighed and answered it.

"Byron," he said, feigning as much enthusiasm as he could muster. "How's it going? We just landed and are checking into the hotel. We'll meet you at the office in twenty minutes."

"Don't bother," Byron said loudly, speaking over significant background noise. "I already left the office for the night. I'm out with a few co-workers around the corner at a bar. Come here. okay? You can present the changes here."

"Present the changes at a bar..." Dan trailed off as he stared out across the lobby. "Yeah, sure. We'll be there soon. What's the name of the place?"

As Dan took down the details and finished his call up with Byron, Jesse waved him over. Dan approached the reception desk, ready to solve yet another problem.

"What's up?" Dan asked, looking back and forth between the receptionist and Jesse.

"Uh, they need a credit card for...." Jesse looked back at the receptionist.

"For the incidentals," she said, smiling.

Dan rolled his eyes at Jesse and took out his wallet. "Of course."

He handed his wallet to the receptionist and eyed Jesse with contempt. *Useless.*

After a couple of minutes, they retrieved their room key. The receptionist confirmed that their company had only booked one room again. On the way up the elevator Dan said "Bryon asked us to meet him at a bar a couple of blocks away."

"Okay," Jesse said while staring down at his phone screen.

Dan led the way down the hallway and opened the door to their room. He walked in dragging his suitcase behind him, not bothering to hold the door for Jesse. The door began to close on Jesse who was still looking down at his phone.

Dan appraised the room. Standard hotel room, with two queen beds. Dan threw his suitcase on the bed furthest from the door and headed into the bathroom.

Twenty minutes later, Dan and Jesse were walking into the bar.

"Hey!" A slurred voice shouted out. Byron was waving them down from the back of the dimly lit room. Dan walked over holding a stack of papers outlining the changes to the project. He slid into the booth next to some of Byron's colleagues and exchanged pleasantries with them. Jesse thankfully followed his cue and did the same.

As Dan was preparing to present the changes to Byron, the man cut him off, "Dan, we can order a round of drinks for the table, right?"

We? Dan shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Of course."

He flagged down a waitress and ordered a round of drinks. He grimaced, knowing how much drinking might lie ahead of him to satisfy his client.

As Sarah pulled into the parking lot of Dan's apartment and turned off her car, an enveloping cold crept into the vehicle. She quickly grabbed her purse and overnight bag and braved the blistering winds outside.

Despite wearing a coat, the cold seemed to bite into her immediately. She hurried across the frozen parking lot, past mounds of snow that hid cars underneath. She couldn't believe how quickly the weather had turned or how intense the storm had gotten. Thunder rumbled somewhere behind her, beyond the wall of downpouring snow.

Her teeth were chattering as she finally reached the building. She fumbled as she searched for her key to the building, her hands shaking. Once she found it and let herself in, the warmth of the apartment lobby hit her immediately.

On the ride up in the elevator to Dan's floor, she remembered that her phone had been ringing earlier during her drive. She located her phone in her purse just as the elevator doors opened. Her heart skipped a beat as she read a message from Dan.

"Walt sent me to Minnesota last minute. Fucking sucks. I'll try to call you when I land. Love you."

Dan had tried calling a few more times. Another message read, "Everything okay?"

Shit. Dan wasn't here and Sarah couldn't go back out into that weather. She would have to spend the night alone in Chicago.

Not alone. Lester is going to be in the apartment. Sarah grimaced at the realization that she was going to be alone with Lester for the first time in a long while. So much had happened since then, he had grown so much more bold. Hopefully he wouldn't even know she was there and be too immersed in whatever it was he was doing on his computer.

The lights in the hallway flickered off for a few seconds. Sarah froze in place. It didn't matter that Lester was there. She needed to get inside and warm up. Dan would be back in the morning. She could just ignore Lester until then.

She walked down the hallway determined not to let the situation get the better of her. She opened the door to Dan's apartment and was enveloped by darkness.

A blinking notification drew Lester's eyes away from the battle on his screen. Ned was rallying his group in a fierce battle against Kil'Jaeden the Commander of the Burning Legion. Ned's voice in his ears began to be drowned out by the beating in Lester's chest.

Sarah Williams had just entered the apartment. Alone. Dan had never returned from work today.

Lester raised an eyebrow and quickly exited his game. Ned and their crew would have to wait.

The heroine had entered the monster's lair.

Byron wouldn't even look at the papers that Dan had brought. He kept telling Dan he would look at them after the next round of drinks, which he heavily implied that Dan ought to be the one to order.

With the drinks flowing and the group becoming a bit more lively and rambunctious, Dan was trying his best to keep the papers safe. Beer was spilled on the table several times along with some sauce from different shareable plates. Dan had tucked the papers down into the seat next to him for safekeeping.

Dan hadn't drunk a drop of alcohol since the last time he'd been in Minnesota. He found his tolerance to be quite low these days. After just a few beers, he was already feeling the effects. He looked around at the others in the group. They seemed to be handling things much better than he was. Dan suspected that Byron took this group out regularly after work, though he probably didn't have someone like Dan buying the drinks for them.

Jesse was clearly feeling the effects of the beer but didn't look too worse for wear.

Byron was preoccupied with telling an elaborate story to the table, so Dan took out his phone to see if Sarah had responded to his earlier messages. His mouth almost hit the floor when he saw that he'd missed a call from her. Her text message read:

> Sorry I missed your call. I was driving to Chicago to surprise you tonight. Couldn't check my phone because the weather is crazy bad outside.

Dan thumbed back a response.

> You're in Chicago? Where are you? Are you at the apartment alone!?

The group around him laughed uproariously, but Dan was too distracted to notice. Sarah had to be at the apartment. She was alone there with Lester. After what had happened last time, the idea made him light-headed. Or maybe that was just the alcohol rushing to his brain. Either way, he was going to go crazy sitting here. He was about to thumb the call button when Byron called him.

"What's the matter Dan?" Byron called. "Don't you think it's funny?"

Dan covertly slid his phone back into his pocket and focused his attention back on his client. "Sorry, Byron, got distracted with some home stuff. I missed what you said."

Byron looked deflated for an instant before recovering. "Well, how about a round of shots to make it up to me?"

Before Dan could respond, Byron hailed a waitress.

"Jager," he said loudly over the thumping music. He mimed a circle around the table and then pointed at Dan while miming writing a check on a piece of paper. She got the message and left for the bar. Before long she returned with a tray laden with shot glasses filled with dark liquid. The waitress started handing them out to the table and everyone did a shot, including Dan and Jesse.

Dan checked his watch. It was getting late and he wasn't sure there was a flight back to Chicago tonight. But maybe he could still wrap this up in time to catch an earlier flight. He learned toward Byron, "Hey! Can I show you what we've put together for you now?"

Byron clapped him on the back and took a swig of his beer. "Later, man. We're still having a good time here. My team needs time to unwind after a stressful day, especially after the fuck up on your end."

"Right," Dan replied. "Makes sense."

All Dan wanted to do was take out his phone and call Sarah, but he didn't want to get on Byron's bad side before he got him to sign off on the updated paperwork. He gratefully grabbed the pint of beer in front of him and took a long drink.

> Yeah I'm here in Chicago at the apartment. I think Lester is here but I haven't checked. I'm just settling into your room before I grab a quick shower. When are you coming back? Tomorrow or later? I have to head back Sunday morning latest.

Sarah sat on the bed waiting impatiently for Dan to text her back. She suspected he had to entertain Byron again which would explain his slow responses. She shivered.

She was still wearing her clothes from the drive, hoping to connect with Dan before jumping in the shower to quickly warm up. The bite of the snowstorm seemed to have permanently emplaced goosebumps on her skin. She couldn't wait to get in the shower.

It had been almost ten minutes since she had texted Dan. She couldn't wait any longer. Sarah stood up and began to peel off her sweatshirt but was interrupted by a knock at the door. Lester.

She pulled the hoodie back down. She glanced quickly at her phone. Still no response from Dan. Reluctantly, Sarah crossed the bedroom and opened the door. Lester stood there looking dishevelled. He was wearing only an oversized beige t-shirt, likely once white, and a pair of boxers. She had clearly arrived before he'd had a chance to put himself together. At least she had surprised someone with her visit, she smirked.

"Where's Dan?" Lester breathed at her.

Sarah was unsure how much detail it was wise to share with Lester, but after her harrowing drive, she wanted to mention the situation to someone. "He had a last-minute flight for work but he'll be back soon. I just got in. Got caught in that snowstorm outside.

"Snowstorm?" Lester asked. Evidently, he hadn't looked outside in the past couple of hours. Probably playing little games on his computer.

"Yeah, it's pretty bad out there." Sarah did not elaborate further, trying to end the conversation. Lester stood there awkwardly, not saying anything. Clearly, he had other motives than just talking about the weather. Sarah knew what he was probably thinking.

"So," Lester started. "What are we going to be doing tonight?"

"We?" Sarah crossed her arms. "Lester, there is no 'we' without Dan. Got it?"

Lester took one step forward. "Are you sure you don't need help warming up after that snowstorm?"

Sarah stood her ground and planted a hand firmly on Lester's flabby chest. "I'm good, Lester. Goodnight."

Lester didn't move. Sarah still held her hand firmly against the man who had entered her the last time they were both in this room. He wouldn't try something right now, would he? Sarah ran through a list of vulnerable areas in her head. Throat, eyes, ears, crotch.

Her eyes automatically flicked down to Lester's crotch; her gaze was greeted by his rising cock straining against his boxers.

Lester smirked. "He missed you."

Sarah eyed him and then applied extra force to her hand pushing Lester back. She caught him off balance and he stumbled back. She stood there in the doorway, squaring her shoulders. "Like I said, I'm good, Lester. That goes for him too. Goodnight."

Lester seemed shocked at her strength and narrowed his eyes. "Goodnight."

He looked at her for several more seconds before shuffling his feet into his room and closing the door behind him.

Sarah closed her own door, locked it and took a deep breath. After slowing her heart rate, she walked over and grabbed her phone.

> I'll be back in the morninh. If I can get Byroon to look over these dambn papers. We're out again and he is making me buy drinks.

Pretty sure he's fucking wit me. I just want to get out of here and back to you. Whats Lester doing?

Part of her wanted to tease Dan and toy with him but she felt he was probably under enough stress in Minnesota. The number of errors in his text also led her to believe he'd had a couple of drinks and might not pick up on her subtle torture.

> Nothing to report here. Lester tried to flirt but I shut it down and made it clear nothing was happening without you around. I'm going to take a shower soon, I'm still shivering from the drive-in. The roads were bad and it's freezing.

Sara waited a few minutes but no response came. Dan was probably engaged with Byron again. It was time for a shower. She gathered her things, peeked out into the hallway and then crossed into the bathroom, locking the door behind her.

Lester slowly stroked his cock as he peered through the peephole in his closet. Sarah Williams was standing in the bathroom disrobing. She peeled off her hoodie to reveal a loose-fitting white t-shirt. Her black bra was clearly visible underneath.

She began to unclasp the button on her jeans and shimmied her legs until they dropped to the floor, revealing matching black panties. Sarah stepped out of them and pulled her t-shirt off over her head.

Lester groaned into the drywall and shifted his feet, his boxers dangling around both of his ankles. He quickened the pace of his strokes, staring at Sarah's perfect ass and chest. He thought back to the events of the last visit, how he'd painted her chest and face with his cum and how much she'd enjoyed it. But before that, how he'd finally gotten a piece of that delicious ass, rubbing his cock over it

and pulling it against him before pressing himself into her. He needed to feel his cock inside of her again.

Anger flashed on his face as he thought of how easily she'd just dismissed him. He would need to find some way to insert himself between her and Dan so that her husband wasn't a barrier anymore.

As Sarah was about to unclasp her bra and let her heaving breasts loose for Lester's eyes to feast on, she stopped and grabbed her phone. She tapped on the screen like she was texting someone.

She placed her phone back on the counter and unknowingly turned to Lester and unclasped her bra, letting it slip down her arms. Lester slowed his strokes as he felt ready to cum watching her perfect breasts sway in front of him.

Sarah lowered her panties and kicked them off before stepping over to the shower to turn the water on. Lester thought he could smell her angelic musk from where he was. She was so close to him.

After testing the water, Sarah stepped in and just stood there letting the hot water run over her body. She hadn't brought any shampoo or soap in. She seemed content to just let the water wash over her.*Like she had my cum wash all over her last time.*

Lester couldn't take it anymore. He needed release. When Sarah edged herself closer to him and her tasty tits were right in front of the peephole, he came and added another deposit to the yellowing stain that ran down the drywall in his closet.

He heaved his boxers up from his ankles and headed back towards his desk to check in on how the raid was going.

Dan blinked his eyes, rereading Sarah's message. He tried to make coherent sense of what he was reading but the alcohol in his system

was making it difficult. The one takeaway he got from reading her message was a graphic image of his wife in the shower. He thumbed a response.

> Good and i like thinkign of you in the showaer so sexy. wis h i was there with you to warm you up. glad you go in safely. can't wait to be back with you tomorrw.

Dan couldn't wipe the stupid grin off his face as he looked around at the assembled group. Byron made another joke that Dan didn't catch but he laughed on cue. He felt his phone buzz from his pocket and checked it again.

> When you get here tomorrow you better warm me up or else. You be safe there, okay? Don't drink too much. Get that asshole to do what you need him to do and cum back to me.

Dan's drunken horny brain took over and he typed.

>Or elese wat? Gonna geet Lester to warrm youu up?

Dan noticed someone getting close to him, so he tucked the phone back into his pocket. Byron draped his arm across Dan's shoulders.

"Danny boy!" Byron bellowed. "You are a rockstar tonight. Where are those papers you need me to look at?"

"Byron-boy!" Dan smiled as Byron laughed. The alcohol had clearly smoothed over any ill will between them. They both had the friendly glaze over them that only a few drinks could provide.

Dan looked around trying to remember where he'd put the papers. He ducked his head under the table and found them scattered on the floor. He quickly gathered them up while he took a few accidental kicks from unknowing drinking mates.

Once he resurfaced, he plopped the papers down in front of Byron. Without even reviewing them, Byron quickly initialled each page and signed the last one. Mission accomplished.

Bryon stood up. "Alright, alright. Settle down. Your fearless leader is turning in for the night. I'll see you all bright and early Monday tomorrow. Dan, Jesse, good work. See you back on Zoom, I guess." He laughed at his own joke, drawing another round of laughter from the table before he departed.

After waiting a few moments to make a strategic exit, Dan yawned and nudged Jesse. "Hey we're done here. He signed everything. Want to head out?"

Jesse nodded. He had been struggling to make conversation with the group all night. The duo bid everyone farewell and Dan settled his tab before they headed back to the hotel.

As soon as they got back to their room, Dan kicked off his shoes and began to disrobe. He was fighting to keep his eyes open. He turned to say something to Jesse but the kid had immediately headed into the bathroom.

Dan shrugged. Normally he would brush his teeth before he went to sleep, but tonight the bed just looked too inviting. He hadn't had time to grab much before running to the airport so he decided to just sleep in his undershirt and boxers.

He threw back the comforter, laid his phone down on the nightstand in the middle of the room, and got into bed. The room was dark and it wasn't long before he fell into a deep sleep.

Sarah finished drying her hair, enjoying the heat from the blow dryer. Normally she would let it air dry, but she planned on heading to bed and didn't love the idea of sleeping on wet hair.

The shower had helped warm her up and shake off the nerves of the long, arduous drive. She removed the little makeup she was wearing. She was blessed with a natural beauty that didn't require much. Sarah took one last look at herself in the mirror and smiled at herself. Despite the long drive and circumstances, this mother of two still looked damn sexy draped only in a towel.

She gathered her things, exited the bathroom and headed to Dan's room. Her heart skipped a beat as she reached for the doorknob, wondering if it would be locked. She recalled being locked out in a towel, trying to pick the lock while Lester hovered over her.

Thankfully, this time it wasn't and she quickly entered Dan's empty room. She was relieved she didn't need to pick any locks this time. If she had, a naked Lester probably would have come out to 'help' her while ogling her the whole time.

Sarah had just engaged the lock and put her things down when she noticed another message from Dan.

>Or elese wat? Gonna geet Lester to warrm youu up?

A bemused expression spread across her face. Dan was clearly drunk and a little horny. She wondered if she should tease him a bit now.

> Hmmm well that depends on how fast you close that deal and get back here. I don't know if I can wait all night to be warmed up....

She smiled at their innocent little game. She checked the time; it was getting late. She just wanted to crawl under the covers and sleep after the exhausting drive, but she was a little concerned that Dan was still out. His job was keeping them afloat but she didn't like it. It demanded too much of him and put him in situations, frankly, below his station.

As she predicted, Dan didn't immediately respond to her text message. He was probably preoccupied. She was about to drop her

towel and get changed into her fleece pajamas when her screen lit up.

Dan responded.

> What are you wearing?

Sarah shook her head. Naughty boy.

> Just a towel, big boy.

This time Dan wasted no time responding.

> Send a pic

Sarah arched an eyebrow, then held her camera up at a flattering angle and snapped a picture. While she normally didn't like to include her face in such risqué shots, this time the photo captured it as well as her cleavage from the pushed-up towel.

Sarah put the phone down and finished drying herself off. Another message quickly came in from Dan. It looked like he wasn't so preoccupied anymore. Maybe he was back at the hotel.

> Let's see what's under that towel.

Dan was a little demanding tonight, but she didn't hate it. She enjoyed taking these pictures of herself and being on display for him, it always turned her on knowing she was getting her man excited with her body She bit her lip and snapped another picture. This time her face wasn't present, the photo was a close-up shot of her flawless breasts.

He was working her up. Maybe they could do a little dirty talk over the phone before bed. She pressed the call button but it immediately went to voicemail. A message from Dan came back in right after.

> Sorry, still out with the client. Can't talk yet.

Sarah typed a response.

> It's too bad, you're working me up here.

Lester fought the urge to go look through the peephole at Sarah changing in Dan's bedroom. Instead, he kept a live video feed of her going in the corner of his screen as he navigated his avatar through the legion of Kil'Jaeden's horde of enemies. Every so often, his eyes flicked down to Sarah's window and caught something of interest.

She was taking naked pictures of herself for someone. Likely Dan. He made a mental note to add this to his working file on her. He intended for her to do the same for him one day soon.

Jesse lay in bed trying to sleep. The snores from Dan were making it difficult. Even though he had several drinks in him, he hadn't consumed as much as Dan had. No one seemed to notice or care about him at their outing. The waitress hadn't even brought him a shot when she served a round of them for everyone else.

Still, he didn't mind the free drinks and he'd enjoyed himself. He liked working at a company that would pay him to fly somewhere and get free food and drinks. Even if that place was just Minnesota.

Jesse's eyes were closed and his mind started drifting. The dark room was a perfect place to fall asleep and there was nothing to disturb him like at home. A white light flashed behind his eyelids. He opened his eyes and squinted, trying to make sense of why the ceiling was suddenly illuminated. It took a few seconds before he realized Dan's phone had received a notification.

Jesse looked over at his sleeping colleague. Dan was still snoring and his head was turned away from the phone. It seemed like he'd

been having trouble holding it together with all the drinks in his system. When Jesse was confident that Dan wasn't going to budge, he reached over and snatched Dan's phone from the nightstand between the beds.

Jesse swiped up on the device's screen and it unlocked. Dan still hadn't put a PIN or other kind of security measure on it. His cock immediately swelled when he saw that the notification was from Dan's sexy wife Sarah.

> Hmmm well that depends on how fast you close that deal and get back here. I don't know if I can wait all night to be warmed up....

Jesse quickly thumbed a response back.

> What are you wearing?

While he waited for a response he looked back through their message history. Who was Lester and why would he warm Sarah up? It seemed like some kind of game Dan and Sarah were playing. Jesse made a mental note of it as another message from Sarah came in.

> Just a towel, big boy.

Jesse could feel his cock pushing against the material of his boxers. He took a quick glance at Dan to make sure he was asleep and then typed a response.

> Send a pic

Jesse lowered his boxers and started to stroke himself with one hand while waiting for the lovely wife to respond. A picture came in, showing what a smoke show she was. Jesse wanted to slap his cock onto that beautiful face of hers and run his cock in between those huge tits.

> Let's see what's under that towel.

Would she really send him a picture of her naked breasts? He had seen some risky photos of her before. She probably would send them, seeing as how she thought he was her husband after all.

After a few minutes of patience, another photo came in. Sarah's naked breasts filled the phone screen and Jesse started stroking himself faster.

Dan's phone started vibrating, an incoming call from Sarah.*Fuck!*. He couldn't answer or else the game would be up and he wouldn't get any more pics and she would likely tell Dan and he would get fired for sure.

Jesse sent another text.

> Sorry, still out with the client. Can't talk yet.

Sarah wasted no time in responding.

> It's too bad, you're working me up here.

Jesse gulped. He was unsure how to respond. He'd barely talked to this beautiful goddess the last time he'd seen her, even though he'd managed to feel her up and hump against her in the middle of the night. He tried to think of something confident to say that would keep this going.

> You want my cock badly, don't you, baby?

Lester could hear Ned calling for him over his headset, but it seemed a world away. He had left the world of Azeroth behind again. He couldn't help himself, he was back at the peephole in the wall watching Sarah Williams.

Part of him knew his character was going to get slain and that his crew would lose the battle, but all that was muted by this beautiful creature on the other side of the wall. Lester licked his lips and adjusted himself, his cock growing hard despite his having cum just minutes before.

Here she was, finally alone. *Not alone. Alone with me.*

> You want my cock badly, don't you, baby?

Sarah bit her lip as she read the last message from her husband. This was going exactly where she had hoped. She was lying in bed in her pajamas staring at the screen. Even though her body was screaming for sleep, she couldn't let her man down.

> Mmmmm yeah baby I want your cock. I wish you were here right now so I could ride it.

Sarah was unknowingly conversing with her husband's colleague Jesse, who responded with a request.

> I don't believe you. Send me a video telling me you want my cock.

Sarah raised an eyebrow at the last message. Dan was never this demanding with pictures and videos. She made a mental note to give him back some of the same medicine.

She sat up and framed the camera close to her face and then recorded a video. "I want your cock so bad, baby. I wish your cock was here so I could put my lips on it and ride it all night long."

She pressed the send button and then began to think of ways to give her husband the gears with her next message.

Jesse played the video over and over while stroking his cock. It felt just like Dan's wife was speaking to him, telling him how much she wanted his cock. Maybe she really did, he'd felt a connection when he was in bed with her, she just hadn't realized it fully yet. His brain was trying to think of another request to make of her, but his cock was too busy wanting to be pleasured by the video.

He apparently took too long to respond, as another message from Sarah came in.

> Hmmm where'd you go, big boy? Did you leave me alone again just like you are leaving me alone now in Chicago? Maybe I should go and find another cock to play with tonight.

Jesse almost came all over himself. Not only was Sarah stunningly sexy but she also seemed to be incredibly sexual. Was she really teasing her husband about another man? Another person's cock? Who was she talking about? Would she bring Jesse up?

He thumbed back a response.

> Who did you have in mind?

Jesse waited with bated breath, wondering if his name was about to pop up on the screen from the pretty wife. But what she wrote back just confused him.

> Well, Lester is in the other room. Maybe his cock can warm me up. Would you like that?

Jesse stopped stroking himself, more than a little confused. He decided to quickly scroll back up through the conversation again to see if he could figure out who this Lester was.

Sarah lay on her side in the bed, fighting to keep her eyes open. If it wasn't for the text exchange with Dan, she would already be passed out. She enjoyed this little game, it was a fun way to tide things over until Dan got back, but her body was craving sleep.

The screen lit up as Dan sent another message.

> I would. I think you should do it.

Sarah's fatigue immediately vanished. She couldn't believe what Dan had just sent back. This was usually the part where he conceded and gave up, realizing that he would never win. When things got too much for him to handle, especially if he was in a public setting, he would always tap out. This time he seemed to be escalating the situation. She wanted to see exactly what he was thinking.

> Should I now? And exactly what is it you are suggesting I do, mister?

A response came back faster than Sarah had anticipated.

> I think you should get dressed in something sexy and go visit my roommate. I'm sure he could use some warming up, too.

Things were starting to get interesting. Dan was being much bolder than she was accustomed to. She decided it was time to call Dan's bluff.

> I don't know, baby. Last time things went a little too far with Lester. I'm afraid if I go over there now, I might just let him fuck me.

Sarah smiled, confident that she would be reading a message from Dan any time now telling her that she'd won, that he loved her, and that he would see her in the morning. Instead, the next message she got caused her jaw to drop open.

> I want you to. I want you to fuck him.

Sarah sat up in bed and again tried to call her husband. It rang several times before going to voicemail. She didn't bother leaving a message. She typed a response back to him.

> Okay let's pause the game for a minute. Are you serious?

Sarah watched as the typing bubble with the three dots appeared in the corner of their chat. She watched with bated breath until her husband's response finally arrived.

> I want you to do it. I was going to talk to you about it the next time you visited. It's all I've been thinking about. I want to see you and Lester together. Will you do it?

Sarah stared at her phone, mouth agape. The last time they'd broached this subject, they had agreed nothing would go further than what had already happened without them both agreeing to it first. It seemed like Dan was finally laying his cards on the table and telling her what he wanted. She didn't find Lester attractive, but that very lack of attraction seemed to strike a certain chord within her that she was just beginning to realize. Could she really go through with it? What would she do, call Lester over or would she just go over there? She was still trying to formulate a response to her husband when another message came in.

> I hope you aren't mad, I just felt like it's something we both want and we're moving towards. If you do go over, maybe you could wear something sexy and take some pictures to hold me over tonight?

> What do you think?

Sarah's mouth was getting dry, but she felt a light dampness gathering between her legs. She hadn't seriously thought about actually going through and having sex with Lester. Even though part of him was briefly in her before. Sure, she had lightly thought through the idea in her head. Wondering what it would be like.

It was likely to be relatively safe since she knew that he'd secretly gotten a vasectomy. She would still make him wear a condom though. But when she'd pictured this scenario, Dan had always been present and watching. Keeping her safe. It would be just like all the other times out in the living room on the couch. But now she was actually contemplating going to Lester's room and serving herself up like a meal.

Sarah chewed on her lip while she looked down at the phone, weighing things in her head. Finally, she made a decision and thumbed back a message to Dan.

> Okay.

She was really going to go through with this. After all these months of teasing and flirting with that line, she was actually going to go have sex with Lester. She shook her head thinking that no respectable mother would do what she was doing, but then she realized that she and Dan had a very healthy, active sex life based on truth -- something most other wives probably lacked.

She went over to her suitcase and began rifling through it until she found what she was looking for. A special lingerie set she had meant to wear for Dan this weekend. Sarah stripped out of her pajamas and began donning the lingerie. It was a black lace set with a tasteful floral print pattern adorning a sheer material that slightly obscured her skin. You would have to do a double take to realize it was a special material that barely hid her naked skin underneath it. The small V of the panties traced up her waist until it reached her hips where they connected with a band that circled her waist. The band connected to flimsy lace garters that were more for decoration than any practical purpose. The garters hung loosely at her sides, running down to her hips. The band of the panties continued around, joining just above her ass cheeks. From there, the band turned into a very narrow thong back or g-string which narrowed as it dove down the crease of her ass.

Sarah looked herself over in the mirror, thinking that she looked like she should be on the cover of Playboy in this outfit. If Dan were here, she was sure the temperature in the room would already have risen by a couple of degrees. She took a picture of herself standing in front of the mirror in her outfit and sent it to Dan for his approval.

> How's this?

Dan responded immediately.

> You look so fucking sexy. I'm jealous.

Sarah grinned broadly biting her lip, his words were just what she needed to see, this confirmed she was doing exactly what he wanted to. She sent one last message to Dan, giving him a chance to back out.

> Are you sure you want this? Once this happens there is no going back.

What felt like an eternity later, Dan responded.

> I want you to fuck Lester tonight. I want you to send me pictures and videos of it. I love you.

Sarah let out a long breath as she felt her nerves beginning to take over.

> I love you too, baby. I'm going to go over there and screw your disgusting roommate. I'll send you what I can.

After pressing send, Sarah Williams unlocked the bedroom door. She took a deep breath to calm her nerves and stepped out into the hallway.

Lester stepped back from the peephole. He had been watching Sarah in bed as he had numerous times in the past but something had changed. Instead of drifting off to sleep, she had put on one of the sexiest outfits he had ever personally laid eyes on and walked out of the bedroom. She was texting someone while doing it.

What was she up to?

His breath caught in his throat as he heard a soft rap at his door. He felt his cock stir. Lester quickly moved over to his computer, exited his game, and typed in several short commands. He left the monitor on to provide some light in the room and went over to open the door.

As Lester slowly opened it, Sarah Williams was standing just on the other side of the threshold looking like the embodiment of sexuality. She stood there confidently with one arm against the door frame, chest thrust out towards him. The only thing she had in her possession outside of her lack of dress was her cell phone, which she held in one hand.

From his peripheral vision, he could see her chest rising and falling quickly. She was nervous but her face told the story of a calm, in-control woman. Lester knew the game. He had already seen a sneak peek of this outfit from his peephole. As much as he wanted to look down and ogle her body, drop to his knees and start lapping at her breasts, he stayed stoic. He didn't so much as glance down at her cleavage. He knew Sarah was coming over here dressed like that to get a reaction out of him. If he denied that to her, she would be put off balance, which would give him an opening.

"Lester," Sarah started but, before she could continue, he cut her off.

Lester stepped aside and gestured with his arm into the room, "Come in."

Sarah walked confidently into the center of the room. Only when her eyes were off of him did Lester give her body an appreciative once over. His cock swelled when he saw her g-string as she paraded into his room.

She did her best to remain calm and composed but inside her stomach was turning in knots with anticipation. A million thoughts were running through her mind, battling for supremecy. She still wasn't sure this was a good idea but Dan wanted it. The idea of exploring a new level together was something she wanted. But they weren't together. It was just her, alone with this creature. She was back here in Lester's room, part of her hoping nothing would ultimately happen while the other side of her longed for the decision to be made for her.

Lester didn't bother closing the door. Instead, he quickly closed the distance between them until he was directly behind her. Sarah turned around to address Lester, expecting him to still be by the door.

She was taken aback by how close he was.

"What are you doing here, Sarah?" Lester said as he slowly circled her. "I thought you said you didn't need any help getting warmed up."

Lester was behind her. He leaned forward and sniffed her hair, breathing in her intoxicating scent.

Sarah shivered at being on display once again. This was similar to how she had come in with her black robe months ago. That black robe that Lester still had in here somewhere. "I've been talking to Dan and we've come to a decision."

Lester ignored her and breathed close to her ear, "You didn't need help getting warmed up. What is it you need, Sarah? I think I know. You need this."

Lester took Sarah's petite hand behind her and rested it on his hard naked cock. Her fingers instinctively closed around it. Sarah didn't know when Lester had managed to take off his boxers. but he had been very quiet about it. She felt how rigid and hard he was. She could feel his heartbeat in the palm of her hand through the veins on his cock. Sarah was always taken aback by how large Lester's appendage felt her in hand. If she didn't know better, she would have thought someone had slide a heavy piece of deli-meat into her hand.

Sarah's planned speech evaporated from her head. She felt Lester's warm breath on her bare shoulders as he stepped up behind her. She still held his cock but now she could feel his body push into hers. She felt his gut bulging into her back.

She felt a tinge of disgust at a body like Lester's being so close to hers, but it was matched by a thrill of excitement. The idea of of being taken by someone who was not only so undeserving, but also someone who her husband disregarded. She shivered as Lester slowly ran his fingertips along her bicep.

Sarah decided that she would simply give in and enjoy whatever this night would bring. No more fighting against it. She had Dan's permission. He wanted this. She wanted to explore it. As she was about to tighten her grip around Lester's cock and turn around, he released her.

The sensation he was stoking inside of her still smoldered but he had taken away the gasoline, leaving her frustrated. She turned to look at him. He sauntered over to his computer chair and sat down, spinning the wheels to face her.

Lester had long since disposed of the slipcover he had originally put on the chair for Sarah's benefit. It felt wrong to him. "Come here."

Lester licked his lips as Sarah slowly strode over to him. She looked at him with an intensity he hadn't seen from her before. She stopped

directly inside of his spread legs, her knees almost touching his dirty computer chair.

He leaned forward and began stroking the outside of her thighs. He looked up at her face past her breasts that were heaving directly in front of him. "What is this decision you and Dan came to, then?"

Sarah looked down at Lester's plump frame. The way he was bent over, his chest pressed against his gut. She couldn't help but think of a hairy toad squatting, mimicking a human sitting in a chair. "Dan and I decided we want to try something new."

Lester grabbed her hand and gently pulled her down onto him. Sarah's legs fit perfectly between the arms of the computer chair as she straddled his lap, his hard cock pressing against her covered pussy.

"I want to hear you say it," Lester said, one hand grabbing a handful of Sarah's ass while the other worked its way up her back. "What are we going to do tonight, Sarah?"

Sarah looked down at the brute beneath her, directly into his eyes. "We're going to fuck, Lester. Just one time. Just for tonight. I'm going to let you have me."

Sarah watched as Lester's gaze deepened, his brow furrowed in intense concentration. Passion radiated from his features. He licked his lips. Sarah found herself increasingly turned on by the way he was staring at her. Like a warrior readying himself to conquer.

Sarah was breathing quickly now. "We have to take some pictures and videos for Dan."

Without saying a word, Lester's hand traced up her back until his fingers intertwined with the hair on the back of her neck. He pulled, eliciting an involuntary moan from Sarah. Without letting go, he put pressure on her neck, pulling her face closer to his.

Sarah had thought Lester would jump all over her right away. She'd imagined bending over the bed and letting Lester take her as he had done with Lizzie. She didn't anticipate him trying to intimately kiss her. She closed her eyes as her lips finally made contact with Lester's. His tongue snaked its way into her mouth and lapped at hers. She moaned again, her body melting into his.

Lester began thrusting his cock up against Sarah. Her body responded by pushing down into it, seeking it. Wanting to feel it against her. Lester's hands were running all over her body until they settled on her ass, one hand on each cheek. He mauled them in time with his thrusts. Lester's lips were devouring Sarah's, they were making out hard with each other.

It was exciting for Sarah, like the first time she had been with her husband. There was a naughtiness to what she was doing, but also the excitement of something new. Something different. She was still trying to reconcile how she was feeling with that fact that it was Lester making her feel that way.

Lester cracked one eye open and glanced at the webcam affixed to his monitor. The lights were off but he was confident it was recording.

Lester abruptly broke the kiss and forced Sarah off of him. He grabbed her phone from her hand and opened the camera app. "Let's take a few of those pictures."

Lester snapped one of Sarah standing here in her lingerie set, breathing hard and looking hot and bothered. He switched to video mode. "Tell your husband what you're going to do tonight, Sarah."

Sarah bit her lip, "Dan, I'm going to let Lester fuck me tonight."

"Fucking right," Lester mumbled. "Get on your knees, Sarah, you hurt my cock's feelings earlier when you said you didn't want it. Time to make amends."

Sarah obediently sank to her knees in front of Lester. She subconsciously noticed the stains on the chair but her mind was too preoccupied with Lester's cock pointing directly at her. "Hmmm, we can't have that now."

She slowly started stroking his cock with her fingers tips. Lester aimed the camera at her. "Put my cock in your mouth and I'll take another video."

Sarah eagerly opened her mouth and started to lick Lester's shaft. Her tongue swirled around his skin and pubic hair until it reached the head of his cock where she lowered her mouth onto it and moaned.

"Mmm, that's right, Sarah," Lester said to the video. "Suck my cock, wifey."

Lester sat there for several minutes while Sarah worshipped his cock with her mouth. It wasn't lost on him how quickly she had sunk to her knees in front of him compared to all the coaxing and setup that was required previously.

As Sarah's tongue crested the top of his cock, Lester held the back of her head and guided her lips down to his balls. Sarah took the hint and started lapping at his sensistive area with her tongue.

Sarah could feel the skin of Lester's ball through the matting of public hair covering them. Normally she liked Dan to be clean shaven or at least trimmed down here. She didn't love the experience of excess hair but it seemed to work with Lester and his general not-giving-a-fuck attitude.

Sarah's tongue continued to draw little circles around his balls. She alternated between licking them and sucking on them, careful not to pull too much public hair into her mouth.

When she felt Lester's hand release its pressure on the back of her head, she continued to lick the underside of her balls, wanting to please him even without his direction. A thought flashed in her mind, disturbed at her admission of wanting to please Lester in such a subservient manner. The thought quickly vanished as she looked up at Lester and saw his cock towering before her.

Sarah's thighs were grinding against one another. She could feel herself growing wet with anticipation. Sarah's mouth started to water as she stared up at the bulbous cock in front of her. She had to have it.

She licked her way up his balls until her tongue found the base of his shaft. Sarah remembered how much Lester had liked the way she kissed his cock, so she started planting long, lingering kisses on his shaft as she was worked her way up.

Sarah licked and kissed every inch of Lester's shaft. She was in awe of how much cock there was for her to work with. When she reached the head of Lester's cock she just sat there and stared at for a few seconds as her manicured hands danced along his shaft.

When a drop of precum oozed out of Lester's cock, Sarah smiled and without thinking bent forward and licked it up. She quickly swallowed it, feeling its warmth travel down to her belly. The warmth was replaced with emptiness. She wanted more.

Sarah griped Lester's cock with both hands and opened her mouth. She descened on Lester's dick like a woman possessed.

With the phone still in hand, Lester stood up. Sarah never disengaged, her mouth was still attached to his cock, her tongue running along the underside of it as she sucked as much as she could fit into her mouth.

Lester pulled his cock out, much to her disappointment. He pulled her up by her arm and led her over to the bed. She was standing in

front of it when Lester pushed on her shoulder until she fell back onto the bed. She propped herself up on her elbows as she watched her husband's roommate climb over her like some kind of wild predator.

He tossed the phone to the side. It landed a few feet away on the bed. Lester lowered his weight onto the young wife, pinning her in place.

"I told you I was going to lick you all over one day," he whispered in her ear as he extended his tongue and began to run it up and down her neck. Sarah's body responded, trying to twist out of his grasp, overwhelmed by the sensation. But Lester's gut held her in place. Instead, the only thing she managed to do was rub her pussy against his hard cock.

Lester pinned her arms over her head as his tongue continued to trail down her shoulders and dance around her collarbone. When he reached her breasts, he let go of her hands and started massaging each one as his lips lapped in between them.

Sarah continued to grind herself against Lester's cock. It felt so close, she desperately wanted to take off her g-string and feel it against her naked pussy. Her hands held the back of Lester's head, her fingers raking against his thinning hair, pulling him closer into her chest.

"Let's take this off," Lester said as he pulled her partially up and expertly reached around and unclasped her bra with one hand. He ripped it free and discarded it onto the floor, making a mental note of where it had likely landed.

With the most magnificent set of breasts he had ever seen now free in front of him, Lester dove back in, taking a nipple into his mouth and swirling his tongue around it.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned as she closed her eyes, losing herself in the sensation.

Lester took turns feasting on Sarah's breast, sucking and licking over every inch of them until they were covered in his saliva. Satisfied that he had fully tasted her breasts, he worked his way down to her panty line. He tugged on her panties with his hands. He paused and looked at Sarah, waiting for her to check why he'd stopped.

She opened her eyes and looked at him. He wanted to see her face. To see her surrender, knowing what would come next as he removed her underwear from her body. As he began to slide them off, she didn't move. She didn't protest. She let him remove her last line of defense.

Without breaking eye contact, Lester lowered his head in between her legs and began to lick Sarah's pussy lips. His large tongue seemed to stimulate every sensitive part of her body. It found her clit and began to gently flick it with the pressure of its weight.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned, one hand still holding Lester's head. The other covered her eyes in disbelief. "Mmmmhmmm."

Sarah's hips were rising to meet Lester's face as he lapped at her clit. He dropped his chin and pushed his tongue forward into the young mother's soaked pussy.

Sarah groaned at the intrusion. Lester began by slowly licking circles around the inside walls of her pussy. He reached his hand around her thigh and put his thumb in contact with Sarah's clit as he gently rubbed it.

"Mmmmmm, fuck, Lester," Sarah wined as she tried to close her thighs around his head. "That feels so good."

Lester's tongue began to push deeper into Sarah. Then he retracted it. Pushed it back in. Retracted it. Lester repeated the process as

Sarah's hips pushed against his mouth, seeking his tongue. He mimed fucking her with his tongue.

Sarah felt her legs go numb and her toes curl in as a surprise orgasm exploded from her pussy and enveloped her entire body. "Shiiit, uuhhhhh, fucck."

Sarah extended her arms to the side, fingers digging into the luxuriant material of Lester's bedsheets. She gripped them as her orgasm continued to rock its way through her body, trembling with each tongue lashing Lester continued to give her.

Lester's face felt soaked withSarah's juices. He knew she was ready and he didn't intend to miss this window of opportunity he'd worked so hard to create. It was time to finally throw patience to the winds and be rewarded for the expertise with which he'd played this game up to this point.

Lester withdrew his tongue and stood up. He looked down at the sight before him. The proud and confident Sarah Williams, lying naked on his bed, withering with the heat of the pleasure he'd already tormented her with, ready for him to fuck her.

Lester stepped forward and got ready to mount Dan's beautiful bride. Sarah's mind began to clear from her orgasm, finally taking in her surroundings again. She noticed Lester climbing on top of her. "Lester, do you have any condoms?"

Lester wanted to snarl at her. She had to 'know' that he'd had a vasectomy. He desperately wanted to slide into her bare, to experience her free of any impediment before filling her with a load of his potent seed. It appeared patience had reared its ugly head once again.

Lester hid his scowl and backed off, quickly moving over to his nightstand. He opened the bottom drawer, looking at two different packs of condoms. One had an orange 'X' written with a sharpie on

its box. Lester grabbed the other box and tore open one of the condoms.

He quickly put the condom on and then snatched Sarah's phone off the bedand started filming a video. This one was from his point of view, trained on his cock as he moved to the bed and then panned up to Sarah on display before him, lust painted across her face.

"Tell me what you want," Lester said as he moved onto the bed between her legs. "Tell Dan."

Sarah squirmed, her body shifting, trying to find Lester's cock. He lined his cock up with her pussy, positioning its head against her entrance. Lester pointed the camera up to her face. Her lovely tits and beautiful face filled the frame of the phone.

Part of Sarah screamed at her to go back to her room. She couldn't believe where she was, laying on her back in Lester's bed, legs parted for him with his cock pointing right at her. She looked up at creep standing between her legs, at his filthy body and the lust painted across his face. She felt his large cock head pushing up, teasing her entrance. Her body was on fire, needing release. Her mind might be screaming at her to leave but it was drowned out by the needs of her body. She couldn't believe what she was about to say.

"I want your cock, Lester," Sarah moaned, feeling his cock head at her entrance. "I want you to fuck me, I want UH OH FUCK"

Lester pushed his entire length into the pretty wife, cutting her off in mid-sentence. He sat there triumphantly with his cock buried deep within Sarah Williams.

The way Lester thrust his entire cock quickly into Sarah hurt, but it was a good hurt. In its simplistic form is was the hurt of a primal man taking a woman without any other care in the world. Sarah felt herself stretched to the brink by Lester's cock. She had never felt so

full before. Thankfully Lester had warmed her body up, it didn't take long before she felt like her body had a handle on his massive organ. She could feel Lester touching places within her that had never been explored, stimulating virgin nerves. It felt amazing.

"Mmmmmm," She moaned looking at him with a lust-filled expression. He held his cock still as she rolled her hips on it, trying to coax him into fucking her. Lester stopped the video and quickly found his number in her phone.

Sarah groaned under him, frustrated, wanting more of his cock but also taking a second to grow accustomed to his size. Lester enjoyed the way Sarah's pussy was milking his cock. He quickly sent himself all the videos, then deleted the evidence that he'd done so. Then he begrudgingly sent the videos to Dan's phone.

Lester tossed the phone onto the floor and moved over Sarah until he was face-to-face with her. "That's enough fucking photos and videos. You're mine, now."

Before Sarah could reply Lester pulled his hips back, pulling almost all of his shaft out of Sarah and then slamming it back into her.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned as her arms gripped Lester's biceps.

Lester slowly pulled back slightly then thrust firmly into Sarah again, driving yet another couple inches deeper than the last thrust, forcing a deep guttural grunt from her with each powerful thrust into her yielding canal. He slowly repeated the same move and over, making slow steady thrusts into her. Sarah's legs involuntarily wrapped around his waist, pulling Lester's cock deeper into her. Lester could feel Sarah's pussy gripping his cock tightly.

"Uh, uh, uh," Sarah's moaning was growing more frantic. She was going to cum again. She was astonished at how quickly her body was giving her another orgasm.

"Do it," Lester growled in her ear. "Cum for me, cum on my cock."

The words sent Sarah over the edge. Her world exploded with pleasure as her pussy tightly gripped Lester's cock as she came. Her body was racked by an orgasm that seemed to never end.

Even though her pussy held onto Lester tightly, he continued to push through her contractions, fucking Sarah right through her culmination for all he was worth.

As Sarah finally felt her orgasm begin to subside, Lester pulled back until just the head of his cock remained inside her, then with an evil grin, he drove into her as hard as he could, finally driving balls deep into her tight pussy. Sarae felt a rush as another tsunami of bliss quickly rose up to take its place, eclipsing it altogether. "Uh, fuck, Lester. Fuck."

Sarah's nails dug into Lester's bicep, her feet clamped so tightly together behind his ass that she threatened to cut off his circulation. Lester took his opening and pressed his lips against Sarah's.

In her orgasm state of bliss, Sarah accepted Lester's tongue like she would have a passionate embrace from Dan. She tenderly sucked on it, her tongue running into Lester's foul mouth. Their tongues ran over each other, massaging one another, both eliciting and giving pleasure.

Lester continued his slow deliberate pace.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned around his tongue, not fully realizing how openly she had embraced Lester. She turned her head to the side and Lester started to nibble on her neck. "Ugh, god, Lester."

The perverseness of the words leaving her mouth struck her. Moaning the name of this vile man while he was inside her. After she was willingly accepted him into her most precious place.

Sarah had something in mind she wanted from Lester. "Uh, uh, oh, uh."

She was just having trouble getting the words out. "Lester," she moaned as his cock continued to invade her sweet pussy. She felt fuller than she ever had before, she was having trouble reconciling the stimulation with her need to articulate her desire. "I want you to fuck me from behind."

Lester grinned. He knew she had been thinking about his encounter with Lizzie. *Checkmate.*

Lester quickly withdrew himself from her and scurried down the bed, pulling her legs with him as he went. When her hips reached the edge of the bed, he tried to turn them over. Sarah got the message and obliged, turning her hips until she was lying on her stomach, resting on her elbows, her perfect ass standing in the air.

Lester licked his lips. He had Sarah Williams bent over his bed ready, begging to be fucked. He looked in awe at her delicious ass as he lined his cock up with her pussy. He thought about ripping off the condom and sliding into her bare; he didn't think she would object, but he knew tonight needed to be perfect to ensure the next one.

He started to push his cock into her, his head only part way in. "How's my cock, baby?"

"It's, uh.....FUCK" Sarah moaned as Lester slid another inch into her the moment she started speaking. "Good. So good."

She groaned as he slowly stretched her out. She felt like she was watching from outside her body, watching as her husband's disgusting roommate forced his exceptional cock into her married pussy, she could almost see Lizzie watching them from the doorway...the same way she had.

"I think Dan made a mistake letting you do this," he said as he pushed another inch into the blonde bombshell. Sarah gripped the bedsheets in her fists as she tried to push back onto his cock. "There is no way you'll have enough of this after tonight."

"Ugh, you really think highly of yourself... OH FUCK! UGH!," Lester slid the rest of his length into Sarah. He loved catching her by surprise and ruining whatever confident speech she was about to give him. It was time she learned her place after months of teasing.

Whap.

Lester slapped his hand across Sarah's perfect ass and watched it jiggle. He gripped her hips like a vice with his hands and pulled her back as far as she would go onto his cock. He slammed into her as hard and as fast as he could. He knew from his notes that she liked getting fucked hard, that she loved it when Dan was a little forceful with her. He also knew that Dan had nothing on him.

The girth of Lester's cock was immediately noticable to Sarah in this position. Maybe it was just the few seconds they were disconnected but feeling his cock as she was bent over in this position, it felt unlike anything she had ever experienced. Lester's cock felt like it touched every square inch of her very being. She felt herself growing even wetter just thinking about how much his cock was stretching her.

Lester took one hand off her hip and put it between her shoulder blades. He pushed her torso down into the bed with that hand as his other hand held her ass in the air. Lester held her down as he fucked her for everything he was worth.

Sarah's body was responding to the way Lester was treating it. His relentless pounding was driving her crazy. With Lester's hand on her back, holding her down, she felt like she was helpless to keep him from doing whatever he wanted to her. This savage man was plundering her.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned into the bed, "Fuck, fuck fuck, shit. LESTER!"

Sarah screamed his name as another orgasm rocked her body. Lester continued his rapid barrage into his pussy: each thrust seemed to generate another mini orgasm that ran through her body and set her nerves on fire. "FUCK ME."

"Mmmm," Lester snarled from behind her. "I love hearing you moan my name. I just wish I'd bent you over this bed the first time you set foot in this apartment."

Sarah thought back to that first day in the apartment, checking it over with Dan. She would never have imagined that she would be in here, getting fucked from behind by the awkward man showing her the apartment. All that Sarah wanted was warm place for her husband to sleep.

Sarah stopped thrusting back into Lester and just lay there catching her breath. Her nerves were still awash with the after-effects of the orgasm Lester had just given her. She suddenly realized again just how tired she was. Then she felt pain. Pain at the base of her neck.

Lester had grabbed another handful of her hair and was pulling her up. Lester kept pulling her up until her arms were fully extended below her and her hands were on the bed. He held her neck in a tight grip to one side so he could see her face. His fat gut rested on her perfect ass as it bounced below it.

Lester put one foot on the edge of the bed as he pushed as far into his roommate's wife as he could get. "Say my fucking name again, Sarah. Scream it. Let the whole building know who is fucking Dan's wife."

"Lester!" Sarah panted. She opened her eyes and looked directly ahead at Lester's computer. "Uh, Lester. Lester....Fuck me, Lester. Uh."

"Louder! Louder! " Lester bellowed from behind as his cock pushed deep into a new sensitive area Sarah had never felt before.

Lester stood still, catching his breath. He stopped pushing into the toned young wife and watched as her beautiful ass kept pushing back onto his cock, seeking more it. His ass cheeks jiggle each time she pushed herself down it all the way. Lester had a shit eating grin plastered on his face as he watched Dan's innocent wife fuck herself on his hard cock, trying to take as much of it into her as possible. He was truly breaking her in, tearing down her mental barriers and making her his. And she didn't even realize it.

"Mmmmm, fuck, Lester. Don't fucking stop, Lester. Uh, Oh LESTER! LESTER," Sarah knew she was about to experience another orgasm. The idea of someone listening to them, knowing how bad she was being, hearing her get fucked by a creep like Lester sent her over the edge, "LESTER, FUCK. GIVE ME YOUR COCK. LESTER!"

"Aaaagghhh, FUCK," Sarah's head started spinning. An intense warmth spread out from her vagina and covered every inch of her body. It felt like it would extend into eternity. It required all of Sarah's strength to hold onto it so it wouldn't slip away. Sarah's arms collapsed from exhaustion.

Lester looked around at the mess they'd made of his bed. The lights in the hallway flickered briefly and then they were plunged into darkness. The power in the building had gone out. The silence was deafening. Sarah seemed to be spent, but Lester had yet to cum.

He pulled himself out of the young wife and moved to the other side of the bed. He felt around until he found her and scooped her up by her arms, depositing her on one of the pillows.

Lester climbed on top of Sarah and she willingly opened her legs for him. Lester took his condom-covered cock and pushed into Sarah's wet opening.

Sarah groaned once again feeling Lester's ridgid cock slide into her. She still couldn't believe how big this asshole was. Each time he put his cock into her she felt stunned. She wondered how she would have originally felt about Lester had she known what he was packing at their first meeting. The heights his cock could take her to.

"Oh," Sarah moaned. Everything was catching up with her. Between the drive and now this incredible fucking from Lester, she was running on fumes.

As much as Lester liked to fuck women in a multitude of positions, missionary was his favorite and that's how he wanted to fuck Sarah when he finally came. There was something primal about the position, a woman fully giving in and submitting to him.

Lester sunk the rest of his length into Dan's beautiful trophy wife. The dark room was silent except for the wet sounds of their copulation. It seemed like the entire world had come to a stop except for the two of them. Like everyone else was holding their breath, listening to them as the storm howled outside.

Lester slowed but kept his deliberate pace. Never relenting. Giving no quarter to Sarah to recover her bearings.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned from beneath him. Lester leaned in and kissed her perfect lips as she gently kissed him back.

"Fuck, you feel so good Sarah," Lester whispered. "I can't wait to cum in you."

Lester noticed Sarah's body responding to his statement. It seemed to wake her up slightly, her hips raising up off the bed, seeking more of his cock.

"Ugh, do it," Sarah moaned in his ear. "Cum. Cum for me."

"Have you ever been fucked like this before?" Lester asked. He knew he had her now.

"No," Sarah whispered back. "Never like that. Mmmmmmm"

"You really think you'll be satisfied with just one night of this," Lester growled into her ear. "You'll want more of this cock."

"Uh," Sarah moaned "Oh. Uh. Maybe. It does feel great."

Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's hips. They fucked slowly in unison for several minutes, in perfect synchronicity. Sarah's hand rubbed Lester's sweaty back, pulling him down into her.

Lester dropped his hips a bit lower so that the top of his cock would run against Sarah's G-spot. He knew he'd hit it when he heard her purr into his ear.

"Mmmmm....yeah. Right there, Lester," Sarah moaned. With the lights out,l she could concentrate entirely on the feeling between her legs. "Right there, don't stop."

Lester could feel her body getting close, he had to thrust faster into her to meet her pace. "Sarah, I'm going to fucking come soon. You're finally going to get it. All of it."

"God, Lester," Sarah moaned. She wanted to feel it. She needed to feel it. To know that she'd made something as powerful as his huge cock cum. To finally be conquered by a beast like Lester. "Cum, Lester. Cum for me."

Sarah's hips were pushing back against him rapidly now. Her pussy felt like a vice grip around his cock. She would milk all of the cum out of him. There was no stopping it now. They were both heading to the brink and Sarah was pressing down on the gas.

Lester was about to fully break her in while she begged for it.

"I'm gonna cum, Sarah." Lester breathed as his sweat dripped off his forehead onto her. Her hands gripped his hairy ass cheeks, her nails digging into them.

"Fuck," She moaned into his ear. "Cum for me Lester. Cum in me. Cum for me, Lester. Give it all to me."

As the words left her lip, Sarah felt Lester's cock begin to swell even larger. It began to throb inside of her. She felt the warmth of Lester's cum begin to shoot into the condom inside of her. Her pussy instinctively gripped onto him, trying to milk as much out of Lester as she could.

"Fuck," Lester let out a primal growl as he felt his balls begin to empty themselves.

"Oh fuck, shittt," Sarah held onto Lester hard as another orgasm rocked over her body. The feeling and thought of Lester cumming inside of her was too much stimulation. "Mmmmmmm, fuck, Lester."

Lester stayed connected with the young wife for several seconds before he withdrew himself and flopped over onto his side of the bed. He lay there triumphantly, knowing that all his plans had finally come together.

Sarah let the numbing bliss of her last orgasm continue to wash over her. It had felt amazing. More intense than anything she had experienced before. Her mind wanted to dig into that thought, but her exhausted body won out and pulled her down into sleep.

Lester listened to Sarah's breathing change. She was asleep. He had fucked her so well that she'd passed right out in his bed. She hadn't bothered to retrieve her lingerie or go back to her own bed. Another barrier down and one more step toward normalizing the idea of her spending the night in Lester's bed.

Lester grinned, staring up at the dark ceiling. This was his biggest triumph yet. All the planning, all the chess pieces he'd played so carefully, it had all worked. He wondered what the next day would hold and how Dan would react. He could probably go check Sarah's phone, but he really didn't care.

Lester pinched the base of the condom and threw it onto the floor, in the vague direction he thought Sarah's lingeire was scattered. With any luck, his cum would stain them, ruining them for Dan's future enjoyment or at the very least marking them.

He rolled over behind Sarah and backed himself up behind her sweet ass in a spooning position. He draped his arm and blanket around her and settled in to go to sleep. He planted his cock between the bottom of her ass checks and her sweet tasting pussy. He theorized that spooning and cuddling after sex might help build affection unconsciously somewhere in her brain.

As he slowly drifted off to sleep, one thought popped into his mind.

It's time to put Phase 2 into action.

Jesse lay in the hotel bed in Minnesota with blood-red eyes and a mess of sticky cum covering his hands, himself and his bedsheets. He had stayed up for hours jerking off to the videos of Sarah playing with the gross guy in her apartment.

He couldn't believe what he had been seeing: that such a high-class woman like Sarah would fuck around with a guy like Lester. He didn't know what was going on, but he wanted to learn more.

He sent several more messages to Sarah, but she didn't respond to any of them. She'd likely forgotten all about him as Lester had gone ahead and fucked her.

The sun was beginning to peek over the horizon and glow through the sides of the room's blackout curtains. Jesse needed to sleep. Dan would probably be up soon and trying his best to get back to his wife, not knowing the situation he would soon be walking into.

Jesse wiped his hand clean of his cum and thumbed through Dan's phone. He sent himself all of the videos and pictures and then deleted all evidence of the text exchange from last night. Dan would have no idea what had happened until he walked into his apartment.

Jesse set the phone back down on the end table and went to sleep.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 08

"Mmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she dreamed about her loving husband Dan. He was lying behind her in the bed, sliding his cock against the outside of her pussy.

"Put it in, Dan," she moaned into the pillow. She felt Dan's dick begin to push into her, stretching her.

An abrupt knock at the bedroom door caught her attention. Dan didn't seem to notice, he kept pushing his dick into her wet pussy.

"Sarah!," a voice on the other side of the door yelled. "Sarah, open the door, it's Dan."

Sarah looked over her shoulder to see the obese body of her husband's roommate. Lester, holding her tightly as he worked his bare cock into her fertile vagina. Sarah wanted to yell back to her husband, but as she opened her mouth her body was hit by a radiating orgasm, and the only sound to escape was a long moan into the pillow.

Sarah stirred in the bed, slowly waking. It was still dark and she felt like she had been sleeping for hours. She felt immediately energized, as if she had the most satisfying sleep of her life. The bed she was laying in felt luxuriously comfortable, the sheets felt like silk wrapped around her body. As she started to get her bearings, she noticed two things. The first was that she was already incredibly turned on. The second was that her entire body was warm, but she felt specifically warm between her legs.

She shifted her body and felt warm skin pressing up against her back. She reached down between her legs and felt the head of a cock pressing into her upper thighs and vagina. Dan was likely lying behind her, spooning her with his hard morning wood. She smiled at

the feeling and wondered whether the kids would stay asleep so she could have her husband.

Something isn't adding up. Sarah's sleepy brain began to wake up as she licked her lips, enjoying the warmth radiating out from the body behind her and the cock between her legs. She opened her eyes and, even in the darkness, she realized she wasn't in her room back in Middleton. She was somewhere else, somewhere new. The cock she held in her hand was much larger than it should be.

Memories of the night before came flooding back into her brain. Walking to Lester's room, Lester stripping her and taking her on the bed. Her groggy eyes flashed open with alarm. She slipped out from under the arm around her, removed her hand from his cock with a caress, and reluctantly left the warmth of the bed.

Coldness enveloped her. She turned around and looked down at the bed as her body began to shiver. A large mass shifted under the covers. In the darkness of the room, she couldn't quite make it out but she knew who it was. It was Lester.

She must have fallen asleep after she'd let him fuck her the night before. She hadn't intended to spend the entire night in Lester's bed, but it must have happened. She fumbled around on the floor, trying to find her phone and clothes, but it was useless. She debated getting back in the bed to at least be warm, but she didn't want Lester to take up with her naked next to him.

She felt goosebumps spread across her naked skin. Then she remembered the snowstorm, the power must still be out. Sarah quickly scampered out of Lester's room towards the bathroom. As she crossed the hallway, she noticed it was dimly illuminated from the window in the living room. Lester must have his blackout curtains drawn in his bedroom. She locked the bedroom door, stepped past her toiletry bag on the counter, and reached into the shower to start it.

She sighed in relief as she felt the hot water come on. Shivering, she stepped in and let the warmth of the shower envelope her body. She just stood there for what felt like hours, letting the hot water run over her tight body. Her mind just focused on the warmth, not yet ready to process the events of the night before.

She knew she had enjoyed herself. If she was honest, she had enjoyed what had happened quite a bit. It was like the culmination of months of teasing and flirting with a line that only existed for Sarah and Dan. She wouldn't have dipped her toe over that line if not for Dan's implicit trust and permission. She had just wished that he had been here with her last night, so they could have experienced it together. She had wanted to see the lust on his face and to have him scoop her up and take her back to his room afterwards.

She shuddered. She wasn't sure if it was the lingering cold or the flashbacks to how thoroughly Lester had fucked her less than twenty-four hours ago. Before seeing him with Lizzie, Sarah hadn't really expected Lester to be so competent in the bedroom. She hadn't believed she would ever be in the situation where he would have her alone, naked on his bed.

She tried to focus just on the warmth of the water. She'd figured out the rest of it later, especially after she found her phone and connected with her husband.

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Lester embraced the cold as he plodded out of his room into the hallway. He grinned thinking about how lovely it was going to be to slide into Sarah from behind in the shower as hot water splashed down on them.

He envisioned her breasts jiggling in his hands as he took his roommate's wife in the shower. He reached for the doorknob to the bathroom and frowned. *Locked.*

Lester turned on his heel and stomped over to Dan's bedroom door. He reached around and locked it from the inside and pulled it shut. He tried it once to confirm before heading back into his room.

Lester thought back to the previous night, how delectable Sarah looked as she came into his room, how soft and supple her body felt in his hands. How smooth her skin was as he ran his hands over every inch of her. How tight she was as he feed his cock into her. The way her legs held him tight, how her hands clutched him. How her tongue tasted as it rolled with his.

The beautiful look on her face as she came on his cock, the feeling of cumming looking down at her. She was his best conquest to date. He wasn't sure if it was all of the build-up in the planning and execution and finally having it pay off, or if she was just one of those rare women who checked all the boxes for him.

All he knew was that he wanted more of her. He wanted all of her. He wanted her face contorting in pleasure as he came inside of her, her own orgasm pulling him deeper and deeper into her. He wanted that look reserved for him and him alone. He yearned to have her body next to his. He had never felt this before. Usually, once he completed his conquests the women became a means to an end for him. Something about this time was different.

With the lights still out, he fumbled in the darkness until he found a flashlight. He quickly located Sarah's phone and her clothing. Then he went to his drawer and pulled out a single condom.

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As passengers continued to board the plane, Dan tried to call his wife again. He hung up when it went to voicemail. He sighed and leaned back, resting his head against the seat. He couldn't wait to just get back to Chicago.

When he had woken up in the hotel room this morning, Jesse was nowhere to be found. Dan had called the airline and managed to get on an earlier flight. It was a good thing, too, because it sounded like some of the later flights back to Chicago would be cancelled due to another storm front rolling in late in the afternoon.

Dan wasn't sure where Jesse was but he didn't particularly care. Jesse was an adult and could figure out his own arrangements. Dan was getting to his wit's end with Jesse, Walt and even the Lincoln Group.

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Sarah's phone started ringing in Lester's hand. It was Dan. Lester grinned as he forwarded the call to voicemail. Then he turned the call volume all the way down.

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In her haste to escape the cold, Sarah had neglected to grab any clothes to change into after her shower. She cursed at herself as she wrapped a towel around her luscious body in the dark bathroom. She had made that mistake before in this apartment and hadn't intended to repeat it.

She didn't know how long she had been in the shower. She'd lost track of time as the hot water washed over her and her mind wandered, mulling over recent events. She was still trying to reconcile everything in her mind.

Sarah gently disengaged the lock and opened the bathroom door. More light was streaming in from the living room. She turned her head and looked down the hallway. Lester's door was slightly ajar; she hadn't closed it as she left for the warm embrace of the shower. Dan's bedroom door was fully shut. She couldn't remember whether she had closed it last night or not.

She tiptoed across the hallway floor, trying to avoid making any noise that might wake Lester up. She really didn't want to have a conversation with him and have to deal with his smug face after having experienced her.

She turned the handle to Dan's room and pushed on the door but it didn't budge. It was locked. This door always seemed to have an issue with locking itself. She made a mental note to talk to Dan about getting the knob replaced.

Sarah tried the doorknob again to confirm that it was indeed locked. Her smooth legs felt cold, the power was still out and she needed to get clothed soon.

Then she remembered back to one of the last times this had happened. Clutching the top of the towel, she quickly dashed back into the bathroom and began searching through her toiletry bag until she found it.

She moved back into the hallway with a bobby pin in her hand. She wasn't able to do this last time but figured she didn't have much to lose. Sarah bent the bobby pin back and inserted it into the hole in the door. She tried angling it around but couldn't quite figure out how to unlock it. Feeling silly standing there, she knelt down in her towel, hoping the new position would help her be successful.

It wasn't long before she heard the heavy footsteps of Lester's fat feet in his room. She sighed and tried to concentrate on the task at hand: if she could just get into Dan's room she wouldn't have to talk to Lester. She was really hoping to connect with Dan first.

The footsteps grew closer and then stopped. Sarah could feel Lester's eyes on her. She tried not to acknowledge his presence, hoping he would be dissuaded and move on with his day. It seemed like a naive thought given the events of the previous night, but it was all she had to cling to. She felt Lester's presence beside her like she had so many weeks ago.

She stopped what she was doing and looked up at him. As her eyes trailed from the doorknob up to Lester's face, her brain quickly registered that he was standing there naked. Her eyes caught sight of his flaccid member dangling impressively between his legs and the hair matted onto his skin. He was looking down at her with a shit-eating grin on his face.

"Good morning," Lester said as he looked down at the young wife kneeling before him. His cock twitched at the sight and he was sure that Sarah noticed it. "How was your shower?"

Sarah didn't know why but she stayed there, kneeling in front of him. Her brain was still processing what to do, so she simply fell back on the familiar conversational rhythm, "It was good. I think the power is still out so I wanted to warm up."

Sarah knew she had to keep eye contact, not to look down at Lester's crotch or else she'd lose any power she had here. She tried to focus her eyes on Lester's unkempt eyebrows and to confine her attention to his unattractive qualities.

"You could have just come back into bed...." Lester reached towards her, attempting to tuck a loose strand of hair behind her ear. Sarah half flinched away, causing Lester to pause mid-reach before his hand went back to his waist, "I would have been happy to warm you up again."

He let the words hang there, waiting to see how she would respond. When it was clear she didn't intend to take the bait he added, "You seem awfully standoffish considering the amount of mind-blowing orgasms I gave you last night."

Sarah's eyes involuntarily flicked down to Lester's cock for a half second before returning to his face. That shit eating grin was still spread across his ugly features, but her brain was pushing her to look back down at what had given her those orgasms. If she was honest with herself, it wasn't just his cock, but the way he used it

and the way he had fucked her with it. It was unlike anything she had experienced before.

She could feel her body growing warmer, the cold of the apartment starting to dissipate. "Last night," she paused, trying to find the words. "Last night happened because it's something Dan and I decided, okay? I don't want you getting the wrong idea that it's open season now, because it isn't."

Lester took half a step forward, his flaccid member beginning to rise. "I just want to hear you say it."

"Say what?" Sarah looked at him incredulously. Absentmindedly, she was still trying to push the bobby pin around, fruitlessly trying to open the door.

"That you loved it." Lester said. "That you loved the way I made you feel, that you loved my cock inside of you."

Sarah gulped, she felt her face turning crimson with embarrassment as her gaze once again dropped involuntarily to look at Lester's heavy cock and meaty balls bulging out from between his legs.

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Dan felt cramped on the airplane, but at least he had a window seat. He closed his eyes and tried in vain to sleep. He had tried calling Sarah again but still hadn't been able to get through. He would try again when he got back to the apartment.

For now, he kept reflecting on the night before, getting jerked around by Byron and being treated like his personal piggy bank. He felt good that in the end, he had managed to get the jackass to sign off on everything. He could go back to Walt and push this project forward, hopefully without any further visits to Minnelopis.

Even though things weren't going great at the moment, he tried to take a second to appreciate the win. He always tried to celebrate the little things which seemed to come around more often. He could barely wait to tell Sarah what had happened while he relaxed in her embrace. Her bedroom eyes always made him feel like he could get through anything.

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"Lester," Sarah tore her eyes away from Lester's cock and looked up at her husband's overweight roommate, "Last night was fine, decent even but just remember this is a thing for Dan and I, okay? We're still figuring this whole thing out, but --"

Lester stepped forward, his cock hard, jutting out against the young mother. He pressed the head of his cock against her soft cheek, "But you are ready for round two right?"

"Ready for more of this," he said, thrusting his cock toward her pretty lips.

Sarah quickly stood up, dropping the bobby pin to the floor. She clutched the towel to her chest as Lester's cock poked into her thigh. Without responding, she turned and walked toward the living room. She tried to calm her breath as she walked. She couldn't even admit it to herself, let alone to Lester, that he had taken her to new heights last night. She had to get some distance between them so she could think straight. She felt warm and she could feel herself growing damp between her legs. *Since when did Lester have such an immediate effect on me?*

Acquiring some space to herself, away from Lester and his cock, would be good. She could figure out her next steps and maybe find her phone to call Dan. To ask him what he thought about all this. *To ask what he thought of round two.*

She shook her head at the thought. She couldn't believe she was so quickly considering the idea of letting Lester lay with her again. She still thought of herself as a faithful wife who had just gotten caught up in this sexual fantasy that was tearing out of the station like a speeding locomotive. Sarah could feel the fabric of the towel brushing against her nipples, she hadn't realized how hard they had become.

She'd go to the kitchen to get a glass of water, the cold would shock her system and help her think straight. As she moved past the couch, towards the kitchen, her next step was met with a surprising amount of resistance. Before she could process what was happening, she firmly finished her step and felt a pull on the bottom of her towel. It started to unravel and fall off her body. She grabbed two handfuls of the towel and clutched them to her chest.

Sarah looked down and realized the towel was hanging loosely in front of her, covering only her exposed heaving breasts. It dawned on her that her back and perfect ass were completely naked. She quickly turned around and saw Lester standing less than two feet away, smirking at her. She hated his dumb smirk but she was taken aback by the look in his eyes. That lustful look that Dan usually wore but that now seemed amplified on Lester's face.

"I asked if you were ready for more of this," he said, taking a step towards her, stroking his thick cock, and aiming it at her.

Sarah raised an eyebrow defiantly, looked down at Lester's cock and then back up at his face, "That all you got? With the way you are talking, I would have expected something a little more impressive."

A shocked expression momentarily ran across Lester's face but was quickly replaced by a smirk. He took another step closer as he stroked his cock, "This cock is what gave you, what, how many orgasms last night?"

Sarah stood her ground; she wasn't about to let herself be rattled by someone like Lester, "Orgasms? Honey, are you so sure that I --"

"It doesn't really matter," Lester interrupted, "All that really matters is that I gave you more orgasms last night than your husband has given you in months."

Sarah hadn't expected Lester to bring up Dan. What he said was technically true but she hadn't been keeping score to realize it until he said it. She tried to think of a witty response to put Lester in his place.

Lester stepped to her side and whispered, "Tell me that you didn't enjoy yourself last night."

He stepped behind her. Sarah froze in place, realizing by standing still she was exposing her naked back and ass to Dan's roommate. Then she felt his fingers lightly graze across her lower back, "Tell me that when you go back home, you won't be thinking of last night."

"The night you finally gave in," he continued to whisper as he came around Sarah's other side, "The night you finally knocked on my door wearing nothing but that sexy lingerie set."

He was standing directly in front of her, too close for comfort. Sarah's chest was rising and falling rapidly.

Lester took a slow look up and down Sarah's body before looking her straight in the eyes, "The night I finally fucked you."

Lester quickly reached up, grabbed the towel and ripped it free from Sarah's clutching hands. He threw it across the room behind him.

Sarah stood there shocked, trying to modestly cover her breasts. She was now completely naked standing in front of Dan's equally naked roommate. Lester reached out and delicately grabbed Sarah's wrists, slowly pulling them away from her breasts. She didn't stop

him: part of her brain screamed at her to, but the other part wanted to do what Lester wanted.

"Feeling you writhe under me," Lester closed the gap between them. He was standing right in front of her, looking up at her face. His large stomach pressed into hers, his hard cock pressing against her thigh. "How your legs wrapped around me, how your pussy gripped my cock so tight."

He raised a finger to Sarah's bottom lip and gently ran it across the plump roll of flesh. "The way your tongue tasted in my mouth when you kissed me."

Sarah's mind was taking a second to catch up. It was like sensory overload and she couldn't process it, but she was keenly aware that her body felt a magnetic pull towards Lester. His fingers left her lips and his hand snaked behind her head. His fingers ran through the hair at the base of her neck before he strongly gripped the back of her head and pulled her towards him. Before Sarah realized what was happening, Lester's fat lips were pressed against hers; his other hand grabbed a handful of her smooth round ass and pulled her against his flabby body.

Sarah's rational brain shut off and she melted into Lester's embrace. She opened her mouth and his large tongue quickly entered and began running against hers. The heat coming from his body was intoxicating, particularly from between his legs. She felt his hard, naked cock pressing up against her thigh. Lester manhandled her ass, sending shivers running up her body. She pressed her ass back into his hands, now familiar with where his large palms fit onto her cheeks.

The way he touched her felt so primal, so visceral, so full of passion and desperation. Desperation to feel and experience her.

Lester held Sarah and turned, walking her back until her ass was against the couch. He continued to kiss the blonde beauty while

running his hands all over her flawless body.

Sarah's skin felt like it was on fire, feeling Lester's fingertips roaming over her naked skin. He broke their kiss and looked deep into her eyes. A look of surprise flashed across her face: she hadn't expected him to stop kissing her. He smiled and tilted his head moving back towards her. Sarah closed her eyes and puckered her lips waiting for Lester's to come crashing down on her.

They never came, instead at the last minute he lowered his hand and began licking all over her breasts, running his tongue up and down her cleavage as he cupped her breasts in his hand.

"Mmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she held his head to her chest, her fingers clutching his thinning hair. Lester's tongue began running circles around her sensitive nipples before pulling one into his mouth and sucking on it.

Sarah involuntarily lifted her legs off the ground and arched her head back. She could feel Lester's hot cock pressing dangerously close to her married sex. As Lester sucked on her nipple he started to gently thrust forward, pressing the head of his cock against Sarah. Her opening was soaked, Lester would find no resistance if he pushed into her with his naked tool right then.

That sparked a thought that came screaming out of her rational mind, forcing itself to the forefront. "Condom," Sarah said breathlessly. "Lester, you need to put on a condom."

Lester let go of Sarah's nipple, much to her disappointment and stood up straight, looking into her eyes with no expression. Without breaking eye contact he slowly walked behind where Sarah was to the other side of the couch.

He grinned thinking about Sarah's request for a condom. After months of planning and pushing boundaries, he finally had her at the point of accepting his cock. He wasn't sure what had changed

last night but he wasn't going to question it. If things proceeded along these lines, eventually she would be begging for him to fuck her.

Lester finally reached the other side of the couch and leaned down to grab the condom off the coffee table. He had left one here and one in the kitchen to cover his bases. "Come here."

Sarah felt her heart fluttering. Lester disengaging from her had given her rational brain a second to kick in. She could feel her breasts rising and falling as she worked to control her breathing. She took a few tentative steps around the side of the couch. Her brain was telling her this was the point of no return, she could just say no and walk away right now.

Sarah crossed to the other side of the couch and stood beside Lester. She shivered as she looked into his eyes. The way he was staring at her reminded her of how a predator would look at its prey. He gently maneuvered her onto the couch. Her body responded to his brief intimacy and she spread her legs for him in anticipation.

Lying on her back, she watched as Lester opened the condom and rolled it onto his cock. He took up position between her legs and started to line his cock up with her pussy.

Sarah's rational brain was still urging her that it wasn't too late to prevent this from happening. To go find her phone and try to call Dan, even if just for reassurance that what he had said last night still stood and he didn't regret it. She had meant to text him afterward but had passed out. Yet she didn't move - her eyes remained glued to Lester's cock, poised to enter her.

Lester started to push himself inside of her, the feeling of his cock pushing its way past her defenses was silencing Sarah's inner protests. Again she was stunned - at his size, at the fact that she had made a cock this enormous get this hard and that, in turn, she was aroused enough to accept it into her body.

As Lester pushed more of his length into Sarah's wet pussy, he groaned, "I've been wanting to fuck you on this couch for a long time."

Sarah closed her eyes and focused on the intense pleasure she was receiving from Lester's appendage. She could sense the path of each vein on his member, how they pulsed with his desire. The walls of her pussy slickened in response.

"The last time we were here, you knew I was going to try to fuck you and you stopped me," Lester gestured with his head to the empty chair on the other side of the table, "Dan was sitting right there watching. He knew what I wanted to do and didn't do anything to stop me. He wanted me to fuck you all those weeks ago."

Sarah moaned at the feeling of Lester's cock as it began to slide in and out of her. She gritted her teeth and looked over at the empty chair where Dan had sat. She knew what Lester was saying was true, she remembered the intense look on Dan's face, how his piercing eyes had stared at the action unfolding on the couch.

Lester grunted as she shoved his entire length into the loving wife beneath him. Sarah gasped and gripped onto his arms as he did. This couch was the one place where Sarah had consistently denied him, and had teased him for months. Now he wanted to symbolically break this place of denial by fucking her on it.

"Now I finally have you on your back with my cock deep inside you, I've been waiting to fuck you here for -"

Sarah cut him off, "Then shut up and fuck me, Lester." She reached behind his head and pulled him down towards her.

Before Lester could finish his monologue and process what was happening, Sarah's lips had found his and her tongue was in his mouth, entwining with his. Lester started to involuntarily hump her

faster, he was so focused on her lips smashing into his, the feel of her soft tongue slithering against his.

In all his past conquests and even last night, Lester had always remained methodically in control: but this time was different. This woman was different. Lester didn't feel in control right now. These were uncharted waters for him.

Sarah's nails started to dig into his back, her legs encircling his hips, urging him deeper into her. Lester thought back to his breathing techniques, the ones that helped him regulate his arousal so that he didn't cum too quickly. But the feeling of Dan's wife's lips on his was something he didn't want to break away from. He wanted nothing more than to be held here in her embrace. He had to regain control.

With all of his strength, he pressed away from her, pushing against the couch with his flabby arms. He stayed connected to her but leaned back from her enough to assume a sitting position. With Sarah's legs still wrapped around his waist, Lester pulled his entire length out of her before slowly pushing it back in.

"Mmmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, her face contorted with pleasure as Lester worked inch after inch back into her waiting pussy. Lester powerfully grabbed onto her thighs for leverage as he continued to slowly work himself inside of her.

Sarah looked up at Lester in bliss. She hated to admit how good he felt inside of her. Part of her brain was disgusted looking up at the vile beast of a man between her legs. He resembled a bridge troll, not a handsome prince of the kind that should be paired with someone as desirable as her. But another part of her brain yearned for that coupling because it was so beneath her. The lustful gaze as he looked down at her, as she submitted to him, made her quiver.

Sarah could feel an explosive orgasm building. As long as Lester kept up his current pace and his cock kept grazing against every sensitive nerve in her pussy, her culmination was unavoidable.

"Play with your tits," Lester growled. "I want to watch you play with yourself."

Sarah's hands instinctively moved over her ample chest. She massaged and squeezed her breasts with the palms of her hands, running them in circles, stimulating herself. She had never pleasured herself or played with herself in front of someone else before Lester had told her to. In all those times she had made love to her husband, she had always been focused on them, on their togetherness. "Mmmhmmm, like this?"

Lester grunted, "Yeah, yeah, just like that. How does it feel?"

"Good," Sarah mewed. She felt like she was on display for Lester. She'd felt like that every time Dan had watched her with him and now she was putting on a private show for Lester as his hard cock slid in and out of her.

As Lester's cock continued to stimulate her pussy, the embers of her orgasm were stoked into flame. Lester again withdrew his entire length from her and grunted as he abruptly shoved it all the way back inside her. Sarah felt his heavy balls smack against her asshole as he bottomed out in the depths of her pussy. The head of his cock explored areas within her that had been untouched until the past twenty-four hours. Her heels dug into his thighs, welcoming his cock's return to her newfound pleasure centers.

Lester increased his pace, each time he pulled almost his entire length out before slamming it back in. Sarah gritted her teeth and held tightly onto her breasts, stimulating herself, displaying herself for Lester, all while the feeling of his rock-hard cock sliding in and out of her was taking her to new heights. She couldn't wait to see the look on Dan's face when she told him about everything that happened. She imagined the lust spreading across it and his immediately having to take her, bending her over the couch to reclaim her.

Sarah felt something at her lips. She opened her eyes and saw Lester's forearm in front of her. She parted her lips and two of his fingers slid into her mouth. She immediately started to suck on them, her tongue rolling against them.

"That's right," Lester groaned. "Suck them."

He realized that his pace was quickening, any self-restraint he had was melting away. He wanted to cum; he wanted to see this goddess spasm on his cock. "Close your eyes and keep sucking."

Sarah did as she was told. Her body was being overstimulated and now she was imagining a cock sliding in and out of her mouth. She sucked on Lester's fingers with abandon, trying to tease out the cum that would never come. Wanting so badly to please this second phantom cock.

Sweat was running down Lester's forehead. He felt a single bead stream down his back. He ran his hands over Sarah's smooth legs, his eyes feasting on her body before him. Watching her suck on his fingers and feeling them being sucked on was putting him over the edge. He started to pump his vile cock into her faster and faster. He knew it wouldn't be long before he came.

Sarah's orgasm was roughly building inside of her, she couldn't take much more. She felt like all this pent up energy was about to explode inside of her. She withdrew Lester's fingers from her mouth for a second to say, "Lester, don't stop."

Lester grunted in response, "Whose cock are you imagining in your mouth right now?"

Sarah extended her tongue and licked her fingertips as her pussy tingled, "Mmmhmmm, does it matter? Does it matter whose cock this is? Do you want me to say Dan's? Like you've completely switched roles?"

"Ughhh," Lester groaned, hearing this innocent wife talk vulgarly to him, too. Seeing her corruption was sending him over the edge, "No, not his. Think of my cock, picture sucking on my cock."

Sarah grinned mischievously and her breath caught in her throat as she felt her orgasm rise to the point where it would detonate. She wanted Lester's cock in her mouth right now. She was going to put the fingers back in her mouth and suck on them, but first, she toyed with Lester, "If your cock is in my mouth, whose cock is fucking me then? Whose cock is making me-"

Her naughty line of play was quickly abandoned as she felt sparks begin to ignite, "Mmhmmm fuck, fuck Lester. Don't stop. Mmmmmmm. Fuck. Lester, Lester, uggghhhhh LESTER!"

Every nerve in Sarah's body seemed to turn on all at once, as a blistering hot fire washed over her body. Lester's fingers pushed into her mouth and she sucked on them for all she was worth. She felt her toes curl and her thighs tighten around Lester's waist. She held her breasts together as her entire body seemed to spasm.

Sarah's pussy gripped onto Lester's condom-clad cock. She held his cock so tightly that Lester could barely move; he continued to try to thrust into her, but the clutch of her pussy on his cock and the look of orgasmic bliss on her face were too much. Lester slammed forward one last time and fell onto his arms above Sarah.

"Ughhhh, fuck," Lester groaned as his balls emptied and his cock started shooting stream after stream of his potent cum. Sarah's imploding pussy grasped him as firmly as a fist. He heard the mewl in her throat as he set her off again.

As Sarah's orgasm rocked her body, she felt a new warmth expanding in her vagina. She could feel the heat from Lester's cum. She imagined it spraying out all over her insides. Somehow the orgasm that was wracking her body intensified. She bit down slightly

on Lester's fingers as she rode out the final tsunami wave that was washing over her body.

They stayed together, connected, and panting for several seconds. Eventually, Lester felt his arm strength begin to give out, his body was too much for him to keep propping up. With his last ounce of strength, he pushed himself up into a sitting position and began to slowly withdraw his cock from Sarah's amazing body.

Sarah whimpered as she felt his cock unsheathing itself from her body. As her orgasm subsided, the cold of the apartment crept back over her. She realized that at some point, while they were having sex, the power must have come back on. A light was now illuminating the kitchen, but the heat hadn't yet had time to warm the place up.

She eyed Lester as he stood up and started to remove the condom from his impressive cock. The condom was full of Lester's hot white cum. She was impressed it didn't collapse under the pressure. She couldn't believe how much cum was in there, hadn't she just made Lester cum a few hours ago?

Sarah looked over his body with its odd proportions and general lack of muscle tone. Her brain registered that it wasn't an appealing sight. But there was a part of her -- a part that she hadn't previously been fully aware of -- that felt strangely drawn to this sight.

Sarah wanted to sit and think about that part of her a little more, but it would have to wait. For now, she needed to deal with the creeping cold that was causing goosebumps to rise across her body.

"Lester," she said, trying to sound innocent. "Can you open my door so I can get some clothes? It's freezing in here."

"No," Lester said. He tied off the end of the condom and looked over at her, "I can't open it but I can get you something to keep you warm. On one condition."

Sarah raised a challenging eyebrow, "And what's that?"

"I want to hear you say how much you enjoyed last night and today," he insisted, a smile spreading across his face. "Tell me how much you enjoyed fucking me."

Sarah felt strange admitting something like this to him. Even though they had been together twice in the span of a few hours, it was one thing to talk dirty during the deed itself, but it was quite another to verbalize it when they weren't engaged in the act.

I've never cum like that - I didn't know I could cum like that.

She shivered and relented, "It was great, Lester."

She saw that he wanted more. He wanted to hear that he had fucked her better than Dan and that she didn't really know how good sex could be until she had experienced it with him. In some ways, that was true, there were things she hadn't known were possible until the last few hours and she knew she wanted to experience them again. But she didn't want to admit that to Lester; she didn't want him to think he had some control over her.

Sarah looked directly into Lester's eyes, "You are top-notch, Lester. A true renaissance man when it comes to sex. One day I'm sure they will write stories of your prowess and men will study your techniques hoping to emulate your abilities."

Lester gave her a flat look and flared his nostrils out. Without saying a word he turned and walked to the kitchen. She heard the lid of the garbage can open and close before his loud footsteps plodded across the living room floor towards the bedrooms. For a few seconds, she thought she had upset him enough that he was going to leave her there, naked on the couch. But eventually, she heard the sound of his fat feet walking back toward her. He put a pile of unfamiliar clothes onto the table and gave her naked body one last triumphant look before he returned to his room and shut the door.

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Dan checked his watch. It had been twenty minutes since his plane landed at Chicago's O'Hare airport, but they were still on the runway. A few minutes ago the pilot had announced that there were mechanical issues with their gate due to the ice and snow from the previous day.

Now they were waiting for another plane to depart so they could enter their gate. Dan decided to try and call Sarah again but unfortunately, after several rings it went to voicemail.

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Sarah yawned and stretched out her limbs. She blinked her eyes, realizing she had fallen asleep on the couch in Dan's apartment. It only her took a few seconds to reach the conclusion that she must have fallen asleep after Lester had fucked her for the second time.

She sat up and shook her head in disbelief. She couldn't wait for Dan to come home. Even though he had pushed her towards this, she still felt incredibly guilty about sleeping with Lester. Last night had been a huge moment that she had built up to. This morning had caught her by surprise and she was somewhat ashamed at how quickly she had given in to it. Especially since she hadn't discussed the second time with Dan prior to succumbing to it.

Still, she knew deep down that he was going to enjoy hearing all about it. The part that worried her more was how easily she had let herself go, how easily she had given in to someone like Lester. It felt like her entire marriage to Dan she had strong walls up around their marriage and fidelity. Ever since Dan had moved in here, it seemed like Lester had slowly been dismantling those walls until he could get inside. She didn't fully understand why she seemed drawn to him. She knew it had something to do with him being her polar opposite and being entirely unworthy of her attention. That disparity in itself seemed to be a trigger for her.

Sarah rubbed her legs together, realizing that, if she kept on this train of thought, she might become excited all over again.

She stood up and made her way into the kitchen to make herself a coffee.

As the pot began to brew, she heard the familiar sound of the apartment door unlocking.

***

Exhausted, Dan entered his apartment and immediately dropped his bag on the floor next to a discarded towel. He shut the door behind him and looked around.

"Hey there, sexy," an alluring sound mewed from the kitchen. His loving wife Sarah was sauntering towards him with a big smile on her face.

Dan scanned Sarah up and down, doing a double take. She was wearing a pair of baggy sweatpants and a faded oversized t-shirt that read 'I'd Rather Be Raiding.' "Er, hey honey. How are you?" He cocked his head and asked, "What's going on?"

Sarah gave him a big hug and then a lingering kiss on his lips, "Mmmhmm, just making a big cup of coffee, I didn't get much sleep last night."

"Couldn't sleep after that long drive?" Dan asked, befuddled.

"Funny boy," Sarah playfully poked him on the nose, "No, I had something much more exciting keeping me up last night."

She was clearly teasing him about something, but Dan wasn't quite putting the pieces together. He didn't want to lose their verbal sparring match, though, so he tried to change tactics, "Funny, I

didn't realize you liked to raid. I don't recall seeing that outfit in our closet at home."

As Sarah was walking back to the kitchen, over her shoulder she said, "That's because this outfit is Lester's."

Dan felt a twinge in his heart and his cock immediately began to swell. Trying to hide his growing erection, Dan awkwardly followed his wife into the kitchen. She was beginning to pour her coffee into a mug.

"Want one?" She asked innocently.

"Lester's?" Dan said, breathlessly. "Why are you wearing Lester's clothes?"

She turned and leaned on the counter, "Well, the door to your room locked me out again. I tried to pick it but I just couldn't get it. I was standing there soaked in just a towel after my shower. With the power out it was cold. Your roommate, thankfully volunteered to warm me up .... by letting me borrow these clothes. I'll admit, they aren't my favorite, but it was freezing in here."

"Oh," Dan chuckled to himself, "That's funny. For a minute there I thought Lester had tried something on you."

Sarah gave him a confused look. She put her coffee mug on the counter and walked up to him. Her facial expression changed to something more mischievous, "Well, he did try something last night but I turned him away..."

Dan was about to speak but Sarah beat him to it, "But then I got your text messages. I will say at first I wasn't fully on board, but you convinced me. I did what you wanted. God, Dan I can't even believe it. It was so wrong. So bad. I really wish you had been here with me, but I hope those videos helped you relieve some pressure last night."

Dan stood there confused. Slowly, however, he understood what Sarah was implying. That is, he thought he understood what she was saying, but it just seemed too out of left field to be true. "Sarah, what are you talking about? What videos? What happened?"

Sarah stepped back, cocking her head. She was trying to read his expression to see what kind of game he was playing. "Last night, you were texting me. Were you drunk? I know you were drinking a bit, but I didn't think --"

"Sarah," Dan cut her off, "What happened last night? What are you talking about?"

Sarah's face was getting beat red, "You told me you wanted me to sleep with Lester, Dan."

"What? No," Dan racked his hand through his hair, "I didn't do that. I don't remember doing that."

He fished his hands into his jacket pocket and pulled out his cellphone, he opened his message app and scrolled down to the last exchange with his wife. "Alright, very funny. No, look here, the last message says 'Or else what? Gonna get Lester to warm you up?' ha ha, good one Sarah. I'm guessing you were pissed, I fell asleep on you?"

Sarah took his phone and looked at the screen. "No. No, there is more. We talked way past this, Dan. Where did the rest of the conversation go?"

"Sarah," Dan said lightly, "I don't remember sending anything else. I remember texting you from the bar with Byron and then, I think...after I just went back to the hotel and crashed."

Sarah stared at him blankly for a moment, trying to process what he was saying, "Hold on."

She walked past him and left the kitchen, moving towards the bedrooms. Dan watched as Sarah walked past his room and turned the handle to Lester's room and walked right in. Dan stood there paralyzed, he felt his cock aching. It was strange that Sarah would just open Lester's door without knocking. To him, it implied a level of comfort that he hadn't thought had been earned. Had something really happened last night? Images flashed into Dan's mind of Sarah underneath Lester's grotesque body, moaning in pleasure.

Dan's thoughts were cut short as Sarah exited Lester's room, holding some things in her hands. She stopped at Dan's door and threw something in front of it, then walked towards him, head down looking at her phone. Dan needed to sit, so he moved to the couch and sat down. Sarah joined him.

"Here," Sarah said, "Look, I'm not sure what's up with your phone but we had an entire conversation." Dan took the phone and scrolled through the conversation. He saw the last message he had sent and then quickly got confused with the rest of the messages. He didn't remember sending these. As he continued to scroll, he began to realize that he hadn't sent these at all. He stopped and opened up the videos.

He sat there mortified watching Sarah and Lester together. He felt his breathing become shallow. Lester really had fucked his wife last night.

Before Dan realized what he was doing, he was marching down the hall toward Lester's room. His blood was boiling and he was ashamed to notice that his cock was also stiffening. He tried the doorknob to Lester's room as Sarah had done but it was locked. He started to bang on the door with his closed fist. "Lester! Lester! Get out here, now."

He continued to bang on the door but no response came from the other side. He felt someone grabbing onto his arm before he could

bang on the door again. Sarah was pulling on him. Reluctantly he let her pull him back toward the living room. Dan was still breathing hard, the image of a bull puffing air out of its nostrils before rushing the matador popped into his mind.

"Dan," Sarah said, sitting him down and holding his hand, trying to calm him down. "What the hell is going on?"

"I don't know," Dan said, looking into her eyes. His loving wife was sitting there, patiently looking at him, trying to reassure him. She looked so loving and tender. He loved this woman with his entire being. The image of her face contorting in pleasure ran through his brain. "I don't recognize those messages. I definitely never saw those...videos. I don't think I sent those messages, Sarah."

Sarah removed her hand and scrolled through the phones, "What are you talking about? These came from your phone? What do you mean you didn't send them?"

"What times does it say on there? What time did the messages get sent?" Dan asked.

"Late. After 11 pm, going on until close to midnight." Sarah was looking between the phone and Dan. He could tell she was starting to get worried.

"I left the bar shortly before that, I think," Dan was thinking out loud, trying to piece things together. "I had my phone with me, it was there on the nightstand when I woke up. When I left the bar we walked back to the hotel. I think I just crashed immediately."

"We?" Sarah asked, "Who else did you leave the bar with?"

"Jesse....." Dan said. The pieces began to click into place in his mind. He thought back to that time when Jesse had clearly looked at his phone while he was giving a presentation. He had seen those pictures Sarah had sent in Lester's room. He had felt comfortable

enough looking at his phone then, what was to stop him from doing it when Dan was passed out next to him.

"Dan, did your company put you and Jesse in the same room again?" Sarah asked. He looked up at her and could tell she was also putting things together.

"Yeah, they did. I think Jesse was in the bathroom when I hit the mattress...he," Dan breathed out hard, trying to control his emotions. "He must have opened my phone after I fell asleep. Fuck, Sarah, I think it was Jesse who texted this shit to you."

Sarah stared off across the room for a few minutes, trying to process what she was hearing. Eventually, she said, "So Jesse knows about Lester, he knows what we've been doing here. That is so fucking embarrassing."

Sarah put her face into her hands, "Dan, I thought it was you. I wouldn't have gone to Lester last night. I thought this was something you wanted. You kept pushing for me to go, I wanted to do this for you. For us. Instead, it was just some slimeball little jerk who was getting off on manipulating things."

A disgusted expression spread across her face, "Ew, god, Dan, he probably, he probably jerked off to the videos I sent you."

Dan nodded his head, agreeing with everything she said. He noticed that he could see his wife's nipples poking through the t-shirt she was wearing but he didn't want to bring that up. The idea that his wife might on some level enjoy being put on display like that wasn't something a wise husband brought up at a moment like this.

"Sarah, did you actually go and sleep with Lester last night?" Dan whispered.

"I did. I basically served myself up on a platter to him and Lester didn't hesitate," Sarah said. She was still staring at the phone,

transfixed like she was trying to focus on one thing before the world came crashing down on her. "Dan, how the hell did Jesse get on your phone?"

Dan sighed. This isn't the conversation he wanted. He wanted to hear more about her time with Lester, "He must have gotten on to it somehow. I don't know...last night, how long did, er, you and Lester, you know, how long did it go for?"

"Dan," Sarah said, the tension growing in her voice. "You don't have a lock on your phone, do you?'

"Lock?" Dan said inquisitively. He knew what was about to happen. He was ashamed he hadn't taken the time to set one up. He always liked to just get right into his phone when he wanted to.

"A lock, Dan, like a PIN or a swipe code. I know you didn't use to have one. Do you still not have one on your phone, Dan. Is that how Jesse got in? God, come on, Dan, that's so basic."

Dan deflated as Sarah chided him, "No, you're right. There isn't anything like that. Shit, I'll set one up. Fucking hell."

They sat there silently for several minutes, both processing the new information. All Dan wanted to know was what had happened with Lester, but he knew better than to push right now.

The ringing of Sarah's phone broke the silence. Dan glanced at it and saw that it was Sarah's father calling.

She answered, "Hey, dad...No, everything is fine..Yeah, Dan is here next to me..How are the kids?...Okay...Really?..Yeah, yeah, okay, that's probably a smart idea...yes, give me a little bit and I'll head back...okay, yes I will...I love you, too.. Bye, dad."

"What's going on?" Dan asked.

"That was my dad. He says hi, by the way," Sarah gave him a few sparing glances. "He said that I should head back. He saw on the news that another big storm front is going to roll in tonight and hit both Chicago and Middletown. It's supposed to be a big one again that might last all of Sunday. The roads have supposedly been cleared, but if I don't leave soon I'll get stuck in it and might not be able to get back safely in time for work on Monday."

That all made logical sense to Dan. She should go and get back safely, but they couldn't end the conversation like this. There were too many unresolved issues.

He closed the space between them and took the phone out of her hands. He held her soft hands in his and looked into her eyes. "I'm sorry this happened. I'm sorry things happened this way. I shouldn't have put you in this position."

"Dan, what are we going to do? Your co-worker knows about what is happening here. He has seen videos of me. God, Dan he might have even sent them to himself. This could ruin me, if things get out --"

"They won't," Dan said confidently. A righteous anger was boiling in him. "I'm going to take care of it, okay? No matter what, on Monday I'm going to get Jesse alone and take care of this. Don't worry, okay? I'm going to put him in his place and end it."

His words seemed to reassure her. She looked up at him with tears in her eyes, "Dan, I should have known, though. I should have known that wasn't you texting me. I never would have, I wouldn't have done what I did if I had known."

Dan encircled his wife with his arms and held her to his chest, "I know. I know you wouldn't have. It's fucked up Sarah, I'm so sorry."

Sarah eventually sat up and looked at her husband, then put a hand on his chest. "I need to tell you this. I went over to Lester's room wearing a new lingerie set, he was obviously happy. He wore a

condom, Dan. We had sex on his bed and I accidently fell asleep. When I woke up in the morning the power was out. I took a shower and, when I came out, the door to your bedroom was locked. I tried to get it open, but I couldn't. Lester came out of his room, naked. He followed me into the living room where..." she looked down at the couch where they were sitting, "Dan, he followed me out here and things happened again. We had sex again here, on this couch."

Dan was stunned, he looked down at the couch, "You had sex with Lester twice, Sarah?"

"Yes," She whispered. "Dan, I wish I could take it all back. I was excited to share it with you. I thought this was for us, for the fantasy, and something that you wanted. I'm so sorry, I feel so ashamed. I love you, I wouldn't have, you have to know that. I thought something like this might happen one day, especially after what happened last time, but I always thought you'd be here with me when it did. That we would do it together. When you, when Jesse suggested it, I had thought it was something you really wanted. Maybe you were a little drunk when you suggested it, but I thought it would get you off...."

Dan hated to see his wife like this. She was spinning and racked with guilt. He knew it was ultimately his fault that this happened, that she was pushed towards Lester. After all the things they had been through over the past couple of months, it made sense. *Fucking Jesse.*

Jesse's messages had come at the exact right time and seemed to have tipped the scales here. Dan was going to go nuclear on him on Monday. Still, he hated seeing Sarah like this. He had to reassure her. She couldn't drive in this condition, it would be too dangerous.

He held her hands and Sarah's breath seemed to catch in her throat. "It's okay, Sarah."

She looked up into his eyes bewildered and vulnerable.

"It's okay," Dan struggled to find the words. "It's not something I expected, and I completely get why it happened and how you were led into it. Things have been crazy over these past few months, we've done things together I never thought we would. It's been amazing and scary and confusing but, through all of it, we've explored it together. Who knows, maybe this would have eventually happened like you said. I mean, I've obviously thought about it, right? But I just hate that you were put into this situation where you were by yourself. I promise we will figure this out and work through it, okay? I love you, that doesn't change. We are good. Okay? We'll figure it out."

Sarah leaned in and kissed him, then she put her head on his shoulder, "I love you, Dan. I love you more than anything. I'm sorry."

"Shhhhh," Dan comforted her, rubbing his hand along the back of the t-shirt she was wearing. "Don't be, it's okay, it's okay. I love you. We are good."

Dan held her like that for a long time.

"Dan," Sarah whispered, "I don't want to leave you. I don't want you here in Chicago alone right now, but I think I need to get going. If this storm wasn't coming back I would stay tonight, but.."

"It's okay," Dan said comfortingly, "It's okay, this is out of our control and just shitty timing. You need to get back and take care of our babies. I'll be fine, don't worry. Like I said, I got this."

Sarah sat up and looked at him. He could feel the love and affection in her eyes. "I love you so much," she leaned forward and planted a lingering kiss on his lips. All Dan could think about was whether or not she had kissed Lester like this.

Sarah let out a long breath, "Okay. Okay, we'll talk more when I get home. Can you help me get into the bedroom so I can pack my

bag?"

It only took Dan a few tries to pick the lock on his bedroom door. He did it while ignoring the sexy underwear that Sarah had discarded in front of it. It only took Sarah a few minutes to change into her normal clothes and get her bag packed. She folded and left Lester's clothes in front of his door.

Dan's raging hard-on hadn't subsided. If anything it grew more noticeable as he had watched his wife disrobe. Seeing her wearing Lester's clothes may have been innocent enough but it was like part of Lester was enveloping her. He had always loved the way she looked in Dan's oversized t-shirts. Seeing her find it acceptable to wear Lester's clothing, even if it was due to convenience made him jealous. Knowing that the same man had taken her, pushed Dan to action.

He slid up behind his wife and pressed himself into her without saying a word. He wanted to reclaim her. Sarah let his touch linger for a few seconds before moving away. She apologized and said she would if it wasn't for the incoming storm. Dan had unfortunately missed his window. His wife was going to leave him, having spent the night with someone other than him, her husband.

Soon Dan was riding down the elevator with his wife. He walked her across the bitter cold of the parking lot to her car. They didn't say much but held each other's hands the entire time. Dan put on a brave face of reassurance, but all he could think about was Sarah's naked body entwined with Lester's.

"I love you, honey, you better drive safe," Dan said as he leaned forward and chivalrously buckled his wife into her seat. "Now get going and warm up."

"Not without another kiss," Sarah said as she sat behind the steering wheel. The car was starting to warm up. Dan wished he could get into the passenger seat and drive back to their life, but he had to

stay and take care of things here. He leaned in and planted his lips on hers. Her hand rested on the back of his head, holding him there. He wished he could live in this moment forever, but eventually, their lips parted and the cold Chicago air replaced the warmth of his wife's embrace.

"I love you, baby," She smiled, tears still in her eyes.

Dan wiped them away, "I love you too. Now stop crying, it's not safe for driving."

They both shared a chuckle before Sarah mouthed 'I love you' one last time. Dan shut the driver's side door and stood back to watch his wife drive away. She motioned to him from the window, pointing towards the apartment building. She wanted him to go back inside so she knew he had got in safely.

Dan shook his head and pointed to her and then the road. A sad smile appeared on her face, but she followed his instructions and drove off, back toward their home.

***

It had been a few hours since Sarah had left him. Dan was sitting on the couch in the apartment's living room with his laptop on his lap. He checked his phone to see if Sarah messaged him, hoping that her drive home had been uneventful.

The screaming wind of another storm front had started a few minutes ago. Hopefully, though, she should be clear of Chicago by now.

As much as Dan wanted to relax and wallow in his own self-pity, he knew he didn't have time for that. Monday morning was coming and he would have to come face to face with Jesse. He had underestimated him and was only now just beginning to see the kid for what he was.

It was time to do what Dan did best. Plan ahead and figure a way out of the mess he found himself in. He started to Google about the default ways iPhones and Androids backed up photos and videos. Was it possible to delete things permanently off of iCloud? He was going to figure all of that out and see what his options were, as well as try to anticipate what Jesse would do.

Jesse may have gotten one over on him and caused a series of events Dan couldn't have predicted, but he was still the same kid who was out of his depth and generally sloppy with his work.

After nearly two hours of Googling, watching YouTube videos and reading Reddit posts, Dan felt confident he knew what to do. He closed his laptop and grabbed his phone.

There was a text from Sarah that read, "I'm home, baby. I love you. The girls miss you. I'll call you later and we can keep talking, okay?"

Dan quickly responded and then swiped into his phone's settings. Ashamed, he finally put a PIN code onto his lock screen. If he had just done that months ago, things would have been very different.

With his immediate tasks done, creeping thoughts began to torment him. He'd heard what Sarah said earlier but he hadn't seen any of it happen. The idea of her with Lester .... his mind started filling in the blanks. Images of Sarah and Lester together. Lester grunting triumphantly as Sarah moaned in pleasure beneath him.

Lester's cock entering Sarah. Where were her hands? How did she look at him? What did he say to her? How had she responded?

He needed a change of scenery. He put the laptop on the table and stood up, ashamed to realize his cock was now erect. Just thinking about Lester and Sarah together had caused him to get hard.

Dan tried to reconcile the fact that the idea turned him on by reasoning that it was all still just part of his fucked up fantasy: that if

push had come to shove, he wouldn't have let things cross that line. He didn't feel all that confident about that line of thought, but it was what he was sticking to for now.

He knew that the thought of Sarah giving herself to Lester would torment him. Filling in the blanks with his own thoughts wasn't a useful activity. He wondered if he had actually seen them together, if it would still be this torturous.

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"Darkspire! Advance!" Ned shouted over the headset.

Lester was smirking as he went through the motions, destroying all the creatures in his path. He sat at his computer chair, satisfied and triumphant at his latest conquest. It had been the sweetest and most fulfilling yet.

But he was just getting started. He had more in store for the lovely wife of his roommate. Soon he would corrupt her further and make her learn more about what it was she really wanted. He'd tap into her desires and fantasies in a way her husband never had.

As he navigated his avatar through the dungeon, his thoughts drifted to Jesse. He had overheard Sarah and Dan's entire discussion. A frown spread across his face. He didn't know who Jesse was and he didn't like how close he had become to Sarah. Sure, he was only Dan's coworker, but Lester had used less leverage to get everything he had wanted out of women in the past.

Lester was threading a tight needle here, pushing Sarah just enough to break boundaries without freaking out. If Jesse applied too much pressure on Dan and Sarah, that thread could snap, ruining the rest of his plans.

He'd have to keep a close eye on things. He made a mental note to see what he could discover about Jesse after he finished this raid.

Still, he had to thank Jesse in some ways. He had helped to expedite Lester's timeline, though now Sarah had an element of guilt that Lester would have to overcome.

***

Dan sat at the desk in his office, waiting patiently to see what Jesse would do. The sun outside his window was cresting over the building in the distance like it did every morning.

He had racked his brain all night, thinking of what Jesse's next move would be. Getting to know him over the past few months, Dan narrowed it down to two options. Either Jesse would secretly hold onto those photos and videos of Sarah to use for his personal enjoyment, or Jesse might grow a pair of balls and try to blackmail one of them. Jesse would have to have to come to the conclusion that Dan and Sarah would discuss things and that the truth would come out. So Dan was leaning toward the blackmail option.

His suspicions were confirmed when he heard a knock at his door.

"Come in," he said, shifting his attention to his computer, feigning doing work on the Lincoln Group file.

"Hey, Dan," Jesse peeked his head in, "Got a minute? I have something I need to talk to you about."

Here we go. Dan turned his gaze to his younger coworker, "Sure, Jesse come on in."

Jesse shut the door behind him and walked in until he was standing directly in front of Dan's desk, but then he didn't sit down. He was attempting to position himself in a domineering way.

"How's your wife doing?" Jesse asked.

"I'm sure she is doing great, Jesse, thanks for asking." Dan countered. He wasn't going to make this easier for him. He wanted to keep Jesse off balance and think that he had the upper hand.

"Ugh, did she have a good weekend?" Jesse asked, looking around Dan's office.

"I'm sure she had a great one. Now, Jesse, what do you want?" Dan focused his attention completely on Jesse.

"Well, I er, I thought you might be interested in something I have." Jesse said. "Something you're going to want to see."

"Oh yeah? And what's that," Dan asked him plainly, trying not to show any emotion.

Jesse slid his phone out of his pocket, tapped on the screen a few times and then held the phone screen towards Dan.

Dan leaned forward squinting, he wanted to appear like he was trying to get a better look. On the screen was Sarah, lying on her back as Lester lined his cock up with her entrance.

"Here's how this is going to go, Dan," Jesse started, "From now on when your wife visits you I want --"

Dan snatched the phone out of Jesse's hands and stood up to his full height, towering over the young man in front of him. Jesse immediately shied back, bumping into one of the chairs.

"Sit down, Jesse," Dan commanded sternly.

Jesse deflated and sat down in the chair closest to the door. Dan kept his eyes trained on the phone in front of him. He pointed his finger at Jesse. "What was it you were going to say? Next time my wife comes to town, what? What was it you wanted?"

Jesse stayed silent. Dan continued to tap on the screen. He quickly deleted the conversation between himself and Jesse. It was clear from this side of the conversation that Jesse had sent himself the videos from Dan's phone and then deleted the conversation where it happened. Thinking back to his googling last night, Dan moved over and deleted the files from the phone's gallery and download folders.

"Huh, Jesse? Speak up! What is it you wanted, huh?" Dan stayed on his side of the desk. He wanted to keep out of arm's reach of Jesse in case he tried something.

Jesse seemed to crumble, his fake facade of confidence crumbling under Dan's aggression. He reached out in Dan's direction, "Give me my phone back, that's mine."

Dan stopped what he was doing and stared daggers at his young coworker. "You want this back? Why the fuck would I give this back to you? You betrayed my trust over the weekend. You accessed my private property and coerced my wife into a compromising situation. You illegally copied content that wasn't yours and now you are trying to illegally blackmail me into what? Letting you fuck my wife? Is that your ultimate goal, here? Jesus Christ, kid, the police are going to have a field day with you. You left all this evidence right here. I hope you're good and ready to become someone's bitch in prison."

Jesse withdrew his hand. Dan could see tears forming in his eyes. "Please don't call the police. I'm sorry, okay? It was a dumb idea. She is just so pretty and amazing and I just thought that -"

"You didn't think," Dan said firmly. He accessed Jesse's iCloud account and deleted the pictures and videos there. Then he opened the recently deleted album and permanently deleted them there as well, just like his googling had said to do, "You let your dick do the thinking and now you are in over your head in a world of shit. Do you know that guy in the video? He is at your place right now, going

through all your things, going on your computer and hard drives to find all the evidence you left behind."

"What?" Jesse sat up alarmed. "There isn't anything at my place! I don't have anything else!"

"What do you mean?" Dan said angrily. He is going to find it all anyways, you idiot. The next step is turning it all over to the police as part of the report we opened this morning."

"No, no, no," Jesse sunk into his chair, tears streaming down his face. "There isn't anything at my house, it's all there on the phone. Dan, please don't go to the police. My life will be over my Dad will kill me."

"You should be more worried about what the guys in jail are going to do to you." Dan finished with iCloud and opened up the general settings screen. He quickly found what he was looking for. He tapped 'Erase All Content and Settings.' The phone screen turned black and a few seconds later the Apple logo appeared as it rebooted. "You've just ruined your life, buddy."

Jesse wept in the chair as Dan watched with disdain. It was pathetic how quickly Jesse had crumbled. This kid's dumb actions had sent his wife into Lester's arms and changed the trajectory of their lives. The phone screen illuminated showing the default iPhone 'phone set up' screen. Dan had bluffed about Lester going to Jesse's apartment. He had wanted to see if Jesse had backed the files up anywhere, but now he was confident based on how Jesse had reacted that the kid hadn't had the foresight to do that.

"So you're saying everything is here on this phone, nothing else is anywhere else?" Dan demanded. Jesse nodded and looked up, avoiding meeting Dan's eyes. "Good."

Dan dropped Jesse's phone onto his desk. Jesse eyed it, clearly about to make a move to grab it. Dan was faster, he grabbed the

lead paperweight on his deck and smashed it down on Jesse's phone. Jesse recoiled in shock as Dan continued to smash it.

Satisfied that the phone was broken, Dan threw it in his garbage can and then emptied the content of his coffee onto the top of it.

He looked up at Jesse to see his mortified expression at the destruction of his property. "What are you still doing here? Get the fuck out!"

Jesse scrambled to his feet and almost tripped over the chair as he dashed towards the door. He didn't look back as he pulled the door open and rushed into the hallway beyond.

Dan sat down and glowered at the phone in his trash can. He knew that he had cut Jesse's plan off at the head. Now that he seemed to have broken Jesse's spirit, he didn't know what would happen next. Hopefully, the kid wouldn't be crying at his desk, drawing unwanted attention.

Dan grabbed some Kleenex and fished Jesse's phone out, drying it off. Just in case something unexpected did happen, Dan took the phone and left his office. He wanted to get rid of the evidence as soon as possible.

***

It was late.

The sun was setting over the towers of Chicago but Dan was still sitting in his office. Walt and the last of his coworkers had left over an hour ago. Dan was looking forward to going home and having a nice glass of whisky to settle his nerves after the confrontation with Jesse earlier.

Reading the riot act to Jesse hadn't been what was keeping Dan at the office. Knowing he had to go back to the apartment where his

odd roommate had fucked his wife, not once but twice, was turning his stomach into knots. He pictured Lester's face and oddly shaped body crawling over his wife's toned, tanned legs, exploring up her breasts and licking around her neck. Sarah turning her head as his tongue reached into her mouth, then her reciprocating the kiss. Sarah grunting in surprise as Lester pushed himself into her, her arms holding his, her legs wrapping around his flabby waist as he fucked her. Sarah moaning Lester's name as she came on his cock.

Dan stood up, trying to get away from his desk, to get away from those intrusive thoughts. He wasn't surprised to see that his cock was pressing against the front of his dress pants, forming a clear tent for anyone to see. He was ashamed of it. He shouldn't enjoy these thoughts, his wife had just been coerced into having sex with someone under false pretenses. But he couldn't stop thinking about it and he couldn't help but get aroused at the idea.

His heart was beating quickly. He tried to push the images out of his head but it was impossible, they kept flooding back in. Thoughts of moans, grunts, screams, his wife urging someone else on.

He left his own office and walked across the dark floor of the outer office. It was time to finish his plan, the reason he had stayed so late. He looked around, but no one else was here.

Dan walked over to Jesse's workstation. Looking around one last time, Dan sat down at Jesse's desk and turned on the monitor. As he'd expected, Jesse hadn't bothered to lock or shut down his computer. At Dan's last employer, their IT team had a policy where the computer would lock automatically after five minutes of inactivity. Nothing like that existed here, given that they didn't have an IT team to begin with.

Dan quickly navigated around Jesse's computer, looking through the cluttered desktop until he found the Outlook icon. He opened it and dozens of Jesse's unread emails popped up. Dan shook his head at

the lack of inbox management on Jesse's part, but he wasn't surprised. He did a quick search and pulled up the latest thread from Byron at the Lincoln Group.

Dan hit the reply all button and started to transcribe a message addressed to one of the other younger team members that Jesse was friends with. He typed up a brief but disparaging message, making fun of Bryon and the Lincoln Group's sustainability goals and other specifications. This email would raise hell over there, he knew Byron would be furious and Walt would have to shit can Jesse.

Dan used Outlook's scheduling function and set this to send the next morning. He didn't want the timestamp to show it coming after hours, that would be too unbelievable and raise suspicion.

Satisfied that he was finally going to be done with Jesse for good, Dan finished scheduling it, exited the program and powered off the monitor.

Dan went back to his office to gather his things. He rode the elevator down and stepped out onto the cold streets of Chicago, thinking that his troubles were behind him.

***

After Sarah had settled back in at home and put her girls to bed, she still felt the cold chill of the winter air in her bones.

Pouring herself a glass of red wine, Sarah moved upstairs to her en suite bathroom. She quietly disrobed and turned off the warm water filling the tub. She slipped into the water and closed her eyes.

The dangerous drive back home had seemed to pass in a blur. Her mind racing as she thought about everything that had occurred over the past twenty-four hours. She was angry with Dan for letting Jesse push her toward Lester. It was mortifying to know that some kid that

Dan worked with had seen her exposed like that. Not knowing what he would do with the videos drove her mad.

She felt her thighs rub together, thinking that she knew of at least one thing that Jesse was likely to do with the videos while he watched them. The idea of someone seeing her, wanting her.....

Sarah reached out from the tub and grabbed her phone. She hadn't yet deleted the videos that she and Lester had created. She thumbed through, searching for one in particular. The video started playing, showing Lester's point of view as he lined his cock up with her pussy and started to enter her.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as she watched her face and body convulse in pleasure at receiving Lester's cock. She held her thighs together tighter, her nipples felt hard as her breasts started to rise and fall to match her erratic breathing. She remembered what Lester said earlier, about who she would be thinking about when she returned home.

With a force of will, Sarah turned off her phone screen and set it back down next to the bath. She shouldn't feel as aroused as she was, it wasn't right. That whole situation had been an entire misunderstanding, she should be furious. She wouldn't have ever gone to Lester's room alone dressed the way she had been under normal circumstances, would she?

She lay there with her eyes closed, trying to think about anything other than Lester and his hard throbbing cock. After a few minutes, she sighed and opened her eyes. Sarah reached out and grabbed her phone; tapping the screen, she quickly found what she was looking for.

She sunk down further into the tub, her eyes glazing over as she stared at her phone screen.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 09

Walt held his face in his hands as he composed himself in front of Dan. "Dan, I have some bad news here. We're letting Jesse go. I'm sure you probably saw the email that he accidentally sent to the team over at the Lincoln Group. Well, they called me this morning, all irate, and questioned whether our team was actually serious about helping them complete their project the way they planned. It wasn't a good conversation. Anyway, Jim is breaking the news to Jesse now and security is on standby. I wanted you to hear it from me."

Dan sat in silence, feigning a concerned look, nodding his head along with what Walt said.

"I know how close you two have grown handling this account together. I hope you can still keep it on track without him. I was actually wanting to speak with you about that. I need you to go back to Minnesota. I know, I know you were just there, but we need to get ahead of this and smooth things out with them."

Dan sat back and looked at Walt. Worry and stress were apparent on his face. Hearing Walt mention Minnesota made his cock stir, thinking back to what happened the last time he had gone on a work trip. His wife got fucked by his creepy roommate Lester, thanks to Jesse's deception.

He was at work and he couldn't let these thoughts overwhelm him. The only thing he knew for sure was that this job was impacting his life and he was done playing ball.

"You know," Dan started, looking Walt in the eye, "Byron and the team there called you, not me. They clearly wanted an executive presence from here to respond. Do you think it would send them a reassuring signal if I were to go? It might make more of an impact if

you and one of the other directors were to go and show a unified front."

Walt sat back in his chair pensively, his fingers connecting as his hands formed an arch. "That's probably a good idea. You're right, Dan, they need to be heard by the senior team after this. Thanks! That's a good idea, do you think --"

Dan stood up, cutting Walt off before he could invite Dan to join him on the trip, "Let me head back to my desk, I'll prep a summary of the recent trips and where the project is at and all the good things you can point to that we are doing."

Without waiting for permission to leave, Dan was out the door walking back towards his office. He stopped as something caught his attention out of the corner of his eye. Two burly security guards were walking alongside a meek young man holding a banker's box with his shoulders slumped forward. His eyes were focused on the content of the box as they arrived at the elevator.

Dan watched as the trio stepped in and the elevator doors closed behind Jesse. *That's probably the last time I ever see that kid.*

"He tried to save himself by lying through his teeth," a voice said from behind Dan. Dan turned to see Jim standing close by, taking a sip from his coffee cup as his eyes watched the elevator. "He said he never sent that email but, come on, the evidence was right there, everyone saw you did. Kid needs a lesson in accountability."

"Yes, he does," Dan agreed. Jim gave him a nod as Dan walked back to his office. He closed the door behind him and let out a sigh of relief. The Jesse problem had been solved.

He rounded his deck and sat down in his chair. Dan started to compile the report for Walt, but the photo of Sarah on his desk distracted him. His beautiful, loving wife. An image flashed into his mind of her beautiful face in agonized pleasure as Lester started to

put his cock into her. The image was burned into his mind after watching the videos on Sarah's phone.

His heart ached. Seeing those videos, knowing that someone else, especially someone like Lester, had fucked his previously faithful wife filled him with jealousy and hurt that he was trying to process. He probably needed to go see a therapist to get his head right.

Dan realized his breathing was short, he sat back in the chair trying to relax. As he did his pants felt tight against his growing erection.

"Ugh," Dan groaned out loud to no one. "What the fuck is wrong with me?"

Dan felt an enormous amount of guilt and shame for allowing this situation to unfold the way it had. He thought back to that first trip to Chicago looking for apartments. At the time he and Sarah could never have predicted that they would wind up in a situation where his bride would let a strange man like Lester crawl between her legs, but here they were.

He didn't understand how his cock always became hard thinking about this. His mind felt shame but his body obviously wanted more. It was intoxicating to think about. He felt his heart starting to beat faster, imagining what the morning after sex was like. Lester and Sarah hadn't recorded that one. The not knowing, the not seeing was almost like an unresolved trauma in his brain.

He wondered if Sarah had deleted the videos or if she had kept them. It hadn't been that long, but she was probably already back in mom mode and had forgotten all about them. He wished he'd kept copies of them just so he could see them again, but there was no way he could ask for them, not after where they had left things. Besides he would probably delete them out of that same arousing combination of shame and guilt.

He looked at his computer screen again. There was no way he was going to get any work done anytime soon. His Jesse problem was solved and now it was time to figure out what to do about his Lester problem. But first, he needed to talk to Sarah.

Dan fished his phone out of his pocket, quickly found her contact and called her.

***

Sarah's heart skipped a beat as her phone started ringing. She reached across her desk and turned it over to see a photo of her dedicated husband Dan. She smiled and moved around the desk to close her office door, quieting the hustle and bustle of the hospital beyond.

"Hey, honey," she smiled as she answered her phone. "What's up? Everything okay?"

"Hey, babe! Yeah, everything is good, nothing to worry about. Just calling to say I miss you."

Sarah sighed and sat back in her chair. In response to her husband's voice coming through the phone, she tore her eyes away from her monitor and its list of things she needed to do. "I miss you, too, baby. I feel like I didn't really get to see you this weekend. I'm sorry I had to leave so soon after you got back in."

"Don't worry about it," Dan paused, "You had a good reason, besides I think it was good to get you out of the apartment..."

Dan's words hung there for a second, while Sarah debated how she wanted to respond. It was clear what he was referring to, but she still didn't know quite how to address what had happened.

"How's work today?" Sarah asked instead. She was nervous about Dan calling during his workday. Normally they just texted during the

day and he would call in the evening. She wanted to know if that weasel Jesse had said anything to Dan or done anything. It made her skin crawl that he had seen videos of her, that he had pushed her towards Lester. She was still trying to come to grips with how she felt about her two encounters with Lester over the weekend. "Did he, did Jesse say anything to you?"

"I took care of it," Sarah could hear her husband smiling through the phone. "It won't be a problem anymore."

"Details, Dan! What happened? What do you mean it won't be a problem anymore?" Sarah asked.

"Yesterday he tried to come into my office. He acted like a big shot and was talking like he was going to blackmail me. Well, I quickly shut him down and got hold of his phone. I deleted everything, cleared out his icloud and broke his phone. Walt fired him this morning, so he won't be around anymore."

"Wait, what? Did Walt fire him because of the videos? Did Walt see them? God, Dan, this is so fucked and it's getting out of control." Sarah slunk back in her chair, the walls of her office suddenly feeling like they were closing in on her.

"No, no, no, don't worry, Sarah! No, Walt has no idea about them. He didn't see them. We are good. Jesse got fired because of a dumb email he sent to the Lincoln Group team. Well, he didn't actually send it but everyone thinks he did. I told you, I would take care of it."

Sarah initially felt a wave of guilt wash over her, learning that Dan was responsible for Jesse being fired. Fired on her behalf. But that feeling quickly disappeared, replaced by a feeling of the action being justified. If Jesse wanted to take such bold risks, he also had to be responsible when they backfired. He deserved it after the shit he'd pulled. He'd fucked around and been found out.

"Tell me exactly what happened," Sarah said to her husband.

"Last night after Jesse tried to blackmail me, after I nuked and destroyed his phone, I stayed in the office until everyone left. Once I knew everyone was gone, I sent an email from Jesse's computer to a friend of his in the office, making fun of the Lincoln Group but I left them all in the TO: field. I delayed it in Outlook to go out this morning. When it did, it caused quite an uproar. Walt had no choice but to let Jesse go. Security is walking him out now."

'Dan, I...," Sarah hesitated, trying to find her thoughts. "Is it wrong that I'm kind of turned on by how diabolical you are? I haven't been able to sleep since I came back, I've been so stressed about what would happen next. I'm glad to hear it's over. Hopefully."

"It is," Dan said in a reassuring tone. "Jesse is taken care of."

"Are you sure he still doesn't have access to those videos? He might be even more pissed now and would try to get revenge." The thought terrified Sarah, what kind of mess Jesse could cause to their life.

"We're good. I'm sure. I made sure he hadn't backed them up anywhere, I deleted them from his phone and iCloud before locking him out. I smashed his phone and poured water on it, Sarah. And as for the email, he doesn't know it was me. Sure, if he was smart he might be able to figure it out based on the timing alone, but I'm not worried. Even if he wanted to get revenge right now, I'm not sure what he can try to do. He has nothing on us.

Sarah let out a deep sigh of relief that she didn't realize she had been holding onto for the past several days. "Good. That's amazing Dan. I'm glad we won't have to deal with him anymore.

"Now we just need to figure out our other problem," Dan said as Sarah shifted in her seat. She clicked a few things on her mouse,

getting momentarily distracted by urgent issues arising in the hospital." We have to figure out what to do about Lester."

"Lester shouldn't be a problem," Sarah said as she read an email marked with an exclamation mark from her boss. "I told him that what happened doesn't mean future things will happen."

"And you think that's just going to make him go away," Dan shot back. "Lester isn't going to just stop trying. Now that you let him fuck you, he probably won't be able to stop thinking about it." Dan explained this last part slowly, trying not to get too heated about the topic.

Sarah angrily clicked off the email she was reading, "I only let him fuck me, Dan, because I thought it was you telling me to. I did it for you, for us. Do you really want to point fingers here? We're supposed to be in this together. It's 2023, how don't you have a PIN on your phone, especially on a work trip when you are sharing a room with a coworker? How did that not work its way across your mind? Maybe you didn't have to drink so much that you passed out and forgot all about me!"

Sarah realized that she was short of breath and her heart was racing. She had been so frustrated with Dan's role in what had transpired but thought she had successfully stuffed it down inside herself: she hadn't realized it would bubble up to the surface like that and just explode.

The phone was silent.

"I'm sorry," Sarah said, holding her forehead. "That wasn't fair. I mean it's true, but I didn't mean to snap at you. It's just been a tough few days and things are on fire here adding to my stress."

"No, you're right," Dan said in a quiet voice. "You are right about all of it. For the record I do have a PIN on my phone now and some other security features. But you are right. It should never have been

possible in the first place. I never stop thinking about you, Sarah, you know that."

Dan paused for a breath, "But we do need to figure out the Lester situation. You're right we are in this together. Maybe it's best if you stay away from Chicago for a little bit."

"Dan, how are we going to figure it out together if we're apart?" Sarah asked. "My parents felt terrible we had to cut our trip short and offered to watch the girls again next weekend. I haven't answered them yet. The weather looks good, no snow storms in route. What do you think? Should I come?"

"I don't know," Dan responded. "I mean, yeah, of course I want to see you. I want to see you more than anything. But I just don't want to put you in a situation here that gets, well, awkward or Lester says or tries something."

"I can handle Lester, Dan. We can handle him." Sarah was drawing circles on her notepad with the pen Dan had given to her a few years before. "We can make it clear that there won't be any funny business this time."

"This time?" Dan asked, "What do you think we do, going forward? I agree we can probably keep things under control if you do come this weekend. But what about the next time or the time after that?"

"Dan," Sarah said, putting the pen down. More flurries of emails were coming in, she couldn't ignore them forever. "As far as future visits are concerned, we'll cross those bridges when we get to them. Remember, we decide what happens, if anything. We're in control here. Remember?"

"Yeah," Dan responded. "You're right. I shouldn't worry about it. We'll just have to remind him of that fact." He sighed and their connection went silent for a few moments.

Sarah could tell there was something Dan wasn't saying. "Dan? What is going on in that head of yours? I can tell there is something you're thinking about."

"It's that last weekend. I can't seem to stop thinking about what happened." Dan admitted. "I just keep picturing you and him in my head. And the fact that it happened twice, I just can't get past it. It just keeps playing over and over in my head."

"Your mind is just filling in the blanks." It was suddenly feeling quite warm in Sarah's office. "It's not like it isn't anything you haven't seen before, just a little more intense. But seriously it isn't something you need to worry about or keep thinking about."

"I know. I know, Sarah," Dan breathed. "It's just I have like thousands of questions about how it all happened. What did you say when you went over there? How did Lester react? How did it, er, start, I mean? Did he want to wear the condom? What were you thinking while it was all happening?"

She could hear Dan rapidly breathing into the phone. "And the next morning? Was that in the bed again? How did Lester manage that?"

A thought occurred to Sarah. "Dan, can I ask you a question honestly?"

"Sure," Dan said.

"Are you hard right now? Thinking about it."

It was several seconds before Dan replied, "Ugh, yes. Yeah, I am and I hate that I am. It's so messed up."

Sarah smiled. "Well, I love that even though we are so far apart, you can still get hard just thinking about me."

It was time to tease him. "Even if it's picturing Lester that is also getting you hard."

"Ew, Sarah you know that's not, you know that's not it."

Sarah laughed, "I know, I just like messing with you."

"Ugh, you do that so well," Dan laughed. "Bu, uh, what do you think we should do, going forward? So far we've pushed the boundaries on everything but sex. I'm not saying we do that but what do you think? If we were to start up again, where would we go?"

Dan was dancing around the question he really wanted to ask. Sarah watched as more emails came in that needed her attention. "I'm not sure, Dan. We've been playing with fire for a while now. We could even just stop entirely, if that's what's best for us. I'm still not sure what I think of this past weekend." She paused. "What do you think? Is that something you'd want to have happen again? Lester and I?"

Sarah could hear Dan breathing into the phone. "I don't know. I don't think so. I know we kind of were pushing ahead with things, sometimes too much before either of us could process it. I mean, I've thought about it, more than once, but that's not how I pictured it happening. I'm not saying I wanted it to happen at all, but if it did, then I just thought I would have been there to keep you safe. The way it happened kind of sullied things for me."

"But you're still hard, thinking about it," Sarah added.

"Yes! It's frustrating. I can't control it, it's like the idea makes my blood boil but at the same time, I'm just drawn to it. I don't know, Sarah, but I do think we should try to put that genie back in the bottle, at the very least until we figure things out for ourselves."

"Agreed. I think that's smart." The light on Sarah's desk phone started blinking. She had the ringer off but could tell if someone was calling, "Hey, Dan, I have to run. I'm sorry, I know it's bad timing,

but things are nuts here today. But I do need to give my parents an answer... This weekend, do I come?"

"I'd love to see you. I didn't get enough of you last time. If you are sure it's not too much for your parents and that the girls will be okay, I'd love to take you out."

"Sounds good, mister, I'll hold you to that. Okay, I'm going to run. I love you. More than anything." Sarah closed her eyes, blocking out the demand of work for one more second.

"I love you, too, boo. I can't wait to see you." Dan's words filled Sarah with the warmth she needed to go and tackle the challenges awaiting her outside her office.

As Sarah hung up the phone she felt a sharp cramping pain in her abdomen.

"Great," she muttered. "If that's not all I need right now."

She opened a drawer in her desk and located a box of tampons. She fished around and pulled one out and put it in the pocket of her pants. She closed the door and reached out to answer the phone.

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Dan hung up and leaned back in his office chair. He wanted to go out and see what his colleagues were saying about Jesse being let go, to try to get a gauge on the rumor mill and to see if there was any blowback coming his way.

That would have to wait. Dan needed to make sure his raging hard erection disappeared first. The last thing he wanted to do was get fired after Jesse for walking through the office sporting a tent in his pants.

Hearing Sarah's voice had made him instantly hard. During their entire conversation, he couldn't stop thinking about that voice screaming out in pleasure while under his roommate.

His brain was fucked and he knew it. He couldn't stop thinking about the two of them together.

Dan was a mess of emotions. He didn't know which way was up. All he knew was that he needed to get a handle on things before the situation swallowed both of them.

***

Dan stayed at work a bit later than he'd intended to. Walt wanted some extra prep before he and a few of the other senior directors jetted off to Minnesota to save face with the team at the Lincoln Group. Dan was relieved he didn't have to go. He loathed the idea of boarding another airplane.

He watched the illuminated floors of his apartment elevator ascend until the door opened and he stepped out. It had only been a few months of living separated from his family, but things were changing faster than anything he could have expected. He and Sarah were in a bit of a sexual renaissance that he wanted to explore. Getting out of their house and away from the kids had done wonders for them.

As he walked down the hallway to his apartment, he started to think about what he really wanted. Ultimately it was to be back with his wife and daughters. He finally felt like he had a stable footing at the company he was at now. Money was coming in and his family's finances, while not great, were at least better than they had been in some time. Perhaps it was time to take a breath and start exploring new options to bring his family back together.

Dan opened his apartment door and stepped in, dropping his bag to the floor. Getting the win with Byron felt like he was on the right

track; nailing Jesse tied up one more loose end that he no longer needed to worry about. He finally felt like he could breathe.

A sound from the kitchen interrupted his train of thought. Seconds later his short, overweight roommate emerged wearing a pair of oversized basketball shorts and a new-looking t-shirt that had orange stains up the front. Lester was holding a cup of Ben and Jerry's ice cream and was spooning a large portion into his mouth.

"Lester," Dan said as he nodded to his roommate.

"Dan," Lester replied, standing there, spooning another portion of ice cream down his gullet.

Dan really didn't want to talk to Lester: just seeing him shoved his thoughts right back into the inescapable loop of the events of the past weekend. How Sarah could even have done that was hard to fathom, given Lester's appearance. Dan turned and started towards his bedroom.

"How's Sarah doing?" Lester said from behind him.

Dan froze in his tracks. He slowly turned and looked at his roommate who seemed preoccupied with his ice cream.

"How's Sarah doing?" Lester repeated himself as he licked a chunk of ice cream off the spoon. "Did she make it home safe?"

"Yeah," Dan said. Desperate to extract himself from the awkward conversation, his lips tightened into a line. "She made it home safe and sound. No issues, even with all the snow."

Dan started to turn toward his room.

"Good, I was afraid she might fall asleep at the wheel. She looked exhausted after the marathon fucking she had over the weekend."

Lester was intently scooping more ice cream out of the cup, scraping the bottom of the container.

"What?" Dan said, turning back to his roommate, "What did you say to me?"

Lester shrugged, "Just stating the facts."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, his patience wearing thin. "What the fuck are you trying to do right now? Trying to get me riled up or something?"

Lester smirked as he spooned the last bit of ice cream into his mouth, "I just wanted to thank you for encouraging your wife to come pay me a visit. It was a lot more fun than playing WoW."

"I didn't, that's not --" Dan started.

"Did Sarah tell you about our time together?" Lester put the empty cup of ice cream and spoon down on the back of the couch. "I'm sure she told you we had sex, twice I'll add. But did she tell you how many times I made her cum? How I had her screaming my name as I slid my cock in and out of her? She drained every ounce of my cum out of me and if she hadn't driven home I think she would have milked me dry."

Dan stepped forward and squared his shoulders the same way he did with Jesse the day before. "Listen, Lester, I need you to hear me. I get what little game you are playing at, but it isn't going to work. The only reason Sarah went to you is because she thought that's what I wanted, but it wasn't. In no other situation would she ever have willingly fucked you. Got it? It happened under false pretenses and it isn't going to happen again."

"Are you sure about that?" Lester challenged, holding his ground. Despite their height difference, Lester didn't cower to Dan the way

that Jesse had done. "Who knows, I think Sarah wanted someone to keep her warm that night and you weren't here to do it."

"Like I said," Dan met Lester's eyes. "It was a mistake and it won't happen again."

"I hear you," Lester stepped forward, getting close to Dan's personal space, "But you are forgetting one thing."

"And what's that, buddy?" Dan wasn't sure what he would do if Lester stepped up and tried to square off with him here, but he was interested to find out.

"I fucked your wife twice in less than twenty-four hours. Now she knows what it's like with me. What I feel like inside of her. There is no way she hasn't been thinking about that every second since she left here. She is going to want it."

Dan rolled his eyes. "As if, Lester. You must think really highly of yourself to believe you could have that impact on her."

"I guess we'll see, the next time she comes to visit, which bed she spends the night in." Lester started to move past Dan' but didn't break eye contact until he was out of his field of view.

Dan stood there silently.

"Oh, and Dan," Lester added from behind him. "Next time, maybe I'll let you watch."

Dan turned around and watched as Lester moved down the hallway toward his bedroom, "That's not going to happen, Lester. I already told you, it's done."

"I doubt that. You know why?" Lester twisted his door knob and opened the door to his room.

Dan rolled his eyes and crossed his arms, "Why's that?"

"Because you're going to want to see it. Going to want to hear her cum on my cock. Or else why would you have a hard-on right now?"

Dan glanced down and was mortified that Lester was right, his cock was hard as a rock.

Lester smirked, crossed the threshold into his room, and closed the door behind him.

"Goddammit," Dan muttered as he grabbed his bag and headed for his bedroom. He knew sleep would be hard to come by.

***

Hours after his encounter in the living room with Dan, Lester sat ensconced in his command center. Ned was sending him incessant messages about getting the group together for another DnD session. His party had their own Discord server and Ned was trying to find when everyone was available.

But that wasn't why Lester was so focused on his computer. He had been busy exchanging Bitcoin for pictures and videos of past conquests with strangers on the dark web when he received a notification from his most prolific buyer.

He opened the chat.

Cronos: What new stuff do you have for me?

Lester paused trying to think of a good response. Cronos paid well but he was demanding. He could be quite prickly, especially when he messaged Lester in the evening.

Lester began typing.

Darkspire: You're up to date on what I have.

Cronos: Bullshit. You're holding out on me.

Darkspire: Why would I do that? I like your money.

Cronos: Then who were you looking at in that last video with the redhead? Your blurred face was looking towards the door at someone. There were clearly sounds coming from that direction.

Lester stirred in his chair. He hadn't anticipated anyone picking up on that. He reminded himself to be careful with Cronos - there was very little the buyer didn't catch.

Darkspire: It wasn't anyone important. Nothing yet at least.

Cronos: Tell me about her.

Darkspire: Blond, young mother, beautiful, great chest, amazing ass. Tanned and toned. Smart and confident. A white whale if ever there was one.

Cronos: Send me what you have so far.

Lester wasn't about to share. Sarah was his, she wasn't like the other girls.

Darkspire: No.

Cronos: I'll send you 50k right now. I know you have something good.

Darkspire: Goodnight, Cronos.

Lester changed his status to offline and navigated back to the DnD server to see if he'd be playing DND this weekend. Cronos's demand stayed in the back of his head, though. Cronos had paid well for everything else Lester had done in the past. While Lester had many other regulars and other one-off purchasers, Cronos seemed to have the means to afford Lester's extensive library. He often wondered

who Cronos was. Given the sensitive nature of the videos, the precautions that Lester had taken and the anonymity, he would never know.

Lester exited Discord and logged into his private server. He scrolled through a screen meticulously filed with neatly labeled folders for each conquest. Each folder was filled with the best images and videos he had. Essentially backups of the hard drives in his drawer. It was much more efficient to send files to clients from here without having to hook up a hard drive each time for specific requests.

He exited the screen and then swiveled his chair to the side. Using his secret key, he opened his desk drawer and retrieved the hard drive titled 'Sarah Williams'. With care bordering on reverence he connected it to his computer. He clicked open the drive and began to lower his gym shorts for tonight's entertainment.

***

Sarah turned off the ignition to her car and glanced down at the mileage. Driving back and forth between Middleton and Chicago was putting serious miles on her vehicle. She sent Dan a quick text telling him she'd just arrived.

She opened the door and was hit with the cold Chicago winter air. She hurried and shut the door, then opened the trunk to retrieve her overnight bag.

She didn't waste any time crossing the snow-covered parking lot before reaching the relative warmth of the apartment lobby. She caught a glance of herself in the mirror and noticed how rosy her cheeks were from the cold. She thought she looked cute despite all the winter layers and the unflattering winter hat she wore.

As she crossed the lobby toward the elevator bank, Sarah's heart skipped a beat thinking about getting more time with her husband. Since their last conversation, her heart had been aching to see him,

to be held in his warm embrace. She was thankful that her parents were able to take the kids but she really wished Dan would find a way to come back home soon, so they could all be together.

As the elevator ascended, Sarah ran her hands over her arms in an attempt to disperse the lingering chills from her body. As she walked down the hallway, she fished in her purse for her set of keys and thought about how warm it felt whenever Dan held her, particularly under the covers of their bed in Middelton. It had been a long time since that had happened. Perhaps on this trip, they could just take some time to lie together in that warm embrace.

All of the work stress was piling onto her, in addition to essentially being a single mother. Sure, she got a ton of support from her parents, but the day-to-day of it all was still on her. She wanted so badly for Dan to just hold her, for the world to just stop so her worries could wash away, even if just for a minute.

As Sarah opened the door and walked into the apartment she was quickly taken aback. She was disappointed by what she found, or the lack of what she saw. The apartment was dark, the lights were off. She had expected Dan to be anxiously waiting for her arrival seated here in the living room waiting for her. Instead, all she found was a dark, empty space.

As she turned to close the door she felt movement behind her. Before she could fully process what was happening, she found herself being enveloped by a set of arms and wet lips pressed against her neck. Her eyes instinctively shut, her arm going momentarily limp as she let her bag drop to the floor.

The lips moved across her neck until they pressed hard against her lips. She immediately returned the kiss without thinking.

She registered the sound of the door being her clicking closed but her mind was too busy processing the sensations of the warm body

pressing up against her, the soft tongue beginning to push into her mouth.

Sarah raised her arms to encircle the back of Dan's neck. Her arms didn't need to stretch as far as they usually did. As she slid her tongue back into what she assumed was her husband's mouth, she opened one eye and realized it wasn't her husband at all.

It was Lester.

She pulled back from the kiss but his body was still pressed firmly against hers. "Lester!"

"Yup," Lester said before snaking his hand behind her head and pulling her face back towards his. His mouth found hers in a passionate embrace. Sarah was shocked and froze for a moment.

Her body was heating up, all traces of the cold Chicago winter had been wiped away. Her body was responding to the physical sensation while her mind played catch up. She opened her mouth and allowed Lester's tongue to invade it. She felt him press himself up against her; she could feel the heat radiating from his crotch as he slowly turned her and backed her up until her supple ass was pressing against the couch.

Lester's hand was roaming her body. It tore off her winter hat and had begun to expertly unzip her jacket. Once he had it open, his hand started to massage her breasts over her sweatshirt. He found her hardened nipple and tweaked it.

Lester continued to ground his cock against her as his hands ran over her body and his tongue battled hers. Sarah yearned to feel him touch her bare skin.

***

Dan flushed the toilet and quickly washed his hands. He thought he'd heard the sound of the apartment door a second earlier. He had just finished responding to Sarah's text that she had arrived, so it must have been her.

He dried his hands and exited the bathroom. As he moved down the hallway toward the living room he abruptly stopped in his tracks, taken back by the sight in front of him. His loving wife was pinned against the couch by his short ogre of a roommate. Lester was pressing his crotch against hers and he was kissing her. No, they were kissing each other. Sarah was responding, her arms were around his neck and her hips were firmly pushing back against him.

Dan stood there for several seconds trying to process what was happening. Wondering how this had happened. She had just texted him and now Lester was already mauling her. Given that she still had some outerwear on, Lester must have beaten him to the punch and grabbed her just when she opened the door.

Still, it was a little distressing how she was responding to his touch, especially given their conversation. Maybe it wasn't the best idea that she had come so soon.

"Sarah!" Dan said as he finally found it in himself to walk forward towards the obscene coupling.

Sarah disengaged from Lester's kiss and with some effort pushed against him until he let go. Within seconds she closed the distance between them and gave Dan a strong hug. His eyes closed as they rekindled their intimacy and he returned her embrace. When he finally opened his eyes, he saw Lester still standing there, staring at them.

"I missed you so much," Sarah whispered into his ear. "I don't know what just happened, it all happened so fast."

Dan kept one eye warily on Lester. "I missed you too. Don't worry, we'll figure it out. I don't think this was your fault."

Sarah pulled back to look at him. He wanted to kiss her and could tell she wanted to kiss him. Both hesitated since her lips had just been engaged with Lester's. She gave him a reassuring smile and nodded her head, understanding without saying anything.

"I need to freshen up," she said so both of them could hear. She turned and went back towards the door, avoiding looking at Lester. She grabbed her bag from the floor and walked back towards Dan. As she passed him, she gave his hand a strong squeeze before moving past him into the bathroom.

Dan heard the bathroom door shut and the lock engage. He stood there at the threshold of the hallway as if on guard. Lester hadn't moved from his own position, he was just standing there. Waiting. Eventually, he seemed to get bored and turned towards the kitchen, disappearing from sight.

Dan's body felt full of adrenaline. It finally dawned on him that he was breathing quickly, even though he was just standing still. His heart felt like it was beating a million times a minute. As he was trying to comprehend how he was feeling, it dawned on him that he felt an incessant need to stand there and protect Sarah, but that he also harbored a sense of disappointment.

Disappointment that both Sarah and Lester had left the living room empty. He couldn't want them back together, could he? Dan leaned against the wall to catch his breath. Only then did he notice that his hand was absently touching his hard cock through his pants.

***

Sarah stared into the bathroom mirror for several seconds, trying to regain her composure. She splashed water onto her face as she processed the rapid succession of events that had just occurred. She

had wanted to be embraced by Dan so badly, that she had responded to Lester's touch.

On the trip here, she had planned to stay as far away from Lester as possible but he had intercepted her before she had time to try. She knew one thing for certain, she wasn't going to have sex with Lester again. Partially because she had promised herself, but also because she was on her week and she didn't like doing that. Her cycle should be ending soon but for now, it was still ongoing.

She didn't know what waited for her on the other side of the bathroom door, but it was time to find out. She relieved herself after the long drive and freshened herself up. She stripped down and changed out of the underwear and panties she had driven here in. No matter what happened, she wanted to look good for Dan. She put on a lacy turquoise bra and matching pair of panties. The panties were the same color, but they weren't an exact match, they weren't part of the same set. They had a wider cut that allowed Sarah to put on a new pad without it being too noticeable.

Sarah drew her hair back in a ponytail and looked at herself in the mirror: even though she knew it was vain, she did still find herself quite striking. She allowed herself to acknowledge that she looked pretty damn hot. With all the stressful things happening in her life, she was proud that she hadn't let herself go.

She put her black v-neck tee shirt and hip-hugging jeans back on and left the bathroom. She dropped her bag off in Dan's room before she found him with his back to her, standing at the end of the hallway.

Sarah slid up behind him and embraced him from behind; she rested her face between the back of his neck and shoulder and her hands reached around to hug him. They stood together like that for a few seconds until she wanted to see her husband's face. As she moved

around him, she let her hands fall and her right hand casually brushed against his crotch.

Sarah gasped as she felt Dan sporting an erection, "Dan? What's going on here?" Her voice was more playful than concerned.

"I don't know," Dan whispered from in front of her. "It's like I can't help it. It just happened, I didn't even realize it until you were in the bathroom."

Sarah felt her body tensing up and getting warm again. She held him and kissed his shoulder. Feeling her husband's erect cock had turned her on immensely. She hadn't felt it at all in what seemed like forever. Now she deliberately lowered her hand over the outside of his pants and explored his throbbing hard cock. She heard Dan's breath catch in his throat.

They stood there unmoving, save for Sarah's hand stroking her husband from behind. She wanted to feel it, to touch the bare skin of it, so she pushed her hand past the waistband of his pants and boxers until she got a firm grasp on his dick.

She started stroking it. Dan's hips subtly began thrusting into her hand. He rested his head on the wall and she gently jerked her husband off.

Both of their attentions snapped to the shape moving across the room. Lester had emerged from the kitchen and was standing there, staring at the couple. Sarah didn't stop stroking her husband.

"Dan," Sarah asked quietly. "What are we doing here?" The playfulness in her voice was gone, replaced now by concern.

"I don't know," Dan responded. He sounded conflicted and full of turmoil.

Lester just stood there, watching them with predatory eyes. Eventually, he stepped further into the room. He awkwardly peeled off his faded t-shirt with a picture of the death star on it and let it fall to the floor.

Dan and Sarah watched as he shimmied out of his oversized basketball shorts until he was standing there in nothing more than his white underwear. Soon those were on the floor also and Lester was standing there in front of the couple, naked.

His cock was jutting out even though it was only half hard. Lester started to stroke himself while he stared at them. It was difficult to tell but Sarah knew that he was staring at her, remorselessly, deep into her piercing eyes.

"Think I can get a hand, too?" Lester muttered from across the room. Within seconds Lester had ratcheted up the sexual tension in the room.

"What do we do?" Sarah whispered to Dan, too low for Lester to hear. "Should we go back to the room?"

Dan didn't respond for several seconds. Sarah could feel his chest rise and fall quickly as he breathed. Finally, he responded, sounding conflicted, "No."

"Dan?" Sarah whispered, "Are you sure? We can still walk away. What do you want to do?"

Lester continued to stroke his cock, holding his ground. Dan struggled to find the words, saying them out loud was painful. Admitting them was painful. He just wished it could happen without him having to fully commit to the course of action. That he could watch the inevitable play out in front of him.

Dan grabbed Sarah's hand that was stroking his cock and intertwined their fingers. Then he gently pulled her along as he took

a step forward. Dan led Sarah into the living room. He directed them toward the chair across from the couch.

"Dan," Sarah whispered as she noticed Lester moving behind them. "Are you sure this is what we should do?"

Dan looked her in the eyes. She could see the lust plastered across his face, she could feel the heat radiating from her thighs.

"No," he finally said. "But I can't help it, Sarah. I need to see this."

Sarah rested a hand on his strong chest "Dan," she said, "I'm not going to have sex tonight. I can't, it's not a good time. What do you want me to do?"

Dan looked at Lester, who was sitting relaxedly on the couch, stroking his cock, seemingly in anticipation. "Go to him."

Sarah stood there as Dan slowly eased himself back down on the chair. She looked over her shoulder at Lester. If she wasn't already so turned on, she'd find Lester's looks and his action of stroking his cock utterly disgusting. But in her current heated state of mind, the thought of his eyes on her body, while he calmly and confidently stroked himself, was causing butterflies to dance around in her stomach. Her breathing sped up, and she felt the beginnings of lightheadedness.

She looked back at Dan, who seemed to be in a trance. His lustful expression appeared tinged with guilt. For some reason that she couldn't quite figure out, the conflicted look on his face turned her on a lot more than what Lester was doing. Dan sat there looking up at her, staring at her body but with his gaze somehow unfocused. She glanced down at the tent in her husband's pants. His obvious arousal told Sarah what to do next.

Sarah bit her lip and looked between the two men as she reached down and grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and peeled it off over

her head until she was standing there with her turquoise bra and impressive bust on display. She faced her husband, seeing the lust-fueled conflict in his eyes as she presented herself to the men in her lingerie. She pushed her chest out, accentuating her curves, and widened her eyes. Dan understood she was again asking him for permission, wordlessly seeking his approval. He nodded. A smile formed on Sarah's lips as her gaze turned from her handsome husband to his squat troll of a roommate. The roommate whose impressive cock was now slick with precum, his stroking never having ceased.

She turned to face Dan and stared into his eyes. Without breaking eye contact she bent over at the waist and started to lower her pants, giving Lester the perfect view of her shapely ass. Lester emitted an audible groan from behind her.

Once she had lowered and stepped elegantly out of her pants, Sarah snapped up to her full height and looked over her shoulder at Lester. "See anything you like?"

"Get that sweet ass over here," Lester growled, sitting on the couch with his legs spread as he stroked his cock.

Sarah looked back at her husband and raised an eyebrow. This was the point of no return and they both knew it. Dan subtly nodded.

With Dan's implied permission, Sarah turned on her heel and seductively walked towards her husband's overweight roommate. Dan watched as her perfect ass shifted from side to side like that of a runway model.

"Mmhmmm, what's that you're playing with? Is it for me?" Sarah said as she stood directly in front of Lester with a hand confidently placed on her hip.

Lester grinned, "It's a called a cock. But you should know that already. Heh, maybe you wouldn't since you've been married to Dan

for so long and had to put up with what he's packing." His cock swelled as he finished his sentence as if to underline his point.

"And yeah," Lester continued, "It's for you. I'm going to slide it inside you and make you scream." His dark eyes told them both how much he meant this.

Lester reached for Sarah's thighs to grab her. She took a half step backwards, only his fingertips able to make contact with her supple skin. He tried to reach forward but couldn't: his gut was pressing against his thighs, preventing him from leaning over further. He grimaced from the effort.

"Not tonight, big boy," she said, looking down at the creature in front of her. "It's not a good time for that. Tonight I'm going to give you the best blow job you've ever had. Got it?"

"We'll see," Lester said, trying in vain to find a grip on her flawless body with his fingertips.

"This isn't a negotiation," Sarah said, bending over at the hips. She lowered her face until she was looking directly into his eyes. His fingers still barely touching her tanned skin, "This is how it's going to be --"

Lester suddenly stopped trying to grab her thighs; instead, he shifted his focus to her head which was now within reach. He grabbed the beautiful wife by her head and shoulders and pulled her towards him.

The maneuver caught her off balance and she stumbled forward. Lester's lips were on hers before she knew it. As he pulled her down he raised his hips up and directed her body onto her back, lying across the couch.

For someone so overweight, Lester was suspiciously nimble when he wanted to be.

Lester's weight was pressing down onto Sarah's frame; as she opened her mouth to breathe, Lester's large tongue invaded her mouth, searching for hers. She was taken aback: one minute she was dictating terms to Lester; the next he had her on her back with his tongue in her mouth.

Dan watched as his creepy roommate sandwiched his wife against the couch. His pale hair-covered skin contrasted with her tanned, toned body. He watched in fascination as Lester closed his beady eyes and his tongue pushed into his wife's pristine mouth. Lester was still stroking his cock but now his cock head was pressed up against Sarah's thigh.

Angst, jealousy and lust coursed through Dan's veins. He felt his cock jump as he watched Sarah's hand against Lester's chest. At first, it was tense, pushing back on Lester's quick maneuver but then it relaxed, showing Sarah's willingness. Her hand rubbed him gently, an intimate lover's caress. Dan's heart sank as his cock throbbed.

Dan knew that Sarah said no sex would happen but he couldn't help but stare as he thought about the possibility. About watching his wife as another man entered her; watching her face contort with pleasure. He was fascinated and aroused by the idea, knowing that it had already happened but that he had been unable to witness it was tearing him up inside. He also felt a great deal of shame for his desires and for his wife's willingness to engage in his fantasies for him.

Sarah could feel the heat of Lester's cock as he rubbed it against her inner thigh, inches away from her married sex. The tension in her body slowly melted away as she felt Lester's skin upon her own. The heat from his body mixed with hers.

She finally relented and gave in, running her tongue against his. His large tongue dominated her mouth and clashed with hers, their two

tongues dancing and sliding against each other. Their saliva mixed together, each experiencing fully what the other had to offer.

Sarah let one hand slide up the couch until it rested on the back of Lester's head, her fingers lacing through his thinning hair. His other hand ran down his body, feeling its softness until she reached the hard cock between his legs.

"Mhmmmmm," she moaned into Lester's mouth as her fingertips found the large member. Lester's hand retreated as Sarah's took over. It was an awkward angle but she still managed to obtain a firm grasp on it, stroking it. She would stop and use her fingertips to run over his cockhead, then she would slide her fingers down and allow her nails to gently graze his balls. This elicited a guttural groan from Lester.

Dan watched as Lester's hands began to explore Sarah's body. Running over her ample chest. Sarah yelped as he squeezed her tits hard before his hand moved down to her perfect ass. He snaked his hand under her and grabbed a handful of it and pulled her body towards his crotch. Sarah's hips involuntarily bucked, pressing against his manhood. The couple groaned together, both of them remembering what it felt like when there were no clothes to prevent penetration.

Lester slowly removed his tongue from Sarah's mouth. Dan noticed how hard she was breathing, like she was gasping for breath. Lester started to lick down her neck, causing her body to writhe against him. His tongue continued to descend downward until it traced the depths of her cleavage. He started lapping at the exposed skin of her breasts.

Lester's tongue ran against the fabric of her bra and, becoming dissatisfied, he used both hands to pull her up into a semi-sitting position. He quickly reached around her and with one hand undid her bra clasp. As the clasps hung there limply, he let Sarah fall back

to the couch as he grabbed the front of her bra, pulling it off in one masterful move.

Dan was unnerved at just how deft a maneuver it was. Perhaps he had been underestimating Lester this entire time. His wife now lay topless beneath this ogre of a man, her naked breasts rising and falling rapidly with anticipation. Lester brought Sarah's exquisite turquoise bra to his face and inhaled her scent for several long seconds while Sarah continued to stroke his unkempt cock. Both men's eyes lingered on Sarah's magnificent chest - her breasts never failed to distract either of them.

Then with a smirk, Lester tossed the discarded bra towards Dan. It landed in his lap, directly on his shorts that were concealing his throbbing dick. Lester kept eye contact with Dan as he lowered his head to Sarah's chest and started to play with her nipples. He ran his wet lips around her pert swollen nipples, avoiding direct contact with each one, and then alternated biting and sucking each one. He paid attention to the mewls coming from Sarah, mauling and devouring her breasts, changing his actions depending on the responses from his roommate's wife.

Sarah closed her eyes and thrust her chest up to Lester's mouth eager for the stimulation. Her free hand held the back of his head firmly to her chest, while the other massaged his throbbing cock. Already large in her hand, she felt Lester's cock stiffen, enlarging even further. Her surprise at this development only served to further fuel her own arousal.

As Lester's tongue danced around Sarah's perky nipples and drooled saliva all over her heavenly chest, his other hand started to tug at her panties. He snaked his finger under the hem and started to pull.

Dan watched as Lester tugged at Sarah's panties. He was doing the calculus in his head. If those panties were removed, Lester's cock was right there.

Before Dan could see too much, Sarah stopped stroking Lester. Her hand left his cock and quickly tried pushing Lester's hand away, "No, Lester, not tonight. Please." She said this carefully, as if she didn't want Lester to think she wasn't aroused by his persistence.

Lester continued to tug, focused on his goal. Sarah pushed his hand more forcefully and sat herself up into a sitting position where she could swing her legs out from under the beast on top of her.

"Rhhmmm," Lester sounded momentarily disappointed by this turn of events. Sarah slid off the couch onto the floor as Lester sat up. Sarah knelt between his legs.

"I told you," she said seductively, "that I was going to give you the best blow job you've ever had tonight. Just sit back and relax."

Lester looked down into Sarah's beautiful green eyes and then his gaze shifted back to Dan. He smirked and said, "As long as it's a better blow job than you've ever given Dan, let's do it."

Sarah turned her head and looked back playfully at her husband, "Mhmmmm, I think I can do that."

She turned her head back around and lowered her waiting mouth onto Lester's large member. An electric shiver went through the married woman's body as her tongue connected with his cock.

Dan sat there in stunned silence as he watched his beautiful wife, the mother of his two children, begin to bob her pretty mouth onto Lester's cock. Her lips stretched to accommodate his size. The same lips he had stared at as they said 'I do' on their wedding day, just before he kissed them and sealed the commitment to their life together. Dan saw her savor his roommate's cock as she swirled her tongue around its tip.

While neither Sarah nor Dan was strongly religious, her voice from their wedding came back into Dan's head. Her words were as clear

as if she was saying them right now: "I do promise and covenant, before God and these witnesses, to be your loving and faithful wife in plenty and in want, in joy and in sorrow, in sickness and in health, as long as we both shall live."

He watched as the woman who had pledged to be his loving and faithful wife took another man's cock into her mouth while she emitted moans of pleasure around it. She was now trying to get as much of it into her mouth as she could, but much of Lester's glistening shaft was still visible.

Ashamed, Dan began to lower his pants and boxers until they were discarded on the floor. His hard dick pointed towards the ceiling and he started to stroke it. Sarah's lacy bra was sitting on his thighs. The feeling of the material on his bare skin added to his stimulation.

Lester broke his stare away from watching the beautiful woman engulf his cock. He looked up at her husband and a shit-eating grin spread across his face. "Hold on, let's get in a better position." Lester was at his ugliest when he smiled, as he did now.

He lightly pushed on Sarah's shoulders until she reluctantly let his cock slip from her lips. Lester scooted back and over so that he was lying propped up against the arm of the couch. Sarah, insatiably, crawled up the couch after him. As she felt him settle into position, she propped herself up on her arms in between his legs and stuck her tongue out to lick the entire underside of his cock.

"There," Lester said, as Sarah's tongue trailed down and started to trace circles on his hairy ball sack, "that'll give old Danny boy a better view of the festivities."

Sarah looked up at Lester. "How thoughtful of you," she murmured. Her mouth went right back to his left nut, engulfing it in a deep kiss.

"Heh," Lester grunted, pumping his dick into the air as Sarah hit a particularly sensitive spot on the underside of his balls, her tongue

grazing across the little bumps and imperfections. "Thoughtful has nothing to do with it."

Lester cast a glare at Dan, saying, "I wanted to prove to him that I was right earlier."

Dan watched as Sarah's tongue reappeared from Lester's nether region. She looked momentarily confused as she looked first at Dan and then back up at Lester. "Right about what?"

"That you crave my cock. After getting fucked by me, I know you haven't been able to stop thinking about it." Lester sneered at Dan.

Even as Sarah had to admit to herself that Lester's large cock did feel amazing in her hand, knowing that she was the one causing it to react that way, she still wasn't about to let Lester walk all over her and Dan.

"Lester," Sarah said while looking between the two men in the room, "last weekend, that was a mistake. It won't happen again. There was a miscommunication and I thought Dan was on board. Otherwise, I wouldn't have done what we did."

Lester grinned and grabbed Sarah by the back of her head and pulled her face down onto his cock. He thrust his hips off the couch.

"Ughh, mhhhmmmm," Sarah moaned, as she braced herself for the large cock invading her mouth, her tongue running underneath its length. His large cock pistoning in and out of her mouth, the way Lester just took control over her that way: even as her eyes began to water from discomfort, she hated to admit that it turned her on.

"Mmmmhmmm," she moaned around his cock as it slid in and out of her pretty little lips, as it bumped up against the entrance to her throat. "Mmhmmmmm."

Lester looked at Dan and winked. Then he abruptly pulled his cock from her mouth.

Disappointed, Sarah intuitively tried to wrap her lips back around Lester's fat cock but felt pain in the back of her head. Lester held her ponytail firmly in his grip, keeping her desperate mouth off of his throbbing cock. Dan's mouth was open in shock as he watched his wife's obvious attempts to continue fellating the loathsome slob.

"That's great Sarah, but that's not what I said," Lester grinned as he looked down at her. "Look at your husband."

Sarah looked visibly confused, why wasn't Lester letting her suck his cock? She looked from Lester to Dan.

"Now tell your husband honestly that you haven't thought about me and my cock once since last weekend." Lester was looking between Dan and Sarah, blissfully taking in their facial expressions. Even as he engaged in casual conversation, his cock didn't waver at all. Sarah had noticed this and her mouth watered even as she began to speak.

Dan shifted in his seat and Lester swore he saw Dan's dick twitch at his words. Sarah's face was masked with lust but her eyes still betrayed her. It was clear to everyone in the room that it would be a lie if Sarah denied what she wanted.

Lester lifted his hips off the couch and pressed his cock against Sarah's cheek. He held her head in place by her ponytail. Sarah opened her mouth but Lester kept his cock against the side of her pretty face.

Dan watched as Lester slid the entire length of his meat against Sarah's face, resting it against her in a domineering fashion.

"Tell him," Lester said from a few feet away. "Tell Dan the truth. Tell him how much you've been thinking about this cock."

Lester slid his legs up and between Sarah's so that his fat thigh was pressing against her panty-covered pussy. He ran the length of it up and down several times, trying to stimulate her clit. "Tell him."

Sarah closed her eyes, getting lost in the feeling of having Lester pressing up against her sex and his hard hot cock pressing against her face. She opened her eyes and looked directly at her husband, the rest of the world and her worries melting away. The debauchery of this lowly man's giant organ on her face was turning sex upside down for the married mother.

Dan looked into his wife's eyes. The only emotion he was able to discern from them was lust.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned. "Dan. I'm sorry, I just can't keep replaying last weekend over in my head. He's right. Fuck, this bastard is right. I keep thinking about him and his cock."

"That's a good girl," Lester chuckled. He released his grip on the back of her hair, turned her head, and brought it down onto his cock. Sarah broke eye contact with her husband as her lips pressed against the fat cock in front of her.

Dan's heart skipped a beat. The admission plus her breaking eye contact with him to focus on Lester's cock made his heart and his cock ache. He stopped stroking himself for a second, afraid he was going to explode.

Sarah felt Lester's dirty salty precum begin to ooze out of the slit in his cock head. She pulled back and made sure to swirl her tongue around the head of his cock, locking eyes with Lester as she did. The taste danced across her tongue, stoking a fire deep within her.

She glanced at her husband, he was staring at them with wanton lust plastered all over her face. Sarah knew from past experiences that the dirty talk really inflamed Dan's desires and turned him mad with lust. She just hoped she wasn't getting too carried away.

Having licked up the last of the precum, Sarah dragged her lips to the bottom of Lester's cock and started planting soft kisses along his shaft while she stared seductively at her husband. She took her time, making sure each kiss allowed her tongue time to run over each of Lester's veins.

"How are you doing over there, my love?" Sarah queried between kisses. She wanted to make sure Dan was okay, that he was still on board with all of this. She knew that the dirty talk would turn him, so she planned to lean into it for him.

"Good," Dan croaked out. "You look so fucking hot."

"Stop talking to him," Lester commanded, "You're mine right now. If you really want to talk to him, use that pretty mouth to tell him how much you love my cock."

Sarah looked up at Lester with annoyance and then rolled her tongue up the base of his cock until it flicked over his cock head, "Mhmmmm, Dan. Lester is right, I can't get enough of his big cock." She took the head right back into her mouth, showing Dan the truth of it.

"Tell him you love it," Lester grunted. "Look in your husband's eyes and tell him how much you love my cock."

"Fuck," Sarah said as she used her hand to start stroking Lester's slickened cock, her heavy breasts bouncing as she did so. She turned her head and looked at her husband. "I love it, Dan. I love this cock. I hate that it's attached to someone like him but I can't stop thinking about it."

She bit her lip and stared into Dan's eyes as she lowered her head. "I crave it," she said, little louder than a whisper. Her eyes returned to the swollen object of her lust.

"Ugh," Dan moaned from his chair. He had resumed stroking his cock and could feel his balls beginning to tighten. The view in front of him was too much but Sarah's dirty talk always set him off.

Lester pulled Sarah up by the armpits until her chest came up over his groin. He put his cock between her breasts as they pushed against his fat frame.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's large cock sliding between her breasts. Sarah's sensitive nipples brushed against Lester's naked body. She unconsciously ground herself against Lester's thigh, stimulating her clit against the fabric of her panties.

"That's it," Lester moaned. "I may not get to fuck you tonight but I'm going to fuck that chest of yours."

"Uhhhh," Sarah moaned, feeling an orgasm building up inside her. "Do it. Fuck my tits. Fuck them hard."

Lester started to piston his cock in and out of her breasts. Sarah held the side of her breasts tight, keeping them pressed together to milk Lester's massive organ. Dan could see the sheen of sweat, saliva and pre-cum coating his wife's breasts. He watched in horror as his wife humped herself against Lester's leg like a dog in heat.

His roommate really did have his wife in the palm of his hand.

"Your husband wants to know what it was like to fuck me," Lester said as his cock hit Sarah in the chin before disappearing back between her breasts. "I know you haven't told him how much you enjoyed it yet. Time for some honesty. Look at him, he wants to hear it. Tell him."

"Ohhhhh," Sarah moaned, it was all too much. The feeling of the cock between her breasts, riding Lester's thigh. Feeling how large and veiny Lester's cock was against her smooth skin, the taste of his cock and fluids lingering in her mouth. Being on display for Dan and

seeing the conflict in his face, talking so dirty about Lester to him. Sarah was on the brink of exploding.

"Ohhh, fuck," Sarah moaned as her orgasm started to slowly wash over her. "Fuck. God, Dan, Lester fucked me soo good. Soo fucking good. He made me cum so many times I lost count and just passed out. I've never experienced anything like it before." She was quaking with bliss as she spoke slowly, her impending explosion obvious to both men.

Sarah's words cut through Dan's heart as his cock pulsated, wanting Dan to release his cum filled balls. They made eye contact just as Sarah's lips formed an O. Dan watched as his wife's body was rocked by an orgasm.

Sarah's nerves were on fire, as pleasure detonated deep within her body. She could feel every hair on her body stand on end: her toes curled as she jolted, coming hard on Lester's thigh. She made a sound that was half scream, half moan as she rode the wave of her pleasure.

Her body still reeling from the mind-blowing orgasm, Sarah realized how hard she was breathing. She looked up at Lester lustfully. His face was painted with a lust that matched the intensity of her own. Two polar opposites who never should have been together, matched in a searing look of desire. Lester's face wore a tinge of triumph, as well.

Sarah knew why. He had fully conquered her the weekend before and despite her best efforts, she couldn't stop thinking about it.

"Tell me how bad you want it again," Lester growled. He reached forward and pulled her body fully onto his, his lips kissing her sloppily. Sarah's hand instinctively found his cock and started to stroke it.

"Tell me," Lester whispered. "I want to hear you admit it."

Sarah broke their kiss and stared at Lester's chest as she focused on stroking his cock.

"I want it," she whispered. "I want to feel it again."

Dan couldn't quite make out what Lester and Sarah were saying. The fact that they were having a private conversation, whispering together like lovers, was like a dagger to his heart.

"Kiss me," Lester said, his hand gesturing down his neck and towards his cock, "and then suck my cock, but tell your husband what you just told me at the same time."

Sarah had been kissed by Lester many times at this point, but now she was being asked to begin a kiss with Lester in front of her husband. She didn't hesitate at all to push her tongue deeply into the older man's mouth, knowing how hot this was for Dan and how much it was igniting her own lust, but not sure which was the greater factor at the moment. Dan watched as Sarah initiated a kiss with Lester, her tongue darting into his mouth first and then swirling seductively around.

"Mhmmm," Dan heard Sarah moaning into Lester's embrace as her hand continued to stroke the large cock between them. Dan was still flabbergasted that Lester was packing a cock like that. It seemed patently unfair that someone so inferior to him dwarfed him in this one embarrassing respect. He knew there were things that Sarah could experience with Lester that she never could with him. There were things the obtuse couple across from him could share, that Dan could never share with his own wife. Heights they could hit that would leave Dan below, only able to watch.

Sarah broke her kiss with Lester and started planting light kisses along his neck. Her tongue flickered out and licked him intimately, running over the folds in his skin. She widened her eyes, looking at Dan intensely.

Dan watched as Sarah stared into his soul, all while she continued to grind herself gently against Lester.

"Mhmmmmm," she moaned, never breaking her gaze from her husband's. She planted soft succulent kisses along Lester's neck, lover's kisses that were usually reserved for him. "I want it, Dan. I want to feel this cock again."

She emphasized the word cock by quickening the pace of her strokes on Lester's cock.

"I can't believe I'm saying this but it was just so fucking good. I need to, baby." She bit her lip playfully. Lester couldn't see it, so Dan knew that gesture was just for him. He hoped it meant that this was all a show for him, that she wasn't so far gone. But he knew that their dirty talk and roleplaying always contained an element of truth.

Sarah didn't break eye contact with Dan as she intently kissed and licked down Lester's chest and stomach until she reached Lester's throbbing cock. Her gaze finally broke with Dan's at last as she looked down at Lester's cock in front of her. Without looking back at her husband, Sarah licked her lips and took Lester's cock into her mouth. She paused with as much of Lester in her mouth as she could get, her enjoyment in performing this act apparent.

Lester worked her mouth using the back of her head, setting the tempo. He looked over at Dan, smirking. "I told you. I told you she wasn't over it. She may love you, buddy, but your wife loves my cock more."

"Isn't that right?" Sarah raised her head to speak but Lester held her down on his cock by the back of her head.

The only noise she could respond with was, "MMhmmppffffff."

Lester lay back in heaven, luxuriating in the feeling of this beautiful wife and mother milking his cock with her mouth. She really did give

a better blowjob than he had ever received before. As much as he wanted to fuck her, he was enjoying her sucking him off. He especially loved how she was doing it for him right in front of her husband, loved making her admit and say all the nasty things she had.

Lester enjoyed the power. He had never had power over two people at once before. That new level of power was intoxicating.

Sarah's expert mouth was working his cock too well. Lester could feel his cum beginning to throb in his balls, getting ready to explode. He had one more thing up his sleeve before that happened.

Lester pulled Sarah off of him; she bobbed her head trying to reach his cock with her mouth but he didn't let her. Lester stood up and walked towards Dan.

Confused, Dan and Sarah looked at Lester, unsure what was happening. Sarah's mouth felt empty and she craved the feeling of his leg between hers, grating against her throbbing clit.

Lester only stopped when he stood directly in front and above Dan. He looked down at him and for the first time in Dan's entire time living in the apartment, he felt small. Even though Lester was a head shorter than him, right now Lester was towering over him as Dan sat here with his pants off and his hard cock in his hand. It was an extremely vulnerable position. Lester's musty smell was intensified by his proximity. If the situation hadn't been so combustive, Dan would have been utterly revolted.

"Come here," Lester said to Sarah.

Uncertainly, Sarah stood and walked over to the two men in her life. She stopped, standing directly in front of Lester wearing nothing more than her turquoise panties. She was breathing rapidly, her chest was rising and falling in anticipation. She didn't know what

was going to happen next, but she couldn't wait to find out what it was.

Lester looked between Dan and then Sarah, before commanding her to,"Kneel."

Dan was surprised at how quickly and obediently Sarah complied. She knelt complaisantly, face to face with Lester's cock, clearly comfortable with the intimate proximity.

"I want you to touch yourself, Sarah. One hand in your panties and the other playing with your tits." Lester looked down at Dan's wife kneeling before him. He knew that, under that confident exterior, she had a streak of submissiveness.

Sarah looked briefly at Dan before dropping one of her hands down into her panties. Her fingers found her clit and she started to roll it between her fingers. She bit her lip as her other hand started to massage her own chest. Lester's musty aroma wafted into Sarah's nose as well. She breathed it in like a heady cologne. She hadn't been a fan of it when she had first met the man, but now it played on her senses like an aphrodisiac.

Lester held his cock in one hand and took half a step forward, pushing it towards Sarah's face. Dan watched as she obediently opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. Lester pressed the tip of his cock onto her waiting tongue. He watched as his wife took the initiative and leaned forward to take Lester's hard cock deeper into her mouth.

Lester looked at Dan and smirked. He noticed that Dan had resumed stroking his dick, watching what was unfolding right in front of him. Lester grabbed Sarah's ponytail tightly, "You both said I couldn't fuck her tonight but you were both wrong. Dan, I'm going to fuck your pretty wife's face and you can't do anything about it."

With that Lester held Sarah's head tight and started bucking his hips wildly, rapidly thrusting his hard cock into her mouth. Sarah sat there receptively, touching herself, feeling more turned on than she ever had been in her life. Not only was she touching herself in ways only she knew how, but she also had Lester's big cock inside her mouth, stretching her lips. He was fucking her face the way he'd fucked her pussy last weekend, without a care in the world for her comfort, for her enjoyment. She remembered what it felt like to get felt that way, the raw animalistic abandonment of it. She knew Lester's complete lack of concern for her was exactly the thing about him that made her cum harder than with anyone else.

And she was doing all this right in front of Dan. Knowing he was watching and pleasuring himself to her but even more aware of how she was being used right in front of him, made to display the full measure of her submissive desires. She hadn't realized that it would turn her on but she felt like gasoline was being poured on her. The loop of her enjoyment fueling her husbands, her husband's obsessive engagement then driving her to enjoy herself even more, all of it combining, building on itself, and threatening to make her pass out from sheer sensation. She felt as if she was losing herself to an all-consuming lust and it frightened her a little that she didn't want to stop.

Her body was hot and she could feel another orgasm rapidly approaching. She already knew this one would be bigger than the last.

Lester wasn't gentle as he fucked Dan's wife's mouth. He was using his wife for his personal pleasure. Dan could only stare as Sarah played with herself right in front of him, her hips gyrating against her hand as she tried desperately to get herself off. Lester held her firmly as he fucked his cock into her mouth, causing her to gag.

Dan didn't realize how quickly he was stroking his cock until he felt his balls tighten as his cock exploded. He shot several ropes of cum

into the air and they landed on his thighs, some soaking into his wife's discarded bra. He felt a small triumph that he had marked some part of her outfit this time. He continued to stroke the last bit of cum out of his cock before he slumped back stunned, his nostrils flaring as his breathing slowed.

Neither Lester nor Sarah noticed.

His lust-filled mind began to clear as he sat there, still watching his loving wife being dominated by his creepy roommate. He wanted to put a stop to this entire thing and get Sarah back. He was about to interject but Lester spoke first.

"Dan," Lester said without looking at him, "I am going to fuck your wife again. Feel her under me as she screams as we cum together." Dan's words died in his throat as his spent cock stiffened again.

Lester could feel his balls begin to tighten. He was going to cum soon. He looked down at Sarah in front of him. "Isn't that right Sarah?"

"Mmmmhpmm," she responded, Lester's cock still invading the back of her throat as he face fucked her.

"What was that? Tell us. Isn't that right, that I'm going to fuck you again?" Lester pulled his cock from Sarah's mouth.

Saliva dripped down her chin as she struggled to catch her breath, "Yes," she breathed, "You're going to fuck me again with... this cock." She paused, looking at it in awe. "Soon." Dan couldn't remember ever finding Sarah more attractive than she was now, sweaty, disheveled, her submissive eyes locked on Lester's, his fat cock resting on her bottom lip.

Lester tightened his grip on Sarah's blonde ponytail and shoved his cock back into her mouth.

Sarah felt her body begin to tense up, her orgasm couldn't be held back any longer. With Lester's big cock fucking her mouth, the fuse was ignited. She came, the sound gurgling up from her filled throat, "Mmmmmmmhphhh."

Pure pleasure rippled through her body, stretching to fill every inch of it. It pulled against her very soul as it washed across her body. She squeezed her breast firmly in her hand and pressed hard against her clit as her entire existence revolved around this one moment.

As Lester heard the loving wife kneeling in front of him cum, his balls unloaded. Streams of cum exploded from his cock and launched to the back of Sarah's throat. Sarah didn't so much as gag as she began to swallow Lester's hot vile cum.

As she felt Lester's cum flood her throat, Sarah's orgasm hit a new height. Her neck bobbed convulsively as his hot spunk coursed down her throat into her stomach.

Lester suddenly pulled back and his cock shot another rope of cum onto her face, marking her as his own. Sarah felt several more frothing ropes of cum strike her. She stuck her tongue out as one landed right on it. She quickly swallowed and began licking around her lips, lapping up whatever cum was in reach.

Lester's spray splashed over her chest, and Sarah continued to massage her breasts. Massaging his seed into the pores of her breast flesh. Sarah licked and touched herself, feeling like she was covered in Lester's cum, luxuriating in it.

Lester let go of her ponytail and Sarah felt her knees go weak. She fell back onto her elbows, thick streams of white cum painted across her chest and face. Sarah lay back with a satisfied look on her face as she wiped a glob of cum off her eyelid. Without thinking, she popped her cum covered finger into her mouth and sucked it clean.

Lester looked at Dan triumphantly. Dan wasn't able to take his eyes off of his young, beautiful wife in such a debauched state.

"Soon," Lester said as he walked toward his room. "She'll be mine again."

Dan mentally noted that Lester had left the room but all he could focus on was Sarah, lying on the floor, covered in Lester's vile seed. He was shocked at just how much cum there was: he'd never seen so much before, even though he felt he produced a healthy amount.

Sarah licked her lips with a satisfied look on her face. She blinked and opened her eyes, looking around at her surroundings as if she was just seeing them for the first time. Her eyes focused on her husband, seated before her.

"Come on," Dan said, as he stood up and reached for her. "Let's get you cleaned up."

Dan was careful to pick Sarah up by the arms, trying to avoid getting any of Lester's pungent cum on himself. It was bad enough that his most prized possession in the world had been covered in it.

"I don't know what happened," Sarah said as Dan led her to the bathroom. "Things just got really carried away."

"I know," Dan muttered as he opened the bathroom door. "I'm not sure how things just escalated like that. I swore when you were coming up here that it would just be you and me this weekend. That we would cut Lester off completely."

"I think we need to come up with a better game plan next time," Sarah said as she removed her panties.

Dan started the shower and made sure the temperature was just right for Sarah.

"Dan," Sarah said as she looked at herself in the mirror. She couldn't wait for the shower, as she turned the sink's water on and splashed it on her face, beginning the process of washing the cum off. "You know that all those things I said. All that dirty talk in there, I was doing that especially for you right? Even though I was with.. him ... it was still meant for you."

Dan wanted to hold and console her but her chest was still covered in Lester's cum. "I know. I know. Believe me, I know. You looked so damn sexy doing it and it turned me on to no end. I just can't believe how out of control it got, I should have put better guard rails up."

Sarah stepped past him and entered the shower, letting the warm water cleanse Lester's markings from her skin.

"Get cleaned up," Dan said. "We're still good, we just need to get a better handle on this and be better prepared for next time."

"Okay," Sarah said as she returned to the water running over her body.

Dan stayed in the bathroom, his back to Sarah as she showered. He felt like he had to keep watch, like he'd failed her before by letting things get out of hand. He stood there like a sentinel, but his thoughts kept drifting.

He wanted nothing more than to take Sarah to bed with him, but he knew it wasn't a good time for her.

As the water turned off behind him, he turned his head and saw Sarah wrap a white towel around herself. *God she is so sexy.*

"Are you ready for bed?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah," Dan said. "Let's go get changed and turn in."

***

Everything seemed perfect at their house in Middleton. They couldn't have asked for a better day, the sun was shining and the weather was perfect. Birds chirped in the treetops. The girls were playing in the backyard and Dan was having a beer sitting on the back porch while Sarah had a glass of red in her hands and her feet propped up on his lap.

He felt a sense of calm and fulfillment that he hadn't felt in a long time. Everything seemed perfect. Then he started to hear a faint buzzing. Dan dreamily looked around to figure out where the sound was coming from.

He stood up and walked onto his back lawn. The sound seemed to be coming from everywhere at once. He shielded his eyes and looked up at the sky. The sun wasn't shining so brightly anymore; it was completely concealed by dark thunderclouds.

Dan turned back to Sarah but the porch was empty. Her empty wine glass sitting alone on the ground next to where they'd been sitting. Dan turned, looking around the yard, his daughters were nowhere to be seen.

Confused, Dan started to walk back inside, each step feeling heavier than the previous one. He opened the back door and walked into his kitchen. Long shadows seemed to creep from every corner of the room, drowning out the light coming in through the windows.

The buzzing was louder in here. He moved through the house, the buzzing growing louder and louder. As he walked toward the stairs, the shadows seemed to follow him. He could have sworn they were stretching out towards him when he wasn't looking.

As Dan ascended the stairs the buzzing intensified even more. Through the noise, he heard something else. Something familiar. He

tried to focus on what it was. It sounded like a woman screaming. No, not screaming exactly.

A woman in the throes of pleasure, begging for more.

Dan reached the landing and started towards their bedroom. The buzzing and the sounds of enjoyment were growing louder. It sounded like Sarah was behind the door. Sarah was moaning.

The buzzing was starting to hurt Dan's ears. He needed to open the door and see what was on the other side.

He grabbed the doorknob and turned it.

A bright light shone into Dan's eyes. He blinked and raised his head to look around.

"Dan, get that," Sarah purred with her eyes still closed. They were lying in his small bed in the apartment in Chicago.

Dan blinked again and got his bearings. His phone was buzzing incessantly. He tried to shove down the memories of the night before and how twisted things had become. He focused on his phone.

Dan reached out to his end table and grabbed his phone, disconnecting the charger. He silenced it and looked at the number that was calling him. It was work.

He answered the phone with a groggy, "Hello?"

An automated message played. Some company-wide announcement. It asked him to log onto a Teams' call at 9:15 am.

"Fuck off," Dan said as he hung up and put his head back down on his pillow. He really wanted to see what was going on behind that door in his dream.

Sighing, he held the phone up to his face and checked the time. It was 9:10 am. Walt and the rest of the team really shouldn't be asking them to jump on a call on the weekend. They'd really been pushing what was acceptable lately.

Dan sat up and looked over at Sarah's form. God, she was sexy. He shuddered as he thought back to Lester plastering Sarah with his cum last night. His mind kept going back to Lester and his wife together.

Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, Dan swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood up. He grabbed his laptop out of his bag, along with his set of AirPods and walked out into the hallway. He made sure to close the door behind him.

He walked into the living room and froze. He had planned to sit on the couch to take the call but it just dawned on him that he really didn't want to sit there. Not yet. Lester's recent triumphs had rendered the area almost radioactive to Dan. Strangely, he wouldn't sit in the area, but he always became rock-hard if he thought about the reason for his avoidance.

Dan made his way into the kitchen and started to brew a coffee as his laptop turned on. Within a few minutes, he was seated and logged into Teams. He was stuck in the meeting lobby until 9:20 am when the meeting finally started. As Dan glanced at the attendee list, it looked like the entire company was there.

Dan expected to see Walt as he usually ran the company-wide meetings. His spider-sense started to tingle as he recognized the head of HR as one of the four windows given the spotlight.

"Thank you all for coming on short notice and on the weekend. It is appreciated," the woman said. "The senior leadership team wants to start this off by saying what an amazing job you all have been doing this year and that we couldn't be prouder. We know you are all loyal and dedicated to the company and that each and every one of you

would bend over backwards to help it succeed. That is how we know you are going to help us achieve the immediate goals in front of us right now."

Dan tentatively sipped his coffee. He thumbed his cell phone and started to scroll through his work email.

The woman continued, "As we look at our business, we realized we have opportunities to position our company better and be much stronger going into the future. But it will take all of us to put our heads down, do the work and make sacrifices to create this better future together."

Dan clicked on an email from the previous night from Walt. He had sent it to several senior members of the team, but he had included Dan on it as well. The timestamp was around the same time that Lester had begun defiling his wife on the couch.

Walt and the other directors had failed to appease Byron and the Lincoln Group. It sounded like they thought Byron was taking them for a ride, trying to get them to pay for expensive drinks and there was a bit of an argument. This coupled with what had transpired with Jesse seemed to hit a breaking point.

The Lincoln Group had dropped Dan's company and planned to withhold their outstanding payments. The company's cash cow was gone.

"That's why starting Monday we are going to undertake a new compensation policy, company-wide," the woman continued. "Going forward, in order to position us to be nimble and adaptable to market changes, we are going to examine new ways to find efficiencies and streamline our operations. As part of this, we will be recalibrating everyone's monthly compensation by a reduced forty percent. We know you are all willing to make this change to help put us in the best position going forward as we build toward our goals

together. If you have any questions about this, please speak to your manager or an HR team member this coming week."

Forty percent. Dan sat back shocked. They were going to cut his wage by forty percent. He started to do the math in his head, trying to figure out their mortgage payments, rent, groceries and other expenses. Things were already way too tight.

"Thank you all for logging in, I speak on behalf of the entire management team when I say, I hope you all have a great weekend and we'll see you on Monday."

Forty percent pay cut. It wasn't going to be enough for them to survive.

***

Lester had watched Dan leave his room from the peephole. His initial plan was to slide into bed next to Sarah and see if he could push his luck and see what Dan's reaction would be. The previous night had gone easier than he expected. Lester had thought Dan would stand up to him like he had earlier in the day but it appeared he was just a passenger to events when his lust to watch his wife took over.

When Dan grabbed his laptop and headphones, Lester decided to pause his plans to see what happened. As he listened in through his computer on Dan's work call in the kitchen, he couldn't have been more pleased with what he'd learned.

As he watched Dan on the monitor sitting back in disbelief, Lester sat back and contemplated the new opportunities this development presented. Lester's face split into a grin as he thought through some of the same calculations that his roommate was probably making.

Lester's planning was paying off in ways he couldn't possibly have predicted.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 10

It felt like it had been hours since the impromptu Saturday morning company meeting ended. Dan just sat there in his apartment kitchen, dazed, staring at the black computer screen. It had long since powered down due to inactivity.

No matter how many times Dan went over the numbers in his head, there just was no way to make the financials of the new situation work. He still couldn't believe his company was cutting his salary by 40% and expected him to react with a smile for the good of the company.

He was going to have some words with Walt when he saw him on Monday. The hard truth of the matter was that his family had just reached some level of stability. With the pay cut, there was no way they could afford their mortgage payments and the rent on the apartment. If Dan moved back to Middleton, then they'd eventually lose the house. Back home, there simply wasn't any work to be found in his field or any other jobs that he would be qualified for.

He sat there in what felt like a catatonic state, his brain trying to process and find a solution. Perhaps he'd have to find a second job to try to make ends meet. He couldn't believe, at this stage in his life and with the experiences he had behind him, that this was something he even had to consider. It felt like he was backsliding and the walls were closing in. The idea of him standing behind a counter taking a fast food order from a group of teenagers felt utterly humiliating to him.

Dan unconsciously ground his teeth together at the realization that his sabotage of Jessie could have very likely tipped the scales. Without the regular cash flow from the Lincoln Group, it seemed like the company couldn't make ends meet.

He continued to sit there in his near catatonic state until he heard stirring from the other end of the apartment. Sarah must be getting up. He could keep sitting here, eventually, she would come to find him.

What if Lester intercepted her first? That was the last thing he needed, his creepy roommate trying something this morning. Dan knew he'd played a fairly passive role the previous night, just allowing the events to unfold, but he wasn't sure he would be able to hold back his frustration and rage if Lester crossed his path today.

Dan was relieved when he heard the bathroom door close. After a few minutes, he finally stood up, shut his laptop and left the kitchen. As he started to cross the living room, his radiant wife stepped out of the bathroom and turned to look in his direction.

An alluring smile spread across her features as she made eye contact. Even in her pajamas and her messy hair she still looked better than most of the women Dan encountered on a regular basis.

"Morning, baby," Sarah said as she walked towards him. "How did you sleep? I was thinking maybe we can grab dinner tonight and talk about what happened yesterday. I brought that black dress and I was thinking --"

Sarah stopped in her tracks as she entered the living room. She could tell something was wrong with him. "Dan, what's the matter?"

Dan felt his shoulders involuntarily slump forward as he exhaled a long breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. It felt like the walls of the apartment were closing in around him. "Let's sit." Sarah eyed him warily, knowing that something was amiss but unsure what it could be.

Dan motioned toward the couch and sat down. It dawned on him that he had avoided sitting here earlier but he just needed to sit anywhere other than in front of his laptop screen.

Sarah sat across from him, her body turned in his direction with a mask of worry on her face. "Dan, what's going on, you're scaring me. Did things go too far last night? I thought they kind of did at the end. It's always about you, I'm trying to turn you on."

Dan held up his hand, causing Sarah to stop talking. He focused his eyes on the couch between them. "No, it's not that. I mean, yeah, we need to talk about that, I still can't believe it, but no, this is something else. Work sent a message this morning asking everyone to jump on a call."

He took a breath and continued, "Anyway, most people in the company got on there and the head of HR started talking about the company and our loyalty to it but in the end, she announced everyone in the company was getting their wages reduced by forty percent."

Dan finally looked up and met his wife's gaze.

"Forty percent," Sarah said angrily. "Forty percent? They can't do that, Dan! That's huge! We can't....that's a lot of money. Dan, I..I don't know what to say. Fucking bastards - that's going to kill us."

"I know," Dan sighed. He had worked so hard over the past few months to keep his company afloat and now he felt like the boulder he'd been carrying was finally about to crush him.

"Why?" Sarah said, her voice now sounding more scared than angry. "Why did they do that? What reason did they give?"

"Business is a lot slower than expected and they've lost a few clients lately." Dan omitted that the pull-out by the Lincoln Group had likely played a big part in all of this.

"Okay...okay," Sarah said, as she leaped from the couch and ran into the bedroom. A minute later, she returned with her phone along with a pen and notepad. She sat back down and immediately started

writing on the notepad. Dan stayed silent, knowing she was likely doing the same calculations he had been running through.

Finally, she looked up at him. "Dan...I don't know how we make this work."

"I don't know either."

"This is bad timing. Really bad timing. I just registered the girls in swimming lessons and the fee isn't refundable. I was banking on paying off the card with your next paycheck before our mortgage gets taken out. Fuck, what do we do."

"We'll figure something out," Dan mumbled, his eyes unfocused. They had always figured something out, right? He tried to tell himself this would be just like all those other times, but he was having trouble convincing himself.

He felt warm hands on his. He looked down and saw Sarah's tender hands encircling his. The image of her hand around Lester's cock from the previous night flashed into his mind.

Dan looked up at his wife. She had closed the distance between them and was sitting right next to him. She was looking up into his eyes with a determined smile on her face. He knew she wasn't really feeling brave but was putting on a confident front for his sake.

"You are right," she said firmly. "We will figure it out, that's what we do. We'll look for some areas to cut back and see what other moves we can make. I might have some stuff in the basement I could put on Facebook marketplace to help cover some bills. We'll figure it out."

The sound of a door opening caused the couple to pause. Lester emerged from the hallway, wearing only a ratty pair of boxers that caused his naked stomach to bulge out, "Hey, there..."

"Not now, Lester," Sarah snapped at him. She turned her attention back to Dan.

"Hey," Lester said, throwing his hands up in frustration. "What did I do now? Buyer's remorse for all my cum you drank last night?"

Dan watched Sarah's face turn beet red. She turned back to Lester, "No, Lester, not everything is about you. Got it? Dan just got some bad news from work and we are working on figuring it out, okay?"

"Okay, okay," Lester said, trying to walk back his previous comments, "That sucks. What was the news?"

"Pay cut," Sarah said with her back to him. She was focused on the figures on the notepad in front of her.

"Ouch," Lester said as he walked backwards out of the room. Dan heard his door shut.

Sarah sighed and put down her notepad. "I'm sorry, I just wasn't expecting this."

"I know," Dan said reassuringly. "Neither was I."

"Well, the good news is, I can already think of a few ways to cut some expenses. It's going to hurt but we can manage it. It still won't get us all the way but maybe I can pick up some extra hours or figure something else out. But there is one thing I want to ask you and just see what you think."

"Shoot," Dan said.

"Do you think we should update your resume?" Sarah asked. "It's been months since you started here, maybe there are some new things out there."

Dan sat back, closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. The last time he had applied for jobs had been a grueling endeavor. Hundreds of applications, dozens of resume tweaks, dead-end interview after dead-end interview. He hated the process and didn't want to go through it again.

"Yeah," he finally said with a sigh. "Yeah, we probably should do that. You're right, there might be something better out there and we aren't even looking for it."

Sarah smiled reassuringly. *God, she is beautiful.*

"Okay," Sarah said, grabbing her phone. "Let's do this. We'll look at jobs and when we get a bunch of them, you apply and then I'll look at our expenses." The worried look was gone from his wife's face and Dan felt a little better about their outlook as well.

Dan and Sarah spent the next several hours camped out in the living room. Dan was on his laptop going through LinkedIn, noting jobs in Chicago that he would apply for and even some remote opportunities. He wasn't qualified for everything, but he would take a shot anyway. He reached out to old colleagues to start a dialogue, hoping their companies might have openings.

Sarah was on her phone across from him, looking at open jobs in Middleton. Dan was overqualified for all of them and none were in his field. She expanded her search and noted down a few in Chicago.

Dan smiled as he watched Sarah scribble something down on the notepad. She was like a bloodhound on a mission. He loved how she immediately threw herself into figuring a way out of their problems. He loved her tenacity.

As he watched her work, he knew that eventually, everything would end up okay.

***

"Darkspire!" Ned croaked through Lester's headset. "We need to pull back, we lost our tank. That stupid 3lfReuns guy isn't healing us, we're gonna get screwed."

Lester absentmindedly began moving his avatar after Ned's. They were playing with some lower-level members of their guild. Their Chicago-based players in their usual crew weren't on tonight. Lester was much more interested in what was happening on the small screen in the corner of his display.

He enlarged it to get a better sense of what was going on. The network traffic on the apartment's wifi was busier than normal. Aside from Lester's usual activities, there was a ton of traffic going to LinkedIn, Indeed, other job boards and what looked like company websites.

Lester reached out and grabbed a pen along with a stained paper towel he had been using to clean his Cheeto fingers. He started to scribble down some of the company names he was noticing, putting an asterisk next to anywhere he noticed traffic going to an application or thank you page.

It looked like the Williamses were trying to get Dan a new job. That tracked after what they'd told Lester earlier. He grinned as he thought about the news that Dan had received a pay cut at work. He could almost smell the desperation emanating from the young couple in the living room.

Desperation was an element Lester knew all about. Especially where best to push to exploit it. Lester chuckled to himself. *It's too easy.*

If there was a god, Lester didn't think he was what people normally imagined. He must be some kind of deviant given the gifts and opportunities that kept falling in Lester's lap.

He barely registered Ned whining in his ear, "Darkspire come on, what are you doing? We're going to die here. I'll leave you if I have to. Lester! Come on."

This news presented a new angle for Lester, one he hadn't considered before but which could fit perfectly into Phase Two of his plans. He needed to isolate Sarah while simultaneously keeping his thumb on Dan's fantasy, making sure he stoked the fires just enough for Dan to submit. It would be like walking a tightrope, but he was confident. More than that, he loved the chase.

Lester decided to accelerate his timeline and put a new plan into motion. Part of him whispered caution but he decided to push forward anyway.

"Lester? You there, man?" Lester finished his ruminations and realized at some point his character needed to respawn.

"Yeah," Lester answered. "I just got distracted."

"Okay, just let me know next time, okay? We didn't both need to die there." Ned almost sounded apologetic. "Hey, I was talking to PhilWizard earlier today."

"Why do you still talk to him?" Lester rolled his eyes as he quickly switched over to Discord. He noticed several unread messages next to Cronos' conversation.

"Well, he is our DM for one. Anyway, we're going to try to get a game on the books for next month. Just wanted to confirm if you can come."

Lester looked at the unread messages and closed the browser. He didn't want to deal with those issues right now. Focusing on what Cronos wanted was something he'd handle later. "I'll be there, just tell Phil he needs to wrap up this dumb campaign soon."

Ned said something else but Lester noted a few more sites coming across his wifi network that he had to write down. Putting the pen down, he opened one of the drawers in his desk and pulled out a scrunched-up black silk robe. He brought it to his nose and inhaled the delectable scent of Sarah Williams. His boxers strained to hold in his swelling erection.

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"What about this one?" Sarah leaned over and showed Dan her phone. It was a job listing that was in his field but something much more specialized than he was used to. He smiled and shook his head, idly stroking her back in appreciation.

Sarah leaned back over to her spot on the couch and kept scrolling. He loved how dedicated and committed she was to solving this problem even though she really didn't understand his industry. Still, he appreciated that he wasn't doing this alone. He hated searching for jobs and dreaded the entire process.

He realized he was gripping his laptop too tightly. He relaxed his hands, remembering it wasn't his computer that was jeopardizing the future of his family. It was Walt and the other execs, but Dan couldn't help but wonder if some of the blame fell on him also. *They were in trouble well before this incident. It's not your fault.*

He tried to remind himself that he wasn't solely to blame. It made sense but he still felt a pit in his stomach.

The sound of plodding fat feet growing closer broke Dan's concentration. Dan didn't look up, hoping that Lester was just going to the kitchen to stuff his face. To his dismay, however, the sound of the fat troll's trajectory kept moving towards them.

Dan's eyes flicked up from his computer screen in time to see Lester's weak arms snaking their way over the couch, his hands

moving over Sarah's shoulders. His wife flinched at his roommate's touch, but not as much as Dan would have hoped.

"Lester, what are you doing?" Sarah said as she tried to pry herself free of his grasp.

"You looked tense earlier," Lester grinned, "I was just thinking of a few ways we could relieve that for you."

Dan watched as his roommate took liberties with his wife, his skin connecting with hers. He felt himself being pulled back down into that trance-like state of their previous few encounters. The pit in his stomach started to grow, getting warmer. His rage and frustration were bubbling up.

Before Dan fully realized what he was doing, he was on his feet. His laptop was pushed off his lap onto the couch next to him. He quickly closed the distance to his wife and Lester. Lester looked shocked and took a step back, releasing Sarah from his grip.

"Not today, Lester. It's not a good time," Dan barked, his finger pointed at his roommate. "And besides, you don't just get to do that! Get that through your head. This isn't some weird arrangement now where you can just come onto my wife anytime you like, got it?"

Lester put his hands up defensively, feigning innocence. "I just thought I'd be helpful, is all, you know with all the money woes and everything going on."

"That," Dan paused, gritting his teeth and looking to the side trying to find the right words, "...that isn't any of your business."

"Well, it is my business if my roommate can't make the rent." Something had changed in Lester's demeanor but Dan couldn't quite place it. He didn't seem like his meek self. "I'd hate to have to tell the landlord we're going to miss the rent this month."

"That's not going to happen," Sarah chimed in, now turning to face Lester as well. "We're going to figure it out."

"No doubt, no doubt," Lester said, pacing the room and shaking his head, putting more distance between himself and Dan. "I'm sure you guys will figure it all out and this will just blow over."

"We will," Dan said, turning away from Lester. He wasn't in the mood for whatever game this guy was playing. But he was unable to completely block out the thought of the way Lester had positioned and spoken to his wife the previous night. Dan felt the nudging of desire, to see that happen again. If he just relaxed and let things play out, who knew what could happen right now?

But Dan couldn't listen to that voice. If he had stopped listening to that earlier they might not be in this mess. Jesse wouldn't have seen the conversation and pushed Sarah into Lester's flabby arms.

As Dan grabbed his computer and started to sit, Lester said, "Of course, I could help."

"Help us, how?" Sarah asked, narrowing her eyes as she tried to figure out what Lester was up to. Dan set his computer to one side and looked up at his roommate.

"Spit it out, Lester, what are you playing at here?" Dan felt tired and impatient. He wanted to get back to putting out new resumes.

"Hey, if you guys are in a position to turn away help right now, that's fine. Sorry that I offered." Lester started to walk back towards his bedroom. Dan didn't budge, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of making him stop.

Sarah looked quickly at Dan and then back over at Lester. "Hey, wait. What do you mean, help?"

Dan could have sworn he saw another grin appear on the side of Lester's face. When he turned fully around, though, it was gone. "I was just thinking that I could help you out. With rent. I could cover your half until you figure things out."

"And why would you do that?" Dan asked. He felt his blood begin to boil, thinking about where Lester could be taking this. He also felt his arousal flaring up, trying desperately to pull him back down into that chair and watch. He was grateful his tee shirt was draped over his crotch, hiding whatever effect this interaction might be having on him.

Lester, for once, looked uncomfortable. "Can I talk to you for a second? Privately? Sorry, Sarah, I need to speak to your husband man to man."

Sarah waved him off, returning to the job hunt. She knew her husband would share whatever Lester told him.

Lester went with Dan into the kitchen area and spoke softly,"I hate to see my roommate in a pinch. It's just not good for the morale of the apartment, it's bad energy." Lester's eyes flicked briefly in Sarah's direction, confirming Dan's suspicions. "And, of course, there are some ways you could pay me back."

"Like with a loan agreement and some interest?" Dan asked sarcastically. He wasn't buying Lester's delicate manner.

Lester smiled. "That's not exactly what I had in mind."

Dan responded flatly. "If you think I am going to pimp my wife out to you just so you can cover my half of the rent, you have another think coming. That isn't going to fly, I'm not going to let you fuck her like an escort just to cover our ass. Not happening." He'd made his anger clear. In response, Lester turned slightly away from the living room to ensure only Dan heard him.

"Listen, I didn't want to say this in front of your wife, but you could really help me out here. Lizzie... that girl really broke my heart - she was gone so quickly. We had so many plans. And Sarah, you've gotta feel like an incredible stud when you're out and she's next to you. People must think you've got it all figured out. I admit, I got a little of how that could be with Lizzie. And with all this fantasy play, I thought maybe you'd be open to share a bit of how you feel when she's out with you. Would that be too much? I really don't like talking about my feelings or asking for help."

Dan stood in the small kitchen thinking the proposal through. He knew in his bones this was a bad idea that would only invite this odd troll further into their lives. He tried to quiet his lustful urges - he knew where that direction led. But they needed help and Lester was offering. Dan decided that the best course was to make the decision with his wife. He didn't trust himself to handle this correctly. Dan turned to the living room.

"Sarah, baby, Lester, uh, wants to take you out on a date."

"Dates," Lester corrected, now facing Sarah.

Sarah's eyes grew wide, knowing now what the catch to Lester's help would be. She frowned and crossed her arms over her chest, trying to conceal her curves.

"It isn't like that," Lester said, holding his hands up in front of him. "I don't want this to seem crude.."

His body language shifted again, his shoulders hunched forward and he stared at the ground. "I mean, yes, I enjoy my time with Sarah and I've enjoyed helping you two with your fantasy and all. But that's not what I'm offering." Lester paused, trying to approximate how what he said next should sound. He spoke haltingly. "Ever since Lizzie left me, I've just been sort of lonely here. I was hoping that if I helped with rent, I could take Sarah out once in a while."

Dan knew he shouldn't stand for this, but that darker part of him got the better of him. He asked, "What do you mean 'out'?"

"Like on a real date?" Sarah said, raising an eyebrow.

The thought of Lester leaving the apartment seemed preposterous to both of them.

"Exactly," Lester said, looking Dan's wife in the eyes. "Just a normal date with no expectations for anything else. Only some companionship."

Silence hung in the air as the three of them stood there. Dan narrowed his eyes at Lester, trying to figure him out. He had sorely underestimated Lester during their earlier encounters. He'd done the same with Jesse. Now he was trying to read the angles a little better.

"So?" Lester finally broke the silence, looking at Sarah, "What do you think?"

"I, uh," Sarah said, looking between Dan and Lester. "We'll talk about it."

Lester nodded and stalked back to his room. As Dan heard the door shut he looked at his wife, his eyebrows raised.

"Are we really considering this?" Dan felt tired. "We can't trust him, do we even know if he has the money to cover it?"

"I feel like he does, but we can always ask him to prove it," Sarah said. "This is just not what I was expecting. I thought we would just spend the rest of the day applying for jobs, not entertaining an offer from Lester."

"An offer to pimp you out," Dan muttered.

"He did just say 'date'. I don't really like it either. I know I can handle him, but just the idea of leaving you here to go out with him... it feels icky." Sarah sat back down, trying to distract herself with her cell phone.

"Let's go over the numbers again," Dan said. "If we keep all the bills the same, minus the areas you think we can cut, how long before we have to dip into our savings?"

Sarah sighed and looked up at him. "Honestly, we were barely keeping our heads above water before. I was going around the house like a hawk keeping the lights off to try and keep the bills low. I feel like we'll be dipping into what's left of our savings by next month."

One month. That's all the time Dan had before they started to deplete their meager savings. If he somehow got a miracle job interview this week, it would still probably be a while before they hired him, and who knew for how much? If he took Lester's offer they could take his reduced paycheck and build their savings back up, little by little. Enough to buy themselves some time.

He looked at Sarah. The expression on her face made him think she had done the same calculus.

"If," Dan said, raising one finger, "if we were to entertain Lester's offer. It would buy us some time. We would only do it for a little bit until we figure out our next move here."

"Not everybody gets a chance like this," Sarah added, "I bet a lot of your colleagues are going to be in worse off shape. We can make this work, we'll figure it out."

"Okay, fuck, I don't like it, but okay," Dan said as he stood up and passed Sarah on his way toward Lester's room. He knocked on the door and after a few seconds, Lester cracked it open.

"Yes?" Lester said, almost like he was pretending to have forgotten their last conversation.

"Sarah and I talked about it and we might consider taking you up on your offer. Can you really afford it?" Dan asked.

"One second," Lester said, closing his door. Dan stood there waiting around like a jackass. Lester opened the door and handed Dan a wad of cash. "Here, that should cover your half of the rent."

Normally Dan just paid his rent through his bank. Seeing the actual dollar bills in his hand made him pause for a second. It was a lot of money to hold in his hand, especially with how tight things had been the past four years.

"You," Dan started, "you...just keep stacks of cash lying around your apartment?"

Lester narrowed his eyes at him. "I try not to advertise it, thank you."

"Okay, got it," Dan said, breaking his gaze on the cash in his hand. He looked up into Lester's beady eyes. "I guess we have a deal. But remember, it's just dates. No funny business."

"If that's what Sarah wants," Lester smirked. "Oh, and I forgot one thing. The first date is tonight."

"Tonight?" Dan said. "That's too soon."

"I just gave you a bunch of cash to cover your rent, I'd say I earned it. Besides that covers this month's rent and you could have Sarah stay back home the rest of the month."

"Tell her we leave at eight." Lester shut his door, effectively ending the conversation.

Dan stood there facing the closed door. This offer felt too good to be true. As he walked back to the living room he wondered which of the predicaments he found himself in was worse.

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"This feels weird," Dan sat on his bed, watching Sarah as she got dressed.

"I know," his wife said as she stood in front of the full-length mirror, wearing just a sheer black thing with lace trim that framed her ass perfectly and a strapless bra that unclasped in the front. For a strapless bra, Dan was impressed with how well it pushed her breasts up, creating an impressive cleavage. She was applying her lipstick, one of the last phases of her makeup routine. "Like you said, it's only for the short term while we figure things out."

"Yeah..." Dan said, staring at his wife. She looked incredibly sexy as always, but he just couldn't imagine her out with Lester in public. For so long this situation had been contained inside this apartment where he felt he had some level of control over it. There hadn't been many times when he had just left Sarah alone with Lester either. "Do you have to get all dolled up? You look really sexy right now, I just feel weird you are doing all this for him."

Sarah turned and looked at him. "Are you implying I don't usually look this sexy?"

She started to walk toward him with her sultry bedroom eyes, the ones that meant he was either in trouble or about to get lucky.

"Uh, you know what I mean," Dan said, trying to hold her gaze.

"This isn't for Lester," Sarah continued, closing the distance between them. "This is for me. As much as I'd love to just throw my hair in a bun and go in my sweatpants, I like looking somewhat presentable

when I go out. I don't particularly like anyone looking at me and thinking I look like a mess."

"You've never looked like a mess one day in your life," Dan added.

"Exactly," Sarah said as she sat down on the bed next to him. "I'll have this little 'date' with Lester. It's kind of sad, really. Anyway, when I get back, I'm all yours. I think I finished up earlier today."

"Finished up, meaning.." Things finally clicked for Dan. "You are off your week?"

Sarah nodded. "So let's have Lester pay for rent this month and pay for whatever it is we are doing tonight. And then when I come back, you get to take me to bed while he listens in from the next room."

Dan smiled at that. "You're evil."

Sarah laughed and the sexy, mischievous look returned to her face. She got up from the bed and grabbed the dress that was hanging up waiting for her. She'd already ironed it. As she began to put it on, Dan felt his erection growing; it looked incredibly sexy on her, even though on the hanger it had masqueraded as conservative formal wear.

The black dress exposed Sarah's bare shoulders and the top of her chest. The neckline sat right on her breasts, just covering the strapless bra underneath. There was a single sequined strap that was part of the dress before it changed into a gold chain that ran over her shoulders. The dress hugged her midsection and hips before draping down and falling past her knees. Somehow the subtle lines of the dress kept the focus on her curves.

"Can you zip me up?" Sarah asked, turning her back to him. The tight material of the dress stretched over her ass. Dan knew that men would be drooling over her tonight and he wouldn't be there to protect her, or even to watch it happen. The dress had a small slit in

the back between her legs that exposed the backs of her knees and a bit of thigh.

Dan adjusted himself as he stepped over and zipped up the back of her dress. "God, you look amazing." Dan pressed himself into his wife's covered backside, showing her how hard she'd made him.

Sarah smiled as she reached over and grabbed her earrings. "Mmmhm, thank you." She pushed her ass back into him, signaling her anticipation for their post-date fun.

She slipped on a pair of black heels and then applied the final touch to her outfit, sliding her wedding ring onto her finger. "Going to miss me?"

"Terribly," Dan said. "I still can't believe we are going through with this. This isn't how I expected today to go."

"I know," Sarah said, stepping up to him and cupping his cheek. "Me neither. But we've always figured out how to move forward in the past. This is just a little speed bump before we get back on track."

Dan sighed, "You're right." He took a second and then asked. "Hon, do you still have the videos of you and Lester? That you made... that night?" He tried not to sound too plaintive, but his eyes belied a hint of desperation. "Maybe they'd help get me going so I'll be ready when you get back."

"Oh, no baby, I'm sorry. I deleted them. That it happened was a mistake and I didn't feel right with them still on my phone." Sarah's eyes were downcast as she gave her husband a peck on the cheek. She'd deleted the videos Thursday night, afraid that her bath time ritual of watching what she'd done with Lester was becoming too routine.

Dan nodded, an understanding look on his face. He seemed ready to accept that the moment was lost. "Alright, let's get on with this

then."

The couple exited the bedroom and walked out to the living room, Sarah's heels clicking on the hardwood floor. It took ten minutes before Lester emerged from his bedroom, finally ready. Dan scoffed, thinking back to the rule that you never make a good-looking woman wait.

Lester had obviously tried his best to look nice but was still a mess. His clothes appeared new but the proportions looked off; the black pants and button-up navy dress shirt looked too big on him, like he was trying to hide his shambling body. Lester had tried to slick his hair to the side, but it looked unnatural and oily. He'd neglected to shave his stubble which covered part of his face and ran down the length of his neck. Dan almost felt sorry for the guy.

"Ready to go?" Lester asked, wearing his patented shit-eating grin. For a little bridge troll, this guy sure did have an outsized level of confidence.

"I am," Sarah responded, stepping up to Dan and purposely planting a long kiss on his lips. Dan knew the kiss was meant to reassure him but was also a deliberate play in front of Lester, signifying her love and commitment to her husband.

"Where are you going?" Dan asked.

"Dinner. Italian spot in Little Italy. Very romantic." Lester said.

Dan rolled his eyes, continuing to hold Sarah in his arms. He looked into her eyes and then whispered into her ear, "Have fun, and hurry back."

"I will, I love you." Sarah smiled. She grabbed her clutch and walked out the door that Lester was holding open.

As the door swung shut on its own, Dan was standing in the apartment alone. "I love you, too."

He stood there for a few seconds, his brain catching up with his immediate problems, trying to sort through them. *I need to keep moving forward.*

Dan grabbed a glass of water from the kitchen and sat down in one of the living room chairs. He'd remembered to avoid the couch this time. He opened his laptop and began looking through the job boards again, trying to find any new openings he might've missed earlier. Given that it was the weekend, no new jobs were popping out to him. He shifted tactics and reached back out to some old colleagues, seeing if anything was open or was about to open up at their firms. He tried to stay preoccupied and tried not to think about his wife out with his roommate, but his thoughts inevitably betrayed him.

The idea of Sarah and Lester walking into a restaurant and people assuming that she was his made his skin crawl. Though the predictable erection still began to form in his pants. He needed to get this fantasy under control.

He pictured Lester's hand on her bare back as he guided her towards their table, his eyes on her perfect ass as she slid into her seat. Standing next to her as she was seated, her face at the same level as his crotch. Lester pulling her into a back room...

Dan set his computer aside and went back into the kitchen. This time instead of water, he poured himself a glass of whiskey. He downed it in one gulp.

His thoughts drifted back to the previous night and his inaction; he had just sat there and watched as Lester did what he wanted with Sarah. This wasn't the first time he'd reacted this way, like a passive bystander watching events unfold in front of him. He'd known for a long time now that he'd wanted to see Sarah in a situation like this.

Part of him felt like if he said anything, he would risk ruining the fantasy playing out in front of him. The other part of him just wanted to stay in the shadows and watch how his wife reacted without him there, seeing her fully give in to her lust.

Dan poured himself a second glass and headed back to his laptop. He had to keep moving forward.

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Sarah and Lester rode down the elevator in silence. It was awkward but Sarah barely noticed, her thoughts dominated by the new financial reality that she found herself in. She just wanted an opportunity to take a breath away from the stress they'd experienced the last couple of years.

It felt like the hits kept coming. Not only was Dan away from them, but now the job he had taken as a compromise was cutting his pay. Their income was already less than they were used to; she wondered how they were going to dig themselves out of this hole.

The elevator doors opened and Lester held them open as she exited. Sarah clasped her coat tightly as they walked across the windy parking lot. Lester led her to a black SUV tucked behind the side of the building. He fumbled opening the passenger door and then let her in. At least he was trying to play the part of the gentleman.

Sarah slid over the leather seat as Lester closed the door. She noted that the car's interior needed a good cleaning, it was dusty and there were some fast food wrappers in the backseat; the cupholders were filled with receipts and old fountain drinks.

She'd have to talk to him about cleaning out his car before they went on their next date, otherwise she would insist on taking an Uber. *Why am I thinking about there being another date?*

"So where are we heading, again?" Sarah asked, trying to break the silence as Lester started the car.

Lester began backing the car out of its space. "A nice little Italian restaurant called the Rosebud."

"What's good there?" Sarah stared out the window as they began their drive. Despite all the times she'd visited Dan, she hadn't seen a ton of the city. She had spent most of her time in the apartment. Sure, they'd gone out a few times and seen some sights, but she still felt like she was just beginning to discover this city.

"Uh, everything," Lester replied without any further elaboration. Normally Sarah would try to engage in small talk, she hated awkward silences, but this time she was fine with it. Her mind was preoccupied with turning over ways she and Dan could try to remedy their current situation. It would be hard for her to pick up any extra shifts and she'd already asked her parents to watch the kids a bit too often for her liking.

Maybe there was something she could do on the side from home, or something that Dan could do in his off hours. She hated the idea and also hated that thinking about a way out of this was dominating her mind.

Her trips to Chicago were supposed to be a little break from the everyday worries and stress of her life. Now all she was doing was focusing on her stress.

She closed her eyes and let out a long breath, trying to focus on the present and not let her stress control her. *Just try to have a good time this weekend, your issues are still going to be there tomorrow. Deal with them then.*

Sarah sneaked a glance over at Lester as he drove. She had to admit it looked kind of funny seeing him behind the wheel of a vehicle; it just wasn't something she had imagined before. Normally she'd have

thought someone like him driving a large SUV was likely compensating for something but, in this case, she knew that wasn't true. Still, he looked out of place behind the wheel, as if driving wasn't entirely comfortable for him.

He had come through with a band-aid solution to their problem. Covering Dan's rent this month bought them some time. He talked like he could do it for a longer term, but could he really afford that? Sarah didn't exactly know what he did but she knew that he barely left the apartment.

Still, the extra cash for rent made their financial situation less dire than it otherwise might have been. Dan coming back to the room with the stack of cash from Lester had been such a relief. If little dates with him were the price to pay, so be it. But she wasn't stupid - she knew what a man usually expected after a date.

Eventually he is going to want more. Despite what Lester said about not having any further expectations of their arrangement, she knew that would eventually change, if it was ever true in the first place. He had explicitly stated his expectation the night before and she had gotten carried away with her dirty talk and agreed to it. Sarah suddenly felt the tension in the car, remembering her lustful urges and her unrestrained responses to Lester's demands.

She noticed her nipples growing uncomfortable against the fabric of her dress. She had been mortified earlier when her nipples had gotten hard as Lester was laying out his proposal to them. She had crossed her arms and covered them, hoping Dan and Lester hadn't noticed.

It was bad enough that she hadn't immediately felt repulsed by Lester's touch as he'd started to massage her shoulders. It hadn't felt terrible -- luckily Dan had intervened on her behalf. Lester was becoming a regular presence in her life - he wasn't her husband, but he was helping. It made sense that she'd warmed to him a little.

Lester pulled into a small parking space on the street in front of an old-looking restaurant. The place must have been here for decades and seemed to embody the charm of a bygone era. As she undid her seat belt, Lester reached for her thigh as if to stroke it. But Sarah got out of the car, not having seen the gesture, much to Lester's dismay as he plodded around attempting to open the door for her.

As they entered the restaurant and were shown to their reserved table, more than one person turned to look in their direction. Sarah pretended not to notice but she felt eyes running over the curves of her body. She felt herself begin to inadvertently heat up at the attention. She'd subtly watched the expression on several men's faces. They'd look at her and their mouths would hang open, their elevator eyes going up and down as they looked over every inch of her. Their eyebrows would furrow in confusion as they finally saw she was with Lester, wondering what she was doing with someone like him.

Normally men were more tactful and would just perform a quick scan, looking away again before their dates realized. This time their eyes lingered. They probably thought that if Sarah was with a man like Lester, then they stood a better chance with a woman like her, too. She smiled unassumingly as they finally made their way to a cozy booth tucked in the back corner of the restaurant.

Do they think I'm a prostitute or maybe that Lester is my sugar daddy?

Admitting it made her feel guilty, but she was enjoying the extra attention she was receiving. The restaurant was dimly lit by candlelight, it had old furniture and extensive woodwork throughout: the kind of character you just didn't find in modern restaurants. Their booth was leather and it was probably the most private and romantic seat in the restaurant. Sarah imagined this place and even the booth where they sat were imbued with a lot of history. As Lester piled into the seat across from her, she realized how close

they were sitting. Their knees brushed against each other. With her legs crossed, her foot rested against Lester's lower leg. Although she thought it was intimate, she decided to leave her foot where it was. They'd regularly been closer than this, after all.

"Good evening." A skinny waiter with a tight mustache was suddenly standing at the edge of their table. "My name is Claude and I'll be serving you this evening."

He handed them two menus each. "Here are the menus for tonight and a wine list. May I ask, are you celebrating anything special tonight?"

Lester looked at Sarah and smiled. His eyes flicked down to her wedding band, "It's our anniversary."

"Oh, that's wonderful," Claude said. "Congratulations."

"Thank you," Sarah said. Claude had been looking at her with a smile so Sarah decided to play along. Her foot rubbed against her date's leg as if to agree with the premise.

"So a night out away from the kids then?" Claude added making a bit of small talk.

"No," Lester replied. "No kids but don't worry, we are practicing quite a bit in that department."

Sarah blushed at the comment and noticed Claude smiling awkwardly, not sure how to respond.

"Wonderful, I'll be back in a few moments to take your drink order." Claude turned to leave but Lester interrupted him.

"How about this bottle of cabernet sauvignon?" Lester said, pointing to the menu.

"Excellent choice, sir," Claude said, "I'll bring a glass for you to taste."

Lester held up his hand. "No need, just bring the bottle."

"Right away, sir." Claude's head bowed slightly and he left the table.

"Anniversary, huh?" Sarah said, eyeing Lester.

He grinned, adding, "Sometimes you get free stuff if you say that. Besides, when we are out on these dates, we can act out whatever story we want. Let's have some fun with it."

"Fun is relative," Sarah told him. "You know the only reason I agreed to this is because of Dan's pay cut right?"

"Sure," Lester agreed, looking at her. "I get that but that doesn't mean you can't enjoy yourself. I do expect you to at least pretend to have a good time, otherwise, I might call this whole thing off."

"Easy," Sarah said. "I didn't say I wouldn't be fun to be around, I just want to set the proper expectation."

"And I expect that when we are out you will play the part," Lester added. "And in this case, tonight the part is that of my very loving wife." Lester had put his hand on her knee, grabbing it for emphasis as he finished speaking.

Before Sarah could respond, Claude returned with a tray full of drinks. He set the bottle of wine and two glasses on the table and then passed a flute of champagne to each of them. "Here, some champagne to celebrate your anniversary. Do you need more time with the menu?" Both of Lester's hands were now in view, on the table.

Sarah and Lester each ordered different pasta dishes. Lester took the liberty of pouring a large amount of wine into Sarah's glass. He

poured some for himself as well but didn't seem to enjoy the taste. Sarah took a large gulp of wine to help relax herself.

"So," Sarah said looking around the room, "what do you like to do for fun, Lester?"

"I mostly play video games on my computer. Sometimes I'll get together with some folks and play cards or other games," Lester said, staring at her, his eyes flicking down to the cleavage her bra was creating.

Sarah rolled her eyes but she had grown accustomed to his leering. Despite his pretending to be a gentleman, he was anything but. "So cards, huh? Like poker or something?"

She watched as Lester took a small sip from his glass. He wasn't really drinking it. It seemed to be more for show than anything else. Another concern off her list - she wouldn't need to worry about him driving afterwards.

"More like Magic the Gathering," Lester said. He was looking around behind her, probably just realizing that they were still being observed by the other patrons.

"I don't think I've heard of that one. It's nice that you have a group of friends that you can play with." Sarah was trying to make some kind of small talk.

"Calling them friends might be going a little far," Lester said, taking a sip of his wine. A disgusted expression spread across his face at the taste. "I play DnD with a group of guys but I wouldn't really say they're my friends."

"What's d and d?" Sarah asked, following the trail of whatever conversational breadcrumbs Lester let fall.

Lester shifted in his seat; she wondered if he had ever talked to a woman about this before. "It's a role-playing game where we each have a character and play their role through an adventure or quest. We sit around a table and take turns rolling dice that impact whether our actions are successful or not. The DM, dungeon master, leads us through the campaign and crafts the story ahead of time for us."

"Sounds like fun...," Sarah said. "Is it just you and a bunch of guys or do you have any women in your group too?"

"Just guys," Lester said, taking another sip of his wine.

"Are women not allowed or something?" Sarah asked.

"No, it's not that, we just don't have any girls in our group. It's pretty rare to find a girl that wants to play and hang out with a group of nerds." Lester said.

"I get that," Sarah responded. "I was just wondering if that's where you met Lizzie."

Sarah had a gift for turning any conversation around and steering it where she wanted it to go. In this case, she wanted to know more about Lester's past flame Lizzie, who looked much too attractive to have ever been with someone like him. She supposed everyone in the restaurant was probably thinking the same thing about Lester and her tonight. She casually rubbed her foot against his leg, subtly persuading him to answer.

Lester wasn't responding to Sarah's question. He took another large sip of wine. She let the silence fill the conversation until Lester responded and was surprised to notice that her wine glass was already empty. Lester noticed too and started to refill it.

"Heh," Lester chuckled. "No, they wouldn't know how to act if Lizzie was there," Lester finally said as he finished filling her glass well beyond a typical restaurant pour.

"So where did you meet her?" Sarah gently pressed.

Lester smiled and looked at it, "She used to be my roommate. After a little while she fell for my charm and couldn't get enough of me."

"Then why did she move out?" Sarah took another sip of her wine.

Claude arrived with their food and set it in front of them. He announced each dish and made some brief pleasantries before departing.

"Her boyfriend made her," Lester said before sloppily digging into his pasta.

Sarah mulled the new information over in her head as she started to carefully spin her fork around her pasta. The buzz from the wine was dulling the edges of her stress. Lizzie had been his roommate and she'd had a boyfriend at the time; this was new information that she wanted to share with Dan. She wondered if Lizzie and her boyfriend had made an arrangement similar to what she and her husband were experiencing. She wondered if that was a cause for concern, but the thought didn't linger.

Sarah took another long sip of her drink as she looked at Lester slurping up his linguine. The way he ate was embarrassing, but Sarah couldn't help but feel a little sorry for him. His unmannerly way was probably due to a lack of social opportunities.

As she set her glass down and shifted back to her food, she noticed that the effects of the wine had taken a firm hold. The subtle buzz she'd felt earlier was a little stronger now. It was probably best that she slowed down and stayed in control tonight.

After several more minutes of silently eating, with no real attempts by Lester to make conversation, she tried for more information. "Lester, what exactly do you do for work?"

"IT," Lester briefly looked up at her but continued to focus on the food in front of him.

Sarah wasn't a technology expert but she knew enough to know that IT was probably a very broad field. "What kind of IT? Like managing servers?"

Lester chewed his food, seeming to think over his answer. Finally, he responded, "More like managing networks, overseeing an exchange and the transactions that happen on it. Making sure it all runs smoothly and people get what they want."

There was something Lester wasn't saying. "What's the name of your company?"

"I'm an independent contractor," Lester said as he devoured another mouthful of pasta,speaking as he chewed. "I have lots of clients. I work for myself."

Before Sarah could ask a follow-up question, Claude reappeared and noted the empty wine bottle. "Would you like anything more to drink?"

"She'll take another glass," Lester said, pointing his fork in Sarah's direction.

"I'm fine, no thank you," Sarah insisted, smiling at the waiter.

The couple sat and ate in silence. Claude came back over and set a wine glass down in between them, clearly siding with Lester's wishes over hers. Lester gestured to it. Normally she would be fine having another, but she was already cautious about her growing buzz. She took a sip of the new glass but had no intention of finishing it.

Sarah looked around the restaurant and noticed several heads turn away, not wanting to get caught looking in their direction. She couldn't help but enjoy the intrigue that was being drawn by their

odd coupling. She thought about her fantasy of letting herself be taken by someone unworthy of her, but in her mind that had always been something done in private. Being on display with Lester in public was having an odd effect she would have to reconcile later. Her right foot was stroking the inside of Lester's calf. She wasn't sure how long she'd been doing that. Telling herself not to be awkward, she let her foot continue to lazily rub against him.

She finally realized she had been looking around the restaurant for longer than intended. As it registered that she had lost track of time, she suspected that the alcohol had her more firmly in its grasp than she had thought.

When she turned back to Lester, she was surprised to find that their plates had already been cleared. Their waiter strolled back up to the table.

"Any dessert for this evening?" he asked, silently appraising them.

"Oh, no," Sarah said. "I couldn't. I'm far too full from that delicious pasta."

"Just the check, then?" He asked, looking at Lester.

"Yep," Lester said, not engaging in the banter.

"I'll be right back with it," Claude said, moving off towards the back of the restaurant.

"If I'm paying for that, you should drink it," Lester said, nodding towards her wine glass.

"I didn't want another glass, you should take it up with the waiter." Sarah stood her ground. She already knew the alcohol was hitting her harder than she'd expected.

Claude returned with the check and placed it in front of Lester. Lester opened it and looked at the total and then shifted his weight to one side to reach into his back pocket and pull out a thick wallet. He pulled out some cash and started leafing through the bills.

"So, your anniversary, that's exciting," Claude said. "Any big plans for the rest of the night?"

"Well," Lester said loudly as he laid down several bills on top of the check. "I think we are heading home where I'm planning to make sweet, sweet love to my wife all night long."

Sarah felt herself blush and noticed several people within earshot discreetly glance in their direction. She was mortified and kept her eyes focused on the table but couldn't keep from smiling at the extremely awkward situation she found herself in. She pressed her foot firmly into Lester's lower leg in response.

Claude coughed awkwardly and collected the cash from the table. "Wonderful. I'll be right back with your change."

"No need," Lester responded, starting to heave himself out of his seat.

"Thank you," Claude said. He looked at Sarah before quickly averting his eyes. "Enjoy the rest of your night."

Lester finished extracting himself from the booth as Sarah swung her smooth legs out and stood up. As they moved through the restaurant, Sarah almost jumped as she felt Lester's hand on her ass. She looked at him, mortified at the public display but he kept his eyes forward with a small grin on his face.

Sarah felt herself blush, knowing that many eyes in the restaurant would be tracking them like they had before. When they saw Lester's hand on her ass, any doubts about them being together would evaporate.

Out in the parking lot, as he opened the car door for Sarah, she again felt his hand on her backside. He had her right cheek firmly in his grasp this time.

"Thank you, Lester," she said and simply waited for him to remove his hand before getting into her seat. They stared at each other for a long moment. Then Lester relented and walked around to the driver's side. She sat calmly and folded her arms in front of her as they made their way back to the apartment.

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Dan filled his tumbler glass with more whiskey. As he headed back to the living room, he found it difficult to walk in a straight line. He sat back down and blinked, his eyes trying to adjust to the computer screen. He knew better than to apply for any of the jobs in front of him in his current state, but he could at least keep looking at them.

This was his third glass of whisky for the night. Or maybe it was his fourth. Either way, it was helping him focus, dulling the stress of his pay cut and the fraught situation with Lester. Lester was out with Sarah. Alone.

Thoughts immediately began to swirl in his head. He scrolled through another job posting without comprehending anything it said. His mind drifted, thinking back to that night when he had been in Minnesota. Sarah had come into his apartment from the cold and Lester was there, pulling her into his bed. Her legs wrapped around his hips, her nails digging into his skin. Lester grabbing the back of her head and pulling her into a sloppy kiss. Pushing inside of her, causing her to moan. To say his name. To scream it.

Dan shut his laptop and took another swig of his drink. The alcohol seemed to be dulling his sense of control, allowing the pull of his fantasy to assert its spell over him.

He knew in his gut that he needed to see them together. It was like a missing puzzle piece; it continued to gnaw away at him. That element of the unknown that he knew had happened.

What were they doing right now? Lester had said dinner, but he really didn't know if he could trust that. He grabbed his phone and texted Sarah, asking for an update. Making sure she was okay. If she took too long to answer, was it because she was having a good time with Lester? Or maybe he'd put her in some other position where she couldn't reach her phone. Lester had claimed that this deal didn't entail anything other than a date. But Lester said a lot of things.

Dan paced around the apartment, sipping his whiskey. The silence of the apartment was deafening. He took another sip and was surprised to find that the glass was already empty.

"Fuck," he said aloud as the pull of his fantasy started to win out in his head.

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Dan heard keys jingling from the hallway and the lock disengaging. He was surprised to find himself standing, waiting with bated breath. He'd given up any notion of pushing out resumes a while ago. Besides, with the amount of alcohol he'd had, any applications he submitted would be riddled with errors.

Sarah entered the apartment first, her eyes immediately landing on his and a wide smile spreading across her face.

"Welcome back," Dan said, favoring the glass of whiskey in his hand. "How was dinner?"

"It was okay," Sarah kicked off her heels as Lester trudged into the apartment behind her and closed the door, "The place was very nice,

my pasta was pretty good, too. We could go there next time you're feeling like Italian."

Sarah closed the distance between them and planted a lingering kiss, a kiss filled with implications, on her husband's lips. Dan smiled and whispered, "Everything good?"

"Nothing I couldn't handle," Sarah replied in a low voice. Dan knew that Sarah could handle a lot and wanted to press for more details.

"What about me?" Lester said from close by. Sarah turned to find Lester standing a foot away. He grabbed her hand and pulled her body into his, "Don't I get a good night kiss after our first date?"

Dan felt his heart begin to race, seeing Sarah in Lester's arms, their bodies pressed together. A whimper of rage tried to take fire in his stomach, but it was doused by his arousal as soon as it took form.

Sarah placed a firm hand on Lester's chest and pushed herself out of his grip. "I believe that is at the discretion of the woman."

You want to see it. Dan was standing there like a deer in the headlights. He was regressing back into his passive mode.

"Come on, you didn't have a good time?" Lester asked in a teasing manner. "I'll remember that for the next one. I'll pick something that will really appeal to you." A smirk was growing on his ugly face.

As Sarah stood her ground, Lester shrugged and headed to his bedroom. His exit lifted the tension in the room.

"Come on, lover boy," Sarah said to Dan. "Let's head to bed. You can help me get out of this dress and onto my back."

"I won't argue with that, ma'am," Dan followed his sexy wife down the hallway, trying to suppress the feeling of disappointment. His mind was betraying him once again.

As Dan shut and locked the bedroom door behind him, Sarah stood in the center of the room waiting for him. "Unzip me," she commanded.

The view of Sarah from behind was amazing. Waiting there in her dress, the top of her bare back exposed to him, the fabric of the form-fitting dress straining against her voluptuous ass. Dan felt himself getting hard as he slowly unzipped the back of her dress, revealing more of her gorgeous tanned skin. Sarah moved her arm around the strap and the dress fell to the floor, leaving his wife clad only in her black bra and thong.

On the other side of the wall, Lester's breath caught in his throat. From his peephole, he watched the dress fall from his date's body exposing a strapless black bra that cupped her magnificent breasts and a lacy thin little black thong. The way it ran up her ass and flared out near the top, made him begin to stroke his cock faster.

He was still wearing his good date clothes but now he didn't care if he soiled them. He had to find a way to interject himself into this situation. If he picked the lock would that be too obvious? They both knew their door sometimes seemed to miraculously lock on its own, but would they buy that it could unlock on its own, too? Did he really care either way what they believed? So long as he got what he'd earned, what he deserved, they could go on thinking the place was haunted for all he cared.

Sarah held Dan's hand and pulled him towards the bed, looking at him with her raw 'fuck me' eyes. He could tell she must have had something to drink at the restaurant.

Sarah pushed Dan down onto the bed; he lay there looking up at his beautiful sexually charged wife as she started to tug on his pants.

"So, everything was okay?" he asked again as Sarah discarded his pants on the floor. "No funny business?"

Sarah smiled wickedly as she straddled him and began working on removing his shirt. Dan leaned up and complied. With his shirt off she began planting slow kisses on his chest, never breaking eye contact. "Would you care if there was?"

"I don't know," Dan said, fighting what felt like a one-sided internal battle. "What happened?"

"Mmmhmm," Sarah said, beginning to kiss his neck, her hands drifting down until they felt his hard cock through his boxers. She wasted little time, snaking her hand under the waistband and wrapping her warm hand around his naked cock. "What do you want to hear? That Lester didn't try anything besides grabbing my ass at one point or that he had me in a private booth near the back of the restaurant and couldn't keep his hands off me?"

Dan's breathing was getting quicker as Sarah spoke. She stroked his cock slowly as she told him what he wanted to hear. She had maneuvered her body so that her pussy was pressing up against the side of his thigh, grinding herself on him as she kept him hard with her hands.

"His hands all over me. The waiter seeing all of it." Sarah closed her eyes and continued to lick and kiss Dan's neck. "His hand going under my dress and touching me, working me up until he put my hand on his cock just like this."

She started changing the tempo of her strokes and she was not as gentle as when she'd begun. Dan thought of her stroking off Lester at a restaurant the same way.

"It all happened so fast," Sarah whispered in his ear. "Before I knew what was happening, I was under the table on my knees, servicing that magnificent cock of his. It's soo big."

Dan grabbed her and flipped her onto her back, pressing his boxer-clad cock against her pussy.

"When the waiter asked what we wanted to order, I had to apologize and tell him I was very full," Sarah said, making an innocent sexy pout that caused Dan to dry hump his wife harder. She gripped the side of his waistband and tried to pull his briefs down, but she wasn't at the right angle.

"I wish I could have been there," Dan moaned dreamily,kissing her lips hungrily. His attention turned to kissing the side of her neck and then he sucked on her earlobe, a move he knew would drive her crazy. Her body responded, her hips thrusting off the bed to meet his thrusts. "To see you behaving so badly."

"I'd love that," Sarah said, staring into his eyes. "I'd love for you to watch me like that. Seeing how turned on you get, knowing you're letting someone else touch your wife. Touch me." They were both looking down at her nearly nude body imagining what she'd just said.

Sarah turned to Dan and whispered, "Lester told the waiter I was his wife, and that tonight was our anniversary." She licked his ear and continued, "Then he made sure everyone heard that..." she paused here for effect, as if she couldn't bear to tell him this next part, "... that he was going to fuck me all night long." She nipped his ear and swirled her tongue against his neck.

Dan didn't fully realize that one side of his mind had won the battle until he heard himself speak, "Why don't we let him? Let's do that right now." His face was now pressed against the side of her face, his suggestion whispered back into her left ear.

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked, feigning ignorance. "What do you want, Dan?" Her 'fuck me' eyes still glowed with desire, but now a light smile played on her lips.

"Lester is still here," Dan was sucking on her neck, trying to work her up. He hadn't realized he was purposely playing with her sensitive spots while he tried to sell her on his half-baked plan. "Why

don't you show me what I missed at the restaurant? Make what everyone expected to happen, happen."

"Ugh, god Dan, that's so bad," she moaned. "He's going to hear us through the walls anyway, why don't you show him what he can't have? Let him hear you take me."

"What if....," Dan's mouth was speaking faster than his brain could comprehend the implications of his suggestions, "what if he can have it, have you? What if he gets you in his bed tonight? What if you played along with what he said?"

Dan was pressing his face into his wife's heaving chest, his lips exploring every inch of her breasts.

"You mean..." Sarah trailed off as Dan's hands began to press against her shapely ass, expertly manipulating her body. "You want Lester to fuck me?"

Dan responded by moving up and kissing her hungrily, pressing his hard dick against her body, desperately mimicking what he wanted to see.

"Last time was a mistake," Sarah breathed, breaking their embrace. "Are you saying you want me to do that again? With him?"

"I can't stop thinking about it," Dan said as he stared into her eyes. "It's like I just need to see it for closure. Knowing it happened, but not really having seen it, it's just driving me crazy."

He planted his hungry lips on her again. Sarah pulled back and stared into his eyes.

"Dan, tell me what you want to happen tonight. We're here together right now in this bed. We haven't been together in weeks. What do you want?" Sarah was incredibly turned on. Her buzz had grown into

inebriation but she felt like this was something she should ask. This was a big step, she needed to get it right.

"I want you," Dan responded. "I really want to have you all to myself but I...I want, I need to see it."

"See what? Tell me." Sarah challenged, knowing where this was going.

"I want to see you with him," Dan whispered. "I want to see you fuck him." He looked at his hands as he said this, not meeting her eyes.

Sarah's hips rose off the bed and started grinding against her husband. "Baby, is this bedroom talk or is this really something you really want me to do tonight."

"Fuck...I don't know..." Dan replied, the seeds of doubt in his mind were being overshadowed by his lust. "I want you to go over there."

Dan slowed down and stared at his wife. Sarah saw that lust-filled expression she could never get enough of. Seeing him look at her like that, she was immediately aware of how wet she was. Dan nodded.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat, knowing full well what he was asking. Dan rolled his weight to the side. Sarah lay there for a moment, trying to run through the different possible outcomes. She slowly sat up and slid her smooth legs off the bed and stood up, giving Dan a perfect close-up view of her ass.

He couldn't imagine a toned ass like that walking over and being presented to and mauled by a creature like Lester. Just the thought of that alone drove him wild.

Sarah turned around and looked at her husband. She shivered again as his intense, lust-filled eyes ran over her body. "Last chance in

case you've had a change of heart."

She took a step toward the door, not breaking eye contact with the father of her children. Dan simply nodded at her. Sarah turned and unlocked the door. With one more look over her shoulder at Dan, she stepped into the hallway and approached Lester's door. She gently knocked.

After a few seconds, Lester cracked the door open. He was still wearing his oversized dress clothes from their date. He looked her up and down, his eyes lingering on her breasts and legs before rising to look her in the eyes. "Did you come for your goodnight kiss?"

"And more," Sarah whispered as she closed her eyes and leaned in to kiss this ogre of a man, pushing the door further open.

Lester pulled back before her lips reached him, "I don't know."

"What?" Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at him confused. She was serving herself up on a platter to him. This wasn't what she expected.

"Does Dan know?" Lester asked. Sarah didn't understand, why would Lester care if Dan knew, she knew how badly he wanted her and he usually didn't give a shit about Dan. The idea of giving herself to someone like that, someone who completely disregarded her husband. *God that's messed up that it turns me on this much.*

"Yes," Sarah said seductively, trying to reestablish their lustful connection, "He's the one who sent me over here."

"I don't know if it's a good idea," Lester said. She could see the tent growing in his dress pants, she knew he wanted this. "Dan is all over the place and inconsistent. He may want this right now, but earlier he was getting ready to fight me. I think he'll have regrets, get angry and then try to hurt me. I don't want that."

"Okay...." Sarah trailed off, not sure how to react or what to do from here, "but he wouldn't do that."

"Maybe, but he has been pretty stressed out lately." Lester paused - Sarah could see he was thinking. "I do have an idea," he went on, trailing a finger over her bicep and licking his lips. "What if you come in here and we lock the door? That way I know he can't come in while I'm busy with other things."

Dan had crept up to the threshold of his door, not wanting to miss anything. He listened to Lester's proposal. The idea of hearing Sarah being taken, being pleasured through the walls, was hot but he wanted to see it. Needed to see it happen.

"No deal," Dan said, poking his head into the hallway. Lester leaned out to look at him, his face so close to that of his wife's. "Why can't we just go back into the living room like before?"

"I don't think so," Lester chided, "I think you'll get buyer's remorse when you see how your wife reacts to having my cock in her. Feeling her grip me and cum on my cock will be too much and you'll lose it and probably attack me. You've never seen her like that."

"I'm not going to....fuck...I'm not going to attack you," Dan said, ignoring the backhanded insult, "What if I stay out here in the hallway and just watch from a crack in the door?"

Am I really negotiating the terms of how Lester fucks my wife? He should jump at the chance to be with her. Dan pinched the bridge of his nose in disbelief, he hadn't expected such resistance.

"Still not good enough," Lester said. "But I have another idea."

He left the doorway for a second and the couple heard him rummaging around his room before stepping back out into the hallway. He brushed past Sarah holding a long screwdriver.

"What are you going to do with that?" Dan eyed the screwdriver suspiciously but held his ground. Lester walked past him into Dan's bedroom which already felt like a violation somehow. Lester ran his hand over their adjoining wall like he was searching for something then raised the screwdriver to the wall and pushed it through the drywall.

"What are you doing?" Dan said, taken aback.

Lester swiveled the screwdriver around to increase the size of the hole. Neither Dan nor Sarah realized that this new hole was just a few feet down from Lester's hidden one. Satisfied with his handy work, Lester stepped back and looked at Dan.

"There! Your own personal peephole." Grinning, Lester handed the screwdriver to Dan, "Now you can watch. Don't worry, we'll get this patched up later. Or, y'know, maybe not."

Before Dan could respond, Lester walked past him back into his bedroom. Sarah followed Dan back to inspect the peephole. Dan closed one eye and leaned down to look into it. Sure enough, there was a view of Lester's bed, it looked much nicer than the one in his room.

Dan stepped back from the wall and Sarah bent forward to peer into the hole. Dan admired how sexy she looked from behind in her underwear. *Am I really going to serve this sexy woman up to Lester?*

Any further doubts were quickly suppressed by his overwhelming desire for this moment.

"What do you think?" Sarah asked as she turned around to look at her husband. Her eyes instinctively glanced down and noticed the hard cock pressing against his boxers.

"It works," he sighed. Dan felt a mixture of emotions. Shame, arousal, disappointment and a sense of achieving something he had

long sought after.

Sarah stepped up to him and kissed him, "Just tell me if it gets to be too much and we'll stop it."

"Okay," Dan said looking into her eyes. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Sarah replied with a smile. As she walked out of the bedroom she gave Dan a reassuring look over her shoulder before disappearing from sight.

Dan crossed the room to the wall and looked through the hole. Lester was standing in his room already naked. He looked like a squat, hairy troll with pasty white skin. Lester's door opened and he knew Sarah was in there.

"Lock the door and come here," Lester said. Dan heard the door shut and then Sarah emerged into his field of view. Seeing them both together framed by this peephole seemed wrong. Her tight, toned sexy body contrasted against Lester's, his body the opposite of hers in almost every way.

Lester licked his lips and grabbed her hand, leading her to pose right in front of the peephole. Sarah looked up at the hole in Lester's wall; she couldn't make out Dan but she could see shifting light coming through it.

Dan was relieved that Lester had positioned her this way, like he was assisting in fulfilling the fantasy. But to Lester, this was purely a power play, he wanted to make sure his roommate understood in detail how much better he fucked his wife. Sarah faced the wall and Lester began to plant gentle kisses on her shoulders.

Sarah's skin started to tingle as Lester's lips brushed her skin. His hands started to gently caress her arms before they dropped to the sides of her thighs. She felt him gently grab onto her hips as his

naked cock pressed against her perfect bubble butt. The veined skin of his cock rubbed firmly against the naked skin of her ass cheeks.

His flabby chest pressed against her back as one of his arms reached around her to begin massaging her breasts. Sarah pushed her hips back, grinding herself against Lester's cock. She eyed the peephole, wanting Dan to know this was all for him. She just wished she could watch his reaction, see the look of lust painted onto his face.

Her gaze on the peephole was broken as Lester turned her head towards him, his lips pressed against hers. She closed her eyes and returned the kiss, sucking on his lips, his tongue invading her mouth.

She unconsciously moaned around his tongue, she had forgotten how large it was as it danced with hers. The urgency of their sloppy kisses increased as Lester started to push himself faster into her backside.

Dan watched as Lester tore his wife's attention away from him, monopolizing her to himself. He felt his cock pressing against the drywall and couldn't hold back any longer. He dropped his boxers and started to stroke himself, already fully hard.

Lester broke off the kiss, leaving Sarah momentarily disoriented and breathless. With a sinister smile, he looked at the peephole and reached back down and ran his hand across Sarah's chest until it found the clasp of her bra. With an expert flick of his fingers, he undid the clasp and let the strapless bra fall to the floor.

Dan watched Sarah's bra fall off in slow motion, freeing her heaving breasts, displaying them for him. He watched his own wife through the peephole like some kind of perverted voyeur. He continued to stroke his dick, breathing quickly. He felt his mind slipping back to the familiar comforts of watching. Part of him yearned to take action and do something but his eyes were transfixed upon the toxic scene unfolding before him.

Lester's grubby hands started to grab at Sarah's breasts, roughly fondling them. Sarah's eyes were closed in pleasure, feeling the sensation of her sensitive breasts being manhandled and Lester's throbbing cock probing against her toned backside. Then she remembered she was being watched and she felt a new surge of wetness between her legs. She slowly opened her eyes and looked at the hole in the wall, staring at it, imagining Dan's face. She bit her lip suggestively, putting on a deliberate show for her husband.

She rubbed her thighs together and pushed back further against Lester's cock, feeling it against the bottom of her ass cheeks. Being locked in a room with another man while her husband watched, she hadn't realized what effect this would have on her. It was so depraved, so wicked and with someone like Lester, no less. The combination ignited something in her. She reached behind her and pulled Lester into a deep kiss, moaning her desire into his mouth.

Grabbing her breasts, Lester slowly pulled Sarah over to his bed. He sat on the edge and pulled her down onto his lap, his cock now jutting out between her thighs, firmly against her soaked thong-covered pussy.

Dan watched as Sarah closed her eyes and blindly lowered her hands and began to run them up and down Lester's shaft. She played with the head of his cock and pulled it against herself as if she were stimulating her clit. For Dan, there was a surreal aspect to the scene, his bride with a gigantic cock poking out from between her legs.

"Uhhh," a moan escaped Sarah's lips. This wasn't lost on Lester, who continued to use his fingers to tease her nipples while his tongue and lips were all over her shoulders. He sucked and lapped at the nape of her neck, knowing it turned her on, using what he'd learned from their times together.

Sarah sat on Lester's lap, stroking his cock against herself for several minutes. It was such a tease and she knew from that angle that Dan would get an amazing show. Lester's cock twitched as she rubbed herself against it and she watched it swell in size. Disengaging from her husband's roommate, she stood up and, before she could move, she immediately felt Lester's tongue on her ass cheek. She stepped forward, pulling away and then turning to face him, her eyes immediately dropping to his crotch.

"You want to suck it, don't you?" Lester was waggling his giant cock at her, an ugly grin on his face.

Sarah nodded and began to kneel, her mouth opening. If she tilted her head forward at this moment, she would begin to drool.

"Wait, wait. Before you suck it, tell me why you want my cock in your mouth. Why shouldn't I just shove it in your pussy?" Lester gripped his cock tightly, making the head bulge and fill with blood, taking on a dark purple hue.

Sarah seemed nearly put off by the question, but she'd played this game before. Her lips soon curled into a smile and her eyes sparkled as she spoke. Loudly enough for Dan to hear, she said, "Darling, it's our anniversary. Don't you want your special treatment?"

Lester was almost surprised at her callback to his role play in the restaurant. "Hah!" he barked. He adjusted his grip on himself and pointed his shaft towards the smitten woman. "Go on, then! Get to work, wifey!" Sarah made a sharp cry of pure pleasure as she engulfed his head.

"MMMMmmmm," she murmured, beginning as she had become accustomed, by swirling her tongue around his head before measuring his shaft in deep kisses. She was still awed by the size of it, and mid shaft she had to stop, wondering if she was going to cum solely from the sensation of his cock on her tongue. Lester's scent was sending her into a state of ravenous lust. She steadied herself

and continued her kissing ritual. When she got to his balls, she slowly and deliberately licked between them as far back as she could.

At the peephole, Dan eyed the scene in arousal and disbelief. He'd witnessed his wife suck his roommate's cock several times now, to his chagrin, but this seemed so much more intimate. Lester's legs were spread wide now and it almost seemed like his wife was tonguing him under his balls. The thought made Dan shudder in disgust but his hardness was unaffected. He could hear his wife whimpering with enjoyment as this trash person presented his musty crotch to her pristine face. It was almost too much.

Meanwhile, Sarah was lost in ecstasy, her tongue swabbed Lester's taint and his balls rested on her face. She took a deep breath of his musk and gasped in surprise as she felt an unaided orgasm gather and explode. Quaking, she pulled back and sucked Lester's meaty cockhead into her mouth, the squealing noises she made signaled her cumming to both men. She knew they could both see that she'd just had an orgasm from fellating Lester. She hoped it was hot for her husband.

Sarah slowly dragged her tongue up the length of Lester's shaft, staring into his beady eyes the entire time. *God, this is depraved.*

As she reached the head of his cock, she swirled her tongue around it and then swabbed it over his slit, tasting the salty precum that had begun leaking. She involuntarily moaned at the taste.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah's mouth began to draw Lester's cock inside her warm wet oral cavity. She held the base firmly as her lips stretched to accommodate Lester's appendage.

"That's right, wifey," Lester smirked. "Take it. Show Dan what a slut you've become for my cock."

Sarah felt a wall of inhibition fall within her. Had she really become a slut for Lester? For his cock? She felt how wet she was between her legs and thought back to everyone at the restaurant seeing them together. They'd all assume she was with him for his money, but how many of them would guess it was actually because of his cock and his skills in the bedroom?

Sarah lowered her head, taking more of Lester's cock into her mouth. She released her grip slightly on his cock and started stroking his shaft.

"Ughhh, yeah," Lester moaned. "I love watching your pretty face there with my cock in your mouth. I think about this every single time you have a smart comment to make me. Just shutting you up and shoving it in."

Sarah's eyes flicked up and looked at the troll in front of her. The angle was not flattering for Lester. His gut was pushing out towards her sitting on his thighs, his fat chest resting on his stomach. His double chins bulged out like coils of sausage as he looked down at her. She couldn't help but think of the difference between them and what Dan must be seeing through the peephole.

Sarah pulled her mouth from his cock and said, "Mmmm, then why don't you? When I talk back to you, why don't you just push me onto my knees and do what you want?"

Because I'm patient. Lester thought. *There is a bigger game at play and you don't even know you are playing it.*

"I will next time. Don't you forget it," Lester moaned as he grabbed the back of Sarah's head and shoved his cock back into her mouth. She eagerly obliged and kept furiously stroking his cock, "I'll shove my cock into your mouth just like this before I fuck your brains out and make you call me daddy."

Dan watched his beautiful wife's tight body kneeling before Lester's oddly proportioned one. The image of a frog sitting on its ass crossed into his head. That is exactly what he looks like, but with hair.

Seeing his wife lick Lester and the parts below his balls made him shudder but he felt his cock as hard as a piece of iron.

"Admit it," Lester groaned as Sarah rapidly sucked and stroked his cock. She was now using both hands in alternating motions, "You're becoming a slut for my cock. Don't deny it. Last night I fucked the shit out of your face and you loved every second of it."

Sarah thought back to the previous night and how Lester had mercilessly fucked her mouth in front of Dan. The way Lester took charge and just demanded that of her, and she went along with it. She'd never have imagined in a million years that something like that would ever happen, let alone that the memory of it would turn her on.

Sarah took her mouth off Lester's cock and looked over her shoulder at the peephole where she presumed her husband was. "Is that true, Dan? Do you think I've become a slut for Lester's cock?"

Suddenly she felt Lester's hands on the back of her head, in her hair. Thinking Lester was going to set the tempo, she readied to redouble her efforts to suck him off, and to have a second miraculous orgasm. She was confused as she felt his hands gripping her hair, holding her head away from his cock. He shifted his position and his hands were under her armpits, pulling her out of her kneeling position.

Lester awkwardly shuffled to the side as he dragged Sarah fully onto the bed, situated so that the peephole was opposite them on the wall facing the foot of the bed. He had her on her back as he kneeled by her legs. Lester glanced at the peephole behind him and smiled. Sarah followed his gaze and knew what was coming next.

Lester slowly and deliberately started to peel off her thong, her last piece of resistance. He pulled it down her tight thighs, across her toned calves and over her manicured feet, until it was fully off. He raised it to his nose and took a long sniff before tossing it in Dan's general direction behind him.

"Now it's time for your special treatment." He turned and winked at the peephole. "Happy anniversary, baby." Lester said, lowering his head towards Sarah's soaking pussy.

Sarah opened her legs without question, allowing the ugly man closer to her prized sex. When his lips made contact, she squealed. Lester started to use his tongue expertly and began teasing her clit, drawing circles around it.

Dan watched as Sarah's legs began to tremble and jerk, involuntary reactions to Lester's lewd touch. Her bare chest was rising and falling quickly, her hands gripped the sheets as Lester started to work her over. Her eyes were shut and she was faced away from him. Dan heard the smacking sucking sounds of Lester's oral ministrations.

Lester started to suck on Sarah's sensitive clit as two of his fingers snaked their way into her wet opening. As she felt Lester's digits enter her, she reached down and grabbed the back of his head, pulling him closer. He intensified his sucking on her clit, causing her to tighten her thighs around his head. "Oh, oh God. Ffuuh..."

Lester's fingers continued to piston in and out of the innocent wife. He made sure to graze his fingers over the ridges inside that formed her g-spot. He put pressure on it with each lash of his tongue. He could feel Sarah's pussy gripping his fingers as he probed it. He smiled internally at how soaked she was.

As he sucked down hard on her clit and rolled his fingers around inside of her, he felt the telltale signs of a woman about to cum. Her

hips spasmed forward and he stayed with her, his mouth never leaving her sex.

"Mhmmm, fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling her orgasm quickly rise out of nowhere. "Right there...right there."

"Don't stop," Sarah hissed, lost to the world. All she could concentrate on was the feeling between her legs, "Right there, Lester, mmmh god, don't fucking stop. Don't stop. Ughh. fuck. Fuck. Fuck!"

Sarah came, and Lester felt her floodgates open around his fingers. He quickly withdrew them and stuck his tongue inside of her, licking and sucking whatever it could find.

"Mhhhhmmmm, fuck," Sarah sighed, coming down from her first orgasm. She knew it wouldn't be the last. It never was with Lester. His tongue felt amazing in her, she knew that with it he'd be able to coax another powerful orgasm out of her.

Dan watched as Lester withdrew his tongue and looked up at his wife. They held each other's gaze as Lester began to slowly crawl forward over her body, his cock pointing directly at his wife's vagina.

"Condom," Sarah said through her lust-filled haze. Lester knew by the look on her face that she'd let him slide into her bare if he ignored her. He'd been at this point before with many women. This situation was different and evolving and included variables he was still learning about, namely the man at the peephole. So he'd do what she asked, for now.

Lester quickly rolled off the bed and opened his drawer. He debated for a second but grabbed a condom from the unmarked box. He ripped open the package and slid it onto his impressive girth and then looked up at the peephole with a shit-eating grin on his face.

Alarm bells were ringing in Dan's head as he watched Lester get back onto the bed. He stood there immobilized as he watched Lester move between his wife's legs. Sarah's eyes were transfixed on Lester's cock inches away from her pussy. He had imagined she would look at him, look at the peephole during this moment, but she never looked up. Her mouth was slightly open and her eyes stayed with the massive organ poised to enter her.

She was lustfully focused on what was right in front of her. Dan felt a fire in his stomach, the resistance to his lust flaring up. His rational mind was trying to come back, screaming at him to intervene and stop this before it was too late. As his mind fought through the arousal and lust, Dan opened his mouth to object and say something to stop what was happening on the other side of the wall.

Before the words left his lips, Lester dropped his hips and pushed his cock into Dan's wife. Dan choked on his words as he watched Sarah's beautiful face contort in pleasure as another man's cock entered her. Her body stiffened and then relaxed as Lester grunted and pushed himself further in.

Her legs wrapped tightly around Lester's flabby ass, her nails still clutching the bed sheets. Dan's arousal rose back up and he stared, watching as Sarah's body responded to his vile roommate.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's shoulder. "Fuck."

For someone so large and out of shape, Dan was seriously taken aback by the upper body strength and stamina Lester was demonstrating as he continued to slide his cock in and out of Sarah's wet pussy.

"Give it to me, Sarah," Lester growled, "I know you're close. Cum on my cock. Cum for me. Let Dan see what it's like to watch you explode on my cock."

Hearing her husband's name snapped Sarah back to reality. She had momentarily forgotten about Dan. Knowing that he was watching, listening, seeing her get fucked...it was too much for her to bear. She felt another orgasm thunder across her body.

"Oh FUCK! Don't fucking stop, Lester," Sarah cried out as her nerve endings felt like they were on fire. A shimmering orgasm rippled across her body, causing her toes to curl and a mask of pure pleasure to spread across her face. "Oh God."

She opened her eyes and looked at the peephole. She seductively blew Dan a kiss before Lester started thrusting into her more quickly, causing her kissing lips to change back into a big 'o-face'.

Dan watched Sarah cum, hard. Watched the mother of his children cum screaming on another man's cock. Dan let go of his own dick, afraid it would start spraying all over the wall. Just thinking about what he was watching was causing his cock to twitch as if it was about to burst.

Lester slowed his pace and grabbed Sarah's face in his hand. He turned her towards him and kissed her. She immediately opened her mouth and let his large tongue snake its way back in, invading her mouth. She felt his wet tongue press against hers, and she pushed back on it, sliding across it, exchanging saliva with this beast of a man. Sucking his tongue and opening herself to him further, his cock driving her lust.

Dan watched the obscenity happening in the other room. Lester was making out with his wife and she was eagerly responding to it. His thrusts had slowed, taking on a more deliberate pace, showing her his level of control. Dan had never been more turned on in his life. His emotions were a mess but lust was in the driver's seat. He had been waiting over a week to see this, ever since it had accidentally happened last time. If he was being honest with himself, he had been waiting years to see this. To see Sarah with someone else.

Something unlocked in Dan's brain and he wondered if they'd ever be able to go back.

Lester's hand snaked behind Sarah's neck, the other on her hip. He rolled himself over onto his back, pulling her with him. Lester lay on his back with Sarah now straddling his cock. Dan had the perfect view of Sarah, she was facing the wall. If she looked up they'd be able to make eye contact. But she didn't.

She stared lustfully down at the creature below her. She rolled her hips and started to fuck herself on Lester's cock, "Mmmuuummm, oh god." Her hands pushed her hair back from her face so Dan could at least make out her contorted expression.

Sarah moaned and pushed down on Lester's chest with her hands. The bastard put his hands behind his head and just stared up at her. He watched her tits sway as she fucked him, her breathing growing more rapid. She looked down at him with contempt and lust.

"Go on, keep fucking me' Sarah," Lester growled.

"Ugh, I will," Sarah said breathlessly, "Fuck that feels so good."

Lester's cock was pressing up against a very sensitive spot. She wondered how this position would feel without the condom.

"I would love to see the faces of those people in the restaurant now, seeing someone like me fucking your brains out," Lester grunted.

Sarah gritted her teeth, forcing out the words. "I'm sure they imagined it. Wondering what I was doing with someone like you. Wondering whether or not I'd actually debase myself and fuck someone like you."

"Maybe on our next date, I'll bend you over the table and fuck you right there in the restaurant so they don't have to imagine it." Lester emphasized the sentence with another powerful thrust into her.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt his cock reach untouched parts inside of her. Thinking of being fucked in front of a room full of people, everyone watching her and seeing her in the throes of pleasure with a man below her station. She found that incredibly hot.

"Tell Dan how much you're enjoying this," Lester said.

She'd been so lost in the feeling between her legs that she had forgotten her husband again. Her eyes snapped up to the peephole.

"Uh, shut up, Lester, and just let me get another one," Sarah said through gritted teeth. They were both slick with sweat now.

"Tell him. Scream it. Tell the whole apartment building how good my cock makes you feel."

The idea of not just Dan but others hearing her and the pressure of Lester's cock stretching her out caused her to have a mini-orgasm, "Ohmmmmm." She was quivering, knowing the next one would be huge.

"You love it," Lester said with a shit-eating grin as he looked up at her. "Tell them."

Sarah's eyes held a mixture of lust and hatred looking down at him. "You bastard."

Lester raised his hips off the bed, pushing into her.

"Mhmmm, oh fuck," Sarah groaned at the sudden thrust.

Dan watched as Sarah's hips started raising and falling faster and faster. He was about to watch Sarah cum again. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fist on the wall. He was breathing hard from lust but also seething with desire. He wanted to take Sarah back into his room and reclaim her, erase whatever it was Lester was doing to her.

"So good," Sarah moaned. Biting her lip, she looked lustfully up at the peephole, "Give it to me, don't stop, mmmm, don't stop."

Sarah started to massage her breasts with her hands while staring directly at Dan's peephole. She was putting on a show for him. "Mhmm just like that."

Dan watched as Sarah stared at him, talking right to him. He started to stroke faster, his desire for his wife and lust for the situation mixing together like a combustible element.

"Lester, don't stop fucking me. Don't stop fucking your roommate's wife, you sick bastard," Sarah looked at the peephole and she ground her hips against Lester's thrusting cock.

The idea of being watched by her husband on the other side of the wall was pouring fuel on the fire of her lust as Lester's big cock stretched her insides. She pushed herself back down on his mammoth tool, feeling every inch of it slide across the sensitive nerves of her drenched pussy. His cockhead was deep inside her married pussy. It nudged against the area only Lester had been able to reach.

Lester grunted, holding her hips and pushing up into the beautiful wife. He knew he would get her again. Watching her ride him and be in control was mesmerizing. She was becoming completely broken by his cock.

The hairs on Sarah's neck began to stand on end. She could feel another orgasm slowly start building. Her pussy felt like it was on fire and the heat was radiating out from her body, the pressure behind the dam starting to build, waiting to explode out.

Sarah stared back up at the peephole. "Oh fuck. I'm going to cum. Dan, I'm going to cum soon. Keep stroking, baby, don't stop. Don't stop."

That was too much for Dan to handle. He needed to have her, to have Sarah back so we could fuck her. He pounded on the wall, "Sarah! Come back here!"

"Ohhh, fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's cock press against her g-spot. "Lester slow down, stop. Fuck, I'm, I'm going back to Dan, uhhhh."

Sarah tried to raise her hips off of the monster member embedded in her pussy but Lester held her still, he started to increase the tempo of his thrusts.

Sarah stared helplessly at the peephole as she began to feel the dam inside of her about to burst. "Mmhmmmm, Dan, keep going, baby."

Dan pounded his fist against the wall again, yelling, "Sarah!"

Lester saw the sweat glistening on Sarah's chest, he held her hips firmly as he fucked his cock into her waiting pussy. She might be trying to disengage with the rest of her body, but the muscles of her pussy were firmly gripping his cock. He watched her face as she stared at the wall, trying in vain to include her husband in the festivities.

Lester gambled and let go of her hips. Sarah stayed connected, her pussy gripping his cock like a vise. Leser grabbed the back of Sarah's head as he continued to thrust into her. He pulled her face down slightly, breaking her gaze from the wall.

Sarah looked down into the beady eyes of her husband's roommate. She had been imagining the lust-filled gaze of Dan on the other side of the wall but was now staring directly into the dangerous greedy look plastered on Lester's face.

"Uh, uh, oh," It was too much, the walls inside of Sarah came crashing down as she stared into Lester's eyes. Sarah felt a tsunami

sweep across her body turning every nerve on. She felt the pressure and heat from Lester's cock begin to wash over every inch of her.

As her orgasm overloaded her brain, she felt Lester thrust in urgency and grunt. Then she felt it as Lester came. She pried open her eyes and looked down as pure pleasure mixed with the ugly features of Lester's face. The sight was intoxicating.

Sarah felt another, bigger wave of an orgasm overtake her, dwarfing the previous one as she watched and felt her unlikely lover begin to come. She wailed on top of the brute, not caring who heard that he'd conquered her again, even better than before.

Watching Sarah cum on Lester's cock was too much, Dan was barely holding his cock but it started to explode, cum streaking out and blasting the drywall in front of him.

"Holy shit," he muttered as he watched Sarah and Lester cum together. His tanned and toned wife straddling a large, pasty white hair-covered body. He'd never seen anything like it but knew that he had finally witnessed what he had been yearning for.

As Sarah began to come down from the mind-shattering orgasm, she was ready to begin riding Lester's cock again to milk out any last bits of pleasure she could get.

"Sarah," she heard from the wall in front of her. Dan was calling to her, as he had called to her just before she came. Her mind clicked back into place.

"Ohhh," she moaned as she heaved herself off of Lester's cock and rolled over onto the bed. Lester lay there in bliss, watching her smooth skin against his sheets as she shuffled off the bed and towards the door.

Sarah unlocked Lester's door and quickly rounded the corner until she was back in Dan's bedroom. She stopped, taking in a new sight

for the first time in her life. Dan was naked, his cock in his hand, breathing hard and fast. Cum stained the wall next to him, directly under the peephole.

Sarah pushed the door closed and locked it. She crossed the distance and was in Dan's arms, his lips on hers, their tongues dancing. Their bodies expressing their urgent need for one another, to feel each other.

She pulled him down onto the bed and he quickly took his place between her legs, pushing his bare cock into her.

"Oh, fuck," he muttered, feeling her warmth envelop him. "God, you were so fucking sexy."

"Fuck me, Dan," Sarah moaned. "Fuck."

The couple kissed hard and fucked furiously for several minutes, both feeling the build-up of their impending release.

"Dan, don't stop, I'm going to cum," Sarah moaned into his ear.

"Fuck. I'm going to cum too, Sarah," Dan groaned, bucking his hips with urgency as Sarah's pussy started to milk his cock. He thought he could smell a hint of his roommate's mustiness mixed in with his wife's sweat. The reminder of what had just occurred not ten feet away lurched his hips into a higher tempo.

With Dan's head buried next to hers, Sarah opened her eyes and they immediately focused on the peephole. Was Lester now watching them?

As she stared at it, she felt Dan begin to cum. His hot cum spurting and shooting inside of her. Sarah's body milked his cock as another orgasm hit her body, causing her toes to curl and her nails to dig into Dan's biceps. She closed her eyes briefly but opened them again, staring at the peephole as she felt pleasure washing over her.

She waited to feel the intoxication that had come with her previous orgasm.

Dan rolled off her panting, finally having reclaimed his wife, fucking her for the first time in what felt like forever.

Sarah was breathing hard as well. But she couldn't stop focusing on the hole in the wall.

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The drive home from Chicago was fairly uneventful. The drive seemed to be going by faster and faster in her mind, even though the distance remained the same. Despite what she had initially thought, she had enjoyed the dinner with Lester. Maybe not so much for the company but the food and wine had hit the spot. She found his social awkwardness in that setting amusing, she could tell he was out of his element. It was almost like watching an inexperienced man on his first date, though Sarah was careful to not think too far in that direction. Lester was anything but inexperienced and while the situation may not have suited him, she knew how experienced he truly was.

She had been surprised that Dan had pushed her toward Lester again. Perhaps she shouldn't have been. All this time apart, his mind must have been running circles around what happened the previous week. Work was stressful and this was likely an outlet for that. Still, they were playing with fire.

Sarah loved that Dan had interrupted and 'taken her back.' Having him take such an active role and reclaiming her gave her goosebumps just thinking about it. She had unintentionally fallen into the role of having two completely polar opposite men competing for her attention. She knew she would choose Dan, every single time. But she couldn't help but enjoy how the threat of Lester's presence could enable her to work Dan up so much.

She tried not to think too much about Lester as she drove. She didn't find him visually attractive and felt his personality was rather grating. She didn't want to admit that there was something about him that she found alluring. Sure he was well equipped and knew quite well how to perform in the bedroom but it was something else. Something more basic that she couldn't quite put her finger on.

Yes, he checked the boxes on her fantasy of giving in to someone lesser than herself. Perhaps it was the fact that he was also someone Dan considered to be lesser but was 'winning' her in some of these encounters.

She shook her head and tried to refocus as she pulled onto her parents' street. After a brief exchange, she had loaded up her daughters and was heading home. Events of the weekend disappeared as she slipped back into mom mode, hearing all about the activities her girls had enjoyed with their grandparents.

At home, she easily fell back into the solo parenting routine of dinner, giving the kids attention and eventually putting them to bed. It didn't take long for her eyes to close as well, given how active she had been over the past few days.

The next morning was a blur of another well-practiced routine. Getting the girls ready and out the door to school before Sarah herself drove to the hospital to start her shift. When she arrived at the hospital, she quickly dropped off her things in her office and began checking in with staff on various floors, getting updates on anything critical she needed to know about.

As she left the nurses station in the maternity ward, she felt her cell phone vibrate in her pocket. She continued walking down the hallway as she grabbed and unlocked her phone.

There was one new text message.

Sarah stopped in her tracks, staring at the screen. Staring back at her was a picture of a large, almost angry-looking cock, fully erect, a sheen of moisture evident at its tip. She recognized it immediately. It was Lester's. Her eyes flicked back up to the previous message, it had been about confirming the time to come view the apartment way back when they had been searching for a place for Dan to stay.

Someone called Sarah's name from down the hallway. Her eyes were still transfixed on the screen in front of her. Sarah felt her cheeks getting warm, her breath was caught in her throat. She thought back to the last time she saw this cock, Saturday night, after the restaurant, in Lester's room.

As she stood there enraptured, her phone vibrated as another image popped up. After taking a second to render, she saw the same beastly cock as was in the first image, but this time it was adorned with a thong. It was the one Lester had removed from her Saturday night

That's part of my La Perla set. Dan bought it for my birthday last year.

In the image on her phone it was wrapped tightly around Lester's bulging cock, a full bead of precum having been pushed out its top. When she touched the image it went to live view becoming a looping short film. The massive cock twitched and throbbed as the thong tightened. The precum bead appeared and disappeared.

The voice from down the hall called for Sarah again, her brain barely registering it.

"I'm....coming....," Sarah whispered in response, absentmindedly biting her lip, "I'm coming...." Saliva flooded the distracted wife's mouth.

Sarah finally broke the trance and shoved the phone into her pocket before anyone noticed what she was looking at. She swallowed

before she spoke.

"I'm coming!" She said louder, waving apologetically to the man down the hall trying to get her attention.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 11

Dan groaned as he rolled over and reached for his phone from the nightstand. Blinking his eyes, he tried to focus on the time displayed on the screen. He felt Sarah's warmth as she stirred next to him. Looking up at the familiar ceiling above him, Dan smiled. It felt good to be back in his bed in Middleton again.

"Remind me to thank your parents for taking the girls last night," He groaned as he closed his eyes and settled back down into the bed, "I want to sleep all day."

"Hmmmmm," Sarah purred as she rolled towards him, laying her hand on his chest, "It was nice just having the house to ourselves last night. I really enjoyed it."

Dan smirked knowingly, "So did I. It was amazing."

"It was," Sarah nestled into the crook of Dan's arm. "I'm glad you could come home."

"Me too," Dan said. Work hadn't been the same since his company announced the pay cuts.

Morale across the board was at an all-time low. Several colleagues had promptly left the company while some were quietly let go. Dan felt secure in his position but didn't take anything for granted anymore.

After a couple of weeks of the stressful and demoralizing work environment, Dan told his boss, Walt, he was taking a week off to go back home. Walt didn't give him a hard time about it, and he'd just nodded and turned back to his computer screen. He seemed to be in damage control mode lately.

Dan had spent the week at home settling back into his old routine with the kids, helping Sarah run the household and trying to work on projects that needed doing around the house. Sarah couldn't take the whole week off like Dan; on the days without her, he'd spent his time searching for new jobs.

He was beginning to see just how dire the job market was. Depression was starting to creep into his thoughts due to the lack of follow-up from the companies he was applying to. He tried to press ahead and not let hopelessness sap his motivation.

Dan rolled over towards his wife and smelled her hair. Sandalwood and strawberries.

"I wish you didn't have to go to work today. We could stay in bed all day together." Dan sighed.

"Mhmmm, that sounds great. I wish I could, too, but the extra hours will help us."

DING

Sarah's phone chimed from her side of the bed. She reluctantly disengaged from her husband and rolled over to check it.

"Ugh," Sarah said as she put the phone back down and took her place once more against Dan.

"Work?" Dan asked.

Several seconds of silence elapsed before Sarah finally answered, exhaling, "No, it was Lester."

Dan felt the blood immediately begin to flow towards his dick. They'd gone the entire week without mentioning Dan's roommate once. He tried to keep his cool, and he didn't want Sarah to see him get too excited nor let on how fast he'd been affected.

“I didn’t realize you guys were on a texting basis,” Dan said musingly, testing the waters.

“We aren’t,” Sarah said, “I mean, he texts me, but I don’t respond to him.”

“What does he want?” Dan wasn’t thrilled that his roommate was going behind his back and contacting Sarah, but it wouldn’t be the first time Lester did something for his own gain.

“Well, he hasn’t said anything, but I think I know what he is getting at,” Sarah’s eyes were closed as she spoke.

“What do you mean he hasn’t said anything? That doesn’t make sense.” Dan asked.

“He just sends pictures,” Sarah answered.

“Pictures of what?” Dan paused, “Oh. Really? That’s kind of gross. Just unsolicited dick pics?

And you don’t respond to them?”

“No. I haven’t messaged him back, but every now and then, he just sends another. He has even sent them while I’m in the middle of my work day. I open my phone, and a new dick pic comes in. I’d be mortified if someone saw them.” Sarah laughed.

“Why don’t you just tell him to stop? Why am I just hearing about this now?” Dan was not fully awake and turned to inspect his loving wife lying besidehim.

Sarah looked up at him with gorgeous emerald eyes, “I’m afraid that if I start texting back, it’ll send him some kind of signal. It’s one thing to have things happen in the apartment, but this is starting to creep into other areas of our lives. And I didn’t want to add to your stress, so I thought that if I just ignored them, he would eventually

stop on his own. That's probably a naive attitude given what happened last time in Chicago but that's what I was hoping for."

Memories of the last night in Chicago crept into his mind, watching his wife and Lester together from the other side of the peephole, watching Lester experience his wife. Sarah's eyes losing focus as she screamed in ecstasy.

"Maybe you should send him a picture back…." Dan said playfully.

Sarah leaned up on one elbow and looked at her husband, "Do you really think that's a good idea? I feel like it would only make Lester more bold. Besides, we need to figure out what we're doing here. When I drive back up with you to Chicago tomorrow, Lester will probably be expecting another of his dates. I don't want him to think it's just open season, and he can get away with whatever he wants."

"Yeah,' Dan agreed, "You're probably right. That's smart."

Sarah eyed Dan suspiciously, "If I did send him a message back, what do you think I should send."

"Hmmmmm," Dan contemplated for a moment before answering. "I guess that depends on what we're going for. You could continue to ignore him. You could message him and play it oblivious to the pictures he sent you. Or if you wanted to mess with him, you could send him a sexy picture."

"A sexy picture, hmm?" Sarah leaned in and whispered, "And just what would I be doing in this sexy picture? Showing myself off to your roommate?"

"Ah," Dan said, putting up his hands defensively, "That, I haven't thought far enough ahead on.

Besides, you usually seem to be the creative one when it comes to the sexy pictures that drive me wild. I'm sure you could come up

with something."

Sarah's playful expression turned serious, "That's true. But again, what message are we hoping to send to him? What do we want here, Dan? What do you want? When I come back with you, do we tell him we are pausing things, and these dates are going to be strictly platonic? If not, what do we do? What are the ground rules, you know?"

Dan's heart was beating out of his chest. He knew how his mind wanted him to answer, but his devious instincts easily betrayed it. He remembered how his mind would often drift, paralyzing him to the point of inaction to see the events between Sarah and Lester play out. An image of the back of Lester's head shaking as he enthusiastically consumed Sarah's pussy flashed quickly in his mind.

"I don't know," Dan lied. They'd talked about this in the past, but things had changed. He felt like they were moving fast, and he hated admitting what he wanted, "I haven't thought too much about it."

"Really?" Sarah challenged, "You saw me and Lester together last time, and you haven't thought about it once? I'm not buying it, Mister." She caressed her husband's bicep, enjoying the feel of his skin.

"Listen, I'm not here to judge or give you a hard time. You know I am in this with you. I would be lying if I said I'm not at least partially enjoying this playful adventure we are on. I know you'll always be there to catch me. I just need us to get on the same page so I know where we are heading and, more importantly, where we aren't heading."

"Okay," Dan responded, "That's…that's good. Yeah, we should be on the same page. So, I guess, let's see. So, with the dates. I think, yes, for now, they are probably okay to keep going on, at least until we figure out our financial situation. What do you think?"

"Agreed," Sarah said smiling, "The dates are the easy part. I can handle those, and I can handle whatever Lester throws at me. What about the other stuff? Like what happened last time?"

"I think we deal with that on a case-by-case basis," Dan said, "When you get back to the apartment, we can debrief and figure out what we want to do."

"Okay…" Sarah looked at him, "But you know there is more to that, right? Like on a date, Lester might try to put his arm around me, maybe try to touch me or get me to touch him. Things might happen on the dates that we need to figure out."

"You mean like Lester trying something with you when you aren't in the apartment?" Dan asked.

It hadn't occurred to him that the possibility existed that their nights wouldn't end up at the apartment with him being present. He remembered how his stomach had been in knots when he learned that Sarah had slept with Lester while he was in Minnesota, followed by an immediate rush of excitement over what he'd missed.

"I don't….I don't know." Dan finally said, "I mean, I want to be there, to know you are safe and to make sure everything is okay, but…"

"But?" Sarah asked after Dan had trailed off.

"But," Dan took a breath, aligning his thoughts, "But part of me gets excited, well, maybe not excited, but turned on just thinking about you doing things. The fact that it's an unknown thing, a thing I didn't witness where my mind kind of fills in the blanks, it's just a really erotic thing to think about. I don't know what we should do here."

"Okay," Sarah said, sitting up. She noticed that Dan was beginning to show signs of an erection beneath the sheets. "If I am out with

Lester alone, and he puts his arms around my shoulder, do you veto that or should I let it happen."

"I guess that is okay, all things considered." Dan shrugged.

"What if he tries to hold my hand? Or tries to kiss me?" Sarah asked.

"That feels almost too intimate," Dan's face was a mix of arousal and torment, "It's a hot idea, okay, but I'm not sure. Maybe. As long as you acknowledge it just being for show and part of this whole thing."

Sarah looked bemusedly at Dan, "Of course, honey, there isn't an actual spark or passion here.

It's just Lester, right." His wife wore a dismissive expression, as if the idea were beneath consideration.

"Right," Dan nodded, feeling reassured. "Okay, what's next?"

"What if Lester tries to touch me or wants me to touch him in a sexual way?" Sarah looked at her husband, trying to search his face for how he truly felt about this.

"Ugh," Dan said, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose. "These questions and answers are a super un-sexy way to go about this. I wasn't looking for a cold shower this morning."

"I know, it's tough." Sarah said, "But the past few times, we've gotten swept up in the moment and had to deal with things afterwards. I want us to be on the same page going into this so we can control what happens."

"That makes sense," Dan opened his eyes and looked at Sarah, "I know, it's just hard to talk about it and admit things, you know?"

"Admit what?" Sarah asked, "Do you want these things to happen with Lester? If I touch him?"

"Yes," Dan closed his eyes again, "I just want to hear about it afterwards. I'm okay with some touching, even if you….even if you, you know, even if you head downtown."

"You mean if I blow him?" Sarah asked, her face unconsciously falling into a seductive gaze.

"Yes," Dan said exasperated, "Even that." His mind was back in the Chicago living room. He held his exploding length as his wife sucked the cum from his roommate's cock.

"Okay," Sarah stared at her husband, "What about what happened the last time at the apartment? With Lester trying to go all the way?"

"That," Dan thought deeply for a second, "That is something I'm not sure about. I want to be there for that. To see it. I mean, at least you can use condoms, and we know he is fixed. That is good. I just want to be at least included in that decision, okay? I don't want to feel completely

powerless like all of this is just happening in front of me." Under his words, he could hear the echoes of his wife's ecstatic screams.

"I get that," Sarah smiled warmly, "I think these are some strong ground rules we can follow. I'm not going to initiate anything, but if things progress to certain points, I'll know what I should and shouldn't do. If things get pushed too far, I'll call you, and we will figure it out."

"That sounds good," Dan said, "And again, we play each of these events by ear and adjust if either of us wants to."

"A hundred percent, baby," Sarah smiled and nodded, "This is for us, something temporary we are just embracing. Living out this fantasy of yours."

“Of ours,” she corrected herself. A sly smile spread across her face. She lowered her hands underneath the sheets and searched for Dan’s growing dick, “I have a few minutes before I need to get up and get ready for work.”

Sarah bit her lip, “Why don’t I show you just how much I appreciate you coming home this week?”

With that, Sarah took a firm grip on her husband’s dick and began to stroke it while she lowered her head under the covers.

When Dan felt Sarah’s wet mouth engulf his growing cock, a sense of euphoria spread across his body. Dan laid his head back on the pillow, closing his eyes and focusing on the feeling of his wife pleasuring him beneath the sheets.

His mind kept drifting to their conversation about her date nights with Lester. He tried not to, but he couldn’t help himself; he blurted out, “Is this what you're going to do for Lester this weekend?”

Sarah threw the sheets back, revealing herself as she licked up the length of her husband’s shaft. She stared back at him intently, “We just established the date night rules. Who said it would be Lester I’d be sucking on?”

Dan groaned in response. Sarah always knew how to throw him off his game and surprise him in the most erotic of ways. Sarah winked at him, “I’m sure if Lester plays his cards right, he might be able to experience this. Is that what you want, Dan? For Lester to get his cock sucked by your horny wife?”

“Uh, yes,” Dan croaked out, “God, you’re so fucking bad.”

“You haven’t seen anything yet,” Sarah smiled deviously as she lowered her head and began to feast on her husband’s balls.

Dan was in heaven. Sarah was feverishly sucking and tonguing his nutsack, her tongue traveling almost behind it. His cock achieved its full erect size as Dan's memory focused on his wife doing the same thing to his roommate the last time she was in Chicago."What, uhh, ooh, that's good, what do you like about sucking Lester's cock?" Getting the words triggered by the memory out and Sarah's tonguing of his balls was bringing Dan dangerously close to cumming.

Sarah ran her tongue across her husband's shaved scrotum as she considered the question.

"What do I like about it?" she stopped and looked into her husband's eyes. "Hmm, I guess there are a few things…" Her head dropped down, and she quickly kissed the tip of his hard cock.

Dan got control of his breathing. "A few, huh? Like what… things?" His eyes were wide, searching hers. She was deliberating holding back information, torturing him.

Sarah had grabbed his cock, slowly licking the tip and the bit of shaft sticking out of her fist.

After three excruciatingly long licks, she said, "Well, I didn't expect to enjoy the smell so much, but, I don't know, when his cock is in my mouth, I find his scent, so- so… primal."

Dan's cock twitched in his wife's hand. His opinion was that his roommate reeked, but his wife admitting to being aroused at the slob's scent excited him. He already knew his desires were the opposite of healthy; feeling this way about what his wife just told him made sense in terms of his fantasy.

"HHuuhh," Dan moaned involuntarily as Sarah sucked his cock back into her mouth and held it there, lazily slurping on it. "Wh-what else?"

“It’s hot,” Sarah answered immediately. “And not just, like, “sexy” hot. His cock is actually very warm. It’s really nice feeling it in my mouth.” Sarah returned to the cock in front of her as she finished speaking. She stretched her neck and let go of Dan, pushing her mouth as far down on his cock as she could.

Dan’s hand moved quickly to the back of his wife’s head, wanting to prolong the ecstatic sensation of being swallowed whole as his wife’s fluttered back and forth along the underside of his dick. He felt her tongue extend out and push against his ballsack. He knew he wouldn’t last much longer.

Sarah pulled off and sat back, pushing her arms together to put her breasts on display. She knew all of Dan’s buttons and the right times to push them.

“Also, when I suck his cock, my pussy gets really wet. Like, I can feel myself actually dripping. I always know that I’m going to get fucked really well after blowing that monster.”

Dan’s jaw was now hanging open, and his cock was standing straight up, quaking slightly in its rigidity. He knew his wife loved to tease him. Not saying who would fuck her in that scenario

almost made Dan pop off right then and there. He stared at her wide-eyed, not knowing what she’d say next.

“But you know what I like best about sucking that creep’s giant cock?” Sarah enunciated the last word, making sure to give the “ck” at the end extra emphasis. She dove back down on her husband’s cock, sucking him frantically, focused on draining the cum from his balls.

Dan knew this was it, and he struggled to simply say “what?” but an unintelligible string of syllables left his mouth. His head pushed further back into the pillow. His eyes closed in bliss as he felt his wife’s inspired performance.

Sarah stopped sucking for a moment and spoke down as if addressing Dan's cock directly.

"Lester's cock is fucking gigantic." She then sucked down his shaft, came back up and continued."

"It's gorgeous."

Sarah licked up his entire length in one achingly slow slurp.

"It's perfect."

Her tongue travelled back down his length, sucking lightly all the way. She paused dramatically,

"He chokes me with it."

She sucked on the tip of Dan's penis for a moment.

"He fucks my mouth without any consideration for my pleasure."

She slurped his head back into her mouth to taste her husband's cock. But only for a moment.

"And I love that."

Sarah went back to sucking on her husband's stiffened length for a full two minutes. She continued until she began to feel the telltale signs that her man was about to cum in her mouth.

The groans at the back of his throat had become frantic. As she sensed his shaking reaching the point of no return, she looked up at her husband, his cock falling from her mouth.

Dan looked down at his wife, who was staring at him, waiting for his attention.

"Because that's exactly how he fucks me."

Sarah bent her head down to continue the blow job. Just as she got her lips fitted around the head of Dan's cock, his cum shot out, spraying into her waiting mouth. She slowly milked her husband, appreciating how sensitive he was when he came. She swallowed the entirety of Dan's load and then, smiling, lay her head against his thigh. Dan looked at her in awe, amazed at how lewd she'd gotten, knowing it would get him off.

"Mmmmmm," Sarah said as she rose from the bed and wiped her mouth with her hand. "Thank you for that."

"Thank you," Dan said somewhat deliriously as he closed his eyes again, feeling completely at peace.

Sarah bent over and kissed him on his forehead, "Go back to bed. When I get home, we'll order dinner in tonight."

"Sounds good, baby," Dan said as he closed his eyes and let sleep take him.

Sarah stared lovingly down at her husband. It felt great to have him back in their home finally.

She hated that they'd be driving back up to Chicago in just a couple of days. Trying to be as quiet as possible, she grabbed the clothes she'd ironed the night before and put them on.

She appraised her wardrobe in the mirror. She loved the outfit, especially the white dress pants.

Sometimes she wished her butt was a little smaller so it didn't attract so much attention when she was trying to present a professional image. She undid the top button on her blue dress shirt and put the white blazer on over it. She looked smart and professional, just the appearance she wanted to cultivate at the hospital.

With one last glance at her snoozing prince charming, she gently shut the bedroom door and headed out to work.

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It was a hectic day at the hospital, but Sarah was handling it without losing stride in her step.

When she walked in, she was greeted by her boss, the hospital CEO, who was having a meltdown. Their payment processor was not functioning, and they had backed up Medicare claims that needed to be addressed ASAP.

It took a quick call to her contact at the payment processor and some light flirting with the man on the other end to have their systems prioritized to be put back online once the network outage was over. The rest of it was out of her hands, so she tried not to focus too intently on the head of the hospital spiraling.

“Come on,” Sarah said as she dragged her boss, Drew, by the arm, “Let our teams deal with that. We have a meeting to go to.”

“What meeting? I don’t have anything in my calendar.” the exec said, looking at his phone as they stepped into the elevator.

“You do,” Sarah said, “It’s with a college out of state. We’re talking to them about fast-tracking their nursing students with paid internships and the potential of future employment.”

“What?” He paused, running his hand through his hair in panic. “The board hasn’t approved any budget increases, Sarah, we can’t go in offering paid internships. Besides, they are already breathing down my neck here. We need to cut expenses, not drive them up.”

Sarah pushed the button to the tenth floor and looked at her boss. He quickly shifted his gaze from her chest and up to the ascending numbers on the elevator screen.

“Drew,” she said softly as if she were talking to her children, “You need to read your emails. I’ve already gone over the details there. We applied for and received a federal grant that will cover the internship costs for at least five years. Our nurses are burnt out, and our doctors aren’t far behind them. They need help, and you need them to keep doing well so our patient scores don’t drop. If that happens, then the board will have a much bigger issue. You can take this program to them as the win that it is. And you know all of this.”

“You’re right,” he said, perking up, “Okay, sorry I snapped, this day just hasn’t started out all that well. I’ll join you for this meeting, and we’ll get it done. What else do you have going on today that I should know about?”

The elevator door opened. Drew stepped out first, and Sarah laughed to herself and followed,

“I’m meeting with a company to look into expanding our telehealth options to help us free up beds and deal with non-acute patients in a more streamlined way. Then I need to work with IT to develop another workshop or, short of that, an email to staff to educate them again on phishing and cyber attacks.”

“Didn’t we just do one of those recently?” Drew asked as they rounded a corner and headed towards the meeting room.

“That was last year, Drew, besides the IT guys keep saying we need to be vigilant, so I’m going to indulge them and keep them onside.” Sarah checked her watch; they were right on time.

“Okay, let’s go in there and get our team some extra resources. I’ll lead it off, but jump in where you think it makes sense.” Sarah opened the door and smiled warmly at their guests.

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“I hate driving back here,” Dan said as they turned the corner of his apartment building’s block.

“I hate knowing that in a few days, you’ll be gone, and I’ll be stuck going to this shitty job that’s now severely underpaying us.”

Sarah put her hand on Dan’s thigh. They were just finishing up their drive back to Chicago with only a few blocks left before they arrived at Dan’s apartment, “Just remember, this is all temporary. Soon we’ll get you out of there and into a new job, hopefully one closer to home.”

“Yeah, you’re right, let’s change the subject.” Dan said as he eased onto the car’s brake as the light turned red, “Dinner tonight, what should we do? I was thinking maybe that Chinese place again.”

“Oh, that sounds great,” Sarah said, “I’m totally up for that. I want to get into some sweatpants, get a glass of wine in my hand and watch some trashy TV while we eat Chinese takeout.”

“That sounds nice,” Dan checked the clock. They were making great time today, arriving in the middle of the afternoon. “Maybe we should watch the show in the bedroom so we don’t get disturbed.”

“Oh yeah?” Sarah grinned at him devilishly, “Or do you want me to pour some of that sweet and sour sauce on my chest and let Lester lick it off?”

Dan looked at his wife in disbelief. She was staring at him with that sexy vixen look that made him want to jump her bones. He glanced back through the windshield and realized he was drifting into the other lane and quickly corrected himself, “Jesus Christ, Sarah.”

Sarah laughed hard and then, through bated breath, said, “You are too easy, Mr. Williams. It’s almost not fair.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Dan grumbled as he focused on the road while smiling ear to ear.

After a few minutes, the couple pulled into the apartment’s parking lot. They quickly unloaded the car, with Dan carrying Sarah’s carry-on bag for her. As they crossed the expanse of the parking lot, Dan’s fingers naturally found Sarah’s, and they held onto each other until they reached the door. As they rode the elevator up to Dan’s floor, they started to devise a loose idea of what they’d be ordering for dinner.

“Do we ask Lester if he wants us to order him anything?” Sarah asked as they came up to Dan’s apartment door. He remembered the last time they’d done that and how ungrateful Lester had been. Since then, things had changed dramatically between the trio.

“Nope,” Dan said as he unlocked the door and entered the apartment.

It only took a few minutes of the young couple settling into the apartment before Lester decided to leave his lair. Dan heard the plodding of fat feet coming down the hallway towards the living room, where Dan and Sarah were talking on the couch.

Their conversation came to an abrupt end as Lester entered the room wearing a pair of boxer shorts and a faded, stained t-shirt with a red crowbar and the words 'Black Mesa’ on it.

“Mmmmmm,” Lester involuntarily groaned as his eyes settled on Sarah sitting on the couch.

Without looking at Dan, he made a beeline towards the young mother. Dan felt his heart start beating quickly as Lester loomed in front of Sarah, staring down at her.

“No, hello kiss for me?” Lester said as his eyes feasted on Sarah’s chest.

Sarah looked to Dan, folded her arms and looked back up at Lester, "Hello, Lester. No kisses, you aren't my husband, remember? Besides, Dan and I were just talking about our plans for tonight."

Hearing Dan's name, Lester finally seemed to acknowledge Dan sitting next to her. He looked up and gave him a slight nod before his eyes settled back down on Sarah, "The plan is that today is a date night. Actually, we'll be leaving fairly shortly, so you better get ready."

"Tonight?" Dan and Sarah both said. They hadn't expected a date night to happen today, tomorrow, Saturday night would have made more sense.

"Come on Lester, be reasonable here, we just got in. Let us relax and settle in," Dan said defensively.

"You can relax but Sarah and I have places to be. I even have reservations, so we can't be late."

Lester said, "Besides, you two have had plenty of alone time this week. I've been here by myself alone and would really like to go out with a pretty lady tonight."

"Alright, Lester, listen –" Dan started to get up but stopped as Sarah held up a hand.

"It's okay, Dan," Sarah motioned for him to sit back down, "It's fine. I'll go out, and you can get to work on those applications like you wanted to."

"Great," Lester said as he started to retreat back towards his room, "We leave in one hour."

When Sarah heard Lester's door close, she turned to Dan, "I know it's not ideal, but we need to keep him happy, like you said, at least for now. Besides, I know that you didn't get as many applications

out as you wanted this week, so at least now you can do a few. I'll be back before you know it, and we can do Chinese tomorrow night, and we'll have Lester off our backs for a bit."

Dan held up his hands and sighed, "Alright, alright. But don't get mad if I watch some trashy TV

without you and Sarah….just remember what we talked about, alright?"

Sarah leaned over and gave Dan a lingering kiss on his lips, "Of course, baby, it's you and me, remember?"

"You and me," Dan repeated back, "Okay, go, go get ready. I'm just going to chill here for a bit and decompress from that drive."

"Alright, boo, let me know if I can get you anything," Sarah said as she rose and made her way to the bedroom, pulling her carry-on luggage behind her. Dan watched his wife's perfect bubble butt sway back and forth as she walked away from him.

Dan was annoyed at Lester's sudden intrusion into their conversation and the derailment of his plans with his wife, but he couldn't help but feel a bit excited and anxious about Sarah and Lester spending time alone together. He partially hated admitting it to himself, but the rise in his erection was all the confirmation he needed. I should really go see a therapist.

After thirty minutes, Sarah emerged from the bathroom, looking radiant. She wore a pair of tight-fitting hi-rise black jeans that tapered near her ankles, and a sleeveless leopard print halter top that showed a conservative amount of her upper chest. She also wore a pair of tan boots with a slight heel making her look a bit taller and accentuating the curve of her flatteringly ample ass.

"Do you have to look that sexy when you go out with him?" Dan asked as he ran his eyes over his wife's body again.

“Oh, this?,” Sarah said as she gave a slight twirl and pumped her butt out towards Dan before straightening herself and smiling at him, “You know if I’m going out, I want to look good. I hate going out looking frumpy.”

“I don’t think you’ve ever looked frumpy in your life Sarah,” Dan said.

A door closed behind Sarah, and Lester slowly came into view wearing the same t-shirt he had been wearing earlier, accompanied by a baggy pair of blue jeans and beat-up-looking sneakers.

He slid his arm around Sarah’s waist, “Ready to go?”

“Where exactly are we going?” Sarah asked. Dan noticed his wife stiffening at Lester’s touch, but she didn’t try to disengage.

“You’ll see,” Lester said as he led them towards the door.

Sarah gently removed Lester’s arm and walked back towards Dan. She leaned over the back of the couch, planted a firm, wet kiss on his lips, and whispered, “I love you, baby, more than anything. I’ll let you know what the plans are and call you if anything comes up.”

“I love you too,” Dan said as he stared up into his wife’s beautiful green eyes, “Be safe.”

“I will,” Sarah responded. She stood up and slowly turned around. Lester held the door open and ushered her through. Soon, Dan was alone with his thoughts of Lester and his wife together.

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Sarah and Lester rode the elevator down in awkward silence. Sarah expected Lester to say something crass, to ask about the photos he sent, but he stayed silent. The thoughts running through Sarah’s

head were driving her crazy, but she didn't want to concede defeat and be the one to speak first.

As the elevator doors opened to the lobby, Lester led her out to the parking lot. They passed her vehicle and rounded the side of the building to where Lester had parked his large SUV.

"After you," Lester said, making a show of opening the passenger door for her. Sarah braced herself, ready to sit in Lester's dirty, unkempt car as she had last time. As she got into the leather passenger seat, she did a double take and looked around the vehicle. It was spotless.

All of the garbage was gone. The car looked and smelled brand new.

Sarah was so caught up appraising the vehicle's state that she didn't notice Lester taking her seat belt and buckling her in until his hand gently ran across her chest. She looked back just in time to hear the seat belt clicking into place and Lester's face right in front of her. He paused to look her right in the eyes before pulling back and shutting the door.

Lester walked around the vehicle, got in and started the ignition.

"You got your car detailed?" Sarah said, making a show of looking around the vehicle, "It looks great."

A sly smile spread across Lester's face, "I made Ned do it."

"Who's Ned?" Sarah asked.

The smile quickly vanished from Lester's face, almost like he betrayed something, "Nothing, no one, just a guy I know."

Lester backed out of the parking space, drove through the parking lot, and out onto the street.

“So where are we going?” Sarah asked, watching the road, trying to ascertain their destination.

Lester looked away from the road and ran his eyes over the body of the young wife, “Shopping.”

Sarah was used to being ogled by Lester at this point. She still thought it was gross, but it didn’t give her cause to shiver anymore.

A few minutes later, Lester pulled his SUV into the parking garage attached to a mall complex.

Sarah had never been to this mall before but noted it looked like its better days were behind it.

They exited the car and walked through the parking lot to the entrance. Lester opened the door to the mall and held it like a gentleman. As Sarah passed through, he couldn’t help but stare at her perfect round ass. He smiled eagerly, knowing what was about to happen.

Sarah was taken aback as Lester caught up to her and took her hand in his. It felt unnatural as his large, meaty fingers interlaced with hers. She didn’t pull her hand back, though, determined to keep up the facade of them being a couple.

Several people turned and looked in their direction, obviously perplexed by the odd coupling in front of them. A tall blonde bombshell like Sarah holding the hand of a shorter, unkempt incel-looking man like Lester. Sarah met each person’s gaze until they looked away but couldn’t help but enjoy the attention on some level.

Lester led Sarah to the lower level of the mall, where the crowds seemed to thin out. Sarah stopped abruptly when she realized where Lester was taking them.

“Are you serious?” Sarah asked as she motioned towards the lingerie store in front of them.

“This is where we’re shopping?”

Lester smiled and stepped up into Sarah’s space. He ran his hand through a strand of her hair,

“I want to get you something nice. You’re always wearing sexy lingerie meant for Dan. I want you to wear something for me.”

Before Sarah could protest, Lester clutched her hand and walked into the store, forcing her to come with him. A disinterested worker attempted to intercede and offered to help them, but Lester waved her off. She shrugged her shoulders and went back behind the counter. Sarah looked around. It appeared the young woman was the only one working at the moment.

“Grab a few things,” Lester said to Sarah, “I’m going to look over there.”

Lester left Sarah to wander the store herself. She stopped and ran her hands over several different bra and panty sets, wondering if Dan would like them or not. It was a dumb question.

He would like her in and out of anything she wore. Her attention landed on a baby blue set with lace flower petals acting as the trim and running over the semi-transparent material that made

up the actual cups of the bra and parts of the underwear. She loved how the strap of the bra and the side-wings of the underwear looked more like pieces of ribbon. They were even adorned with dainty bows. She knew Dan would like it, which meant Lester probably would also.

As she bent over to grab her size from a lower rack, she felt something hard pushing into her backside. She glanced over her

shoulder and saw Lester standing behind her, with his crotch thrust up against her ass. She couldn't believe that just a few months ago, she might have decked him for behaving this way. Now, she was letting him openly sexualize her in public.

"Come on," Lester said. He held up a handful of garments he had collected, "Let's go try these on."

She smirked, "I don't think those are going to fit you Lester."

He stared at her blankly before turning on his heel and heading to the back of the store. Sarah followed him as they came up to the changing rooms. The worker was back there rearranging discarded items.

"How many items?" She asked, looking suspiciously at Lester.

"Five," He said, holding up what he had and pointing to the set Sarah was carrying.

"All the change rooms are open, just head down there and choose one." She gestured over her shoulder. Sarah heard noise from behind her. She turned her head to see a few groups of women entering the store. The worker sighed and wandered to the front of the store to help them.

"Try this one on first," Lester said as he opened the door to the furthest changing room. He held up a black set of lingerie. Sarah raised an eyebrow at him. She took the small set of black lingerie from Lester and walked into the changing room, pulling the door closed behind her.

She smiled, enjoying that move after it shut Lester out. The change room walls went up several feet but stopped short of the ceiling. The walls touched the ground, but there was a small gap at the bottom of the door where she could see Lester's wide shoes pacing back and forth.

Sarah took off her shirt and carefully hung it on a hook on the wall before stripping off her black jeans and gently laying them on the bench. She didn't want them to get wrinkled. She unlatched her boots and stepped out of them, standing there in just her white bra and panties. The pair she was wearing was one of Dan's favorites and very sexy. She held up Lester's pick, intrigued by what he chose.

She slowly peeled off her bra, stepped out of her panties and held Lester's ensemble up in front of herself while looking in the mirror. She had to admit, it looked interesting, and Lester seemed to have selected her size perfectly.

Within a couple of minutes, Sarah had the lingerie on and was admiring herself in the mirror.

The bra pushed up her breasts, creating ample cleavage, even though its cut was more like a sports bra, with it extending below the cups with a black cotton strap running across her ribs to her back. Just like the set she had selected, the cups were made of a sheer material that let her skin tone through but it was adorned with black lines, creating a distinct look.

The panties were more of a thong that went high on her waist and used a similar pattern of black lines and sheer material. The tops of the thong attached to what could barely be described as a belt. The same sheer material with black strapping ran across her hips but stopped to show off her ass and the front of her panties. The 'belt' came to rest just over her belly button, where the two sides of the material connected with a little metal ring. Black stockings showcased her long, slender legs. The garters stopped mid-thigh while flimsy straps attached them to the 'belt.'

Lester had chosen well. Sarah breathed in deeply, turned and opened the door. She stood there confidently, pressing her breasts out as Lester's eyes roamed her body hungrily. He took in her entire figure. He couldn't have imagined this lingerie would look so good

on her. The mannequin wearing it on the showroom floor had nothing on Sarah.

"We're definitely getting that one," Lester said while his eyes came to rest on Sarah's magnificent breasts. He pictured Sarah crawling up his bed to him, wearing nothing but that outfit.

"Good, I like it too," Sarah smiled as she quickly pulled the changing room door closed and locked it. She heard Lester try the handle. "I'm going to choose the one I grabbed and see how it fits." She enjoyed shutting him out of the room. At the same time, the nature of these clothes and how Lester stared at her affected her.

Sarah could hear more voices echoing in from the front of the store. It was getting busier. As Sarah lowered the straps of her bra, unclasped it and hung it on the hook, she heard Lester knock firmly on the door.

"What?" Sarah said to the backside of the door.

"Open it, for just a second," Lester said from the other side.

Sarah held one hand over her naked breasts as she used the other to unlock the door. She opened it slightly to not expose her bare chest to the rest of the store, "What is it?"

Lester grabbed the door firmly and swung it open. Sarah was standing there with one arm covering her breasts while her lower half was still gowned in the sexy stockings and underwear,

"Lester!" she whispered angrily.

She retreated a step so no one would see her. It was the opening Lester had planned. He stepped into the small changing room and pulled the door closed behind him, locking it. Just then, more voices emanated from the hall. Other women were coming into the changing room area.

“I just didn’t want to make the other shoppers uncomfortable,” Lester whispered as he sat on the bench, disregarding her black jeans. “Just pretend I’m not here. Let’s see that other outfit you picked out.”

Sarah continued to cover her breasts with her arms. It felt stupid, given that she had been exposed to Lester multiple times, but she still felt somewhat vulnerable. The close proximity to each other in a public setting like this felt very intimate, more so than being back at the apartment. She felt uneasy but slowly convinced herself to get over it.

She stared into Lester’s eyes as she lowered her hand. His eyes immediately came to rest on her heavy breasts as he licked his lips. Sarah undid the ring clasp on the lingerie belt and let it drop to her sides as she put her foot up on the bench between Lester’s legs. Without breaking eye contact, she slowly bent over and rolled the garter and stocking off. She switched legs and watched Lester’s eyes dart over her shoulder, looking into the mirror behind it. He had the perfect view of her ass in a compromising position.

“Which one’s next,” Lester asked without taking his eyes off her ass.

“The baby blue one I picked out,” Sarah lowered her leg from the bench and turned to appraise herself in the mirror, pretending to ignore Lester’s presence. It was short-lived. Soon, Lester was standing directly behind her. She could feel his breath on her neck. She could also feel that he was happy to see her.

“Here,” he said, holding the baby blue bra and panty set up, “Go ahead, put it on.”

Sarah’s breathing was getting quicker. It was obvious to both of them in the changing room by how quickly her breasts were rising and falling. Sarah could hear voices close by: other women in the changing room area and more women outside in the front of the store.

She took the blue bra from his hands. Lester was watching her in the mirror as she slid the straps over her shoulders and the bra cups over her breasts. She reached behind her back to clasp it, but Lester reached out and held her hands, “Allow me.”

Sarah let go, and Lester deftly clasped the bra.

“I think you need to take these off,” Lester said as his fingers traced down her back and played with the strings of her black panties. He hooked both sides under his thumbs and lowered them down her upper thighs until gravity took hold, and they dropped to the floor.

Lester held up the blue panties, offering them to Sarah. She took them and, as gracefully as she could, bent over to step into them. As she raised the panties up her legs, she felt Lester’s crotch gently grazing her backside. She took a half step forward and pulled them up to her waist.

“How do they look,” Sarah whispered as she turned to face her husband’s roommate.

“Delicious,” Lester said as he sat back on the bench, “Give me a spin.”

Sarah slowly spun around in a circle, giving Lester the full, unrestricted view of her body in the lingerie she had chosen for her husband. Putting herself on display like this for Lester in such a public space was already beginning to affect the young wife. She could feel her body betraying her.

“Come here,” Lester said loudly.

“Shhhhhhh,” Sarah demanded. The last thing she wanted to do was get caught and have to sort out any trouble with the mall.

“If you want me to be quieter, why don’t you get a little closer,” Lester whispered as he patted his thigh.

Sitting on Lester's lap in the middle of a changing room was not what Sarah had expected from today's shopping date with Lester. She made a mental note to better prepare herself for the next one. She crossed the distance between them and opted to sit sideways on his lap with her legs still touching the floor.

As her blonde locks fell onto his dirty shoulder, Lester snaked his hand around her back, firmly gripping her waist, holding her in place. He leaned forward and began planting kisses on her shoulder. Sarah closed her eyes, letting herself get lost. Lester's other hand began caressing her breasts.

Sarah squirmed on his lap, feeling his rough lips and hands groping her. This is what she feared would happen, Lester trying something with her while Dan wasn't present. Her thoughts were dashed as Lester took hold of her head at the base of her neck and turned her face towards him. His large tongue pushed itself into her mouth as he roughly kissed her.

"Mmmmhmmmm," Sarah's eyes darted open at the sudden invasion but closed quickly as Lester's expert manipulations caused the young wife to melt into the kiss. His other hand left her breast and traced down her body until it began toying with her panty line.

Wet, sloppy sounds emanated from the changing room as Lester and Sarah's lips battled against one another. Lester dropped his hand into her panties, his fingers quickly finding her clit and rubbing against it. Sarah's thighs closed around his hand, shifting up and down, trying to stimulate herself. She moaned into his mouth as her tongue slid against his.

Lester's finger was expertly working on her clit. She could feel the stirrings of an orgasm beginning to build inside of her. Her legs kept pushing against his hand, asking for more.

Suddenly, Lester twisted his hand and pushed downward until two fingers found her opening.

He broke their kiss and grinned. He watched her face contort as he slid two of his digits inside of her.

She was already wet, letting Lester push the entire length of his beefy fingers into her. He noted that putting her on display must turn her on, as he'd suspected. Sarah closed her eyes, feeling his thick fingers pushing into her depths before retreating out and then driving back in. Lester curled his fingers, ensuring his fingertips pressed against Sarah's G-spot. With each thrust, Lester ran them against the sensitive nerve endings, stoking the fire within the young wife.

Sarah could feel it starting. Her orgasm was quickly approaching. She gritted her teeth to try and stay quiet. The last thing she wanted was to scream in pleasure for everyone in the store to hear. Just as she was about to cum, Lester withdrew his fingers.

The orgasm washed away, leaving her with a sense of emptiness. She looked at Lester with disappointment and confusion. Lester started to work on his pants, tugging the jeans down his legs.

"Take it out," Lester said hoarsely in her ear.

Without hesitation, Sarah reached into Lester's boxers and found his rock-hard cock waiting for her. She gripped it tightly and started stroking it as Lester shimmied out of his pants. Sarah adjusted herself to get a better angle and slid Lester's boxers down after his pants.

Lester's throbbing hard cock was standing at attention just a few inches away from her.

"Get on your knees," Lester whispered.

Sarah reached for her phone. She needed to text Dan to see if this was okay. She needed reassurance to feel like she could let go. That he would be there to catch her if things got wild.

She swiped open her lock screen and quickly opened her messages with Dan. She began to type a text, but Lester yanked the phone out of her hands.

"Get up," Lester said as he set the phone aside and pushed her into a standing position, "Get on your knees and suck my cock. You know that your hubby would love that."

She knew that it was true. Dan would like it, which made her feel validated for what she would do next. They'd already discussed this exact situation earlier in the week, and he had given her the green light. Sarah stood up between Lester's knees, looking down at his angry cock pointing up at her. She became aware of the firmness of her nipples against the unfamiliar new bra.

The voices of other women drifted into their changing room. Doors opened and closed from elsewhere in the store. Sarah looked at Lester and raised an eyebrow, "You want me to suck your cock right here in the store?"

"You better believe it," Lester grinned, "This is what happens when you give it up on the first date. Guys have certain expectations."

"God, you're so full of shit," Sarah said, but her eyes were glued to Lester's cock. He had begun stroking it. She wanted it in her mouth.

"Your mouth is going to be full of this," Lester jerked his cock back and forth, "It misses you, don't keep it waiting."

Sarah bit her lip and broke her gaze from the cock. She looked up at Lester and slowly began to lower herself down to her knees. Her tanned skin touched the floor's carpet as she came face to face with Lester's cock.

A pair of heels walked by outside their room. Sarah noticed them through the gap at the bottom of the door. If anyone were to peek

under, even from just a slight angle, they would see a woman's legs kneeling between a man's.

"Well, I don't want to keep him waiting," Sarah said playfully as she extended her tongue and licked up the entire length of Lester's shaft. Her tongue came to rest on the head of his cock and began to swirl around before her mouth lowered and started sucking on the slickened tip.

"Ughh," Lester groaned loudly as he leaned back against the changing room wall.

"Shhhhhh," Sarah said, removing her mouth from his cock. Lester responded by roughly grabbing the back of her head with one hand and pulling her mouth back onto his cock while he thrust his hips up.

"Mhmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned at the unexpected move, more of Lester's cock pushing into her mouth. Her hands pushed down on his thighs, trying to regain control. Lester held her head still as he raised and lowered his hips over and over. Sarah held on and started moaning around his cock, embracing his pace.

Satisfied she wasn't going to quiet him again, he let her go. Sarah continued with the same pace Lester had set, her head bobbing up and down on his cock. Her hands left his thighs and gripped his cock. She started stroking him with both hands as her tongue danced around the head of his cock. Fellating this pervert sounded so loud in the changing room. Again, she wondered how much could be heard outside these thin walls.

"Lick my balls," Lester said in a whisper. Sarah felt satisfied that she had gotten him to listen to her and speak quietly. A part of her knew it was the result of the work her mouth was doing on his cock.

She looked up into Lester's beady eyes as she extended her tongue and let it lick the length of his shaft downward until it met the hair covering Lester's balls. Unperturbed, Sarah dived forward, her

tongue drawing circles around Lester's nuts as her mouth sucked on them. She continued to lap and suck on them for several minutes, revelling in their size. She kept stroking his hard cock with one hand, feeling the veins running up and down his shaft.

Lester reached out and grabbed both sides of Sarah's head, pulling her mouth further onto his balls. He groaned as she sucked the sensitive area. Trying to silence Lester didn't even cross Sarah's mind. She was too focused and wrapped up in pleasing him.

When Lester let go of her head, Sarah immediately licked back up the length of his shaft as she stroked him.

"Mmmmmmm, god, this cock," Sarah whispered as she reached the top of his shaft and kissed it gingerly. "So fucking hot."

"I knew from the minute I met you that you were a good cocksucker," Lester chided. "I'm glad you proved me right." He pushed a stray hair out of her face as she readied herself to inhale his thick length.

Sarah smiled playfully, "Well, when you give a girl something like this, it's hard not to want to please it."

Sarah bobbed her head back down onto Lester's cock and took as much into her mouth as she could while using both hands to stroke the rest of his shaft. She swirled her tongue around him as she withdrew before pushing down and taking more of his cock into her mouth.

"I like to hear that you want to please me," Lester grinned.

"I said I want to please this," Sarah pulled herself free from his length and indicated his cock.

She gripped it tightly in her hands before holding it against her cheek, amazed at how hard and hot it felt against her face. "It's this

cock I want to please. You just happen to be attached to it."

"Whatever you say," Lester said, leaning back and closing his eyes. He put a hand on the back of her head and guided her mouth back onto his cock, "Get back to what you were doing."

Sarah obliged and continued to suck Lester's cock. She felt her knees scraping against the carpet, and her vagina got increasingly wet. She couldn't wait to return to the apartment after this so Dan could finish what Lester started.

Lester peeked an eye open and stared down in wonder. A few months ago, Sarah wouldn't give him the time of day. Now she was on her knees in public, sucking his cock in the changing room of some clothing store. She looked damn good in that baby blue set she had on too. He looked past her into the mirror. Her perfect heart-shaped ass was on display before him as she sucked on his cock.

He watched in fascination. Seeing her from behind as she bobbed her head up and down on his cock was intoxicating. He shifted his gaze back down to the young mother and found her looking up at him with those big, innocent eyes of hers. He suddenly felt his balls begin to tingle.

Having her so willingly suck him off like this in such a public setting was just too much for him to bear. His mind raced with how he would corrupt Sarah over their future dates.

"I'm going to cum," Lester grunted as he began to thrust his hips up off the seat.

Sarah pulled her mouth off of Lester as her handed tightened their grip on the shaft as she kept stroking him, "Cum for me, Lester, Cum for –"

Lester used both hands to pull her mouth back down onto his cock.

“Mmmhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned in response. She felt Lester’s cock suddenly stiffen and felt the familiar gush of hot cum spurt out of Lester’s cock into her mouth. His cum blasted into the back of her throat, causing her to swallow instinctively. She wasn’t ready for the next stream of cum and tried to pull away from his cock, but Lester held her firm. She sputtered and gagged, cum leaking out of her mouth.

Sarah quickly regained her composure. The third load of cum came with less intensity, and she quickly swallowed it while milking out the remaining stream from Lester’s cock.

Completely satisfied, Lester let go of Sarah. She continued to suck the last drops of cum from his cock. Sarah slid her mouth off of Lester and wiped at her mouth. She was surprised to find cum had somehow gotten onto her chin and across one cheek. She quickly wiped herself clean and rubbed the excess cum onto her thighs.

Lester leaned back against the wall, his hard cock lying against his thigh. Sarah looked at him with a mixture of disgust and achievement. His body looked like a frog about to have a stroke, with a big belly protruding and his mouth hanging open, just a satisfied mass of a human being.

But she did feel an overwhelming sense of satisfaction at having made him and his cock cum.

Knowing she was feet away from other shoppers made it all the more victorious.

Sarah removed the heavily used baby blue bra and panty set and replaced them with her white ones. Lester watched as she shimmied back into her black jeans and put her leopard print top back on. Sarah checked herself out in the mirror, making sure she still looked presentable before putting her boots back on.

“God, you’re something else,” Lester lazily put his cock back into his boxers and pulled his pants back up. He gathered up the underwear that Sarah had tried on and all the ones she didn’t, “My little slut.”

“Hey,” Sarah scolded him, “I’m not a slut.”

“Heh,” Lester said, standing up, “My cock says differently. Do you normally blow guys in store changing rooms?”

Sarah rolled her eyes, opened the changing room door and walked back to the front of the store. Lester followed behind her.

The worker from earlier eyed them suspiciously from behind the checkout counter. Lester headed in her direction and wordlessly purchased all of the lingerie. As they left the store, Lester’s hand found hers again.

“She totally knew something happened,” Sarah said as they made their way out of the mall.

Lester grinned, “Oh yeah, no doubt about it. She probably heard you slurping all over my cock, begging for my cum.”

“Shhhhh,” Sarah said, hitting him on the arm while looking around at the crowds of people around them.

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Dan sat anxiously on the couch, trying to watch the latest episode of some police procedural drama. When the credits came on, he realized he hadn’t been paying attention at all, his mind completely distracted with thoughts of Sarah. Not only was she out with Lester, but he realized that they never did decide on how she should respond to all of the lewd pictures he had been sending her.

Even though he was seated calmly on the couch, he could feel his heart beating quickly and his breathing coming shallowly. He was

anxious and needed to distract himself, but he couldn't help but wonder what was happening with his wife.

Dan abruptly stood up and turned the TV off before heading to his bedroom. He retrieved his laptop and headed to the kitchen to sit down. He needed to focus and do something productive.

Pivoting to his work dilemma would be a good distraction.

Navigating to LinkedIn, Dan pulled up a job posting he had looked at earlier in the week. It was a remote position at an engineering company that he felt qualified for. There were already hundreds of applicants. Still, Dan navigated to their website and noted keywords in the listing.

After a few minutes, he switched over and opened up Microsoft Word to tailor his resume to the company's keywords, an old trick to help get through the mandatory HR screening process.

Just as Dan was halfway through editing his resume, the phone rang. He quickly snatched it, hoping it was Sarah with some news, his productive streak over just as soon as it started.

Dan frowned as he read the caller ID. It was Byron from the Lincoln Group. Byron fired Dan's company, and there was no reason for him to call. Dan, being the consummate professional, decided to answer anyway and put on his courteous customer voice.

"Byron, how are you doing?" Dan said after accepting the call.

"Danny Boy," Byron exclaimed into the phone. There was a lot of background noise. Dan suspected Bryon was in one of the usual bars he haunted in Minnesota. "Long time no talk.

How's it hanging?"

"Can't complain," Dan said, trying to limit his words purposely, "I'm surprised to hear from you after everything that went down between our companies."

"Yeah," Byron laughed, "Walt and the rest of your team really screwed the pooch when they came up here. That email your junior over there sent was bad enough, but those guys suck.

They really should have just sent you back up here with that sweet wife of yours."

Hearing him talk about Sarah caused the hair on the back of Dan's neck to stand on end, "Well, that wasn't in the cards, Byron. So to what do I owe this phone call now?"

"Well, I'll get right to the point, Dan," the background noise on Byron's end became muffled. He must have gone someplace a little more private. "We've been looking at engaging other firms to pick up this project, but they just aren't cutting it. We don't want to go back with Walt out of principle, but it got me to thinking. You're the one who really understands this project and what we want. If we had you on board, you could help us liaise and deal with another firm and keep the project on track. We'd want to bring you in as a consultant."

Dan was silent for a few seconds, contemplating Byron's offer. While they hadn't even discussed salary, Minnesota was even further from Middleton than Chicago. He also didn't want to be dependent on Byron or the Lincoln Group.

"I'm not sure, Byron. It sounds like a great offer, but it might not be the best time here," Dan said.

"Oh, come on now," Byron exclaimed, "We need you to get this project done. Whatever you are making now we'll match it and then some. And you can bring that wife of yours along whenever you want, I sure know I wouldn't mind getting to know her better. She'll

love it. I'll make sure to show her around the city if you're busy working so she won't get lonely."

"You'd do that?" Dan said flatly into the phone.

"Of course, who wouldn't want to spend some time with a woman like that? I'm sure I could show her a thing or two…about Minnesota of course," Byron half laughed into the phone.

"Byron?" Dan asked.

"Yeah, Dan, what do you think? Send me your personal email, and I'll send over a contract, and we can get you up here toot sweet." Byron said happily.

"Get fucked, Bryon," Dan said, standing up. "I'm not going to be working with you. You can take the offer and shove it up your ass."

"Hey, what the fuck!?" Bryon yelled loud enough that Dan had to pull the phone away from his head. "I call you with a job offer and you respond like THISI? You ungrateful little piece of —"

"Fuck off, Byron, and lose my number. I'm never going to work for you or the Lincoln Group."

Dan smiled. It felt good to finally tell Byron what he thought without having to play nice for the client.

"You don't know the shit you just stepped in," Byron retorted. Dan imagined him frothing at the mouth. "You don't say 'NO' to me, you don't say 'NO' to the Lincoln Group, do you even have any FUCKING IDEA what we –"

"Bye," Dan said cheerfully as he hung up the phone.

Dan laughed as Byron immediately called again, wanting to finish threatening him.

“Loser,” Dan said into the apartment air, satisfied.

After making a cup of coffee, Dan sat back down at the laptop and got back to work tailoring his resume.

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Sarah used her spoon for another scoop of the tavuk gogsu from the plate between her and Lester. He had brought her to a charming little Turkish restaurant called Cafe Istanbul where the two had shared an excellent dinner. The restaurant delivered some of the best Turkish food Sarah had ever eaten. This was her first time trying the milk pudding, a tasty little Turkish dessert.

Lester ran his hands over the white tablecloth and looked at her, “What do you think of all the photos I’ve been sending you?”

Sarah almost choked on her dessert, “Photos?”

Lester smiled, “You know the ones. I’ve seen that you read them.”

Blushing and realizing she had been caught, Sarah said, “Oh, those ones, yeah, they are okay.”

“Okay?” Lester raised a conspiratorial eyebrow. “That’s all? I thought you would have enjoyed them a little more, given how much pleasure the thing in those photos has given you.”

Sarah looked around to see if anyone had heard him, “Lester, while I appreciate all that it has done. I am married, and those photos come in while I’m at work or I’m at home. It’s not like I’m just going to drop everything and respond to them.”

“Just knowing you’re admiring it while you’re at work is enough for me,” Lester smiled. “I’m just picturing your face as you open it.”

Sarah rolled her eyes slightly, “Okay, the next one you send, I will respond with a thumbs-up emoji.”

Lester stared at her flatly. He was about to respond but was interrupted by the waiter coming by to ensure everything was okay. Lester asked for the bill, which the waiter produced then and there. As Lester and the waiter settled up, Sarah thought back to the events of earlier in the evening. She couldn’t believe that she had sucked Lester’s cock in a public changing room.

Anyone could have heard them or, worse yet, caught them. Still, she couldn’t believe how incredibly turned on she was by the whole thing. Not only could she have been caught, but she could have been caught with Lester, someone so far beneath her.

Seeing the people’s stares as they walked hand in hand through the mall or even as they were seated at this table. It was getting to her, knowing that someone like Sarah might be with someone below her station. She wished she could figure out why the idea turned her on so much. Like their previous date, her legs brushed against his ever so often.

She still felt hot and bothered by what happened. Lester had started to play with her before she blew him. She was right on the cusp of cumming, but he had stopped too soon. Now she felt like she was on the edge of a knife, waiting to be satisfied.

The waiter smiled, thanked the couple and left the table. Lester looked at her, “You know, this entire dinner, don’t look, but there has been a guy sitting by the back window staring at you. I think he wonders why you are here with a guy like me and if he can steal you away.”

“If only he knew the truth,” Sarah said, her eyes on him over her glass as she took a last drink from her water.

Lester looked past her at whoever it was that was admiring her, then shifted his gaze back to her.

"I want you to stand up, come here next to the table, lean over and kiss me," Lester said, "It'll give him the perfect view of that sweet ass of yours while letting him know you are mine."

Sarah looked at Lester and rolled the idea around for a few seconds. She stood up and immediately felt the gaze of everyone in the restaurant fall upon her. She took a half step next to their table and then bent over at a ninety-degree angle, her black jean-covered ass on display for anyone behind her. She leaned forward and planted a sensual kiss on Lester's lips for several seconds before standing straight up again.

Lester stood up and joined her, walking out of the restaurant hand in hand into the Chicago night. They rounded the corner of the building, and Sarah could still feel the eyes of the restaurant's patrons on her as they walked past the window. Across a small parking lot, they found Lester's SUV.

He made sure to open the door for her and clip her belt in while his hand ran across her breasts a second time. Sarah ignored the seemingly unintentional groping and tried to think of the best way to tell Dan what had happened tonight. Lester got in the driver's seat, and they soon pulled out of the parking lot.

Sarah contemplated the night's events, knowing she would be reunited with her husband after a short drive back to the apartment. Breaking away from her thoughts, she looked at the SUV's surroundings and didn't recognize this part of Chicago, "Where are we? Where are we going?"

"It's time for dessert," Lester smiled broadly as he turned the vehicle into a dark alley. They arrived at what looked like a loading area of a dark building. Lester pulled up next to a brick wall, parked the car and turned off the engine. He looked at the young wife, "Get in the

back.” A light from somewhere high above dimly lit the interior of the back seat.

“Excuse me?” Sarah said. She had been assuming that they were on their way back to the apartment. Lester had gotten a blowjob in the changing room, and dinner was over. That was the date.

“Like I said,” Lester reached and caressed her bare arm. “It’s time for dessert. You don’t think I cleaned out the back of the car for no reason, do you?”

Sarah felt her breath getting shallow, and the soft hairs on her arm began to rise, “I…I need to call Dan. To make sure this is okay. We had a discussion and want to make sure everything is okay.”

“Sure,” Lester said, nonchalantly removing his hand, “Call him, but do it from the backseat.”

Sarah reached into her purse and retrieved her cell phone. Then, feeling like a teenager, she turned her body towards Lester before reaching her foot behind their seats. Soon, the other foot followed as she moved from the front to the rear of the car, hunched over so her head wouldn’t hit the roof. She felt Lester’s hand on her thigh and then on her ass as she pushed herself past his chair. She turned and sat down on the wide leather bench seat.

Crossing the boundary into the backseat felt like the first time she stepped into Lester’s room.

She couldn’t quite place why it felt familiar.

She opened her contacts list and tapped Dan’s number at the top of her favorites. From the driver’s seat, Lester opened his door and stepped out of the car. Evidently, his body couldn’t perform the same maneuver she just had. He stepped out and then opened the rear door to join her in the back seat.

With Lester's large body next to her, the SUV suddenly felt a lot smaller. His frame took up much of the backseat, just like it had earlier in the changing room. She felt almost suffocated like his body mass had her cornered, confined. Submissive.

Lester closed and locked the doors as Sarah pressed the call icon next to Dan's name. As the phone started to ring, Lester immediately closed the gap between himself and Sarah. He wasted no time putting his hands all over her body, diving into the cleavage of her leopard print shirt, running over the thighs of her black jeans. His hands ran quickly over her curves, but his touch was deliberate and began to turn the young wife on.

Sarah tried to concentrate on the phone. She held it up to her ear, waiting to hear her husband's voice. Lester's tongue was pressed against her bare neck, kissing and licking her there, driving Sarah crazy.

As her body was heating up and she began to lose herself to the physical attention, her husband finally picked up his phone.

"Sarah?" Dan said eagerly, "What's up, what's going on?"

"Err," Sarah said as Lester began to swirl his tongue around her collarbone, sending shivers up her spine, "We, ugh, we just finished dinner." Her breath hitched as Lester ran his hand up her thigh and touched her pussy lips through her panties, testing her warmth.

Sarah was finding it difficult to breathe and speak simultaneously, "Dan, I thought we were heading back to the apartment, but Lester pulled over somewhere. I'm calling because he wants me to be with him right here in the back of the car. Right now."

There were seconds of silence on the other end of the phone. Finally, Dan asked, "Sarah, are you already in the backseat of the car?"

“Yes,” Sarah breathed.

“Where is Lester?” Dan asked hoarsely.

“Here’s right here next to me,” Sarah said as she looked down at Lester’s body pushing against hers. His fat hand had burrowed inside the cup of her bra, caressing her naked breast and teasing her nipple.

“What’s he doing?” Dan asked. Sarah wondered what her husband’s facial expression would be at this moment were he here. She wished she could see it, to tell what he was thinking. She guessed by the sound of his voice that he was turned on by what was happening.

“He’s…” Sarah took a sharp intake of breath as Lester pinched her nipple, “He’s touching me, touching me everywhere. I still have my clothes on though Dan. It’s not too late for us to stop.”

She looked up at Lester’s face as she spoke the sentence. He wore his patented smug grin, tinged with lust. “What do you think?”

Dan was silent so long that Sarah wasn’t sure their call was still connected, “Hello, Dan? Are you still there?”

“I’m here,” Dan said slowly as he deliberated every word. “I just don’t know. I wish I was there with you.”

“Me too,” Sarah said as Lester began to tug at the straps of her top. He tore himself away from her neck and looked at her as he pulled her top up. Sarah immediately put her arms up, and her top was discarded onto the floor. Lester looked down at her heaving breasts before diving towards them. He started running his tongue between them and all over every inch of exposed flesh.

Sarah arched her back, pushing her breasts into Lester’s face, “Dan. What should I do? What do you want me to do?”

“I don’t know,” Dan said quietly. She knew that he was still having trouble admitting what he wanted. He was wrestling with what he knew he should say versus what he really wanted. Or at least what his horny brain wanted at the moment.

“He’s not man enough to admit what he wants,” Lester chided as he continued to lap at her breasts.

Sarah held her hand over the speaker of her phone and shushed Lester, but Dan had heard something, “What did he say?”

“Nothing important. Do you want me to stop this and come back?” Sarah asked as Lester’s fingers undid the button at the waist of her jeans. He started working on the zipper, and the sound of it lowering was so loud in the car she was sure Dan could hear it.

More silence from Dan. This was similar to when they were all together. Her husband might nod subtly but likely wouldn’t vocalize his growing desire.

“Dan,” Sarah whined as Lester disengaged from lapping at her breasts. He started to tug at her jeans, pulling them off her smooth, tanned legs. “I need to know what to do here. Please. If you want me to stop this, say something.”

She let her last line hang in the air for several seconds, waiting for Dan to respond. When he didn’t, she added, “If you don’t, I’m going to get fucked by your roommate in the back of his car.”

“Fuck, Sarah,” Dan said from the phone. She thought she heard the sound of a belt hitting the floor from his end. “God, it’s so wrong. I can just picture it, though. Jesus.”

“I know, baby,” Sarah said. Lester had successfully pulled off her pants. Sarah was sitting in the back of the SUV, wearing nothing but her underwear. “It’s so wrong. So very wrong.”

Lester lowered his head and started to lick up Sarah's legs, taking his time he licked over every inch of exposed flesh, taking particular time to lick her thighs, causing Sarah to grind them against each other. She looked down at the troll-like man in front of her and realized that he had shed his clothes. When had he gotten naked?

"Dan?" Sarah said as she closed her eyes and let her head fall back against the seat.

"Yeah?" Dan said breathlessly.

"Last chance here, honey," Sarah said as Lester's face got incredibly close to her vagina. She shivered, feeling his hot breath on her dampening lips.

"Fuck," Dan groaned into the phone. She wondered if he was touching himself, listening to them. "Godammit. I'm not going to stop it tonight, leave the phone on. It's the closest thing to me being there."

"Fuck baby," Sarah moaned into the phone as Lester pulled her panties to the side and began pushing his large tongue against her slit. "God, I can't believe this is happening. Keep listening in, baby. You're going to enjoy what you hear. I love you."

"I love you too," Dan said into the phone as Lester grabbed it from her hand and placed it behind him on the SUV's center console. He gripped her thighs tightly and pulled them towards him, causing Sarah to fall back onto the seat of the SUV, her blonde hair flared out around her on the black leather.

Lester gripped both sides of her panties and quickly pulled. Sarah yelped as she felt her panties being ripped off her body. Lester tore the material in two, letting them fall onto the seat beside Sarah's quivering hips.

"Those were from Dan," Sarah said, "One of his favorites."

“I can replace anything Dan gives you with something better,” a grin spread across Lester’s face as he lowered his head, looking at the pretty wife’s face. She looked eager and willing for what was about to happen next, her tits rising and falling, betraying how aroused she truly was.

Lester lowered his thick head between Sarah’s luscious thighs, his tongue searching for her clit.

Sarah groaned, raising her hips off the seat as Lester’s tongue found its prize and began to swirl around one of her most sensitive spots. Lester’s tongue continued to gently put pressure on her clit as his fingers began exploring the outer folds of the young wife’s pussy.

Lester played with her labia, feeling how wet and coated with her excitement they already were.

He started to suck on her clit as he pushed two fingers inside of her. The heady feminine aroma of her sopping pussy was driving him crazy.

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“Ohhhhh,” Sarah moaned through the phone’s speakers, “Mhmmmmmmmm.”

Dan listened, wondering what was happening. He wished he could see what was happening or have Sarah give him a play-by-play of what Lester was doing, but he dared not speak. He didn’t want to jinx what was happening and have it disappear before him. He was back in a familiar place, being silent and still, observing.

Last time in the apartment, he had found the will to take action, to call to Sarah through the wall.

But she wasn’t close by this time. He couldn’t hold her or reclaim her immediately. Part of him wondered if that was Lester’s plan in taking

her in his car.

“Oh fuck, yeah, right there,” he heard his wife moan. Dan continued stroking his cock as he lay on the bed. He lightened his touch on himself, not wanting to cum before Lester did. He wasn’t sure if he could handle listening to them after he had cum and his brain had cleared.

***

Lester’s fingers were slowly and deliberately moving in and out of the young wife. He was resuming his corruption of the young wife from earlier in the changing room. This time he intended on making her cum for him.

The fat fingers inside of her and the sucking attention Lester was paying to her clit was causing Sarah’s hips to rise and fall with his thrusts. She gripped the leather seat as she closed her eyes, focusing on the sensations that her husband’s creepy roommate was delivering to her body. Her other hand went to her right knee, holding her leg aside as it hung in the air, ensuring that the fat man had nothing preventing him from devouring her pussy.

Never in a million years did she expect to be where she was. If her work colleagues could see her now, they probably wouldn’t recognize the lustful woman moaning in the back of the SUV.

Her thighs started to close on the sides of Lester’s head, trying to pull him closer into her.

She tried to lift her ass off the leather seat, to push herself against the invading fingers and tongue. The leather stuck to her ass, she hadn’t realized she’d been sweating. Finally, it detached and she ground her crotch against Lester’s face. She could feel an orgasm quickly approaching from the depths of her soul.

“Don’t stop,” Sarah moaned as her hands found the back of Lester’s head, her manicured nails running through his wispy hair, scratching his scalp. “Don’t you dare stop Lester.”

Lester didn’t respond but continued thrusting his fingers into the young wife, running them over her g-spot that he had been teasing earlier. He started alternating between sucking on her clit and licking in large, firm circles. Lester sucked gently on her clit and began to hum deeply in the back of his throat.

The attention was too much for Sarah to bear, her first orgasm of the night came crashing down on her, rocking her very being, “Oh God! Uh, Mmmmhmmmmmmmmm”

Lester continued his assault, keeping up the pace of his thrusting fingers and tongue as Sarah continued to ride out her orgasm. The vibration from Lester’s humming upped the intensity of her climax. His continued attention to her pussy drew Sarah’s orgasm out longer, her thighs tightening around his head.

“Ohhh,” Sarah moaned as the bliss of the orgasm began to settle down her body. Lester took this as his cue. He withdrew his fingers and tongue and looked up the young wife’s body, meeting her gaze.

Lester got back up on his knees, showing his engorged member to the panting wife. Sarah zeroed in on the exaggerated look of lust on Lester’s face. He stroked his cock and stared into her eyes like he was studying her. He let his cock flop out, slapping Sarah’s thigh near her right knee. The contact shifted her gaze to the brute’s cock, which constantly seemed to grow in her presence.

“Dan, he’s got it out. It’s about to happen, baby.” Sarah opened her thighs invitingly, “It’s already so hard for me.”

Lust was painted on Sarah’s face as she looked up at him. He started to lower himself into her, but she placed a hand on his chest, gently stopping him. Lester knew he could push forward.

Her hand wasn’t strong enough to stop him. Yet he waited.

“Condom,” Sarah said breathlessly, “It’s our rule, still.”

Still. The use of the word wasn’t lost on Lester. He was close to that rule being broken, but he knew the couple well enough not to push too hard on this just yet. His patience would bear fruit soon enough. Lester groaned and pushed himself off of Sarah, and turned towards the front of the car. His center mass strained to get between the front seats, but they finally allowed him passage.

He grabbed Sarah’s phone in one hand, moving off the center console to open the compartment. He rummaged around and found the condoms at the bottom. He grabbed a strip of them and closed the console. As he placed the phone back down, he grinned and ended the call. He silenced the phone and placed it back face down before pushing backwards, attempting to pull himself free of the front seats.

When he finally managed to unwedge himself, he glanced and saw the area of the console that was under Sarah’s phone screen light up. Dan was calling back. He turned around and saw Sarah staring at him lustfully, almost as if she was checking him out, looking at him as if he were the only source of sexual gratification in the world.

“Dan, I’m going to fuck your wife now, have her moan on my cock,” Lester said as he moved onto the seat, “Last chance to back out, or you're going to have to listen to Sarah cum for me.”

He quickly ripped open the condom package and rolled it onto his cock, dropping the rest.

Sarah greeted him with open arms. As he lowered himself onto her, her hands were immediately on his back, urging him forward.

“Fuck me,” Sarah whispered in his ear, biting her lip.

Without any resistance, Lester pushed his cock forward. Sarah groaned, feeling the head of Lester's cock begin to push itself inside of her. Followed by the first inches of his hot, throbbing cock, filling her. As Lester continued to push his cock into her, the young mother couldn't help but moan.

Lester sank his hips down fully, pushing his entire length into Sarah.

"Uhhhhhh fuuuccckk," Sarah moaned as she gripped Lester's hairy back. She felt incredibly full.

The nerves across every inch of her pussy felt like there were on fire, all being stimulated at once. Then Lester pulled his cock out so only the head was still inside of her before slowly pushing his entire length back into her.

He repeated this over and over, much to Sarah's delight. She held on for dear life as Lester slowly and deliberately fucked her. Sarah arched her back off the leather seat, pushing her bra-clad breasts against Lester's chest. With each of his thrusts, his torso pushed against the fabric, teasing her nipples.

Sarah's legs wrapped around Lester's waist. She locked her ankles together and pulled Lester towards her as he thrust. She pushed her hips up at the same time, trying to take as much of his cock into her as possible. He ended each stroke by planting his cock deep within her, grinding firmly before fucking back into her again.

Sarah could feel heat enveloping her. The inside of the car was hot, but her body was on fire.

Every thrust threatened to make her boil over. She could feel another orgasm building from every inch of her body. It felt like it was everywhere at once, slowly simmering to the surface.

Her hands ran over Lester's back. She felt sweat running all over his skin. Sarah opened her eyes to see Lester's ugly face above hers. His

sweat-drenched forehead was furrowed and determined. Sweat dripped off his body, falling onto her chest. Her own skin was covered in a sheen of sweat.

The sight of his face above her caused her to start thrusting back against him more rapidly. She was now setting the pace, and her body urged Lester to keep up. He did, his breathing becoming harder. Sarah thought back to their illicit exchange in the dressing room earlier. How could anyone have overheard them or seen them. Other people were so close as she milked the last drops of cum out of his cock. People staring at them in the restaurant and at the mall.

Being the center of attention with someone like Lester.

Every inch of Sarah's body ignited at once. An explosion went off in her pussy as it gripped onto Lester's cock. Her orgasm surged out of her pussy and caused every nerve in her body to stiffen at once. Her pussy gripped Lester's cock harder, determined not to let it go. She felt her one leg involuntarily go straight as her toes curled.

"Mmmmmmm, oh, uh, Lester," Sarah groaned in pleasure as she threw her head to the side, her eyes rolling back as her orgasm seemed to drain the energy from her body.

Lester grinned while trying to catch his breath, "Say my name louder so Dan can hear it."

"Oh fuck Lester!" Sarah screamed, "Fuck me Lester. Don't stop. Don't fucking stop."

Hearing her say his name always got him riled up. He loved hearing it come from these pretty lips.

"Dan," Lester breathed, "Your wife is cumming on my cock, moaning for me. When was the last time you made her react like that, huh? She's my little hungry slut now."

Sarah knew it was fucked up, but the way Lester was taunting Dan was turning her on. The competitive nature of two men lusting over her. It felt primal. She knew it would probably turn Dan on, too, so she embraced it and let herself get lost in enjoying it.

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Dan frantically hit the call button next to Sarah's name on his phone. The call had cut out just as things were getting interesting. What's happening?

He was picturing the phone ringing on the floor of the car, Sarah and Lester too engrossed in what they were doing to bother answering it. Sarah too consumed with pleasure to care.

The line kept ringing until it he heard Sarah's voice. It was her voicemail again.

Dan took a breath and steadied himself as he tried to dial his beloved wife one more time.

***

Lester was breathing hard. The car was like a sauna. As he felt Sarah beginning to come down from her orgasm, he needed to change positions. He pulled his cock from her and sat back on the seat. Sarah felt oddly disappointed at Lester's weight lifting off of her. The feeling of being fully enveloped by Lester's body, pinning her down now a memory.

"Get on top of me," Lester breathed, his mouth hanging open, trying to get as much oxygen as possible. Sarah wasted no time sitting up and crawling across the seat to Lester's position. She noticed beads of sweat and condensation running down the fogged-up windows of the SUV.

Sarah looked hungrily down at Lester's large cock sitting up from his lap. She put her legs on either side of Lester's and began to lower herself onto his cock.

"Oh, mmmhmm," Sarah groaned as the head of his cock passed once again by her outer lips.

Even though they had already been fucking, it still felt like he was stretching her out. She gripped onto the back of the leather seat and continued to slowly lower herself onto Lester's imposing cock.

Suddenly, Lester's large, fat hands were on her waist. He pulled her down onto the full length of his cock.

"Oh fuuucckkk," Sarah moaned, feeling the intensity of Lester's cock pushing into her all at once. They sat there, connected, but neither of them moving. Lester's hands reached up and undid the clasp of Sarah's bra. She moved her shoulders and let it fall forward. She removed it completely with one hand and threw it over her shoulder.

Her bare breasts were now on display to her husband's roommate. They glistened with sweat, her nipples brushing up against Lester's flabby chest.

Sarah stared into Lester's beady eyes, wondering what he would do next. He was unpredictable, and she found herself drawn to that. Lester stared back at her beautiful face, astonished that he was actually with Dan's wife. His hands snaked up her bare back until they found the base of her neck. He licked his lips and leaned forward while pulling Sarah towards him.

Their lips met, and they hungrily devoured one another. As Lester's large tongue began to push into Sarah's mouth, their bodies responded to each other. Lester pressed his hips against Sarah's as she rode his cock up and down, letting his length travel inside her.

Lester gripped the base of Sarah's neck. When she would pull herself up to the top of his cock, he would grip her harder and pull her back all the way down onto his cock. She moaned into his mouth each time. Lester knew she liked getting fucked hard like this, and he was happy to oblige.

A glow from behind Sarah caused Lester to open one eye. The phone was lit up again, Dan likely trying to call back again in vain. Lester smirked and resumed sloppily kissing Dan's wife, his tongue running over hers, tasting her lust.

She pulled back slightly and softly bit his lip. She looked at his face. His hard features seemed to soften while she was with him. His eyes were still intense, and he looked at her with that mask of lust that made her heart skip a beat. Like she was the only thing in the world, and he had to have her.

Both were breathing hard, sweat glistening off their bodies, mixing together where they touched.

They were staring into each other's eyes. Sarah felt an incredible sense of lust toward Lester, an attraction she never expected to find with him.

She broke off the eye contact, scared that he may be able to read what she was thinking. She closed her eyes and decided to focus on the feeling of his cock inside of her as she ground herself up and down it.

"Cum for me," Lester whispered, "I want to watch you cum. Watch you cum on my cock. See your pretty face contort as you cum."

Sarah opened her eyes and stared down at her husband's roommate. She bit her lip and nodded her head. His words flipped a switch inside of her. She felt another orgasm that seemed to have been waiting for her words. It was getting close.

“Cum for me, Sarah. Do it. Cum on my cock. Cum on Lester’s cock.” Lester urged.

“Uh fuck,” Sarah increased her tempo as Lester continued to thrust up into her. Her orgasm started to take shape, it felt like a swaying wrecking ball trying to find its mark before everything came crashing down. “God, you feel so good. So fucking good.”

“I can’t wait until the day that I cum inside of you,” Lester whispered. “I want to watch you cum while you feel me spread out into you.”

“I bet Dan would like that too,” Lester said louder, “Having my bare cock explode into you, filling you up. Isn’t that right, Dan?”

Dan’s silence spoke volumes. The mental image of Lester cumming inside of her, unprotected, was too much for Sarah to hold onto.

“OH FUCK,” Sarah screamed as her defenses fell. She slowed her pace as her orgasm ripped through her body once more, the muscles in her pussy gripping Lester’s cock as she slowly lowered herself onto it. Her senses seemed heightened, she swore she could feel every vein of Lester’s cock through her pussy. She felt his heartbeat through his cock as a warmth enveloped her entire body.

“I’m gonna CUM,” Lester bellowed into the car as he gripped Sarah’s hips tightly and once more pulled her body down onto his entire length. His balls tightened, and he immediately began shooting load after load of cum.

Sarah was already riding out her orgasm. As she felt Lester begin to cum and the warmth of it inside of her, her mind immediately jumped back to his last comment. She felt the muscles in her vagina involuntarily tighten once more around his cock as another orgasm came out of nowhere and rocked her body.

“Oh God,” She moaned, “Lester.”

Lester's lips pressed against hers once more. Both of them were breathing hard, almost gasping for breath but neither one stopped. They hungrily kissed one another until long after Lester had stopped cumming. They sat there together kissing for several minutes as Lester's cock was still embedded in the young mother. The only sounds in the car were the couple's heavy breathing and the wet smacks of their tongues passionately crashing together.

Eventually, Sarah broke their kiss and pulled herself off of Lester's sweaty body. She found her bra, put it back on and looked with regret at her shredded underwear. Lester proudly tossed his rubber out into the alley, closing the window after hearing it land with another satisfying splat.

They both got dressed and got back into the front seat. Sarah checked her phone and saw several missed calls from Dan.

When had Dan hung up? Why? Sarah now started to worry that she did or said something that crossed the line with her husband. Maybe it was the talk of doing it without a condom. She

wanted to call Dan back to connect with him but didn't want to speak to him about this in front of Lester. She sent him a short message instead.

> On my way back. I love you. Be there soon.

Lester grinned as he started the car and drove off into the night.

Ned's going to need to clean the car again.

***

Dan was about to try and call Sarah again when he read her message. She was coming home; they could talk then. He stared at his phone for several seconds while sitting on his bed, picturing what he had heard the start of and how it had ended.

It felt like things were getting out of control again, but he couldn't help feeling the throbbing of his still-hard cock. It was waiting for release. The images his mind created of his wife's coupling with his disgusting roommate made him feel anxious and, as much as he hated to admit it, desire.

Desire to watch and see what had happened. Next time, he could tag along on one of their dates. Or he could follow them or Sarah could take pictures or videos for him. At one time, she wouldn't dare, but things had changed between them over the past few months.

He walked across his bedroom and turned off the light before grabbing a handful of tissues from the nightstand. He laid back and lowered his boxers, unable to wait. His throbbing erection demanded satisfaction.

He thought about Sarah lying on her back with Lester between her legs. That shit-eating grin of his looking down as her sheer lust-filled face looked up at him. Her sexy eyes betraying her desires, wanting him. A look only he had seen previously.

He started stroking himself faster. Sarah's legs wrapped around Lester's thick waist. Her wanting hands clutching her breasts, toying with herself. Lester's ugly face next to her head, whispering seductions he couldn't hear. Dan sitting in the front seat, looking back at them as their bodies entwined with one another.

Sarah moaning for his roommate. Lester breathing hard. Dan continued to stroke himself, feeling his balls begin to tingle. Sarah's nails digging into Lester as she came, Lester roaring as he came at the same time before dipping his head and locking lips with Dan's quivering wife.

Dan came into the tissues. His body was overcome with pleasure. As he came down from his orgasm, guilt and shame followed. He cleaned himself up, dropping the tissues to the ground.

Sarah would be home soon. He would just lay there for a few minutes while he waited.

***

Keys jiggled in the lock. The hallway light streamed into the dark apartment as Lester and Sarah entered.

"Thanks for the date," Lester said as he closed the door. His eyes ran up the young wife's body as she bent over to unzip her boots. As she stood back up, Lester was in front of her, his arms encircling her. "Time for my goodnight kiss."

Sarah was taken aback. She looked around for Dan, but her vision was quickly cut off by Lester's head lowering towards her face. His wet lips pressed against hers, and she felt her knees buckle, melting into the kiss. Her arms found his back as she returned the embrace.

Sarah was surprised Lester didn't stick his tongue in her mouth like he normally would. This kiss was almost tender, intimate even.

After a minute, Lester broke the kiss and stared into the young wife's attentive eyes, "Why don't you spend the night in my bed?"

Sarah thought about laying in bed next to Lester and what might happen during the night. She had already done so much with him today, but the idea felt so wicked. She needed to talk to Dan, though, to figure out where his head was at.

"It's a tempting offer," She used a consoling tone that was well practiced from her role at the hospital, "But I want to sleep next to my husband tonight."

'Suit yourself," Lester said, backing away before disappearing down the hall.

Sarah steadied herself and went searching for Dan. She found him in his room, passed out on the bed. Sarah eyed the used tissue on the ground, concluding that he must have enjoyed overhearing her in the car. Maybe he hung up after he finished, not being able to handle listening anymore.

She smiled, looking down at the love of her life before stripping down. She couldn't believe she had just let Lester kiss her goodnight. What was she thinking?

She left the bedroom and walked into the bathroom for a quick shower. As the water hit her body, she realized how casually she had just walked across the hall. She laughed to herself, thinking how a few months ago, she'd wrap herself in a towel and tip-toe across the hall.

The hot water felt great on her naked skin, washing away the events of the night. As she finished and towelled herself off, she returned to Dan's room. She wished he was awake so they

could talk. She was disappointed he hadn't waited for her and perhaps had another session together.

She eyed the peephole in the wall, which was now covered on both sides. She wondered if Lester was still awake and what he was doing.

Sarah shook the thoughts from her head as she climbed into bed next to Dan and let the events of the night replay in her mind before letting sleep take her.

***

Lester sat at his command center, feeling a sense of pride and victory. Tonight's mission had been a success. Sarah had let him push her further than he had thought possible. Two separate sex acts outside of the apartment, away from her husband.

His meaty hand gripped the mouse while the other dove into an already open bag of Cheetos.

He revelled in the feeling of success, knowing what was next for the young wife. Slowly, he would continue to push her outside of her comfort zone, using his documented kinks of hers against her.

Before Sarah or Dan realized what was happening, he would entirely corrupt the young mother.

Lester checked his Discord message: a few more messages from Ned and the D&D group planning the continuation of their campaign. He wondered what the group would think of someone like Sarah showing up.

Closing the window, he navigated over to the camera feed from tonight. He watched Dan work diligently on his laptop before berating someone on the phone. Lester sped up the feed, watching Dan listen to Lester and Sarah in the car.

He chuckled under his breath as he watched Dan try to call back after Lester had hung up on him and then his little activity in the bedroom a short time ago. Lester opened the network log to see what Dan had been looking at on the computer, wondering if he had started to look at porn.

Instead, he found the websites on which Dan had been reviewing job postings. Lester quickly scanned the URLs until he found ones where it looked like Dan had submitted completed applications. He noted these down in a separate document.

He couldn’t just let Dan get a new job and change the status quo of the apartment. Lester was the one who made the deals. Things were just getting good with Sarah. He couldn’t let Dan jeopardize that now.

Lester found Dan's LinkedIn page and used the information to create a new resume and cover letter riddled with typos and inaccurate information. He would need to get a copy of Dan's real resume at some point soon.

Satisfied with his fake version of Dan's application, Lester submitted it to the same companies Dan had earlier in the evening. Hopefully, the second error-filled application would cause the HR

team to disqualify Dan from their hiring process.

Lester didn't like that he couldn't guarantee that. He would have to take other actions to sabotage his roommate.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 12

Dan adjusted his tie as he stared at the text on the computer screen. It said, 'Waiting for the Host to Start the Meeting.' He had already been sitting there for five minutes waiting for his scheduled interview with the Nexcom Corporation.

He looked around the living room as he waited. The updated furniture and decor made a much better background than the stark white walls of his room. He didn't want his bed visible during his interview as that seemed unprofessional.

He hated how nervous he felt. In the past, he would do interviews just for practice, graciously turning down the offers that always followed. Now he was in a more desperate position. The economy was much tighter, and the supply of open positions wasn't there. With his current company reducing wages and his devil's bargain with Lester, he felt more anxious than he cared to admit. He really didn't want that anxiety to be apparent in the interview.

Perhaps he shouldn't have been so hasty to have dismissed Byron's offer. Maybe he could have negotiated. It wasn't like Byron could have been serious about what he was insinuating regarding Sarah, could he? He regretted how he'd handled that, but Byron did have it coming. Perhaps there was some way to salvage the situation –

The text faded to black, and in its place, the screen was divided in two, with a man and a woman appearing on each side. The hiring team at Nexcom introduced themselves and made some small talk with Dan before diving into the interview.

"So, tell us about the most recent project you've been working on," the woman asked. Dan could tell from her demeanor that he wouldn't have to work hard to convince her he was qualified for the position.

He paused briefly before saying, "I'm working on this really great project based in Minnesota that includes a ton of challenging sustainability requirements. It's going to be one of the flagship buildings for our clients. With it, I'm constantly juggling new requirements that pop up from our client. And I'm coordinating our internal team as well as all the contractors to line things up so that we deliver on time and under budget."

"What would your clients say about you if we were to ask them?" the man added. He was terse, and his eyes betrayed his caution. This was who Dan needed to convince.

Dan smiled, "Well, I think they would say I have been very accommodating to them, listening to their evolving project and ensuring I've helped them realize their vision, but I'm also able to guide them and push back in certain areas that don't make sense and might compromise their project. Overall, I'm sure they would say I have been an invaluable asset to their project and that they'd retain our firm for future projects going forward."

"Do you have other past clients like that? I ask because powerful referrals like that could help build up our book of business. Do you think you have clients in your network that might follow you to a new company?"

Dan felt like he was sliding back into a well-worn groove, "Of course. Granted, these are my relationships. I've cultivated them for years, and my reputation with them is important. I would need to ensure their interests would be protected and respected by any new company, so I likely would need to evaluate that over my first few months before I commit them to it."

The interviewers nodded and jotted down some notes. The man looked up first and said, "Dan, before we continue, I wanted to follow up on one point here that I see in your resume. Overall, your resume looks excellent and is pretty much an exact match for what

we're looking for. Now I just want to clarify that we do take this hiring process very seriously, and as such we expect the same from our candidates."

"Of course," Dan replied, smiling.

"Great, great," the man looked down at a paper in front of him and then back up at Dan, "What I want to ask about here is the lack of certifications listed on your resume. The posting clearly stated we need candidates with certified training in project management, earthquake resistance design and other supporting fields. Are you certified in these areas?"

Dan took a second to collect himself. He was sure that all of his certifications were listed on his resume. "Yes, I am certified, and I double-checked what was required of the role to make sure I met each requirement before applying. Perhaps there was some mistake with my

application; all of those certifications should be listed. I can provide you with that full list if you give me a moment."

"Please do," the man said, "It's essential we have someone in this role with a keen eye for details. Is that you, Dan?"

"Yes," Dan said, feeling as if he was being led somewhere by the conversation. "I take pride in the fact that I double-check and often pick up on details that others miss."

"Then why," the man said, "Is your resume littered with spelling errors? Even when you mention your attention to detail on your resume, the word detail is spelled wrong."

Dan knew that was bullshit. His resume was impeccable, and there weren't any issues with it. He was ready to correct this man but reminded himself that doing so wouldn't do him any favors.

"Perhaps," Dan started, looking at the woman on the screen, trying to discern how she felt about him, "An old version of my resume was submitted incorrectly. For that I take responsibility and would like to send you an updated one to ensure we are on the same page moving forward."

"I think that's wise," the woman said, "Obviously, we like your experience and wouldn't be interviewing you otherwise."

Her tone suggested she was lightly scolding her colleague. "Dan, perhaps you can tell us some more about your background."

"I would be happy to. Again, I will get you that updated resume. Prior to my current role, I used to work at…." Dan's voice trailed off as he heard a sound in the apartment. Lester was awake, which generally didn't happen until much later in the morning.

He stayed focused on the screen and tried to keep his composure despite the background noise, "I used to work at a design firm, Entra & Peck, that worked on projects around the globe. I spearheaded many prestigious projects for dozens of clients, most notably was…."

Dan could hear Lester's door shut and some shuffling sounds around the apartment.

"It was an 80-story skyscraper in New York City. The project required us to coordinate a massive amount of contractors and work under tight budget –"

Dan stopped in mid-sentence as he saw a white blob move behind him on the camera. He watched in horror as the interviewer's eyes grew wide with shock. The woman put her hand over her mouth, and the man stifled a laugh with his fist. Dan watched in horror as Lester's naked form walked across his screen and paused behind him as he casually scratched his ass.

“Uh, I, uhh,” Dan stumbled, trying to remember what he was just saying. He couldn’t recall what the question had been. His eyes were glued to Lester’s hairy, naked body.

“Okay, Dan,” the man finally said, “I think we are done here for now. We’ll be in touch.”

The man’s screen abruptly disappeared, followed shortly by the woman. Dan sat there frozen as his screen was filled with his own camera feed, displaying just himself as Lester walked past him towards the kitchen. Disappointment washed over him, and he became angry.

“God dammit, Lester!” Dan shouted, standing up. He marched towards the kitchen.

As he rounded the corner, he immediately regretted it. Lester was stark naked, bent over, rummaging around the refrigerator. Dan was treated to a view of Lester’s hairy ass. His musty scent filled Dan’s nostrils. Lester’s shower was obviously not part of this morning’s routine.

“Ew, fuck. Come on, man. Put some clothes on.” Dan said.

“Huh?” Lester stood up and turned around, his flaccid cock dangling between his legs. “Did you say something?”

Dan ignored Lester’s dick, “You just messed up my interview! Why did you have to get up early and walk around here naked? Come on, man.”

“Oh shit,” Lester shrugged, “I’m sorry. I thought you’d be at work already.”

“Didn’t you hear me talking to people out here?” Dan said, not intending to let Lester get off the hook.

“I just assumed you were talking to our girl Sarah. Were you on a video call?”

“Yes!” Dan said. He didn’t like Lester calling Sarah ‘ *our’* girl. “They both saw you come into the room naked. You ended the interview right there.”

“I feel violated.” Lester said, “If you had told me you had an interview, I wouldn’t have come out until it was over. Why didn’t you tell me?”

Dan closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. Lester had a point, as much as he hated to acknowledge it. Dan hadn’t told his roommate. It hadn’t even occurred to him. Somehow, he just expected Lester to have figured it out on his own.

“Just…don’t do it again, okay? We’ve talked about the naked thing in the past.” Dan returned to the living room and started packing his laptop.

“Where are you going?” Lester followed him, still naked. “We haven’t finished talking about how you exposed me to strangers.”

Dan looked at Lester flatly. He saw the bemused grin on the fat man’s face. “I’m going to work. I told them I’d be late today. Pretty much a huge waste of time now.”

Lester watched as Dan gathered up his belongings for work into a bag. He put one foot up on the arm of the couch, his cock dangling openly. “Hey, don’t blame me.”

“Dan slipped on his coat and put his bag over one shoulder. He turned to face Lester, momentarily stunned once again at his brazen nakedness. He held the door to the apartment open, “Why do you have to be the way you are?”

Lester smiled, "I am who I am. If you remember, I am a mother fucker after all, right?"

He chuckled, enjoying his own joke alone.

Dan stared at him coldly before walking into the hallway and letting the door slam shut behind him. He could still hear his laughter as he neared the elevator.

***

Sarah's fingers raced across her keyboard as she pursued her dream of having zero emails in her inbox. She was replying, forwarding and organizing her emails as quickly as she could before heading up to visit Dan in Chicago.

Sitting alone in her office, she had finished most of her work for the day. In her calendar, she had this time marked for cleaning up her inbox. There wasn't anything unusual today: typical approvals of department expenses, correcting an error made by Suzie in the billing department for the tenth time and putting off sales pitches by overly enthusiastic medical device salesmen who couldn't keep their eyes from staring at her chest. She paused on an email from the head of IT titled ' *mandatory training*' so she could glance up at the time.

It was well past the time of Dan's interview. He should have had time to get to work by now. She pulled her phone out of the breast pocket of her blazer and called her husband.

"Hey baby," his warm voice greeted her. "How are you doing today? I miss you."

"I miss you too, baby. Work is work. It's going quickly. I can't wait to finish up so I can come up and see you. How did your interview go?"

“Ugh,” Dan replied. “It was going alright, not the best by any means. They said there were some issues with my resume, but I know for sure there weren’t. But it wasn’t enough to stop them from interviewing me, so I handled it, but then Lester….god.

Lester walked by the camera naked, and it put them off, and they cut the interview early.”

“Wait, what?” Sarah asked. “Did Lester walk into your room?”

“No,” Dan said, “I should have known better. I did the interview in the living room and he walked by in the background. I wouldn’t be surprised if he did it on purpose.”

“Neither would I,” Sarah said, “Though next time, maybe do it in your room. Or maybe put up a virtual background.”

“Lesson learned,” Dan said. “I just wish I could do these at home in our house. I can’t risk doing them here in the office, so there are limited places I can have them.”

Sarah clicked on the next email, “Well, maybe this weekend we can find a table and chair for your room so you can have a better setup to take these calls.”

“I like that idea, I just don’t know if we should be spending any money right now,”

Dan said.

“Then we’ll figure something out, we’ll look on Facebook Marketplace or something,”

Sarah replied. “Point is, we’ll figure it out together.”

“Yeah, okay,” Dan said.

“We’ll get you out of that apartment this weekend and find something to cheer you up,” Sarah smiled. She wondered what their weekend together would hold. She missed spending time with her husband. It seemed like every time she went up to Chicago, she had been spending more and more of her time with Lester.

As if on cue, a small chime went off in her ear. She pulled back the phone and saw a new text message.

“Hold on a sec, honey,” Sarah said as she opened the message. Lester’s angry cock was staring back at her. Lester’s grubby hand was gripping its base, pointing his cock head to the camera. It was captioned ’thinking of you.’

“Sarah? You still there?” Sarah shook her head, not realizing how much time had elapsed since she’d received the photo.

“Sorry, Dan, I just got distracted with a work thing here.” She lied. “Is there anything I can do this weekend to cheer you up? Maybe I can bring a special pair of lingerie I could model for you?”

“I like the sound of that. Maybe that white set that makes you look so innocent,” Dan said.

“I can do that.” Sarah smiled. “By the way, you need to tell your roommate to stop sending me pictures of his junk. It’s going to get me in trouble at work one of these days.”

“God, I don’t think Lester will listen to anything I tell him to do, but I’ll try,” Dan said.

“Have you responded to him at all?”

“No, I haven’t,” Sarah said.

“So, what? He just keeps sending you pictures of his dick. Like your text thread is just a wall of dicks, basically?”

“Pretty much,” Sarah said quickly. She hadn’t told Dan how many pictures Lester had sent her or how frequently she had looked at them. Knowing they were always there on her phone in her blazer was a constant thought throughout the day.

“Maybe you should just text him back and tell him to stop. Or block his number.” Dan suggested.

“Maybe I should. Hold on.” Sarah pulled open the thread with Lester again. She had been resisting texting him back. She wanted to keep her interactions with Lester contained to the apartment. Even there, it was starting to seep out into other areas of Chicago. But here, she could at least keep a firewall between herself and him while at work and home. She didn’t want to give Lester access to her on a whim at any time through her phone.

Hesitantly, she typed a message.

> Lester, please stop. I’m at work.

“Okay,” Sarah breathed, “I just told him to stop and that I’m at work _”

Bzzt

> What are you wearing?

“Ugh,” Sarah said, staring at the phone, “He just replied, asking what I’m wearing.”

Sarah waited for Dan to respond. He was silent for several seconds, “Dan?”

“Yeah, sorry,” Dan said. “Just a little caught off guard, is all. I’ve been replaying the interview in my head, and the thought of what he said threw me off.”

"Threw you off, like, did it distract you from what happened with the interview?"

"Yeah," Dan breathed into the phone. "It did."

"Really?" Sarah said, swivelling in her chair. "What do you think I should do? Should I tell him? What if I show him, Dan?"

"Fuck, Sarah," Dan whispered into the phone. She wasn't sure where he was in his office, but she smiled as she played with her husband.

"What? What's wrong, Dan?" Sarah could feel her body heating up, "Can't you imagine me sending Lester a picture of what I'm wearing? You don't even know what I'm wearing today. Maybe I'm in a sexy little nurse outfit. Or maybe I could show Lester what I have on underneath my outfit."

After several seconds of silence, Dan finally said, "God, you are bad, Sarah."

"I just like to hear you squirm, dear," Sarah smiled, loving the effect she was having on Dan.

"So what are you going to send him?" Dan breathed.

Sarah had just been toying with her husband. She didn't actually plan on sending Lester a picture of herself, let alone take one while at work. "Do you seriously want me to send him something Dan?"

Dan was silent for several seconds before whispering, "Yes…"

Sarah didn't say anything, hoping that Dan would elaborate. After more silence, he finally added, "I know it's messed up, but the idea of you messaging someone like Lester pictures….I mean I just had a bit of a fight with him this morning over what he did and knowing he'd get to see you today after all of that…I don't know."

“That is certainly messed up,” Sarah swirled her chair to face the window in her office. She looked out at the parking lot and buildings further in the distance, “You wanting Lester to see me. See my body. He has already seen so much of me. I told you what happened in his car last time. Sending him pictures feels like I’m actually dating him or something. What should I send him Dan? Just a selfie? Or should I strip down here in my office and take a picture for him?”

“I..” Dan started, “I don’t know. Just start with a selfie and see where it goes.”

“Ahmmmm,” Sarah thought of ways to toy with her husband. “Maybe. We’ll see. I was thinking something a little more risque.”

“What do you mean?” Dan breathed into the phone.

Sarah smiled, knowing she had gotten her husband sufficiently distracted from his interview woes. “Don’t worry, my love. I’m just going to send him a few private pictures.”

“What kind of pictures?” Dan asked.

“That’s between a girl and her boyfriend, mister.” Sarah smiled, knowing how worked up Dan would get at that line. “I’ll show them to you when I get to Chicago, but for now, you’ll just have to use your imagination.”

“You’re so fucking bad,” Dan said into the phone, “I wish I were there so I could fuck you right now.”

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah mimicked a moan into the phone, “I’d like that. You better do that this weekend…unless your roommate beats you to it.”

“Not going to happen,” Dan declared, “I need you. You’re going to be mine.”

“Promise?” Sarah asked.

“Promise,” Dan said confidently. “I love you.”

“I love you too, baby,” Sarah smiled.

“I have to run, honey,” Dan said. “Walt called a meeting, and it’s starting in two minutes. I can’t wait to see you this weekend.”

“I know, me too, baby. I miss you.” Sarah wished the conversation didn’t have to end but she knew she would have to get back to work soon too.

“I miss you too, baby. I’ll text you when I get out of work. I can’t wait to see you.” Dan said.

“Love you,” Sarah said one last time.

“Love you more,” Dan replied before hanging up.

Sarah sat there looking over the parking lot, not feeling like pursuing a zero inbox any longer. She wanted to go for a walk instead and stretch her legs. She looked down at her phone and saw another unread message.

Again, it was from Lester.

> Show me what you are wearing.

Thinking back to her conversation with Dan, a small smile spread across her face.

She held the phone up in front of her and took a selfie of her body, and sent it to her husband’s roommate. Sarah stood up and intended to leave the room when her phone buzzed again.

> I meant, what kind of underwear are you wearing Sarah bit her lip, toying with what to do. Before she could respond, another

message came in.

> I need to see what you have on.

Sarah raised an eyebrow and typed a quick response.

> And why is that?

> Because I've been stroking my hard cock to send you pictures, and now I need relief

> Why don't you watch porn or something then?

> Those girls don't compare to you. Come on. Show me something.

The thought of sending someone like Lester a sexy photo had intrigued her while she chatted with her husband. Knowing that he intended to jerk off to them, that even hundreds of miles away, she could get someone off just by looking at her. She could feel her breathing begin to change and found herself getting slightly wet between her legs.

Sarah unbuttoned several buttons on her blouse to expose her chest. She was wearing a simple black bra that still accentuated her breasts. She held the phone in front of her chest and with a moment's deliberation, snapped the picture and sent it to Lester.

> That's what I'm talking about. Those look great. I can't wait to see those in person this weekend.

> Who says I'm coming this weekend? Why do you think I'll let you see these?

> Your husband talks loud. And because of this.

Another picture of Lester's swollen cock appeared on her screen, still as hard as it was before.

> Are you wearing matching panties?

> Maybe

> Show me

> Lester, I'm at work. I can't just strip for you.

> Show me

Sarah looked out the window. She was several floors up, and no one would be able to see in. She took off her blazer and gently laid it across her chair. Sarah undid her belt and kicked off her heels before lowering her white jeans down her legs. She walked in front of the mirror on her office wall.

She had never exposed herself like this at work before, even when sending Dan selfies of herself. There was a thrill knowing that on the other side of these walls, other people were working, and they had no idea what she was doing. She shivered at the thought. She held up her phone to the mirror, angling the camera to exclude her face and anything in the background that would identify the setting. Satisfied with the angle, Sarah turned to the side and pushed her ass out to give Lester a great view of it as well as her breasts that were still jutting out from her open blouse. The profile shot left little to the imagination without any other identifying information.

> That's more like it. I can't wait to fuck that body of yours.

> Tell me how much you miss this.

Another photo of Lester's angry cock appeared on her screen. This time it was leaking pre-cum.

> Tell me how much you want it so I can finally cum for you

Sarah stood there, undressed, in the middle of her office, debating what to send. She realized her thighs were rubbing against each other, and her fingers had started to play with her panty line. She bit her lip and sent Lester a message.

> I want your big, juicy cock Lester. I crave it.

Lester didn't reply for several seconds.

> Fuck

A photo followed of Lester's hand wrapped around his cock. He must have been lying in a prone position. Cum was dripping down the length of his cock, running over his hands.

> You're going to have to clean up this mess this weekend.

Sarah stared at the photo, transfixed by the sheer amount of cum Lester had produced. Just seeing that made her remember the taste of it and how it dappled on her skin. Her body felt extremely hot, and she needed release as well. She turned and walked back towards her desk.

As she rounded the corner, she stopped in her tracks as she heard the door open.

"Sarah, did you see this email from IT? Who approved another training for –"

Drew, Sarah's boss, stopped dead in his tracks at the entryway to her office. He held the doorknob with one hand as he gawked at Sarah's state of undress.

Sarah covered herself with her hands as she scooted behind the desk, "Drew close the door!"

"Ughhhh," Drew stepped into the room and closed the door behind him, spinning around, his eyes lowering to focus on Sarah's exposed breasts.

"No! Not in here. Get out!" Sarah exclaimed.

"Right, right. Yeah." Drew quickly opened the door, stepped back into the hallways and pulled it closed behind him.

Sarah stood there mortified for several seconds before quickly buttoning up her blouse and pulling her pants back on. She sat in her chair and held her head in her hands as her phone buzzed with another message from Lester. She ignored it. This is what she had been afraid of. Her games with Dan and Lester spilling out into the rest of her life.

***

Lester stared at his phone, waiting for a response from Dan's hot wife. He wished she was here lapping up all the cum that he had splattered all over his cock. *Maybe I can get her to do that soon.*

He was leaning back in his chair with his legs propped up on his desk. The video of the first time he fucked Sarah was playing on his computer screen. Her moans of pleasure were like music to his ears. In all this time spent with the women in his apartment, nothing was sweeter than the sounds coming from Sarah as he finally conquered her and made her cum on his cock.

His eyes flicked down to the timestamp on the conversation. It had been a few minutes, and she still hadn't responded.

"Fuck," Lester said as he stood up and plodded over to the pile of dirty clothes on his floor. He reached down and grabbed a discarded shirt and used it to wipe his cock and thighs clean. Satisfied that he had cleaned himself up enough, Lester dropped the shirt back onto the floor. He surveyed the state of the room and how his clean

habits had quickly regressed once he had bedded Sarah. Around the same time, his maid service had quit, and Lester had yet to find a new one.

Lester put the mess out of his mind. He didn't like the thought that his old habits had returned. That meant he wasn't in control, and his tendencies had won out in the end. Lester didn't like not being in control. *It's simply that Sarah is hooked on me, and I have leverage on Dan, I don't need to keep up appearances any longer.*

Besides, I have more important things to do than laundry.

Sauntering over to his command center, Lester plopped back down in this chair. The chair's gas cylinder squealed in protest against his weight. He eyed the time again and pulled his computer chair closer to the desk. He fired up Google Hangouts and started the meeting.

Dan wasn't the only one with an interview today.

The video feed of a man popped up on his computer screen. He looked fairly forgettable, an average everyday background character you'd forget just after passing him by. Maybe late twenties. He introduced himself as Tim, his eyes nonchalantly looking over Lester.

"Tim, what did you think of the pictures I sent you?" Lester asked.

"Your girlfriend has a smoking body, man. I really want to see her face," Tim said excitedly.

Lester held up a hand to try and temper Tim's enthusiasm. He already wasn't enjoying Tim's energy. At one point, he had researched Dan's coworker Jesse, diving into his background and family. Ultimately, Jesse could be a variable Lester might not be able to control. His ties to Dan's professional life could have unforeseen

consequences Lester couldn't predict. Lester kept the file on Jesse archived for the time being.

“How many sexual partners have you had?” Lester said flatly.

“Uh, like three, man.” Tim said eagerly, “Is your girlfriend there? When do I get to talk to her?”

“In good time,” Lester scoffed, “I want to get a feel for you first. Are you clean? Can you pass an STI screening?”

“Yeah, I mean, I think so. I haven’t ever been tested or anything.” Tim said, confused.

“How big is your dick?” Lester said.

“Hey now, man,” Tim said, “Where’s your girlfriend? I’d happily show her what I have, you know? But I’m not so sure, man, this is kind of creeping me out right now.”

Lester ended the call, and Tim disappeared from his screen. *Waste of time.*

He had been chatting back and forth with Tim for a couple of days, trying to set up this conversation to learn more about him. He’d have to try a different tactic going forward.

The cursor on his screen shifted between apps. Discord had several messages from Ned and his D&D group. Their next session was coming up soon, much less frequent than they used to be. There were also a dozen or so unread messages from Cronos that he continued to ignore. As he continued to scroll, a notification appeared in the screen's lower right-hand corner.

He reflexively clicked it, opening the post from a Facebook employee group for Sarah’s employer. The poster was complaining about another mandatory IT training session.

Lester smirked. *What funny timing.*

***

Dan put his phone on the coffee table and hurried over to open the door. He poked his head into the hallway and heard the elevator chime. A few moments later, his loving wife Sarah came into view, pulling her carry-on luggage behind her. She looked great wearing a pair of sneakers, tight-fitting blue jeans and a t-shirt under a loose hoodie. Her blonde hair pulled up into a bun. When she saw him standing there waiting, a broad smile appeared on her face, and she quickened her pace to close the distance between them.

Without saying a word, she was in his arms, and his lips were on hers.

"I've missed you so much," Dan said when their lips finally parted.

"I've missed you too. I love you so much, baby." Sarah smiled, looking up into his eyes. For a second, the rest of Dan's problems seemed to melt away, and he just wanted to be in this moment with his wife forever.

When reality came back, Dan reached down, grabbed his wife's luggage, and led her into the apartment.

Dan shut the door behind them, and as if on cue, Lester's fat feet could be heard smacking against the wood floors as he marched down the hallway toward them.

Soon, the mass of his body shadowed the entrance to the living room as his eyes scanned Sarah up and down. With a grin plastered on his face, he started to walk with purpose towards the young mother.

Sarah froze, trying to reconcile the tender moment with her husband with his predatory roommate marching towards her, "Lester…"

Before Lester could close the gap to Sarah, Dan stepped in his path, holding up his hands. “Lester, take it easy. She just got in. Back up man.”

Lester’s eyes finally met Dan’s, not bothering to hide his annoyance, “We have an arrangement.”

“We do,” Dan said, “And I’ve been thinking about that. You get a date but it doesn’t mean you just get to come over and we do everything you say.”

“Whatever,” Lester said, relaxing his posture, “I can wait a few hours before properly greeting your wife.”

“Yeah about that,” Dan said, “I’m actually taking Sarah out tonight. It’s been a long time since we’ve had a moment alone, just husband and wife.”

“What?” Lester said, becoming visibly irritated, “No that’s not the agreement. I get to take Sarah out.”

Sarah came up behind Dan and hugged him from behind, her head resting on the side of his arm. “I’d really like some time with my husband. I just drove a few hours to be here with him, Lester.”

“The agreement,” Dan said, “Is that you get dates with her. We never specified when these dates happen, so tonight I’m having time with her. You can go on your little date tomorrow.”

“Are you sure she wants that?” Lester challenged. “She’s been alone for weeks, she’s going to need something to satisfy her needs tonight.”

Dan eyed Lester. He could feel his desire to see Sarah with Lester beginning to stir inside of him. He couldn’t let it get the better of him this time. “Don’t worry yourself about that. I, her husband, will take care of everything she needs, Lester.”

“Are you sure about that?” Lester said, his gaze shifting to Dan’s wife.

“Dan always leaves me very satisfied, thank you very much Lester.” Sarah chimed in.

A bemused grin formed on Lester’s face, “I’m sure he does. I’m sure he does a commendable job checking that box but we all know that you’ve never had those mind-blowing orgasms from Dan, like the ones you have with me. The ones that rock you to your core.”

Lester stepped back, turning around, “Have fun with your little rendezvous tonight.

Dan, try not to overthink about how much Sarah is fantasizing about me while she is stuck under you tonight.”

“Fucking asshole,” Dan said as Lester retreated to his bedroom. He turned around and noticed Sarah’s face was flush.

“So,” Sarah said, putting her hands on Dan’s chest, “Where are you taking me tonight?”

“I thought it would be a nice change of pace to get out of here and go walk around the Art Institute and then grab some dinner at the food truck festival a few blocks over. That sound good?”

“That sounds amazing,” Sarah beamed. “When are we leaving?”

“As soon as you want, no rush,” Dan said.

Sarah looked down the hallway towards the bedrooms, “Let me just go freshen up and we can head out. Maybe in like 20 minutes?”

“That sounds perfect,” Dan said, kissing her forehead.

Sarah grabbed her suitcase, “I’m just going to change out of these car clothes, pee, and touch up my makeup.”

"You look great already baby but do whatever you need to," Dan said.

"Muah," Sarah said as she pulled her luggage towards the bedroom.

Dan stood there with his hands in his pockets, listening intently to the sounds of the luggage rolling down the hallway. He heard a door open and the luggage roll into it.

He hoped it was his bedroom door but deep down a part of him longed for it to be Lester's. Sarah walking into his room to change right in front of him and Lester taking advantage of the opportunity.

He heard the sound of light footsteps next followed by a door shutting. Sarah walking across the hall into the bathroom.

Dan let out a long breath, "Get a hold of yourself."

Within half an hour, Sarah emerged from the hallway looking as radiant as ever. She was wearing a slim pair of black jeans with a tight-fitting blouse tucked into it at the waist. Her hair was down, and she accentuated her naturally beautiful face with light makeup.

"Looking fine, girl," Dan said as he opened the door and held out his hand for his wife. They left the confines of the apartment and travelled down to the ground floor before getting into an Uber and heading to the Art Institute of Chicago. They spent the next few hours just talking as they walked past paintings and sculptures. Dan felt grateful for the time to reconnect with his wife. It reminded him of some dates they'd had earlier in their relationship before they'd married.

Eventually, they found that both their stomachs were beginning to rumble, so they left the museum and headed up the few blocks to where the food truck festival was being held. A few dozen food trucks were stationed in the parking lot with makeshift tables and chairs in the center. Light bulbs strands were strung across the

entire lot, adding an air of intimacy to the ambience. Despite all of the options available, both Sarah and Dan gravitated towards one of the taco trucks. Both ordered steak tacos, margaritas and some Mexican fries to split. Afterwards, they both enjoyed an order of churros.

Their Uber home stopped in front of a hotel in downtown Chicago.

"Dan, I think he got the wrong address," Sarah whispered.

"Nope, we're here. Steve, thank you for the ride. Five stars from us, man. Let's get out honey." Dan said as he opened the door and ushered Sarah out his door onto the sidewalk.

"What's going on Dan?" Sarah smiled.

"A night alone, just for the two of us is what I promised. That does not involve going back to the apartment." Dan took her arm and guided her into the hotel lobby.

"But Dan, we can't really afford this right now." Sarah protested as Dan ushered them up to the check-in counter.

"Checking in, Dan Williams," Dan said to the clerk. He leaned over and whispered to his wife, "We don't get any time together when you are visiting or when I can get

home. We need to take advantage of the time we have together. Besides, I need to get to you first before you leave me and roll around with Lester in his car."

Sarah blushed, "It's not like that…but I am glad we are going to be alone tonight, even if we can't afford it."

Taking their key from the clerk, the couple made their way up to the fifth floor. As their hotel room door shut behind them, Dan was all over Sarah kissing her and mauling at her clothing. It wasn't long

before both of their clothes were strewn around the room and they found themselves on one of the queen beds in their underwear.

Dan was hungrily kissing his wife while his hands roamed her body. Her ass felt terrific in his hands, he was looking at it all night and loved feeling her bare skin in his palms.

“Oh, Dan,” Sarah mewed, “I missed this so much.”

“Me too, baby, I’ve been needing you so badly.” Dan said as he began to tug at her panties.

As he pulled them off her ankles and threw them on the floor, he looked back at Sarah who was staring at him with her sexiest bedroom eyes.

“Get up here mister,” she said.

Dan didn’t even bother replying. He got back on top of his wife as she pulled his boxers down. Dan shimmied out of them, and his already hard dick sprang out.

Sarah’s hand found it and guided it down towards her wet pussy.

“Uh, fuck Dan,” Sarah moaned as he started to push himself into her.

Dan eased his cock inside of Sarah and felt her body grip him tightly, “Feels so good Sarah.”

“Uh, Uh, I needed this so badly Dan.” Sarah moaned as she licked his shoulder.

“God.”

Dan was in ecstasy as he felt his wife’s body respond to his touch, her hips pushing against his dick as her tongue began to tease his chest. “Sarah.”

"Don't stop fucking me Dan," Sarah said as her hands found his ass and she pulled him further into her. Her large breasts were pushed up against his chest, a tantalizing view that was driving Dan crazy.

Sarah bit her lip and looked up at her husband's face. The lust written all over it turned her on, seeing his animalistic side begin to take over, his lack of control as he

fucked her. Without thinking, she said, "He's was wrong. You know just how to satisfy your wife."

Lester Dan thought. He gritted his teeth and pushed his head down beside his wife's.

She held onto the back of his neck and started to lick the side of his neck, sending shivers down his spine.

That's what Lester said before we left. Satisfying her. Images flashed into his head of all the times he had witnessed his wife with his roommate. The lustful way she looked at him. The way her hands looked wrapped around his cock. The way she moaned as he pushed himself into her, the way her body reacted as it orgasmed with him. The shit-eating grin Lester wore each time he did it. Could he satisfy his wife, the love of his life, better than her husband?

As these thoughts were racing through Dan's head, he unconsciously began to move his hips faster and faster, pumping his dick in and out of his wife at a rapid speed.

Her body responded, she was breathing quicker and her hips tried to match his pace.

Dan's aroused brain couldn't help but think of the sounds his wife was making now in response to Lester. Her making these same sounds, moaning and urging him on.

Her legs wrapped around his body, her hands pulling him closer. Her tongue on his neck.

"Ah fuck," Dan grunted as he came, his cum shooting into his wife. He gasped for breath and collapsed onto his forearms. Sarah's hips slowed until they stopped moving.

Catching his breath, Dan said, "Fuck, I'm sorry. I know you didn't finish, I just couldn't help it. It was all pent up. It was too much."

"Shhhhh," Sarah said, holding his face with one of her hands. "It was still wonderful.

You felt so good. I love you."

"I love you too," Dan said as he rolled off his wife. Sarah rose and went to the bathroom to clean herself up. Dan heard the water from the tap running as he laid in the bed staring at the ceiling, knowing that he hadn't satisfied his wife the way she wanted—the way she needed.

Tomorrow, she'd be with Lester. The thought was like a punch to the gut, knowing that Lester may very well make his previously innocent wife cum and satisfy her.

***

Sarah and Dan arrived back at the apartment in the early afternoon. The couple enjoyed a lazy morning at the hotel before extending their time together at a restaurant for lunch.

Dan was preparing himself for another confrontation with Lester as they entered the apartment. To his surprise, Lester didn't emerge from his room.

Dan wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Perhaps Lester was actually occupied today. The couple settled in on the couch and

Sarah put on the latest episode of a Netflix show she had started back at their house.

After thirty minutes, Dan started looking around, wondering exactly where Lester was. He wasn't about to go looking for him but it was out of character, especially given their last meeting.

Sarah reached forward, grabbed the remote and paused the show, "I'll be right back."

Dan watched his wife's hips sway and she left the couch and walked down the hallway. Her ass always made him stop and appreciate just how lucky of a man he was. She stepped into the bathroom and closed the door behind her.

When she came back out five minutes later, Dan was staring down at his phone. She threw a bundle of lacy material into his lap.

"What's this?" He said looking up at her.

"It's from Lester. He hung it in the bathroom for me." Sarah said.

Dan held up the lacy fabric in front of him, it unfolded itself, revealing a set of black bra and panties with sheer material and some kind of garter and belt, "Jesus."

"Lester bought that for me on our last *date*"," Sarah said. "It had this sticky note on it."

Dan looked at the sticky note that Sarah was holding. It says 'Date starts at 3pm.'

"Well I guess he is taking a more passive approach this time," Dan said, still eyeing the black lingerie he was holding. He was wondering just what it would look like on Sarah.

Sarah grabbed the lingerie from his hands, "Guess so. I better go get ready for my hot date."

She smiled at the word hot, enjoying the reaction it got from him.

"You're bad," Dan said, he suddenly felt very alone on the couch. "I really wish you could just stay here and we could watch more trash TV."

"I know baby, me too," Sarah smiled, leaned forward, and kissed Dan. Her lips lingered on his before she broke her kiss and walked toward his bedroom.

Dan shouted after her, "I want to see pics of you in that outfit."

***

Just as 3 P.M. was approaching, Lester finally emerged from his dungeon. Dan stifled a smirk as Lester walked down the hall towards him. He was wearing oversized khakis that needed to be ironed and a short-sleeved button-up shirt that just didn't fit properly. It looked tight in all the wrong places and loose in all the others.

Dan had to remind himself that he probably shouldn't underestimate Lester. He had, within the course of a few months, managed to bed his faithful wife after all. While Dan certainly lit the match, Lester had taken it and was burning the whole fucking house down.

The idea of his wife moaning with pleasure due to this troll sent a shiver down his spine.

Before Lester could utter a word, the sound of another door opening caused him to turn around. Both men watched as Sarah emerged from the bathroom wearing a black, high-waisted, pleated tennis skirt that ran down to her mid-thigh. A dark green, crew neck, long-sleeve sweater sat on top of the skirt. It looked soft and loose, but her breasts still made their presence known. The stockings from the

lingerie set hugged her legs, but the garter was hidden under the skirt.

His wife was wearing the lingerie set that Lester had set out for her.

"So," Sarah walked into the room, clearly trying to break some of the tension. "Are we ready to go? I think there is too much testosterone in this apartment at the moment."

Lester twirled his keys on one of his fingers, "Yep, I'm all set. Let's go."

He headed for the door as Sarah approached Dan on the couch.

She bent down and kissed him before whispering in his ear, "I love you baby.

Remember, this is just temporary. And…"

She paused and, in a seductive voice, said, "I won't do anything you wouldn't approve of."

"Dammit, Sarah," Dan whispered, "I love you too, just don't stay out all night okay?"

"I'll try to be back before curfew," She winked at him and then walked towards the door. Dan watched as Lester smirked as he put an arm over her shoulders as they walked out the door.

Dan counted to thirty and jumped off the couch and crossed the room to the door. He grabbed his jacket and followed Lester and Sarah into the hallway. They were nowhere in sight. Dan sprinted down the hallway to the elevator and pressed the down button.

It seemed like it took forever but eventually, the elevator doors opened and Dan got into the empty car. He descended down to the first floor and poked his head out into the parking lot, looking for

Lester's vehicle. He couldn't see it, so he hurried across the parking lot to Sarah's car and started it up. As he was getting behind the wheel, he noticed a black SUV pulling out onto the street.

He hurriedly backed out of the parking space and tried to catch up to the other vehicle. He was several car lengths behind them and sped up a bit to close the distance between them. Dan felt like he was James Bond, pursuing a foreign spy, not a husband following his wife on a date with his roommate.

Dan was not three car lengths away from them. He hoped that it was actually Lester and Sarah and not some random stranger. The SUV tapped on its brakes as the light at the upcoming intersection turned yellow. Dan slammed on his brakes at the same time that the SUV's brake lights disappeared. The SUV accelerated and crossed the other side of the intersection as the light turned red.

A steady stream of vehicles flowed in across the intersection. Dan craned his neck to try to keep track of the SUV but lost sight of it as it got onto the Chicago Skyway.

***

Lester pulled into the parking lot and quickly got out of the car, hurried around the side to open Sarah's door for her.

"Thank you," Sarah said as she got out of the vehicle. Lester's hand eagerly found hers, and he directed them around the corner of the building and into the backlot.

Stalls and vendors were set up in rows for a weekend farmer's market. Lester had learned about Sarah's affinity for certain things by going back through years of her Instagram posts.

The couple strolled through the market. Sarah was enjoying looking at different stalls. Lester had thought a farmer's market was the perfect outing. Not only was it

something Sarah enjoyed but it was also easy to make conversation. He could just comment on the wares of each stall and ask her what she thought.

They received a lot of glances from other attendees, likely for their mismatched pairing. After ten minutes, Lester decided to lay the foundation for what he hoped would be a way to endear himself to Sarah.

"It's nice being back here," Lester said, plastering on a cheerful smile, "I don't think I've been here since before I broke up with Lizzie."

Sarah perked up at Lester, offering details about himself. "Would you guys come here often?"

"Oh yeah," Lester forced a show of enthusiasm, "Almost every other weekend. It feels like it's been years since I've been back here."

"Is it hard being back here with all the memories of her?" Sarah asked.

"It's a little easier today," He said as he squeezed her hand. "It's frankly been a little hard going anywhere, to be honest. It's easier just to stay in my room."

"I get that," Sarah said. "Breakups can be rough."

"Have you been through a lot of them?" Lester asked.

"No, not a lot. I only dated a couple of guys before Dan." Sarah said as she held Lester's hand. They turned a corner and headed down another aisle. The vendors here sold all sorts of knick-knacks and trinkets. "I've consoled a lot of girlfriends through bad break ups, though. I'm something of a therapist to my friend group."

“So what would you say is the best way to get over someone? To get out of the depress– the funk.” Lester asked.

“Well, I would say, you know, just get out there, right? Don’t hole up in your room and shut the world out. Get outside and do things, and try to find someone to share it with whether that’s romantic or not. Being social is a huge driver of all sorts of chemicals in the brain that help you through a break up instead of wallowing alone with your thoughts.” Sarah realized she had forgotten she was holding onto Lester’s hand.

“I will say,” Lester started, “That being out here on a sunny day today with a beautiful woman like yourself does make it easier.”

“Okay, stop that.” Sarah said, “See, Lester if you just get out more, it might be easier to lighten up.”

“Lighten up?” Lester asked.

“You know,” Sarah waved her hand, “Sometimes you can come across as pretty intense. Especially when it comes to Dan.”

“Well, I think it’s only natural to get a little intense when you’re competing for a woman like yourself.”

“It’s not really a competition Lester,” Sarah looked at him, “I’m married to Dan.”

“Nobody’s perfect,” Lester laughed then turned serious.“I mean, who can make you cum the most times and scream their name at the top of their lungs.”

“Shhhhh,” Sarah slapped him on the arm, looking around mortified.

“Anyways, I’m just saying these dates have been nice. With the breakup, I either just threw myself into games on my computer or buried myself in work. I keep taking on more new clients than I can

handle lately." Lester stopped to peek at a vendor selling vintage comic books.

"You said you work in IT right? We have an IT department at work so I know IT is kind of a broad category. What exactly do you do?" Sarah asked.

"Hey let's go in here," Lester directed her into a storefront. Sarah stepped inside and smiled. She loved cozy independent bookshops.

"Let's grab a couple of books, my treat." Lester said.

As they perused the shelves of books, Lester resumed their original conversation,

"Yeah I normally just say IT because people understand that and honestly don't care to dive any deeper. I work in IT security. Basically, making sure networks are safe, doing penetration testing, and helping resolve issues companies have. Stuff like that."

"And you can do most of that from home?" Sarah asked as she started to grab a few books off the shelf.

"Yeah I can do a lot of it remotely from my workstation in my room, but occasionally, I'll have to go into a client's office, especially if they have some kind of issue. I think I'm going to get this book." Lester pulled a copy of Flowers for Algernon off the shelf.

"I love that book," Sarah exclaimed, "It's amazing. It's heartbreaking and inspiring."

"Yeah? Well, I'll definitely get it then."

Lester and Sarah walked back to the front of the shop and Lester purchased their books.

***

Dan was upset with himself at having lost Lester and Sarah. He uncorked his bottle of whiskey and poured himself a drink. He took a long pull from the glass and then looked down at it with disgust. *Alcohol is such a waste of money right now.*

Dan took another sip and moved to the living room. His wife was out there in the city doing god knows what with his roommate. If things got too serious, she would call, though, like she did last time.

He shouldn't worry. He loved her and trusted her completely, but they were in uncharted waters right now, which both thrilled and terrified him. He just wanted to know where she was, to see what she was doing.

His imagination was running while with scenarios. He couldn't wait for her to come home and confirm what had happened.

He opened his phone and dismissed a series of work emails. He wasn't in a good state to respond, neither should he given it was a weekend and the abysmal salary he was currently on. Dan pulled up Safari and typed, ' how to turn on iPhone tracking.'

As he scrolled through the pages, he learned about how he needed to add Sarah as a family member so he could track her. Dan wondered whether she thought that would be a violation of privacy, but the more he debated the more he was sure she would be okay with it.

He imagined following them to a secluded alley and watching as the windows team up on Lester's SUV. Dan noticed how hard his dick was. He needed to get control of his fantasies before it consumed him. He was losing his grip and with the work and life situation, it was like watching Sarah play with Lester was an outlet for his stress, letting him disassociate and just enjoy himself.

Dan continued to read the instructions and thought about what else he needed to do to regain some semblance of control.

***

Lester held the door to the restaurant as Sarah stepped out onto the nighttime streets of Chicago. The sun had set some time ago while they'd been eating. Sarah pulled her phone out of her purse and checked the time, it was getting close to 10

P.M.

"Are we heading back to the apartment now?" Sarah asked as they walked towards Lester's car.

He opened her door and held it for her, "Just one more stop and then we'll go back."

"Where's that?" Sarah asked.

"You'll see," Lester said as he closed her door. He walked around to the driver's side of the car, got in and started to drive.

After a few minutes, Lester pulled onto a quiet street with less frequent street lights.

"Lester, where are we going?" Sarah asked from the passenger seat. She could feel the anticipation growing between her legs. She hated to admit the hold Lester was beginning to have on her. He'd started this fire with his texts earlier in the week, and it hadn't been taken care of yet.

"Just up here," Lester said as he turned into a tree-lined driveway. The driveway opened up after about 20 feet into a large, dark parking lot. Trees seemed to line the exterior of the parking lot, blocking its view from the street.

Lester pulled the car into the corner of the lot and shut off the engine.

“Why don’t you get in the back seat?” Lester said.

Gone was the seemingly gentle man she had strolled around the farmer’s market with. Sarah could see the lust behind his eyes, threatening to envelop her.

“I should call Dan,” Sarah said as she eyed the backseat.

“Why?” Lester said, “Are you expecting something specific to happen tonight?”

Sarah blushed at the comment. They both knew there was only one reason why she would need to call Dan. Sarah had telegraphed exactly what she was thinking.

Lester reached out and stroked the back of her neck, “How about this? We get in the back, and if things progress to that point, I’ll even call Dan myself.”

Without waiting for a response, Lester shoved himself out of the car and walked the short distance to the back door. He opened it and heaved himself into the back seat, waiting expectantly for Sarah to join him.

“Come on back here,” Lester said, pointing down in front of him “I want to see you wearing the lingerie I bought for you.”

Sarah rolled her eyes, let out a sigh and moved over the center console into the back seat. Lester sat in the middle of the bench seat and stretched both arms across the top.

“Come to daddy,” Lester growled.

“Please, don’t say that Lester,” Sarah said as she moved to sit down in the seat next to Lester. In her mind the only daddy in her like was Dan, the father of her kids. The thought of Lester in that role, calling him daddy. It made her feel uncomfortable.

He grabbed her around the waist and pulled her down onto his lap. He slid his hand down onto her thigh and pulled her over him so that she was straddling his lap, her pleated skirt sprawled over him, concealing his crotch.

"Mmmmm, that's what I like," Lester said, "So, what are you going to do back here tonight?"

"You tell me," Sarah said.

Lester grinned, "You say that like you don't want to admit what you want," he leaned in closer, "But I could always take that as you'll do whatever I want."

Sarah shuddered as Lester leaned forward. His belly pressed against her stomach, so his hands found her back and pulled her closer. His face disappeared under the side of her hair as he audibly sniffed her neck.

"You smell sweet," Lester said as his hands ran down her back until they disappeared beneath her skirt. His grubby hands found her soft ass cheeks and he gripped both of them hard.

"Uh," Sarah moaned involuntarily. She hated to admit how much she enjoyed how rough Lester could be.

"In your text, you said you craved my cock. But when I saw you yesterday, you seemed so standoffish. Were you putting on a show for Dan?" Lester whispered into her ear as he began planting kisses on her neck.

Sarah rested her hands on Lester's flabby chest, feeling the lack of definition. She closed her eyes and focused on the sensation of Lester's lips on her skin. There was a time she might have disassociated and imagined Dan, pretending it was her husband's lips on her, but now there was no denying it was Lester. Her husband's creepy roommate. He was expertly playing her body like

an instrument. Try as she might to deny it, under the surface, she couldn't help herself. She was beginning to crave his touch.

"Tell me," Lester whispered, he pulled back from her neck and stared up at her emerald eyes. Moonlight shone into the car, framing her face. Lester couldn't help but marvel at how beautiful she was. Her eyes betrayed her thoughts, he could tell she wanted him.

"I just," Sarah started, "Don't like to be so blatant in front of him. It's different if we all have already worked ourselves up and things are happening in the moment but it's different during other times."

Lester made a mental note of this barrier. Perhaps in the future, they'd have to stay in for a date night. He wanted her to show him affection whenever he wanted. He would have to crush that if Dan and the apartment were a barrier.

"Hmmm, why don't you make it up to me by taking off that top and showing me the bra I bought you?" Lester said.

Playfulness danced in Sarah's eyes as she smirked at him. She reached forward and pulled the bottom of her sweater over her head, dropping it onto the seat next to them. Lester's eyes tracked down, staring at her heaving breasts rising and falling with her breath. He had forgotten how good this bra looked on her. His time with it in the changing room was all too brief. He cursed himself for not setting up recording equipment in the car to capture this. He'd have to make her model it around the apartment for him.

"Was it worth the money?" Sarah asked, running her hand seductively up the strap of her bra.

"Every penny," Lester smiled, licking his lips.

"Now it's your turn," a wicked grin spread on Sarah's face. She moved off his lap and began to undo the clasp on Lester's pants

before tugging them down. Sarah raised an eyebrow as she looked down at the ratty boxers underneath, "Let's take these off too."

Sarah pulled off the boxers, and Lester's hairy cock sprang free, "There it is."

"How about you put that sweet little mouth of yours on my cock and greet it properly,"

Lester sneered.

Sarah bit her lip, "Not today." Lester frowned, but that disappeared as she got closer to him.

She mounted and straddled his lap again, pushing her underwear-clad pussy against his throbbing hot cock. She began to move her hips, pushing herself back and forth against it.

"Mmmmmhmmmm," She moaned, feeling his large hard cock pushing against her most sensitive area, "You have a condom right?"

"I do," Lester said, raising his hips up off the seat to meet her movements, pushing his cock harder against her dampening panties, "But what if I didn't?"

Sarah didn't answer. Instead, she threw her head back and held onto her shoulders as she ground herself against his cock. Lester felt powerful when she opened herself up to him.

"What if I didn't have a condom Sarah? Would you let me slide it into you raw. Fuck you bareback? Let you feel all of me?" Lester grunted as he kept pumping his hips, matching the rhythm of her riding.

"I don't I…I…" The thought of feeling Lester bare inside of her sent tingles over her body. She didn't like condoms, Dan had stopped wearing them after he had been fixed, once they decided two kids

were enough. But Lester was also fixed. The condoms almost seemed symbolic at this point, of her keeping one last thing for Dan. In the car, at that moment, with Lester's cock between her legs, it almost felt silly, "Lester, I don't…I…Oh shit. Lester, someone else is here."

Headlights shone into the empty parking lot as another car entered. Lester turned and narrowed his eyes, wondering if Dan had somehow followed them. He smiled when he noticed it was a different car.

Lester knew there was a good chance another car might be in the parking lot. He had hoped this would be the case. From the research he had done, this area was quite popular with enthusiasts of outdoor sex and others who liked to watch them. He knew Sarah liked being exposed to others. He intended to exploit this to fuel the flames of her lust and have her associate it with him.

The car turned in their direction, its headlights illuminating the inside of their vehicle.

Sarah ducked down behind the seat, trying to conceal herself. Lester held onto her thighs, keeping her from disengaging.

"Lester!" Sarah whispered, "They can probably see inside the car."

"The windows are tinted," Lester said as the sound of the car's engines grew nearer.

Sarah slid his hands off her thighs and turned to lean over into the front seat. She reached over to Lester's door and pressed the lock button. The car's headlights shone into the vehicle. It was clearly headed in their direction.

With two hands, Lester pushed himself off the seat and raised the back of her pleated skirt into the air, exposing her ass to the unknown car.

“Lester!,” Sarah hissed, trying to push herself backwards. He held her thighs firmly, his knees pressing into her calves. He quickly pulled down her panties down her thighs to her garters, making it hard for her to move her legs, “Lester move, please.”

“Okay,” Lester said and he bent forward and stuck his tongue into her tight pussy.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah moaned as she quickly grabbed onto both front seats for stability.

Lester’s tongue swirled around her insides, touching every sensitive nerve ending.

The oversized appendage pushed deeper into her before Lester started to bob his head, thrusting his tongue in and out of her.

Sarah quickly tried to close her thighs to repel Lester’s assault, but her legs stayed open. She felt her knees grow weak as Lester’s large tongue pushed further inside of

her, lapping at the juices that were flowing out of her. The sounds of Lester devouring her crotch filled the small space.

“Uh, god, Lester. Please,” Sarah said. Gravel crunched next to the SUV. Sarah opened her eyes and saw the dark shape of a vehicle pull in next to them, the headlights illuminating the woods beyond. “Oh fuck. Don’t stop.” Sarah bit down on her knuckle as her elbow rested on the front seat. She gasped as he continued to build the fire inside her.

The headlights turned off. Sarah closed her eyes as Lester’s tongue continued to swirl around inside of her. He somehow began to expertly flick his tongue inside of her, against her g-spot, sending shockwaves of titillation throughout her body. She heard a car door shut from somewhere close by. She opened her eyes and craned her

neck to the side, but all she could see was the dark shape of the front of the car.

Gravel crunched softly over and over. Footsteps were moving around the other car.

The crunching was growing louder. The driver was walking towards their vehicle.

"Lester," Sarah whispered, trying to stay quiet. She wanted to stay quiet and not be discovered. Lester's hand rose up from her thigh, his fingers opening the lips of her pussy until they found her clit. He gently began to rub it with his index finger.

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned. She tried to make a fist and put it in her mouth to stay quiet. She could feel her body betraying her, as an orgasm was quickly building up, fueled by Lester's tongue and fingers. The presence of someone unknown so close, Watching them. Watching her.

"Oh god, Oh fuck Lester, Mmmmmm. Uh, fuck….fuck….oh right there….fuck…..don't fuck….Lester!" Sarah screamed as she came. Her body unleashed a flood of endorphins that washed over every nerve in her body. Her hips thrust back into Lester's face, pushing his tongue as deeply into her as possible. Her nails dug into the leather seats as her eyes rolled back in her head. The frustration of having held and teased this pleasure for most of the week had her shaking from the release.

Sarah was breathing hard, holding onto the seats for balance as she came down from her orgasm. Lester withdrew his tongue and pulled Sarah back onto his lap, his hard cock pushing up between her thighs. She laid her head back on his shoulder.

As she opened her eyes she noticed the features of a shadowed man standing outside the rear window.

“Lester,” Sarah whispered, “Someone is out there, watching us.”

She held her hands over her chest to conceal her breasts. Lester’s arms came up and gripped both wrists and pulled them toward him, exposing her bra-clad chest to the stranger.

“It’s dark, he doesn’t have a great view of us. Relax. Let him watch. I know you’ve always fantasized about something like this.” Lester relaxed his grip on her wrists.

Even though her mind screamed at her to cover herself, her body was growing hotter knowing some stranger was a few feet away watching her, seeing her exposed.

She had waited months before she let her husband see her like this when they were courting. Now, a stranger had the same intimate view within seconds.

Moonlight began to illuminate the parking lot once again. Sarah saw the beat-up pick up truck next to them and finally saw the rough-looking individual standing outside the window. He was older than both Sarah and Lester. Unkempt salt and pepper hair with a shaggy beard that matched. She couldn’t see much of his body, but he didn’t look athletic like Dan. His clothes reminded her of something a miner or an auto worker might wear.

The moonlight continued to sweep across the parking lot. Its edges illuminated Lester’s SUV. The man outside grinned as Sarah came fully into view. Their eyes locked.

Sarah’s breathing quickened. She didn’t make a move to cover her chest, even though she felt her breasts rapidly rising and falling. Lester was unbothered, looking down between them. He had begun to rub his cock against her bare pussy, using it to play with her clit.

Sarah gulped at the sensation of being on display while being played with and closed her eyes.

“Lester,” Sarah said, “He’s staring right at us.”

“No, he’s staring at you.” Lester corrected her. “What’s his arm doing?”

Sarah opened her eyes and looked at the man again. He was staring at her hungrily with the same lust-filled mask that Dan and Lester both wore when they wanted to fuck her. She broke eye contact and looked down at his arm. It was moving back and forth rapidly.

“He’s touching himself,” Sarah whispered.

“What’s he doing,” Lester said as he pushed the head of his cock against Sarah’s clit. Pre-cum oozed out of his cock and dribbled onto her clit. Lester rubbed the cum back and forth against it.

“He’s jerking off watching us,” Sarah said through gritted teeth.

“Watching you,” Lester’s other hand rose up and started to caress the tops of Sarah’s breasts, gently stroking her skin. He didn’t want to maul her, he was trying to work her up, “What’s he jerking off, Sarah? What is it? What’s he got?”

“His cock,” Sarah said loudly, “He’s jerking off his cock watching me.”

“Can you see it?” Lester asked.

“No, we’re too high,” Sarah said.

“Let’s get a closer look then,” Lester said as he used all of his strength to move Sarah off of his lap and over onto the seat next to the window.

Sarah stared at him with a look of lust and betrayal, “What are you doing?” Her voice was low, just above a whisper.

“Giving him a better view. Look at him,” Lester‘s fingers quickly found her entrance.

He stuck in one finger and began to push it in and out of the young wife slowly.

“Ohhh, uuhhhh, Lester,” Sarah moaned, closing her eyes, revelling in the feeling of Lester’s fingers and being on display for this strange man.

“Open your eyes, look at him,” Lester said as he put another finger inside of her.

“Ah, fuck,” Sarah moaned as she opened her eyes. The man was hungrily staring down at her chest, his eyes feasting on her flesh. Sarah could see the dark outline of the stranger’s first pumping his cock.

“I don’t think he can hear us very well,” Lester said. He reached over and pressed the window control switch on the door. The window lowered, and the cool Chicago night air blew into the vehicle. The cold air caused goosebumps to run over Sarah’s skin.

“Fuck, Lester,” Sarah moaned. The window stopped a quarter from the bottom, giving the man an unobstructed view of Sarah. The SUV was high enough that the man still couldn’t easily reach in, but his face was inches from Sarah's. Lester continued to piston his fingers in and out of Sarah.

“Don’t stop looking at him,” Lester growled in her ear. Sarah’s eyes met the stranger’s. She saw his mouth hang open and his eyes hungrily staring back at her.

“Blow him a kiss,” Lester said, remembering what Dan had made her do in the apartment several months back. Sarah puckered her lips and made a kissing gesture towards the man.

“God you’re so fucking sexy,” the man said.

“Talk to him,” Lester whispered, his fingers curling and dragging against her g-spot.

Sarah could feel another orgasm building inside her. His fingers felt great but it was the lewdness of the situation that was pushing her over the edge.

Sarah didn’t know what to say, this situation was all too much, too quickly. She took a deep breath and slipped back into her confident, sexy persona.

“Are you stroking your cock for me?” Sarah said to the stranger. Lester grinned.

Sarah’s pussy was audibly gushing as Lester’s fingers moved in and out of her. “Do you like what you see, big boy?”

“Ah fuck ye,” the man said, “I’m stroking this big old cock I got for you. God, you look so fucking good. You’re young enough to be my daughter. You’re so goddamn sexy.”

“Are you going to cum for me? What are you picturing right now?” Sarah moaned as Lester’s fingering was bringing her close to an orgasm.

“I’m staring at those tits of yours wondering what they look like under that bra. I’d love to shove my cock in between them,” the man’s hoarse voice said.

Lester slowly withdrew his hands from her wet pussy. Sarah looked at him with a look of disappointment. He stared into her eyes as he raised a hand to her bra strap.

Lester gently held her chin with one hand and turned it back to face the man stroking his cock for her.

Sarah understood and kept eye contact with the man as Lester slowly lowered one strap off her left shoulder. Sarah felt her body tense as Lester's fingers looped around the other strap on the right and slowly pulled it down, exposing her bare shoulders to this stranger.

"Jesus Christ," the man breathed as he stared into the vehicle at Sarah.

Lester pushed his arm back behind the seat and Sarah's back until he found the clasp. His other hand held onto the bra cups as he pulled it off her body. Sarah's large, perfect breasts were unveiled to the parking lot.

"Hot damn," the stranger growled, "I ain't never seen titties that nice. Those are perfect. I wish I could get a taste."

"Mhmmmm sorry, you can watch but these are just for my man here," Sarah purred.

She'd had enough foreplay. She turned and looked at Lester, desire burning in her eyes, "Where're your condoms?"

"Center console," Lester said tersely. Sarah moved from her seat and bent over to look in the center console.

"If you think her tits are great, you should see her ass," Lester said as he raised the pleated skirt giving the man a full view of Dan's wife's behind.

"Fuck," the man said as he continued to stroke his cock. "Ass is perfect too."

"Girl, why are you wasting your time on a fat man like that?" The man said, "Why don't you hop your ass on out and join me in my car? I'll show you a real good time.

We can go right now”

Sarah grabbed a condom package and, reached up and undid the clasp on her skirt, letting it fall to her ankles. She turned and ripped open the condom package and rolled the condom down Lester’s large cock.

“Tempting…but Lester just gets me off so well. I’m not going to give that up. He may be big but he knows exactly how to please a woman.”

She was now naked in front of a complete stranger as she straddled Lester and positioned his cock at her entrance. She slowly lowered herself onto his dick, adjusting to fit his size.

“Fuck, well alight. I just can’t wait to see you get fucked,” the man said from outside the car.

Sarah pushed herself down until she was fully impaled on Lester’s cock, “Uh, oh fuck Lester.” Sarah loved how it felt when Lester pushed his huge cock inside of her. In her ecstasy, she leaned in to kiss him, her tongue ready to push into his mouth.

Lester stopped her, putting his hand on her chest, “Keep talking to our guest.” He smiled as he raised his hips and pushed his cock deeper into Dan’s wife.

“Uh, oh, shit,” Sarah moaned, feeling fuller than ever before. She looked over at the stranger with her bedroom eyes. “Mhmmm, it’s too bad you didn’t get here earlier.

Maybe it could have been you, here, in the backseat. Would you have liked that?”

“Fuck yes, I would have given you the night of your life,” the man said determinedly, his arm jerking himself faster.

“I don’t know,” Sarah breathed. She could already feel her pussy beginning to throb in anticipation of another huge orgasm, “Lester here has given me plenty of amazing nights.”

“But how would you do it? Which way would you take me?” Sarah eyed him as her hands made fists with Lester’s chest hair. She continued to ride Lester’s cock as his large stomach pushed against her.

“Well, I’d bend you over that seat and give you a good what for,” the man said, smiling like a hyena.

“Mhmmmmm, I, I like the sound of tha- Oh, OHHH, oh shit,” Sarah looked at him as she bounced up and down on Lester’s cock. “Maybe next time you should get her earlier, so I could be moaning like this for you.”

Then she started fucking Lester in earnest, she gripped his cock with her pussy and started to push down onto his cock, harder and faster, “Uh, uh, uh, oh, uh, OHH, oh, OH FUCK Lester.”

“Fuck Lester, don’t stop, don’t fucking stop!” Sarah moaned.

“I’m not going to, cum for me baby. Cum for daddy,” Lester growled, thrusting his hips up to meet her. He bent his head forward and started to suck and nip at Sarah’s nipples. His tongue swirled around her areolas. Lester gripped one of her ass cheeks tightly while he raised the other hand up and slapped her ass hard.

“Ah fuck,” Sarah moaned, the pleasure and pain together cranking up her bliss.

He slapped her ass cheek again.

“Fuck, man, give it to her!” the man encouraged from the lot outside.

“Uh, oh god,” Sarah’s nails dug into Lester’s chest. Her mouth was agape, and her head locked down so that she was staring directly into Lester’s eyes. Her shocked look was accompanied by a high whine at the back of her throat. She came again for the second time that night, it felt as though she’d reached a new point of sexual delight with Lester’s cock buried deep inside of her. Sarah held her breath and saw stars as his giant organ continued to drill her, it felt like every part of her body was on fire as a monumental orgasm continued to rock her body.

She finally let out a breath and slowed her pace on top of Lester, trying to catch her breath. Lester snaked his hand around her neck and pulled her down for a wet, sloppy kiss. Sarah’s tongue ran over Lester’s with wanton lust. She knew she would cum at least one more time that night. She sucked his tongue deeply into her mouth, telling him she wanted more.

“Get up,” Lester grunted as he pulled at her thighs.

Sarah got off of him. As his cock snaked out of her, she felt the emptiness it left behind. Lester put a firm hand on her back from behind her and pushed. Sarah fell to her knees on the seat as Lester positioned himself behind her. She looked up and saw the stranger outside staring at her as Lester pushed his cock into her from behind.

“Ah fuck,” Lester grunted, feeling Sarah’s pussy walls gripping his shaft, “God, Sarah you feel so good today. Very tight, I need to fuck you more often.”

“Uh, fuck me now Lester,” Sarah moaned as she fell onto her elbows. She pushed her hips back onto his cock as it pushed deeper into her, “God, fuck me right here you creep.”

Lester smiled and grunted as he pushed the entire length of his cock into Sarah.

“Holy FUCK!,” Sarah moaned as Lester pushed deeper into her than Dan ever had.

A fleeting thought passed through her head, she had something she needed to do.

Something about Dan. Lester pulled his cock out to the tip and rammed it all back into her.

“Uhhhhhhh,” Sarah was jostled forward, her head mashing against the inside of the car door. She focused on taking Lester’s cock and the feeling of it inside of her. Any other thought a distant memory as Lester consumed her entire being. She never wanted his pounding to cease.

“Right there,” Sarah moaned, “Right there Lester, don’t stop.”

“I’m not stopping til I make you cum on my cock Sarah,” Lester grunted as he ran his hand up her back and grabbed a fistful of the hair on the base of her neck. He pulled her head up, sending pain up her neck as his cock continued to throttle her dripping-wet pussy. Again, a damp sucking sound filled the car, making the three of them aware just how soaked Lester had gotten her.

Sarah lazily opened her eyes to see the stranger a few inches away as he pumped his cock while watching her get fucked by her husband’s roommate.

“That’s it. Take it! Take it, baby!” the man said. “Ah fuck yeah, god you’re so sexy.”

“Ah, oh ffffuh- fuck me,” Sarah moaned, staring into the stranger's eyes. At this point she really didn’t know whether she was talking to him or to Lester. She just needed to keep feeling the sensation of getting fucked. “Fuck me.”

This situation was too much for Sarah to handle. She was in the backseat of a car, in a strange city, getting fucked by her husband's creepy roommate while a stranger jerked off, staring at her. It felt like her sex was on fire. She could feel another orgasm getting ready to set ablaze and consume her, "Don't, uh, oh uh, don't stop, uh, uh, Lester…oh, uh don't fucking stop! FUCK MEEEE!"

Lester felt Sarah's pussy gripping his cock. She was close. He wanted to send her over the edge, "I'm going fucking cum Sarah. Give it to me. "

"Uh fuck, uh, yes," Sarah grunted as she thrust back on Lester. "Cum for me, Lester.

Cum, baby."

Lester rammed hard into Sarah, pushing her further forward. She quickly adjusted and planted her hands on the car window to steady herself. She felt Lester's cock begin to throb inside of her, he was about to cum. The sensation of feeling him pulsate inside of her caused her pussy to respond in kind, "Oh fuck, Oh fuck, Uh, Uh."

As Sarah was beginning to feel the first wave of her orgasm about to slam down on her, she felt a hand on the back of her head. She had forgotten where she was.

Lester's fucking had pushed her head almost all the way out of the car window.

Sarah opened her eyes and saw the gravel under the man's work boots. As she quickly got her bearings, her eyes widened at seeing a strange cock below her.

Sarah had never seen an uncircumcised cock before, let alone seen someone furiously stroking one. Its size was similar to Dan's, but this man's manhood wasn't as well kept as her husband's. The greying hair around the base was wild and untamed. She stared at the

uncircumcised head, wondering what the difference would be to a woman.

Lester thrust hard into her, snapping her her attention back to the cock firmly embedded inside of her. She realized she had been staring. The man shuffled his feet as he stepped closer. Sarah quickly glanced up at the stranger's face.

The man pulled firmly on the back of her head as he stood up on his toes. Sarah opened her eyes in time to see the man's mouth open and his tongue darting out towards her. Sarah's pussy gripped Lester's cock as this stranger pushed his tongue into her mouth. Sarah couldn't help it, her body was on fire and out of control. She sucked the man's tongue as it penetrated her mouth. She tasted cigarettes and stale coffee and she loved every second of it. Her tongue pressed back into the man's mouth, her bliss making her lose control.

Sarah's orgasm finally hit just as Lester's cock began shooting warm cum into the condom. She felt blast after blast of cum explode inside her. Sarah's mind reeled as she kissed the man back hard, she moaned into his mouth as a tsunami washed over her entire body, spreading pleasure out to every inch of her. Her pussy gripped Lester's cock as it tightened and she milked every last drop of his cum out, squeezing his pole like a frantic lover.

"Ughhhhh," the stranger pulled his tongue back but their lips stayed partly together, a strand of saliva connecting them. He bucked his hips and came hard, his cum shooting onto the side of the SUV's door.

As the stranger finished cumming he moaned and lazily kissed Sarah. She felt Lester withdraw from her. She stayed at the window for a few seconds, kissing this stranger, her tongue dancing with his. After a moment, she finally got her bearings, blinked her eyes and

pulled herself back from the window. Lester was peeling off his condom before tossing it onto the floor.

The man stood there looking exasperated, staring at Sarah. She could still see the burning hunger in his eyes. She turned to Lester and whispered, "Okay, take me home."

"We're going to head out now," Lester said breathlessly to the man, sitting comfortably naked in the back of the car.

He got the hint, trudged back to his car, and got inside. Lester eyed him suspiciously before pulling on his own pants and shirt. Satisfied that the man would stay in his vehicle, Lester opened the SUV door, got back into the driver's seat, and rolled up the back window.

Sarah's limbs felt like jello, and she took her time getting dressed, gradually slipping back into her outfit. By the time she was done, the other car was pulling away, its headlights briefly illuminating Sarah as she stared back.

"I think I'm going to stay back here," Sarah said to Lester. She put on her seat belt and let out a long breath. She couldn't believe what just happened. She lazed in the back seat, her legs slightly spread.

Lester started the ignition and drove out of the parking lot.

Sarah was tired. She hadn't been fucked like that since the last time she was with Lester. She had almost forgotten how intense her orgasms were with him. She couldn't believe she'd put on a show like that for a stranger, let alone that he had kissed her, and she'd responded in kind. Part of her worried what she would have done if that door hadn't been locked and the man had opened it and come inside.

She stared out the window as they passed by different Chicago streets. Her eyes felt heavy. She would just close them for a bit until

they got back to the apartment. As she drifted off to sleep, Sarah felt completely satisfied for the first time that week.

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“Hey, wakey wakey,’ Lester nudged Sarah from the open car door. She opened her eyes and looked around getting her bearings. She was in the back of Lester’s SUV in just her bra and panties. She didn’t remember putting them on but she didn’t

remember passing out either. The last thing she remembered was the taste of old coffee.

The details of the last hour came flooding back to her, “Ugh.”

“Time to go upstairs,” Lester said from the car doorway, “We’re back at the apartment.”

“Give me a sec,” Sarah felt the cold night air against her soft white skin. She undid her belt and looked searched around for her clothes. She found her sweater and pulled it on over her head. She searched on the floor for her pants when he hand touched something sticky and wet.

“What the hell?” She looked down and saw it. Lester’s large condom just sitting on the floor, cum oozing out of it.

“Oh, would you mind getting that?” Lester smirked.

Sarah rolled her eyes and grabbed the condom, being careful not to let any of Lester’s pungent cum leak out onto her. She went to pass it to Lester, but he didn’t react.

“I don’t want it, I just wanted you to get it out of my car.” he said.

Sarah stared at him flatly, wondering what happened to Lester from the bookshop.

“Fine,” she said as she moved past him, got out of the car and walked to a nearby garbage can against the building.

Sarah knew Lester was trying to play games with her but she wasn’t having it. She was too tired. He wouldn’t expect her to walk out of the car in just her panties and a sweater, so that’s what she did.

Lester retrieved her pants and shoes from the SUV and closed the door.

“Here,” He said, handing her the discarded clothing. Sarah took them and put them on along with her shoes. After Sarah was dressed, they made their way into the apartment building.

Sarah looked at her reflection in the elevator’s mirror. She looked like a hot mess.

Her hair was tussled, and she looked like she just had a marathon sex session which she had. Hopefully, Dan was asleep so he wouldn’t have to see her like this.

As the doors opened, Lester held them for her to step through first. The man was a walking puzzle to her, polite and chivearous one second and then he would talk to her like and jerk and do whatever he wanted. Her thoughts on Lester persisted until they reached the apartment door.

Lester stuck his hand against the door frame, barring her from going further.

“Before we go in,” Lester said, looking into her eyes. “I want a goodnight kiss. I don’t want that getting taken away from me.”

As Sarah was about to respond, Lester grabbed her by her waist with both hands and pulled her body against his, mashing his lips against hers. Sarah closed her eyes and responded, kissing him back, his tongue pushing into her mouth, waking up her tired body.

Lester abruptly broke their kiss, leaving Sarah reeling. He turned and opened the door to the apartment and walked in, leaving her in the hallway. Sarah blinked her eyes and followed him.

Walking into the apartment, she saw Dan staring daggers at Lester. His gaze finally turned to her, and his expression shifted. He looked worried, taken aback by her appearance. He clearly knew what had happened and in that moment, understood that she fucked Lester and hadn't called him. He also looked like he either wanted to murder someone or fuck someone.

"Heh," Lester chuckled as he left the couple standing there. Lester shutting his door made Sarah realize she was still standing in the doorway. She stepped forward and closed the door behind her.

"Dan," she said, moving toward him, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to forget to call you.

Things just kind of escalated and got out of hand."

"What happened?" Dan was staring at her with intense eyes. They ran across her body, trying to decipher what happened. He could put the obvious pieces together but needed her confirmation.

Sarah shifted on her feet, she met Dan's eyes, "Well we went to a farmer's market and then dinner. After Lester drove us to a wooded parking lot where –"

"Not here," Dan said as he turned and marched to his bedroom. Sarah was taken aback by him not greeting her with a kiss or holding her want and bringing her to the bedroom. He must be angry with her.

She followed him down the hallway and gently closed the door behind her. She closed her eyes and braced herself against the door for a second. She took a deep breath and turned around. Dan was sitting on the bed, staring at her.

“Tell me what happened in the parking lot,” Dan said, trying to stay calm.

Sarah sat on the bed next to him, “We pulled into this wooded lot. I told Lester I needed to call you to check-in. He told me to call when something was about to

happen. He said he would call, which obviously he didn’t. We both got distracted when another car pulled into the parking lot.”

“Another car?” Dan asked.

“Yeah, it drove slow and parked right next to us. It was so weird because it was a big parking lot and we were the only ones there.” Sarah glanced at Dan. “The driver got out, came up to our window, and started watching us.”

The intense look on Dan’s face didn’t dissipate. It looked like he was trying to hold something in.

“The guy watched us through the window. And then he started to touch himself.”

Sarah whispered.

“Touch himself where?” Dan asked hoarsly.

“You know where,” Sarah said.

“Tell me exactly,” Dan said.

“His cock. He started touching his cock while watching us.” Sarah admitted.

Dan shifted on the bed. She could see he was starting to breathe faster. She still didn’t know exactly how he was reacting.

“Go on,” Dan said, not looking at her.

“Then Lester rolled down the window partway to give the guy a better look. Lester took my bra off and got me to talk to the guy.”

“What did you say?” Dan said, staring at the wall across the bed. He gulped.

“Honestly, Dan I don’t know what got into me but I said all sorts of stuff about him watching me, him wishing he was Lester right now and he kept saying how much he wanted me.”

“Did you fuck this stranger, Sarah?” Dan’s eyes snapped to hers.

“No! No, I wouldn’t do that Dan. That’s something else.” Sarah said placing a hand on his thigh. Dan didn’t move to reciprocate the gesture. Sarah could see the tension in his shoulders. “Lester fucked…Lester and I had sex and the guy watched from the window.”

“Did you make Lester wear a condom?” Dan asked sharply.

“Yes,” She said, “He wore one. I put it on myself.”

Dan grimaced at the admission, “What else?”

“The stranger kept watching and saying lewd things. Then Lester pushed into me so hard that it pushed my head out the window, and the man grabbed me and kissed me.”

“Kissed you? Jesus, a stranger?” Dan said. Sarah could see that Dan’s dick was beginning to grow in his pants, “What happened next?”

“Nothing. I broke the kiss, and Lester finished. Lester told the guy to get out of there.

I fell asleep in the back and Lester drove us back here.” Sarah felt a weight lifting from her chest.

“Sarah…” Dan started, “I don’t know whether to be pissed at you, pissed at Lester or pissed at myself. This is something beyond what I ever expected.”

“I know,” Sarah said. “I know. I didn’t plan this; it was a spur-of-the-moment thing that just happened. We got lost in the heat of the moment.”

Dan sat there silently.

“Can I ask you something?” Sarah said. Looking past Dan at the wall he shared with Lester, she noticed that the peephole cover had been removed. Dan must have taken off when he walked in.

“What? What is it?” Dan said.

“Are you pissed it happened, or are you pissed you weren’t there to see it happen?”

Sarah asked.

Dan gulped and let out a long breath. He pinched the bridge of his nose, “If I’m being honest, I don’t know. I’m not sure how I would have reacted in that situation if it was happening right in front of me.”

“I think you do,” Sarah whispered.

Dan looked at her, his expression somewhat softened, but a fire still raged behind his eyes. Sarah recognized the look. It was the beginning of the lust overtaking him.

Sarah slid her hand off his thigh and onto his crotch, “If you were there and this man started watching me. If I looked at you, would you have stopped it or given me your silent nod?”

Dan’s cock twitched under his pants.

“Would you have let that stranger watch me get fucked? What if it was you and me in the car? What would you have done?” Sarah was now stroking Dan’s cock through his pants.

Sarah withdrew her hand and pulled at the bottom of her sweater. She pulled it over her head and let it drop onto the floor. She gently played with her bra strap as she laid back on the bed, “What would you do if the stranger saw me like this? In just my bra? Would you stop it Dan?”

Dan stared at her, she could read the turmoil on his face. Eventually, one side won out. He crawled over to her.

“No,” he whispered, “I’d let him watch us.”

Sarah pulled at the waistband of Dan’s pants. He quickly pulled them all the way off and did the same with hers, shortly followed by her panties. Sarah bit her lip as Dan lowered his boxes and tossed them onto the floor.

“Show him. Show the stranger how you fuck your wife,” Sarah encouraged as she pulled her husband toward her.

The intense expressions returned to Dan’s face as he grabbed Sarah by the back of her head, his other hand on her waist. Without any hesitation, he lined his cock up with her pussy and pushed his entire length into her.

“Uh, oh fuck.” Sarah breathed. “Fuck Dan.”

“Mmmhmmm,” He grunted, “You like getting watched while you fuck Sarah?”

“Uh, oh, yeah,” Sarah gripped Dan’s shoulders tightly. Dan was fucking her hard and fast, just like she needed. “I love it. Someone watching us together.”

“Watching you,” Dan grunted as he pulled his cock out and pushed himself fully back inside of her. “Watching how you moan, how you cum, picturing you doing it for them.”

“Fuck Dan,” Sarah bit his shoulder as he fucked her, “Don’t stop baby. So good. So good.”

Dan just grunted in reply as he pushed his foot onto the floor to get leverage, he tweaked his hip and continued to push into Sarah with renewed vigor.

“Fuck,” Dan gritted his teeth and gripped Sarah harder. He looked down at his wife and saw her face contorting in pleasure. The pleasure from his cock. Someone came over him, some primal urge for victory. Knowing that he was pleasuring her was electric.

Sarah opened her eyes and saw Dan staring down at her with an animalistic lust. He never looked more attractive to her. She reached her hands up behind his head and pulled his head down to hers as she sucked on his lips.

Dan pushed his tongue into his wife’s mouth as she moaned around it. He kissed her hard and fast in time, with his cock pumping into her naked pussy.

“God,” Sarah broke the kiss to catch her breath, “Don’t stop Dan, right there.

Mhmmmm fuck. Uh. So good Dan. Keep going. Don’t stop.”

Hearing her words, knowing she was so close, Dan felt his balls tingle. He pushed himself up on the bed and held onto Sarah’s hips as he rammed her cock into her faster than before.

“Oh fuck Dan,” Sarah moaned. “Uh, uh, yeah baby, uh, uh, fffFffffFFUUUUCK.”

Sarah came on Dan's naked cock. She felt like her body was melting into his as he continued to pump himself into her.

"I'm going to cum Sarah," Dan breathed.

"Cum," Sarah said through her teeth as her orgasm continued to wrack against her body. One of her legs lifted into the air as her toes curled, her nails digging into Dan's back, urging him to stay in place as she came.

"Fuck," Dan said as his balls emptied and cum shot of his cock into his wife's fertile pussy, "Fuckkkkk."

"Mhmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt Dan's hot cum shooting into her, washing over her insides, looking for purchase. Feeling Dan's cum inside of her caused her orgasm to intensify and prolong, her body rode it like a wave washing over a beach, never-ending.

Soon, Sarah and Dan were lying there panting, staring into each other's eyes.

Neither said a word. Dan rolled off his wife.

Sarah stared at the ceiling, wondering what Dan was thinking and whether he was still upset and had just gotten caught up in the moment with her. What was going to be next for them with all the craziness that was happening in their life? Now that clarity was returning to her husband's head, what would he say?

As if in response, Dan's hand found hers. She encircled her fingers around his as they both lay there in bliss. Neither said a word. Both just enjoyed the glow they felt at that moment.

Feeling the first bit of sleep begin to take him, Dan's last thoughts were about Lester.

Hope he heard that. Creepy prick…

***

The hot coffee sat untouched on Sarah's desk. She sat at her desk staring at her computer screen, her eyes unfocused. She was having a difficult time staying focused today.

She kept replaying the events of the weekend in her mind. Her date with Dan and the thoughtful gesture of getting them a private hotel room, followed by a nice sex session helped them feel reconnected. Then the next day, Lester takes her out,

culminating in her once again fucking him in his SUV while putting on a show for a complete stranger. Not just putting on a show but actively talking and flirting with the stranger at Lester's urging. Letting that stranger kiss her…and kiss him back.

It didn't escape her how similar the situation was to her early times with Dan on the couch while Lester watched, only Dan wasn't there this time. It was Lester who was both simultaneously playing Dan's role of putting her on display but also the one making her cum and pulling her further into risque scenarios.

Lester had actually had a conversation with her this time, it felt more like a genuine encounter and she saw a side of him she hadn't previously. It was clear that he was in a bit of a funk since his break up but their dates seemed to be re-engerizing him.

She almost felt sympathy toward him; if it wasn't for his attitude and the intense way he fucked her she'd feel sorry for him. It was like she was peeling back the layers of an onion and discovering more and more about this trollish man.

Her thoughts were interrupted as her cell phone rang. She smiled warmly when she saw it was her husband calling. How he took her after she returned from the parking lot date with Lester flashed into her mind.

“Hey, love,” Sarah said as she answered.

“Hey baby, I got some good news,” Dan said.

“Oh yeah? Don’t hold out on me, tell me what it is.” Sarah said excitedly.

“I got another interview with another firm here in Chicago. This time in person, but it’s in two days at their headquarters here in Chicago.” Dan exclaimed.

“That’s wonderful, honey,” Sarah was silently dismayed that it was another Chicago job. She wanted her husband at home. “I’m so happy for you. I know you are going to do great, and at least in person, there hopefully won’t be any naked people walking into the room.”

“Heh, yeah, can you imagine? I’ll have to take the morning off, but I don’t think it’ll be a problem. The office is pretty empty these days anyway.” Dan said.

“It’s getting that bleak there?” Sarah asked.

“Yeah, it’s just sad, honestly,” Dan replied. “Uh, honey, I wanted to ask something else while I have you.”

“Sure, babe, what’s up?” Sarah noticed a bunch of email notifications popping up on her screen but kept her focus on her husband.

“About your date with Lester. I just wanted to double check, like, do you still feel safe? I’m pretty pissed that he would expose you like that to a stranger.” Dan said.

“I mean, it’s not like he planned it. The guy kind of just showed up, and Lester just rolled with it. I’m not going to lie, it did feel a little unsafe, not knowing what this person would do. But the danger did add something to it. It’s like the same feeling I’ve had when we

roleplayed scenarios like that, but turned up 100 percent. It was intense."

"What if something like that happens again? Do you think we should talk more about it? These dates, I didn't expect them to go in a direction where some random guy could get involved —-"

Sarah's desk phone started ringing. She sent it to voicemail.

"Sorry baby, just a work call." Sarah said.

"Yeah, no worries, what I was saying is, do you think we should –" Dan was cut off again by Sarah's desk phone ringing.

"Babe, sorry, this must be urgent. Can I call you right back?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, no worries, I get it. I love you baby." Dan said. He sounded a little crestfallen.

"I love you too baby. Bye, my love." Sarah said.

"Bye baby." Dan said.

Sarah picked up the receiver of the desk phone, "Sarah Williams."

"Uh hey Sarah, it's Drew," her boss said awkwardly as if he just remembered their last interaction. Sarah felt her face blush. She still hadn't spoken to Drew about what had happened. She was mortified that he had walked in on her while she was in her underwear. She didn't even know how to approach that conversation.

"I need you. I mean, uh, you are needed. Come down to meeting room A114 this is an urgent situation that just happened."

"I'll be right there," Sarah put down the receiver and left her office. It was a short elevator ride and a bit of a walk, but she reached meeting room A114 within five minutes.

She wondered what she would find on the other side of the door. Perhaps Drew has waiting for her with HR to talk about her conduct in the office. That seemed unlikely.

If anything, he was probably worried about her going to HR. The idea of doing that to him made her sick, considering the games she was playing with Lester at the time.

She opened the door, and the CTO, the head of IT, was standing in front of a projector addressing a packed room. Other department heads were present, along with some of the legal and communications teams. It was never a good sign when the lawyers came to a meeting.

She ducked into the room and stood in an open space along the back wall.

"It's not just our hospital," the CTO said to the crowded room, "several clinics in our network have also been locked out of their systems. The group responsible hasn't mentioned the clinics yet, just us. They might not even know they have compromised other systems since those clinics shared our infrastructure."

"So, what are our options?" Drew said, looking around, confused. "How does this happen? Whose fault was it?"

"I think," the CTO started, "That who is to blame isn't important at the moment. We can figure that out afterwards. Right now, we need to consider our options going forward."

He gestured to the lawyers and the communications people. "We're completely locked out of our systems here. The group claims to have our patient records and will release them online. The only way to get our records back and to get back into our systems is to pay their ransom."

"How does this just happen?" Drew said, exasperated.

“It appears that someone clicked a link in an email that was addressed from you.

Obviously, it wasn’t you, but they clicked it, and the ransomware installed itself on their computer and infected our entire network before we could catch it.”

“Why didn’t you catch it!” Drew said, standing. “This is why we have an IT

department, is it not!?”

The CTO locked eyes with Sarah as if looking for sympathy. He suppressed a flash of anger that came over his face, “We’re under-resourced here. Our budget is continually slashed. We barely keep on top of maintaining our current systems, let alone doing preventative work. You suggested that we outsource things like our firewalls, security, and redundant systems to Swan Systems two years ago. You should really take this up with them - they haven’t answered our calls yet. Their response time is abysmal.”

Sarah cringed. She knew that Drew had insisted on using Swan Systems because he could slash the hospital’s budget and eliminate some jobs. It was also widely known that he was golf buddies with the CEO of Swan Systems and may have received an undisclosed kickback for awarding them the contract. There had been underlying tension between the CTO and Drew since the signing, but this was the first time it had come to a head.

“We’re fucked!” Drew yelled. Some of the people in the room flinched at the outburst.

“We’re going to be cooked when the public finds out about this. All our data -

compromised! The board is going to have my ass if we have to pay this astronomical ransom.”

"If I may," Sarah said, stepping forward. "I think we're all upset by this. Obviously the bad guys here are the ones that are holding our data hostage. Right now we need to all take a breath and figure out our next steps. Let's do this; we set up a command center here in this room. Let's tighten the circle on this, only those who need to run point for their departments stay in the room. Department heads, pick someone from your teams who can lead the effort and coordinate your teams. Make them aware that if someone says jump, they need to jump *fast*."

All eyes were on Sarah, and Drew seemed to deflate a bit, knowing someone was taking charge. "Next, let's all of us do our jobs, people. Can the IT team take the next hour to give us a list of options here from a technical perspective as well as how we prevent this from happening again? Drew, can you get ahold of the CEO of Swan Systems? Even if you have to drive down there and bang on their door. Maybe take some of our guys with you. We are paying them, after all."

Sarah looked at the lawyers in the room, "Can you guys figure out what our options are from a legal standpoint and what our obligations are?"

Then she turned to the communications team. She mentally noted a few people appraising her body as she moved, "We need some plans for how we communicate this to the public and to our patients. Even our staff. Maybe different options for different scenarios."

Sarah looked back at the CTO, who was nodding along, "Which system are we locked out of? Patient records? Diagnostics? Payroll?"

"All of it," the CTO said, shaking his head, "It's a big headache."

"Okay, okay, alright." Sarah had her hands on her hips. She unconsciously had her chest pressed out as she surveyed the room. "Alright, well, department heads, it's time to figure out how to run a hospital without our current systems. Figure out where things are at

with all the patients who are currently in beds, get the nurses on the phone to call outside doctor's offices to see who is supposed to be coming in. Hell, call in family members to help. Cancel non-emergency surgeries, and figure out what we can do. I'll connect with you all soon."

Sarah stood there, wondering what to do next. All eyes were on her. She looked at Drew, hoping he would step up and rally the troops. When it was clear he was comfortable sitting back she had to take reigns, "Alright, let's get going people. The only way we are going to get through this is to get moving. We're in this together.

Let's go."

With that, people began filtering out of the room. The head of payroll slid up next to Sarah, he said, "We need to find a solution that gets us our data back. We have hundreds of thousands of dollars in outstanding invoices. We can't just ignore that debt. If we can't get back up and running, we won't even know how much we need to bill out for today. What about the procedures we do tomorrow? It's going to be a nightmare."

"We'll figure it out," Sarah said. "Let's just get started on the first step and then figure out the rest."

As people were filtering out, she heard a couple of people mumbling.

"Lives are at stake, and he wants to know who to blame?" one said.

Another chimed in, "He's worthless, but she is probably severely underpaid for keeping this shit together."

An hour later, Sarah was in the makeshift war room as the CTO was briefing a small subset of hospital staff.

"Our teams are on it, but we are reasonably sure we can't get in. We've identified it as a Bad Rabbit ransomware package. Our staff is

mostly system admins, guys that maintain the network, repair our systems and manage devices - they don't handle this kind of thing. This should really be on Swan Systems. It is in their contract with us that they manage security."

"Let's get Drew on the line and see what he says," one of the other members said.

He reached forward and dialled Drew's number from the conference phone in the middle of the table. It rang a few times before Drew answered.

"Hello, Drew here," his voice echoed into the room.

"Hey, Drew, we got the whole crew here. We're wondering what Swan Systems is saying about this." the CTO said.

"Uh, yeah, they are saying it's going to be impossible to get back into the system. We need to either pay the ransom and hope they give us back our data and pray that they don't extort us further. That or else we ignore it, and we'll have to rebuild our systems and set up a bunch of new servers from scratch."

"That's not going to happen quickly," someone said.

"Do they have any other options for us?" the CTO asked. "We have some data backed up, but I don't know if it's compromised. It shouldn't be since it would be from before the scam email we identified, but we would need to check it thoroughly."

Drew said from the speaker, "They are suggesting that we start rebuilding our system and not pay the ransom. That seems to be a typical approach in these situations."

"Of course, they'd suggest that," the CTO scoffed, "They are the ones who are going to be billing us to rebuild everything. They'll make a ton of cash off of us."

Sarah's mind was reeling. She didn't know how to solve this situation, she was out of her depth. She just wished she could get her hands dirty, do the hard work and figure out a solution, but this wasn't her kind of problem.

The lawyers had already chimed in that the board would likely vote against paying the ransom. They'd reached out to other contractors, and IT security firms people had in their networks. They either replied with the same options that Swan Systems did or hadn't responded.

If she had known that this was the mess she'd be walking into on Monday morning, she would have called in sick and stayed in Chicago with Dan and Lester.

A thought occurred to her. It was a Hail Mary idea, but she might as well try it. Sarah pulled out her phone as Drew and the CTO continued to deliberate over the conference line. Under the table, she opened her messages. She ignored Lester's last message and typed.

> Do you know anything about

ransomware?

> I know a bit about it. . What's up?

> Have you heard of one called Bad Rabbit?

>I have. It's popular. A lot of my clients are dealing with it.

"Excuse me, I need to make a call," Sarah said as she rose from the table while dialling Lester's number

Toxic Attraction Ch. 13

"Morale is not good right now," Sarah said as she sat in the hospital's makeshift war room. Around the table were the heads of all the major departments and Drew, who looked like he hadn't eaten in a week.

"Across the board, from custodial to nurses and doctors up through administration, everyone is on edge figuring out how to operate this place without our computer systems. Everyone is doing their own thing to get through the day, patient care is inconsistent across the board, and we are having to invent new ways of doing things or, in some cases, reverting back to how things were done before computers." Sarah breathed, looking around at her colleagues. She hadn't felt this stressed in a long time. She wished she could just pause time and escape to Chicago for a break from it all.

She shifted in her seat, thinking about laying under Dan while they made love.

Getting lost in his touch, feeling him between her. Knowing she is being watched through the hole in the wall.

"That's the problem," one of her colleagues chimed in, "We have a lot of millennials and Gen Z on staff who've never had to do their jobs, let alone do anything in their lives without a computer. Now we are telling them to operate like we used to in the 80s and 90s, and their little brains just can't handle it. I've got pathologists using tape recorders for dictation, for god's sake. Then, someone will need to transcribe those!

We used to get biopsies done in a single day, but now we are backed up at least six weeks. It's ludicrous!

Sarah noticed the mood shift in the room. Everyone looked frustrated, which she knew fell back on her to solve. She had to

figure out a way out of this situation and unify everyone. Something Drew should be doing but was proving incapable of.

"Everyone is going to be even more pissed this week," the head of finance chimed in.

Drew looked up from his phone, "What do you mean?"

"We're locked out of all our systems. We can't do payroll. We can't pay our people.

We pay them every two weeks, which should be this week."

"Jesus fucking Christ," Drew said, putting his hands to his face.

Sarah quickly did the math in her head. She needed to get paid this week. Usually, she got paid on Thursdays, the same as Dan. That helped cover the mortgage payment that came out on Friday. Without that payment, she'd have to dip further into their already depleted savings.

"Can't," she heard herself saying before her brain registered she was speaking,

"Can't we just go to our bank and get cash or checks and issue those to staff?"

She realized she was saying this more as an employee who desperately needed to get paid, not as the hospital administrator she was.

"Do you know how long it would take to get checks printed and write them all out manually? Do the calculations on who had vacation time and who didn't show up for shifts? We have hundreds of employees. It's impossible," the man sat back, huffing.

"It's a pain in the ass, but it's not impossible. Sure mistakes will be made, but it's better than having our staff walk out on us," another person chimed in.

Drew still sat in the back, covering his eyes.

"Drew," the CTO said loudly, trying to quell the upset voices in the room, "What did the board say?"

Drew sighed as he lowered his hands and stared at the table in front of him, "They didn't approve of us paying the ransom. They said we can't pay it. We'll have to rebuild all our systems from scratch."

The room erupted in a series of groans.

Sarah turned to the CTO, "There's really nothing we can do here?"

Someone stood up and started berating Drew. The CTO, Jerry, turned to Sarah. She had to lean forward to hear him over the rest of the devolving discourse, "Every consultant or firm we have reached out to has told us that everyone either pays or rebuilds. Bad Rabbit is just too hard to crack. And if they could crack it and fix this for us, it might take months and that's something we don't have. The scammers gave us a deadline to pay or they will wipe the systems anyway. We're fucked."

Sarah sat back in her seat, stunned. Her colleagues continued their outbursts but Sarah couldn't engage. All she could think of now was her upcoming mortgage payment and what she needed to do to make sure it went through. She'd have to get the head of finance to take action and issue physical checks, but she also needed to find a way to solve this problem.

She gulped. She hadn't told anyone at work about Lester yet. He claimed to be able to help. She just wondered what it would cost.

***

“Come on,” Dan mumbled as he looked through the cabinets in the kitchen. “Just one clean mug. All I need is one clean mug. Would it kill him to ever clean up after himself?”

Dan had left his Yeti tumbler at work and was trying to make a coffee before starting his day. He heard a shuffling sound from the other room. His eyes flicked to his watch. It was just past seven am. His interview wasn’t until this afternoon.

The toast popped out of the toaster, but Dan ignored it. He took a few steps to glance into the living room. Lester was sitting on a chair, struggling against his gut as he put on his boots. After watching him for over a minute, Lester finally got both boots on. His face was flushed beet red as he stood up and seemed out of breath.

“You’re up,” Dan couldn’t remember the last time he had seen Lester get out of bed before noon, “Where are you going?”

Lester smirked at him as he opened the door, “To go see your wife.”

The door shut behind Lester, and Dan rolled his eyes, “What a fuckface.”

Dan returned to the kitchen, spread peanut butter on his toast, and started eating.

He took bites as he continued to look around the cabinets for a clean mug but eventually gave up. I’ll hit Starbucks on the way in.

As Dan sat on the bus to work, he ultimately decided to skip Starbucks and just make a coffee in the office. That was at least free. His mind turned to thoughts of Sarah and the issues she was experiencing at work. It sounded like her workplace was in quite a tight spot. Someone had clicked the wrong link, and now the entire hospital was locked out of their systems.

He knew it was a stressful situation but he still didn't like that Sarah had called Lester for his opinion. It didn't sit right with him. The only things Lester was an expert on were eating Cheetos and playing video games. And fucking your wife. Dan shook his head. Self-defeating thoughts had been creeping up more often lately.

He tried to keep a positive outlook but his situation was beginning to turn on him. It

was frustrating. He wanted to take action, to do something to improve their situation but there was nothing for him to do. He couldn't work hard at a job that didn't exist.

He could grab a lifeline that wasn't being thrown to him.

The only thing he could do right now was toil away at his current job while hoping to find a better one. He needed to stop spiralling, especially today. He needed to focus on his interview.

As the elevator doors opened on Dan's office floor, he couldn't help but be taken aback by how quiet it was. When he'd first started, the office would be bustling by now. As he walked towards the kitchen, he nodded to his glum-looking coworkers. It wasn't lost on him how many cubicles and offices now sat empty. He got the distinct feeling he was on a sinking ship.

He rounded the corner into the kitchen and saw one person in front of him, making their coffee. His boss, Walt.

"Morning Walt," Dan said as he grabbed his Yeti tumbler off the drying rack, "How goes the battle?"

Walt turned to Dan and smiled. Dan hadn't remembered Walt ever looking so old.

"Good Dan, good," Walt said, "I think we are finally on the right track, we're turning a corner. By this time next year this will all be a

painful memory. But say, Johnson just put in his two weeks and I was hoping you could take on his workload. He has some projects on the go, so nothing too much."

"Yeah, no problem," Dan said. He didn't bother asking about compensation for the additional responsibilities. He knew what the answer would be.

"Thanks, Dan. I think this place would fall apart without you," Walt said, patting him on the back as he headed towards his office with his fresh brewed coffee.

Dan stepped up to the coffee machine and pressed the button. Dan watched his tumbler slowly begin to fill as the delicious scent of coffee hit his nose. He heard the rhythmic beat of his cell phone. A text message.

He reached into his jacket pocket and retrieved it. It was from Sarah.

> Hey baby. I'm at work safe and sound. Another emergency meeting. They are saying we can't pay the ransom and have to rebuild everything from scratch.

Dan read her message and watched as three dots appeared. His coffee finished brewing but he stood there waiting for the dots to disappear. Eventually, a message replaced them.

> Lester thinks he can fix this. I'm not so sure but I asked him to come in and see what he can do. I know, I know, it's Lester, right. But he has a website and everything, he actually looks kind of legit.

Dan felt his stomach drop. Lester had been serious this morning when he said he was leaving to see Sarah. Could he have stopped him then, before he left? Dan felt like he let another opportunity slip through his fingers. But this time that opportunity had designs on his wife.

He balled his hand into a fist. He was cornered at work and felt like the rest of his life was slipping out of his grasp. Once again he had underestimated Lester and it had cost him. Lester had been truthful with him and presented an opportunity to counter but he had missed it.

Another message came in, sharing a URL. Dan clicked it and it looked very professional and gave an air of expertise and competence. Still, something about it seemed almost too perfect. Dan couldn't quite put his finger on why it bothered him.

It was probably his bias that Lester was heading to Middleton, his hometown. To come in and be the knight in shining armor to his wife. He gritted his teeth as he put the lid on his tumbler and headed for his office. He would toil away at these projects for Walt to what end? None of it would get him closer to his goals and none of it would get him closer to being back with Sarah and the kids.

As he closed his office door behind him he exhaled and took a deep breath. Focus.

You have the interview this afternoon. That could be a game-changer.

"Screw this," Dan said as he sat down. Work would have to wait. It was time to prep for his interview.

***

Rain was beginning to hit Sarah's office window. She watched the parking lot below as speckles of rain began to dot the cars. Holding her warm coffee mug to her chest, Sarah closed her eyes and focused on her breathing. She'd used this technique for years to center herself, try to relax, and shut out the world and problems around her by breathing.

The ringing of her desk phone broke her focus. Sighing, Sarah turned around, walked over to her desk and answered it.

"Hi Mrs. Williams. This is the security desk downstairs," the female voice on the other end said. "Your, uh…guest has arrived."

"Thank you," Sarah said, feeling the hairs on the back of her neck stand up, "I'll be right down."

Sarah hung up the phone and took one last glance out the window. Dark rain clouds were on the horizon. With one last sip of coffee, she left her office and headed to the elevator.

As Sarah entered the hospital lobby, it was striking to see Lester standing there. To see him out of the apartment, out of Chicago – in her place of work, in her hometown. She felt uneasy about it. Her brain wanted to digest and process. This was something she needed to think about. But Sarah had a job to do, and hopefully, Lester could help her get it done.

Lester was standing in the middle of the hospital lobby, awkwardly scrolling on his phone. He wore scuffed dress shoes - Lester's baggy jeans covered the heels. His grey sweater didn't look too bad, but it seemed to strain at his bulky mass. A faded white collar indicated he wore a dress shirt underneath, though Sarah couldn't be sure what state it was in. The strap of a black backpack hung over one shoulder.

Sarah rolled her eyes. She already knew Drew would hate him. Sarah should have thought ahead and gotten Lester better clothes. He was, after all, a reflection on her.

She nodded to the security guard as she walked across the lobby towards Lester. It only now dawned on her that perhaps this was a terrible idea. Her coworkers and colleagues would see her with Lester, her husband's roommate. Someone she had been intimate with.

Sarah straightened her skirt before stretching out her hand to Lester, "Lester good to see you again. Thank you for coming down."

Lester smirked at Sarah's professional etiquette, "Great to see you too, Sarah. Lead the way."

Sarah led Lester to the back of the lobby towards the elevator bank. They didn't receive as many stares as Sarah was accustomed to, likely because they weren't presenting as a couple.

As they rode the elevator down, Lester turned to Sarah, "You look great. Maybe next time we go out, I'll get you to wear something professional that I can take off you."

Lester reached up and brushed a strand of hair out of Sarah's face, tucking it behind her ear. Sarah gently pushed his hand away, her eyes darting up to the concealed camera.

"Not here. Not now," Sarah said through gritted teeth. Thankfully, it was just them in the elevator. "Let's act professional, okay?"

The elevator doors opened and Lester put an arm out to hold them and gestured for Sarah to exit first. As she walked past him he said, "So I shouldn't tell them how much you love my cock?"

"Sshhhh," anger flared on Sarah's face. She stared daggers at Lester, "I'm serious, Lester. Not now."

"Alright, whatever," Lester said, following her into the hallway, "Professional, you got it."

"Okay. Thank you." As they rounded a corner, Sarah said, "We're heading to a meeting room with the CEO and all the department heads. I've given them a brief heads up email about you. To be frank, the board and CEO are pushing for the entire system to be rebuilt. That's based on the advice they've been given. We can't or

won’t pay the ransom and everyone thinks it’s unlikely we can get back control of the system.”

“Yep. That’s usually how it goes.” Lester said.

Sarah stopped outside the meeting room door, “Listen Lester. I’m putting a lot on the line bringing you in here, okay? Please don’t make me regret it.”

Lester held up two fingers, “Scout’s honor.” She’d seen him do and say that before.

She knew it meant nothing to him.

Sarah let out a long breath. There was no going back now. She turned the knob on the door and stepped into the war room. Heads turned and the entire room looked at her.

“Hey everyone,” Sarah said as she walked into the room. Lester followed her in. She focused on the people in front of her. Do they know? Can they tell? Stop it Sarah, there is no way.

“This is Lester, the consultant I sent the memo about. He might be able to help us get back into our systems.” Sarah gestured to Lester.

The CTO, Jerry stood up and shook Lester’s hand, greeting him. A few others followed. Drew remained seated. He loosened his tie and said, “Nice to meet you, Lester. I’m sorry - I’m just a little skeptical. Everyone we’ve talked to, and to be clear, we have talked to the foremost experts in the field, who have told us it’s impossible to get back into our systems in the timeline the ransomers have given us. We are making plans to push forward and rebuild our systems and network. I apologize if i’m not more excited to meet you, it’s just that I don’t have a ton of faith that you can do what Sarah here says you can.”

Sarah looked at Lester, she didn't know how we would react to that. He was so unpredictable.

"No problem, sir," Lester started. "I get it. Most other consultants and firms would say that. It makes sense - they really aren't incentivized to do anything other than help you rebuild your systems. I don't think they are malicious, but they might not have the skill sets. So their best course is to bill you a ton to rebuild your systems."

"Listen," Drew said, putting a hand up, "We are very close with our vendor Swan Systems. They are perfectly capable of doing the job."

"I'm sure they can rebuild it, but wouldn't you rather have your system back under control?" Lester said. Sarah was taken aback by Lester's confidence here, walking into an unfamiliar environment and going toe to toe with her boss.

"Sure," Drew said. "But that's not going to happen."

"Let me take a look and diagnose what's happening. If I can help, great. If I can't, we won't waste more of each other's time." Lester was still standing in front of the long table.

"The Swan System's team won't be happy," Jerry, the CTO, said looking at Drew,

"But I think we should at least give the guy a crack at it."

Drew shrugged his shoulders and looked at Sarah, "He's your guy. I don't want to waste money or time on this option but if you think there might be a chance, go for it."

"Right," Sarah said, "I think it's good we explore all angles. Who knows? Maybe we get lucky here. It's worth a shot."

"Alright then," Jerry said. "Mr…Lester, what do you need?"

“I just need someplace quiet where I can plug into the network and run a diagnostic.

It would also be helpful to see the security documentation that Swan Systems provided to help me diagnose what your security infrastructure looks like.” Lester said.

The CTO glared at Drew, “Yeah, I would like to see that too.”

“Alright,” Drew said. “You need a quiet place to work? It isn’t here. Why don’t you go plug in out of the way somewhere? Sarah, what about in your office?”

Sarah felt her face go red. She hadn’t expected that, “Sure, sure, that works.”

She rose and led Lester out of the room as Drew berated someone from the communications team. She led Lester back into the elevator. They rode up to Sarah’s floor in silence.

Sarah was surprised Lester didn’t say anything. She led him into her office and showed him to her computer. Her chair squeaked as Lester sat down. He opened his backpack and brought a laptop, several wires, and what looked like USB drives. It all looked very technical and suddenly Sarah could feel a glimmer of hope that he might be able to rectify the situation.

“Okay Lester,” Sarah was eager to get back to the war room. “Do you have everything you need?”

Lester nodded and started typing on his laptop.

“Okay then, I’ll be back in a bit,” Sarah said, leaving Lester alone in her office.

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> What's going on?

Dan stared at his phone screen. Sarah still hadn't replied to his message. He was sure Lester was already at Sarah's hospital. His mind was going wild with the implication. Dan had a hard time imagining Lester being able to help Sarah, he was probably just taking advantage of the situation, something he seemed to be an expert at.

Focus.

Dan had to push the thought of Lester out of his mind for now. He trusted Sarah. She knew what she was doing. He needed to focus on what was in front of him. His interview. He'd spent the last few hours running through mock interview questions, researching the company and people who may be involved in the interview process.

He glanced at this computer and saw several emails from Walt, forwarding information over on his new projects. He didn't want to even look at them yet. He hoped he could nail this interview, secure a new job and all these projects would be the next guy's problem.

His phone screen lit up—a message from Sarah.

> Hey baby sorry for taking a bit to respond. Lester is here and looking at our systems. No one is expecting much but I hope he can fix it. If not we might miss payroll this week if the finance team doesn't get their shit together.

Dan reread the text. The word payroll bugged him as much as Lester. Their mortgage payment was due Friday. He didn't track the state of the accounts as closely as Sarah, but he knew they'd be hurting if their pay cheque got delayed.

Maybe he could call the bank and explain the situation.

Thoughts of their mortgage immediately turned Dan's attention to their house. Lester is going to try to go to their house, isn't he?

He typed up a quick response to Sarah.

>They better figure that out. It's not acceptable for a business not to pay their employees.

> Do you think Lester is going to try something? I'm sure Lester will try to worm an invitation out of you.

Sarah quickly responded.

>Nothing yet. I'll give my parents a call just in case. I'm heading into a meeting and might not be able to respond for a bit. I love you. I will let you know what happens.

Dan replied.

> I love you too

Dan gritted his teeth, thinking about Lester in his home while he was miles away in another city. The thought made his stomach turn.

"Goddammit," Dan said as he realized his dick was as hard as a rock. The thought of Lester alone with Sarah in his house, in his bed, where he was supposed to be.

Taking his place like that. It was too twisted not to get turned on by it. He needed to change his situation, if not just for the economics but so he wouldn't have to be confronted by his fantasies each time Sarah visited. It didn't help that in the time between visits, Dan's horniness would grow as would his desires to see his fantasies acted out.

Focus on what you can control.

Dan got up to go for a walk. He needed to get out of the office and clear his head so he could get back to preparing himself for his interview.

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> My parents will pick up the kids from school. Would be nice anyway just so I don't have to be mom tonight.

> I'm not planning on Lester coming to our house though. Feels weird.

> Good luck on your interview

Sarah finished sending her messages to Dan. She had just peeked her head into her office to check on Lester. He barely looked up from the screen; he seemed to be working diligently. At least, she hoped he was. Sarah couldn’t help but feel a sense of foreboding at the rain peppering the window.

She took the elevator back down to the war room and settled into the chair.

Everyone was quietly working on their laptops, coordinating different activities from their respective departments. The IT team was able to set them up with new devices that weren’t compromised, so they could at least try to coordinate things, but they still couldn’t access critical systems though. Sarah took her seat, placing her phone down next to her laptop.

"So," Drew said, breaking the silence, "Where did you dig up that guy from, Sarah?"

Sarah shifted uneasily in her seat. She didn't like being put on the spot. Her professional corporate persona took over, " He's from the city. He has done work with my husband's firm in the past. He comes with good recommendations."

"Well, I've never heard of him." Drew didn't seem to like that she presented a plan other than his. She worried that his judgment was clouded because of his relationship with Swan Systems. Perhaps they wouldn't be in this mess if they'd gone with someone else.

"I don't know what to tell you, Drew. Perhaps I just have a better network." Sarah said.

Jerry and a few others stifled a laugh. Drew furrowed his brow and focused his attention on his laptop.

"We're supposed to get a big storm tonight," Jerry said. No one responded.

Everyone was heads down in their work.

After an hour, Sarah checked her watch. It was already late afternoon.

"I'm going to go check in with some folks," Sarah locked her screen and rose, leaving her laptop and notebook on the desk. As she crossed the room she felt eyes lifting from computer screens, watching her body covertly.

She walked through the hospital and checked in with some friends and coworkers across different departments. While she trusted the department heads in the war room, she wanted to hear what the real pain points were. It was better to hear from the source rather than the sanitized versions that department heads might present.

Eventually, she found herself back in front of her office. She opened the door and found Lester hunched over his laptop. At some point, Lester must have left as she noticed a can of Coke and a Cheeto bag on her desk. The desktop had a fresh dusting of orange crumbs.

"How's it going in here?" Sarah said as she crossed the room. She realized she'd left him alone in her office for a few hours. She'd

never have done that if she hadn't been locked out of her computer. As it was, he couldn't access anything personal on her work machine. Maybe she'd had him stay in her office to hide him away, like she did in Chicago.

"Good." Lester said, looking up from his computer for the first time. "After looking at everything, I'm confident I can restore access to your systems."

"Really?" Sarah said more skeptically than she'd intended, "How? Everyone we've talked to said it would take months at the earliest to regain access and they couldn't guarantee it."

"It shouldn't take months," Lester scoffed. "I should be able to restore access and lock them out in a couple of days at most. The Bad Rabbit ransomware they infected your systems with is outdated. It has its own vulnerabilities that I can exploit to take control of it. Then it's just a matter of shutting it down and purging it from your systems."

"Lester, this is great news. Thank you. Thank you so much. We should go down and tell everyone now before Drew progresses too far on the rebuild." Sarah was relieved. She felt like she was walking on air as she nearly floated out of the office.

Lester rose from the desk and followed Sarah to the door. As she went to open it, Lester's hand came from behind her and pushed it closed.

"There is just the matter of payment that we need to work out," Lester whispered in her ear. Sarah felt her breath catch in her throat and knew her face had turned beet red. The floating feeling had disappeared as suddenly as it had arrived. In its place was dread, sitting in the pit of her stomach, and a slight hint of something she couldn't quite name yet.

She turned around. Lester was standing closer than she had anticipated, "We should head downstairs and discuss that with Drew and the others."

"Heh, eventually, we will. But there are parts of my compensation that only you can fulfill." He looked intently into her eyes.

Sarah wanted to back away, but she held her ground. This was at her place of work.

She could be in serious shit if Lester tried something here.

"What exactly are you proposing?" Sarah asked.

Lester reached up and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. This time, she didn't swat his hand away.

"Yes, I am going to ask to get paid by the hospital, but tonight I want a nice, warm, home-cooked meal. Think you can make that happen?" Lester's eyes narrowed.

Sarah understood the implication. Lester wanted to come to her house—the house with a mortgage payment that was going to get missed this week. Dan had been right. She was running through different scenarios in her head, different things she could say, alternatives she could try. She felt her pocket, searching for her cell phone. It wasn't there. You must have left it down in the war room with your laptop.

She really needed to contact Dan before she agreed to anything. He had predicted something like this might –

"Don't be coy," Lester said, closing the distance between them. His gut pushed into her flat stomach. "We both know how this goes. You pretend not to want this, and you put on a good show, but in the end, once I get you alone, you'll keep begging me for more."

A small smile formed on Lester's face, "I'll save you effort. Let's skip the song and dance. Just say okay."

Sarah stayed silent. Lester had her cornered in her workplace where she never let anyone walk over her. Here in her office, that was her domain and hers alone. How did he make her feel this way? As if she would cave to whatever he said.

Lester ran the back of his hands over her chest. He was groping her. He was still trying to maintain some level of professionalism but he still knew what he was doing,

"Just say okay." His knuckle had grazed against her nipple, now he ran his palm over it, noting how firm it had become.

Part of Sarah's brain realized that she was being sexually touched in the workplace by an outside contractor. She thought HR might love to know that. She opened her mouth to speak, to put him in her place like she would if anyone else in the building tried this.

"Okay," she said, looking up into Lester's eyes. Part of her brain protested, she hoped her eyes looked defiant. But she knew they didn't. Lester's demand felt like a weight being placed on her, it was easier just to give in then to push back on it. Did she really even want to push back? He was about to try and help everyone, did she really want to ruin that?

Lester grinned and backed away from her. She felt the heat from his body being drawn away. He motioned towards the desk. Sarah furrowed her brow, "Shouldn't we head downstairs and talk to everyone?"

"In a minute," Lester said, still motioning toward her desk. With a sigh, Sarah stepped past Lester, went to the other side of her desk and sat down.

“So,” Lester said, stepping around the desk until he was looked down at Dan’s wife,

“What are you going to make me for dinner?”

“I’ll figure something out,” Sarah said, weighing different options in her head. She’d figure that out later. “Can we go down now and talk to Drew about your payment terms?” He was close enough that she could catch his scent. She crossed her legs, feeling vulnerable in this situation.

“Are you sure they can afford it? The price might be quite high.” Lester grinned as he rested a hand on her desk. Sarah glanced at it, wondering if the desk would support his weight.

“Well, we won’t know if we don’t ask them,” Sarah said looking up at Lester.

“That’s the problem. I didn’t want to come all the way here and not get paid. I think I’m owed a little down payment. Right now.” Lester stepped closer to Sarah. His knees touched hers, she was eye level with his crotch. She just now realized this had been his plan all along.

“Lester,” Sarah said flatly, “This is my workplace, I’m not going to sleep with you here. I could really get in deep shit.”

Sarah thought about what would happen to her if she was caught doing this.

Professionally she would probably be fired, which would ultimately devastate her financial plans with Dan. Personally, she knew how much her coworkers gossiped.

Something like this would ruin them if it got out to her friends and family.

“Heh,” Lester licked his lips. “I wouldn’t dream of it. Besides, I don’t want to spoil my dessert for tonight. Here.” Lester handed her his phone. Sarah glanced down at it.

On the screen was a picture of a large cock. She immediately recognized it as Lester’s.

She took a sharp intake of breath, looking at it. She quickly broke her gaze and looked up at him, towering over her. He was grinning again. The familiar environment

of her office suddenly seemed illicit and cramped, as if she were once more in the back of Lester’s car. She realized how large Lester’s body seemed and how much space it seemed to take up.

“I haven’t been satisfied with your sexting,” Lester said. “Before we go back downstairs, I want to watch you touch yourself while staring at my cock.”

Sarah glanced back down at the phone screen. Her eyes lingered too long. She felt herself salivate and heat emanating from between her legs, “Lester, I can’t.

Someone could just walk in.”

Lester retreated to the other side of the desk and walked to the door. He locked it while looking her in the eyes. Sarah didn’t move. Lester walked back and stood in front of her.

Sarah felt an odd sense of relief when Lester locked the door. She had been yearning for an escape from her responsibilities and problems. Part of her wanted to run to Chicago and lose herself again. But now it seemed like Chicago had come to her. She was locked in a room with Lester in a familiar place. It wasn’t his bedroom or his car but it was her office. How he looked at her made her feel like she was the prize conquest in a high-stakes game. His stare felt intoxicating.

“I’m not going back downstairs until we do this,” Lester said. “However long it takes depends on you.”

Sarah glanced back down at the phone and then back to Lester, “Why? Why do you want this?”

“Because I want to see it first hand. I know you’ve looked at all the pictures I’ve sent you. I want to see you get off to them.” Lester reached down and swiped the phone screen. Another photo of Lester’s cock from another angle appeared. Pre-cum clearly leaking from the slit on its head.

Sarah stared at the screen. Lester took the opportunity to reach down and undo the button on her pants. Sarah glanced down and swatted at his arm. He quickly unzipped her pants before stepping back and leaning against the window.

She stared back at the troll-like man. She could see the intensity written on his face -

lust mixed with determination. He intended to get what he wanted. It was then that Sarah realized that she was breathing hard, her arousal clearly evident to Lester.

She too could sense his excitement - the bulge of his cock was beginning to press against his baggy jeans. It wasn’t obvious or obscene, but Sarah knew the shape of his cock well enough to know when Lester was getting hard.

Without breaking eye contact, Sarah raised her hips off her office chair and pulled her pants down to her calves. Lester broke eye contact first, tracking the pants descending down her body. His eyes running over her smooth and toned legs, so unlike his own.

Sarah bit her lip, exposing herself like this in front of him. At her workplace no less, in front of the large windows. She knew no one could see them but part of her still felt the thrill. She had mentioned

a sexual fantasy to Dan once. About having sex in one of their workplaces. She never imagined she would be fulfilling part of it with someone other than her husband.

Lester's eyes lifted from her legs, back to her face. He was waiting. Sarah looked away from him, casting her eyes on the phone in her hand. Lester's angry cock was there, looking up at her.

Sarah breathed out as she dropped her other hand down to her panties. She played with the top of her white pantyline until her fingers disappeared below the fabric. Her eyes shut, and she leaned back in her chair as her fingers came into contact with her clit. She started to play with it, gently pushing against it in a circular motion, her fingers gliding over the slick hood.

"Mmmmm," a soft moan escaped her lips. She couldn't believe she was doing this in front of him.

"Open your eyes," Lester said, "Look at the phone."

Sarah complied, opening her eyes. She first looked at Lester, she noted that his cock had continued to grow in his baggy jeans, and then she turned back down to her phone. To Lester's large cock. She swiped the screen. Another image of his cock sprang to life, his hand clearly visible as he stroked it.

Her fingers began to move faster as she focused on the screen in front of her. She took in the details of Lester's cock while her body remembered what it felt like inside of her, the depths of pleasure it had taken her to. She closed her eyes again.

The image of Lester's cock burned into her brain. She could imagine what it looked like on the phone without even opening her eyes. Sarah bit her lip and continued to touch herself. She could feel herself working her way toward an orgasm. She just needed to keep the fire burning –

Something clanged on the floor. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at Lester. His pants were around his ankles and his impressive cock was pointing right at her.

Sarah looked between the cock on the phone and the real hot throbbing cock next to her. She didn't know which one to focus on. Lester's musk filled her nostrils. Her facial expression was moving from slight confusion to deep lust.

"Put the phone down," Lester said as he waddled up to her. His hairy knees touched her as he stood directly in front of her. He slowly began to stroke his cock while looking down at Dan's wife.

Lester had his cock out in her office. In her place of work. It was just inches from her, pointed right at her. How did she get here? Sarah's eyes were transfixed on the head of Lester's cock. She leaned forward slightly towards it but caught herself. She pushed herself back into the chair despite what her body wanted.

Sarah put the phone down on the desk, her eyes never breaking from Lester's cock.

He continued to stroke it slowly as Sarah increased the pace of her fingers. It was too much for her to resist. She could feel the fire burning inside her and wouldn't stop now. Couldn't stop now.

Her fingers continued to massage her sensitive clit. Sarah stared at Lester's cock as his fist travelled up the shaft toward her. As Lester gripped it close to the head, a bead of pre-cum began to ooze out. Sarah watched as it dripped out and hung on the base of Lester's cock before breaking free and dropping. Dropping down until it landed on her thigh.

It felt wet and warm. Sarah could smell how pungent it was. She stared at the glob of cum coating her pristine white thighs as it travelled down her thigh. Feeling it on her body, watching the trail it

left behind, the whole situation was too much for Sarah to comprehend.

"Oh fuck," Sarah squealed as her thighs pushed together against her hand. Sarah came. She lifted her feet off the ground, and they touched Lester's shins. Her eyes closed, and she stopped breathing as her orgasm rippled through her body,

"Mhmmmm."

"That's right, Sarah, cum for my cock," Lester growled. It was still his favorite thing to hear. The sound of the immaculate wife cumming was music to him.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at him. She fixated on the hunger in his dark eyes. Lester took a breath, seeing the lust also coming from her eyes. She came down from her orgasm and her fingers continued to lightly stroke her clit, continuing to fan the flames.

Lester took a step forward, pushing her knees further apart. Sarah looked down at his cock mere inches away from her face. She looked back up at Lester's ugly face and then down to his beautiful cock. She could feel the heat coming off of it on her cheek.

Sarah continued to play with herself as she leaned forward towards him. She met his eyes, and her lips parted as she descended onto the head of Lester's cock. She could taste the salty pre-cum that had oozed out of the head. She delighted in the taste.

"Fuck yes," Lester growled as the head of his cock pressed against her tongue.

Sarah gripped the shaft of Lester's cock with one hand while the other continued to work on herself. She knew there was something pressing she needed to do, but all she wanted to do right now was

please Lester's cock. She whimpered as another spurt of Lester's foul precum oozed across her taste buds.

Sarah pulled her head off of Lester's cock, running her tongue up its length as it left her mouth. She lifted his cock up slightly and began to lick its underside, assessing the large specimen proudly as she bathed it with her tongue. Lester put a knee on her chair, just between her legs, giving Sarah more access. She leaned forward and licked down his entire cock until she reached his balls. Sarah stuck her tongue out and licked where his balls connected with his cock as her fist started pumping his shaft.

She could feel his heartbeat in the veins of his cock, pulsating for her. Lester's pubic hair pushed into Sarah's face and nose as her tongue twirled around his ballsack.

She felt fulfilled, knowing she could cause Lester's cock to grow to its full length.

Sarah could feel the wrinkle of Lester's ballsack on her tongue. The hairs were getting in the way, but she didn't care. Lester leaned back, pushing more of his balls into Sarah's waiting mouth. She was pumping his shaft furiously as she quickly ran the tip of her index finger in circles around her clit. She licked all over his balls, not content until she had completely covered every inch of them in her saliva. She sucked each one into her mouth, savoring the primal taste. She heard Lester's grunt of approval and it fueled her activity. Her hand moved faster as she soaked through her panties.

She could feel the veins of his cock pulsating in her hands. Lester leaned further back as Sarah dived forward with her tongue. Her eyes were closed and she licked further down than she ever had on Lester before, licking the area under his balls.

Lester's body shook at the sensation. Sarah didn't know what came over her but she liked causing that reaction. She licked him there

again, swirling her tongue around the area. It tasted coppery and bitter the further she went.

"Ughhh," Lester groaned, his hand finding the back of her neck and pulling her tight against him. He pushed forward as Sarah continued to work under him. His balls, coming to rest, squashed against her face.

His body started to involuntarily thrust into Sarah's petite hands. He never lost control like this. His fingers found the hair at the base of her neck and he made a fist.

He pulled her face up in an attempt to regain control, his balls running against her cheeks as her tongue followed behind. She continued to lick him as he pulled her up his shaft. When her lips reached the head of his cock she didn't hesitate to wrap her lips around it again. Sucking it feverishly.

Lester pulled his cock out of her mouth. Sarah stuck her tongue out, trying to get contact with it. He held her by the back of the head with one hand while the other gripped the base of his cock, just underneath Sarah's hand. He took his cock and rubbed it all over Sarah's face. Her saliva and his pre-cum mixing onto her forehead and cheeks, smudging her makeup.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's large cock draped and dragged across her face. She moved her head around, trying to lick Lester's cock as it moved over her skin. The wild movements of the slickened pole were driving the wife's excitement.

Lester grew harder, hearing Sarah moan as he dragged his cock over her face. It wasn't in his notes that she enjoyed that. He pulled back and roughly smacked his cock against the side of her cheek. Sarah's breath caught in her throat.

Lester stood still, appraising the situation. Sarah took advantage of his hesitation and grabbed his cock with both hands, and started

working them up and down his shaft.

She bobbed forward until her mouth found his cock and she rolled her tongue around its head. Her mouth opened and she took more of him in, sucking as hard as she could.

Gripping the back of her neck, Lester started to thrust sharply into her mouth.

Sarah's hands tried to meet his thrusts but they were too unpredictable. The head of his cock tapped the back of her mouth, causing Sarah to gag as he tried to enter her throat. She quickly recovered and braced herself as it happened again. And then again. She focused on opening her throat for his unforgiving cock. Mascara ran down her cheeks as her eyes watered from the repeated intrusion. Her hips undulated as she sucked the fat man, in imitation of how she wanted to ride the organ presently pistoning in and out of her mouth.

Lester was fucking her mouth in her office with abandon. Somewhere far away, she heard a phone ringing.

"Uh, Uh, Uh," Lester grunted as he fucked the young mother's sexy lips. He wanted nothing more than to keep going, to cum down her throat. He looked down and saw both of her hands stroking his cock. This wasn't what he had planned.

He put a hand on her shoulder and pushed her back into the chair. Sarah's hands still held onto his cock. Her hips still moved seductively.

"Touch yourself," Lester said, prying her hands from his cock, "Touch yourself." He nodded at her panties, "Down there"

Lester stood up off the chair and continued to stroke his cock in front of Sarah. She stared at him, upset at having her prize toy taken away. She quickly complied and put one hand back into her

panties as she teased her own clit. Her finger wandered briefly into her drenched crevice, sampling the heat there. She was getting closer.

Lester stood directly in front of her, stroking his cock while staring at the young wife's face. Her eyes were locked onto his angry cock head.

"Did you touch yourself?" Lester said through gritted teeth. He could feel his own orgasm quickly approaching. "When I sent you the pictures? Tell me." The soft slap of his playing with himself was doing something to the young wife. His fleshy tempo was building ominously to something she craved deeply.

"Yes," Sarah said before her mind could tell her not to. "I did." The depravity of confessing the truth to his face as she performed the same sin added considerable fuel to the fire inside the married woman.

"I knew it." Lester pumped himself faster, his sausage-like fingers gripping his bulging tool. Sarah's fingers moved to keep pace with Lester. "What did you like about them? What did you think about why you touched yourself? Did you like the pre-cum? Did you like the veins? Did you like the ones with my hands stroking –"

"Ugh, fuck, I thought about how good it looked. How it tasted and how fucking good it feels inside me," Sarah said, cutting Lester off. "Keep stroking for me, big boy. I'm almost there."

"You going to cum for me, Sarah? Cum staring at my cock. Don't stop looking at it."

Lester grunted as he felt his balls tingling.

Sarah stared, transfixed by Lester's cock. Watching the slit in his cock head, waiting to see him explode. She was going to dart forward and take as much of him into her mouth as she could. She

wanted to feel his cum hitting the back of her mouth. She wanted to swallow that warmth into her belly.

Sarah's fingers pushed hard into her clit. The images of Lester's cock exploding filled her mind, "Ah fuck. Oh god. Fuck!" The wet smacking sounds of their mutual masturbation were almost loud enough to be heard in the hall outside.

Sarah came hard for the second time ever in her office. Her thighs squeezed her hand and she felt wetness all over them.

"That's it….fuck," Lester said as his balls exploded. He felt the rush of pleasure expand through his cock. Sarah moved forward toward his dick, but Lester quickly put his hand on her head and palmed it like a basketball, holding her in place. The first rope of cum splattered across Sarah's neck and chin. Her body revelled in the warm feeling of Lester's cum on her skin. That he could paint her with his considerable lust, covering her with it.

Sarah rode the increasing wave of her bliss, a breathless groan passed between her lips, "Ahnnnngg."

The second stream of cum blasted her dark blouse over her breasts. The third painted her blouse again, as well as her cream blazer. Sarah was still revelling in pleasure. With her other hand, she reached up and felt the cum on her chin, absent mindeling dragging it up to her lips.

She sucked on her fingers, tasting Lester's perverted spunk as her fingers danced over her clit and her orgasm started to recede.

Lester bent forward and another rope of cum sprayed her panty cover hand. Lester leaned forward, putting his knee back up on the chair. Sarah removed her hand from her panties and placed it on his chest. Lester squeezed his cock and another rope of pungent cum blasted out again onto her white panties. Together they watched as it thoroughly soaked them in his fluids.

He braced himself, moving his hand to the back of the chair behind her head as he caught his breath. Sarah could still taste Lester's cum on her lips as she sat there, looking up at the beast of a man, wondering what he was going to do next. She stuck her tongue out and licked, then kissed his hairy chest, lingering on the sour taste of his acrid sweat.

Eventually, he stumbled back and leaned against her desk. It squeaked as it moved slightly across the floor. Lester was smiling from ear to ear, looking down at the masterpiece he had just created.

Sarah's eyes followed his, and she looked down at herself. Her blouse and blazer were stained with Lester's illicit cum.

"Lester!" Sarah scolded, "What the fuck? We have to get back down to that meeting."

Lester was grinning ear to ear like he was very pleased with himself.

"Yeah, you're going to need to clean yourself up." He left her to it, turning to put his clothes back on.

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"It is entirely doable to get you back into your systems within a couple of days,"

Lester said from the front of the meeting room. All of the department heads were listening eagerly.

Sarah saw Drew's head turn towards her. She felt his eyes on her. She pretended not to notice as she kept her attention on Lester. No one had said a word when she entered wearing just a tank top with her pants, but she was sure more than one of them thought the bare shoulders and arms weren't appropriate for the workplace.

If anyone said anything, Sarah was prepared to say that had spilt coffee on her shirt and blazer and this tank top was the only thing she had to change into. Still, she didn't like how much skin she was showing to her coworkers. This tank top had a slight v-neck to it, so her coworkers could get quite the view at the right angle. She had cleaned off her remaining makeup, so hopefully, not too many eyes were on her.

She had worked hard to attain their respect and be put on equal footing. She didn't intend to mess that up now. Besides, they were in crisis - what she wore to this meeting should be the furthest thing from anyone's mind.

Still, Sarah couldn't help but think Lester was subtly showing her off to her coworkers, flaunting his sexual conquest of her.

"The version of Bad Rabbit that infected your systems isn't impenetrable," Lester continued. Sarah squirmed uneasily in her seat. She could feel her wet panties but wasn't sure if it was herself or Lester's cum that was causing them to stick against her skin. She just hoped that it didn't make a damp stain that might be seen on the front of her pants.

"In fact, it has its own weaknesses that we can exploit to get you back in control of your systems. We'll have to disconnect you from the outside world for a period, isolate each system, and then regain control one at a time, but it should take days, not months. I can get started tomorrow." Lester stated to the group.

Sarah saw something in her coworker's faces that she hadn't seen in days. Hope.

They looked around at one another, eager to believe Lester's prognosis.

"Okay, so what would something like this cost?" Drew said as he crossed his arms.

Lester nodded to Sarah, “Well, normally, it would be quite a bit more, but Sarah has already negotiated me down substantially. She is really quite impressive, I must say.”

Sarah felt herself blush as Lester continued.

“I can draw up a contract to show you the particulars –”

“How much,” Drew said, irritated.

“Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars,” Lester said flatly, “I don’t require anything upfront payment net thirty once you regain access to your systems.”

That is a lot of money.

Sarah couldn’t help but think about how that much money could change her family’s life and solve so many issues for them. If only Dan could figure out a way to bring that much into their bank account. How much money does Lester have?

“That’s ludicrous!” Drew said loudly, “Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a couple of days work!”

“Drew,” Jerry said in a calm manner, “With Swan System’s the rebuild would cost substantially more than that.”

“That fee is for my expertise,” Lester said, “And for quickly returning your access to your systems. Not only will you spend much more on rebuilding your systems, but if you go that route, consider the scope creep that will come with it. You will save months of productivity by not having your people perform manual workarounds. Like I said, I’m undercharging for this.”

“I still don’t like it,” Drew huffed. “I think we should proceed with Swan Systems.

Thank you for your time, Mr. Lester."

"Drew," Jerry said, "You have a duty to present this option to the board. You can't just walk away from it. His terms are good. He doesn't get paid unless he gets us back in, isn't that right, Lester?"

"That's right," Lester said smugly from the front of the room.

"Fine. Whatever," Drew waved his hands dismissively as he stood up. "I'll take it to them now. Jerry, they might call you in as well as some of you folks in legal. Be on standby."

Drew left the conference room as he punched a number into his phone. Jerry stood up and approached Lester, eager to get his teams ready to try and enact Lester's plan.

Sarah sat in her chair, watching the demeanor of the group change. She was happy that she was partly responsible for making that happen. She realized she was biting her lip as she glanced at Lester. No one usually stood up to Drew like that.

Now she just had to figure out what she was making for dinner.

***

> Dan

> The hospital board is going to weigh Lester's proposal.

> but he has a condition on helping. He wants a home-cooked meal tonight.

Dan stared at his phone as people bustled around him. He was early for his interview, so he decided to wait down in the lobby of the building. He planned to sit and mentally prepare himself. To calm down and be as professional as possible.

Now, he was short of breath, wondering what was happening back home. Dan typed a response to his wife.

> Home cooked, as in cooked at our home?

This text exchange was coming at the wrong time. Dan could feel himself growing hard thinking about what could happen tonight. He imagined Sarah naked, just wearing her cooking apron. Lester coming up behind her with his grubby little hands.

He leaned back and breathed. He needed to focus. He couldn't go into his interview with a hard-on. Why the fuck does this effect me like this?

A reply came in from Sarah.

> Yes. I don't know how to say no to this. Our mortgage payment comes out this week and work can't pay anyone with the systems frozen. I'll need to move money out of our savings to cover it. Lester can fix it for us.

Dan gritted his teeth. Obviously, Lester had more on his mind than just food. He was just thankful his daughters weren't going to be home. He reread Sarah's message.

This all started with Lester as a way for them to explore their sexual fantasies. Him and his wife. Sarah's messages made this sound more transactional. This isn't something they would have ever considered before. Sarah would have shut it down if it was a random contractor offering to fix things to bang the hot hospital admin. But now she had a relationship with Lester.

Relationship. That word sounded dirty in his mind. The thought of Sarah having a relationship with that asshole. Dan tried not to think about the blood swelling to his crotch.

Another message came in from Sarah.

> should I say no? Dan, what do you want me to do?

Thoughts of Sarah on her knees with Lester's cock in her mouth. Dan shook his head, hating how easily his thoughts had slipped. He needed to get a handle on this.

A handle on the rest of his life. He felt himself spinning. He was going to be a mess for the interview. He checked his watch. It was twenty minutes before he was scheduled to be upstairs. Rechecking Sarah's message, he typed out a response.

> I don't like it. I don't like Lester at our place.

Dan felt like Lester had him by the balls with the threat of the mortgage payment hanging over their heads. They could dip into their depleted savings and cover this payment, but what about the next one? If Sarah's workplace was still fucked up, they couldn't keep going back to their savings.

And if they said no to Lester this time, would he up his demands if they went back and asked for help again? He thought back to when they first took the apartment. He couldn't have anticipated how different his life would look.

> I get the reasons why. We need to figure this out, figure out how to change our situation for the better. I'm not mad at you, I just feel like things are getting out of control.

Sarah typed a response.

> I know. I hadn't expected any of this.

> What should I do Dan? He said he'd walk away if I don't have him over for dinner tonight. I know we can figure things out if we have to, but what do you think?

> I need to tell you something else. Lester cornered me in my office today too.

Dan felt his eyes bulge out of his head as he typed a response.

> What do you mean cornered you? What happened?

Three dots appeared on the screen. It seemed like they wouldn't disappear, but soon they were replaced with a message.

> He wanted a down payment on the deal. He showed me the pictures he sent and asked me to touch myself and then he stuck it in my mouth.

Jesus Christ. Dan hadn't even seen Sarah's office and Lester had already been in it and gotten a blow job from his wife. He could feel a tent forming in his pants, which was the last thing he needed before this interview. Now he was picturing Sarah on her knees, giving Lester a sloppy blow job in their bed. He hated himself for how much he wanted to see that actually happen.

Finally he found the strength to respond to his wife.

> I'm not mad about the blowjob. We already laid ground rules for that. I'm just going nuts thinking about Lester in your office before I have even been in there. The thought of him in our house…..

Dan didn't know how to finish his thought. He meant to add another word to explain his thoughts to Sarah, but it didn't come. He felt conflicted. He was feeling too many emotions. Sarah beat him with her response.

> the thought of him in our house what? Makes you angry, upset? Jealous? Or turned on?

There it was, staring back at him. All the emotions he felt bundled up in one nice little message. The problem was he felt all of those

emotions, some more than others.

Right now, he felt turned on and jealous, but he knew that if he were to beat off that angry and upset would quiet the others.

> Yes

It was a simple and honest response. Sarah didn't respond back to him immediately.

Thinking the situation through, he added another message.

> I can both not like it and be turned on by the idea. You know how messed up my brain can be. I honestly don't know what the best thing to do here is. What I know is that we will figure this all out together. I love you baby and I trust you. If Lester has to have dinner at our place, so be it but we can make it about us afterwards. Maybe use it and what happens to fire up our next time together.

Three dots appeared as Sarah typed up a response. Dan checked the time on his phone. He needed to get upstairs.

> I love you too baby. I can't wait to be with you again and figure things out. I'll keep Lester in line and let you know what's happening. And you're right, we can use this for the next time we are together. Remember some of the role play we did in the past? I like that idea, and I can tease you for years about what happens tonight.

Dan smiled. It wasn't a total win, but he would take it for now. He really did need to get upstairs for his interview, though.

> Babe, I need to run to this interview. Shitty timing I know. I love you baby and I trust you. Try to enjoy yourself tonight. I want to hear about it after. We'll figure out what to do next together. Let's just get through this next little bit.

> I’m going to call Lester myself when I get out of my interview and set up some ground rules.

One last response came in from Sarah.

> I love you baby. Good luck on your interview. I know you are going to crush it. <3

Sighing, Dan stood up and walked towards the elevator. He needed time to think things over. As the elevator ascended, he tried to push thoughts of his wife and Lester out of his head. He needed to concentrate on what was in front of him—the interview.

The elevator doors opened to a sophisticated office that was quite busy. Dan stepped out and looked around. This is a place I would enjoy working at.

After a few seconds of watching people mill around the office, Dan spotted the reception desk and walked over.

“Hey there, my name is Dan Williams. I’m here for my 3 pm interview with David Hutchinson,” Dan smiled at the receptionist as he took in the office beyond her desk.

“Thank you, take a seat. I’ll let them know you’re here,” she returned the smile. As Dan sat down, he cast a glance back at the receptionist. Her brows were furrowed as she looked at her computer.

Dan wanted to check his phone, but didn’t pull it out. He wanted to appear professional and focused on the task at hand. He wondered if Sarah had sent him another message. He relaxed his shoulders and sat back in the plush leather waiting room chair. First impressions were important, he didn’t want to appear too eager or worse - desperate.

After sitting longer than expected, Dan calmly checked his watch. It was ten after three. His interview should have started ten minutes ago. He scanned the room and briefly set his eyes on the receptionist. Her head was down, again focused on her computer.

He wondered if something was wrong. It was normal for interviews to start late.

Sometimes they were scheduled back to back with other meetings that might run long. Soon this, David Hutchinson would walk out and apologize for the delay. Dan just hoped he had enough time in the room during the interview to impress them.

After an hour, a stocky man with salt and pepper hair appeared and bent down to whisper to the receptionist. Her eyes flicked up to Dan and she pointed in his direction. The man nodded and mouthed something again before standing up and walking in his direction.

Dan stood up, walked several steps and stretched out his hand.

"Dan Williams?" The man said, not returning the handshake.

Dan put his hand back at his side, "Yes, that's me. Mr. Hutchinson, I presume?"

"No, not exactly." The man thumbed toward the receptionist, "Beverly tells me you are here for an interview?"

"Yes, I have one scheduled today with David Hutchinson," Dan said.

"Unfortunately, I think some wires got crossed. Dave's been on vacation for the last two weeks. He's on my team and isn't hiring anyone at the moment. I've double-checked with our HR team, and there aren't any active positions currently being filled." The man said flatly.

“What?” Dan said, not fully processing what the man said, “I got an email from David Hutchinson to come here for an interview.”

Dan pulled up the email on his phone and handed it to the man. The older man took it and read through the message.

“Huh. That certainty is David’s email signature,” he continued, staring at the phone.

“Well, there it is.”

“There ‘what’ is?” Dan asked.

“The email address. That isn’t ours. It’s close. It looks like ours but it’s a different address. That didn’t come from David. It’s not from us. It might be some kind of phishing thing, maybe.” the older man handed the phone back to Dan.

Dan took it and reread the email in disbelief, “No way.”

“Look at the email address. That’s not our website. It looks close to ours but that isn’t quite it. Hey, could you forward me that email? Our IT folks and HR teams might want to be aware someone is posing as us, talking to candidates.” The man held out a business card. Dan took it numbly.

“Sorry that you wasted your time coming down here. It really sucks that this happened to you.” The man said as he gave a sympathetic look before turning to leave.

“One second,” Dan said. The man turned around to look at him. “Can I send you my resume as well? I have a strong background that I think would benefit your team.”

“Sorry,” the man shrugged, “We don’t have the budget for any new roles at the moment.”

"What if you just humor me and take a look at it. If there isn't a fit right now, that's okay, but when something opens up, maybe we could discuss it."

The older man shrugged, "Alright. Fine. Send it over with that email. I'll take a look at it."

"Thank you," Dan said as the man turned and walked away.

Dan took one last look around the office and had an overwhelming desire to leave.

He felt like a joke. It was embarrassing, and he suddenly felt like all eyes were on him. He rode the elevator and exited onto the cool Chicago streets.

Now, he had a phishing issue to deal with. That was just great. At least he didn't put any personal information besides his email address. Everything else could be gleaned from LinkedIn. Still, something felt off about the email.

Dan started walking. He didn't have a destination, he wasn't even sure this was the right direction to get to his apartment. All he knew was that he wanted as much distance between himself at that building as possible.

He fished his phone out of his pocket and reread the email. He stopped at the entrance to an alleyway and googled 'how to find out who owns a website.' As he followed the instructions, a rough-looking man emerged from the alleyway dragging a backpack on the the ground. The homeless man looked around with wild eyes.

They locked onto Dan's for a split second before he limped off across the street. Dan noticed some scraggly tattoos on the man's knuckles.

He turned his attention back to his phone. The website the email address came from was listed as having a private owner. It was a

dead end. Probably some overseas phishing operation. Or maybe it was something closer to home. What if someone was fucking with him? Did Jesse figure out that Dan sabotaged him?

Maybe he would have to check in with Jesse and see. Maybe he could just do some sleuthing and figure out what Jesse had been up to since he got fired. Part of him wondered what would have happened if he hadn't taken action against the kid. For one, Lester wouldn't be taking Sarah on dates. But would Jesse have let sleeping dogs lie, knowing what he knew?

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose. Enough is enough.

He was getting tired of all the setbacks life was throwing at him. He needed to make a change and take control of things. He started to walk again, this time with purpose.

He made a mental list of all the issues and roadblocks he was facing. They seemed insurmountable, but if he broke them down into smaller pieces, he could figure them out and slowly overcome them.

He dialled Lester's number. It went straight to voicemail. Dan didn't bother leaving a message. What was he going to say? Be respectful while you fuck my wife tonight?

An image of Sarah moaning as she straddled Lester popped into his head. He stuffed it back down. He needed to get a handle on that part of his life. It was becoming all-consuming and spiralling out of his control. He wouldn't be as distracted if he could get that back in line. Everything else should fall in line afterwards.

He felt energized as he walked. He would reign in Lester and add new boundaries to things. Dan needed to get to Middleton. He scrolled on his phone to look up train tickets.

Once he got onto a train, he would research all the potential firms in Chicago and the surrounding areas where he could work. Maybe

some other adjacent industries he wasn't aware of could use his expertise. Once he made a list, he would see who was hiring. If they weren't hiring, he would reach out anyway and see if he could network with important figures in the organizations.

He needed to fix things. If he didn't, he was worried about what life might look like a year from now.

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The rain was battering the windshield of Lester's SUV as his squat body sat behind the wheel. He was parked on the street around the corner from Sarah's house, waiting patiently for her text message.

Lester threw a handful of Cheetos into his mouth and then licked his orange fingers clean. Realizing he was done with the bag, he crumpled it up and threw it into the backseat. He was scrolling through his Discord app when her message came in. It was just her address: no pleasantries or other text.

Heh. Lester grinned as he started the ignition. As much as she liked to put up a good fight, he was going to have her moaning his name before the night was over.

Whether she realized it or not, tonight was a special night for them.

The windshield wipers cast the rain aside as Lester's SUV rumbled down the street.

He didn't bother responding to Sarah. She probably thought he would take at least half an hour to arrive but he already knew where she lived. He wanted to surprise her and catch her off guard.

Lester swung his car into the Williams' driveway, parking directly beside her vehicle.

He parked extra close to her car to make it hard for her to open the driver's side door. Never know when something like that will present an opportunity.

As he exited the car and the first pelts of rain hit him, he couldn't help but feel his bulge beginning to swell. Soon he would be in her home. He reached back into the car and retrieved the large bottle of red wine he had purchased earlier. He knew it was her favorite and would serve to loosen her up. He chuckled as he realized he hadn't even thought about using his proprietary blend.

He couldn't account for many variables on the other side of that door, but his prize was too sweet to ignore. He had already put the scales in his favor tonight. Coming in like a white knight to her workplace, throwing his weight around with her boss.

Manipulating their systems to lock them out in the first place. Not to mention ensuring that Dan was preoccupied in Chicago and couldn't intervene.

That worked out well for him the last time. Thanks to Dan's coworker Jesse he had finally bedded Dan's wife. Now, he was preparing to cross another threshold with the young mother.

Lester knocked at the door and composed himself. He tried to suppress his grin as he heard footsteps approaching from inside the house. The stunning Sarah Williams opened the door with a confused look on her face. Her eyes scanned him up and down before settling on his face and realizing it was him.

"Lester? I just texted you," she said, still standing in the doorway. She looked past him at the quiet street. Lester assumed she was checking to see if her neighbors noticed him.

"I was in the neighborhood," Lester said as he stepped forward. His foot crossed the threshold. Sarah hadn't expected that. She was still standing in the doorway as his body pushed against and past hers.

“Nice place,” Lester said, looking around at the well-kept home.

“Thank you,” Sarah said, closing the door. She was still wearing her work clothes with an apron draped across them. “I didn’t expect you so soon, I’m still just in the middle of cooking.”

Lester was disappointed that she wasn’t dressed sexier but he reasoned that he had surprised her. Who knows what she would have worn for him had he exercised patience. “You keep cooking, I’ll give myself the tour.”

He handed her the bottle of wine and started moving towards the stairs.

“Where are you going?” Sarah said, but Lester didn’t answer. He picked up a photo of her from the hallway table. Dan loved the photo of her. It was taken on the day of their wedding. She was wearing her wedding dress, posing for the photo in front of a rustic wall at their wedding venue. Dan always said how it looked classy while at the same time being incredibly sexy.

Sarah stood there watching him as Lester began to show himself around her house.

The way he showed up early and caught her unprepared made her uneasy. Now he was walking through her house unaccompanied, like he owned the place, poking his nose into anything he pleased. He went up the stairs and disappeared around the corner. Sarah glanced at the bottle of wine. It was her favorite. She dashed into the kitchen, put it on the counter and then darted to check the pasta cooking on the stove before quickly following Lester upstairs.

As she rounded the corner, his hand was on the doorknob to the girls' room, about to push on in.

“Not in there.” Sarah said.“That’s the kids’ room. Off limits, Lester.” She said flatly.

There were some lines she wouldn’t allow him to cross. Forget the hospital, forget

the mortgage payment. Lester was to be kept entirely apart from her children. He was already encroaching on the rest of her life, but she wouldn’t let him cross that line.

“No worries,” Lester raised his hands innocently and strolled down the hall. He peeked his head into the bathroom and the office before finally reaching the master bedroom. He stood in the doorway, scanning the room’s contents. One large king bed, some dressers, makeup mirror, a couple of end tables, a walk-in closet, an ensuite bathroom. Lester stood up straight and took a deep breath.

Sarah felt the hairs on the back of her neck standing up. Seeing Lester at the entrance to her bedroom made her anxious. Nervous at how confidently he was walking around, she wished Dan was here, but she also pictured Lester on her bed, taking her from behind like she’d seen him do with Lizzie. She didn’t know what to expect. Everything felt so unpredictable. For someone like her who liked to be in control, she couldn’t help but wonder what he might try next.

He turned around to see Sarah staring at him.

“This is where the magic happens, huh?” Lester raised an eyebrow. Before Sarah could respond, he walked past her back down the hallway, “Smells good down there.”

“Just so we are clear,” Sarah said, following him down the hallway. “This is just dinner okay? There isn’t going to be a sleepover. I assume you got a hotel room, right?”

“Yeah, I have one,” Lester said, rounding the corner. He paused momentarily and glanced at the family photo hanging on the wall.

Sarah followed him back down the stairs and into the kitchen. He seated himself at their island counter. The sight of him heaped on

her barstool just looked wrong.

Sarah returned to her spaghetti sauce and could feel Lester's eyes on her.

"Can I have a taste?" Lester said.

She dipped the wooden spoon into the sauce. Cradling the spoon over her other hand, she brought it over to her husband's roommate. Lester didn't make any move to take the spoon from her so Sarah lowered it to his lips. Lester opened his mouth and took part of the spoon in, slurping her sauce. His eyes lingered on hers before saying, "Mmmm, tasty." He slowly licked his lips in satisfaction.

Before Lester could see her blush, Sarah turned around and returned to the stove.

Feeding Lester like that felt strangely intimate. Her mind had barely registered how earlier he stepped past her into his house, breaking the sanctity of her home's threshold.

Lester sat at the counter and watched until the spaghetti was finished cooking. Sarah spooned generous helpings onto two plates and brought them into the dining room.

Lester followed with two glasses of wine and sat down in Dan's place at the head of the table. Sarah paused for a moment. She hadn't thought about where they would sit. She placed Lester's plate in front of him and sat at the other end of the table.

Before Sarah could pick up her own fork, she heard Lester slurping his noodles from across the table. She looked up at him and was reminded of a toddler doing their best to eat. Sarah neatly used her spoon to twirl a tight ribbon of pasta around her fork before neatly putting it in her mouth.

She looked at him sloppily, eating her dinner. This was her go-to recipe that Dan had always enjoyed. Now that she thought about it, she had made it for him the last few times he'd visited from Chicago. She couldn't believe that the oily, unkempt man sitting across from her had put her boss in his place a few hours earlier. She hadn't expected that. She also hadn't expected how intrigued it would make her feel about him. Not to mention that Lester seemed to be the one person who could save her family from missing their mortgage payment this week.

"Did all that cyber security stuff today make you work up an appetite?" Sarah said as she began to twirl another portion of pasta. She was falling into the easy rhythm of conversation with Lester. She'd become used to talking to him over a meal.

"Not really," Lester said, slurping another couple of noodles, "I just want to build up my energy for tonight."

There it was. So far they had danced around anything happening here other than dinner but Lester had just made his intentions crystal clear. Sarah sat trying to will a witty retort to materialize but nothing came. She slid her wine glass closer and took a sip. It felt both like she had a decision to make and that it had already been made.

She tried to change the subject "If…when you get the systems back up at work. Can you focus on the payroll department systems? There're a lot of people needing to get paid."

Lester put his spoon down, "Don't worry, I'll take care of you. I'll get it done."

Sarah blushed, realizing that she probably showed her hand to him. She should be more careful about how she phrased things in the future.

“You look tight,” Lester said, prompting Sarah to raise an eyebrow. “Tense. You could use some time just to relax. Just for you.”

“I’ll make sure to do that after all of this cyberattack stuff is behind us,” Sarah said as she took another sip of her wine.

The odd couple ate mostly in silence as rain continued to batter the house’s windows. When she didn’t feel Lester’s eyes on her, she heard him sloppily inhaling his dinner. When they were finished, Sarah downed her wine and took their plates back into the kitchen to the sink. Lester followed behind her.

“Dinner was delicious. Why don’t you let me do the dishes, and you can go upstairs and get ready,” Lester’s eyes looked greedy. The power flickered briefly.

“Ready for what exactly?” Sarah said, placing a hand on her hip as she sized Lester up. If he wanted her, she was going to make him work for it.

“Ready for the rest of our date tonight. It would be rude of me just to eat and run.

And I realize I surprised you earlier and you didn’t have a chance to get ready.” he stepped close to the young wife. “Why don’t you go upstairs and change out of your work clothes into something more comfortable.”

His fingers traced a line down her bicep before reaching past her to grab the dish rag in the sink. He didn’t wait for a reply, he just stepped past her and started washing the dishes. Sarah wanted to tell him about the dishwasher but thought better of it.

“I thought our date nights only took place in Chicago,” Sarah challenged.

“There was never anything that specified that in our agreement,” Lester said as he started to scrub their plates. He looked back at her to see if she had any reply. Sarah followed his eyes to her nipples, showing their hardened state through her top.

Sarah blushed and reasoned that she really did want to get out of her work clothes and shed the stress of her day, “Fine, I’ll be back in a few.”

“Take your time,” Lester said, not turning away from his dishwashing as she left.

When he heard her feet going up the stairs, he dropped the dishcloth and walked away from the sink. He poured Sarah another glass of wine and set it on the counter.

***

Sarah was upstairs in her walk-in closet, stripping off her work clothes before throwing them in the laundry hamper. She looked through the clothes hanging in her closet, trying to figure out what to wear for Lester.

Wear for Lester. The thought seemed so inconspicuous in her mind before she caught it. When visiting Chicago, she’d bring some sexy outfits and lingerie for Dan.

Lately, Lester had been the beneficiary of her choices, seeing them before her husband could, but she couldn’t help but enjoy the extra attention she got when she wore them out with him. Now, she was mulling over what message she wanted to send to Lester. If Dan was here, she might open her lingerie drawers and find something really sexy to –

She heard the front door close. Sarah grabbed the first robe she could find and threw it on. As she hurried down the hallway, she realized it was a sexy teal one that stopped at her mid-thigh. She

reached the bottom of the stairs as Lester returned through the door with his backpack over his shoulder.

"Just getting something out of the car," Lester said, eyeing her, "Were you disappointed? Did you think I left?"

"I just heard the door and wanted to see what was going on," Sarah said. For a second, she thought that Dan might have come home. She slowed her breathing down from the excitement of rushing to the door.

"You really took my instructions on dressing comfortably to heart," Lester's hungry eyes were on her legs as he scanned her whole body. Sarah tightened the robe's belt and went back up the stairs.

Lester went to the kitchen to retrieve the wine bottle and glasses with his bag still over his shoulder before following her. When she heard the bedroom door open, Sarah was back in her closet trying to figure out what to wear. She peeked her head out and saw Lester standing in the doorway like he had earlier.

"Lester!" Sarah said, "Go back downstairs, I'll be ready soon."

"You're already ready," Lester said, stepping into the room and unzipping his backpack. He placed the wine down on the bedside table and pulled a dark bottle with a pump out of the bed. Sarah watched as he topped up the glass of wine and handed it to her.

"You've had a rough time lately with the cyber attack," Lester said as he moved closer to her. His voice grew softer, "As your Chicago boyfriend, I wanted to come over tonight and help you relax. I brought my massage oil. Do you like massages?"

"Uh, yes," Sarah started before Lester took her by the elbow and led her to her bed.

Lester's proximity was making the air thick in the room. Sarah could already feel several different parts of her body responding to the short man's presence.

"Let me take care of you. Let me make you lose all this stress you're carrying for everyone else." Lester said as he guided her towards her bed.

"Lay down then, and I'll get started," Lester said, sitting her down on the bed and taking a sip of his wine. Sarah followed him and took a long sip. The wine felt smooth in her mouth, and she could feel it beginning to relax her. She took another long sip and welcomed the beginning of a comfy burn in her belly.

"Lester, I don't know, are you sure you want to do this?" Sarah said as her body relaxed from the wine, "We could always go downstairs and watch a movie or something."

"Finish your drink and lay down," Lester thumbed his phone and relaxing music began to play. He grabbed the bottle and pressed the pump down until vanilla-scented massage oil squirted into his hand.

Seeing the oil in his hands seemed to quiet Sarah's protests. She took a large gulp of her wine and placed the glass beside his. The music was working for her as well.

She wouldn't have suspected that Lester had any taste, much less that it would sync with hers. She smiled to herself and undid the belt on her robe, laying flat, face down on the bed. The wine felt warm in her stomach.

Lester's eyes opened wide. All of his planning was coming to a head in this crucial moment. Sarah Williams was lying prone on her marital bed, ready for him to touch her body. There was just one last thing he needed to do. He reached down, silently grabbed her phone off the charger, and muted it. Now, they wouldn't be disturbed.

He rubbed his hands together, spreading the oil between them. He crouched on the bed with her and his finger found the top of her robe near her neck. Lester slowly peeled it off her body until it was discarded on the floor and Sarah's nudity was exposed to him. He marvelled at the sight of her fantastic ass, his eyes feasted on her long-toned legs. She had an incredibly sexy back.

Lester put his oiled hands on her shoulder blades and massaged the young mother.

Years ago, he had missed an opportunity with a roommate by providing a lacklustre massage. He then vowed never to let an opportunity pass him by again. Now, Lester considered himself quite proficient at using massages to work a woman up.

His hands pressed into her back, over and over, moving in a circular motion. He pressed into the areas where he could feel Sarah held a lot of tension. He worked methodically and deliberately, loosening up one small area at a time. His cock continued to swell in his boxers as he moved his hands over the beautiful wife.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily as Lester continued to put pressure over her tight shoulder blades. He focused on the area for several minutes, eliciting soft moans of approval from her. Sarah could feel herself relaxing into the bed. She wasn't sure whether it was the massage or the wine fully taking effect, but she just enjoyed the sensation.

Lester's thumbs started working over her lower back, right where her spine met her hips. It felt good. Really good. Dan didn't give massages often and she hadn't had

their area focused on before. Lester's thumbs sank into her flesh and pushed up her spine until his hands pushed down on her shoulder blades again.

“Uh,” Sarah moaned as Lester’s hands moved up to her shoulders, kneading the knots she hadn’t realized existed. Lester’s weight shifted on the bed and she felt his legs on either side of her hips. He was straddling her from behind. She could feel the change at once, it seemed like he was able to push harder down into her back, using gravity for assistance.

“Mhmm,” Sarah groaned. Lester began pushing his hands from her hips up to her shoulders and then repeating the movement. Each time he did, it felt amazing. She couldn’t even stifle the moans.

This move was deliberate by Lester. Each time his hands pushed up the young wife’s back, his crotch would push against her magnificent ass. He had stripped his pants off and his cock was tucked under the waistband of his underwear. After several minutes he noticed Sarah’s hips beginning to push back against him as he pushed into her back. Time to toy with her.

“Just a minute,” Lester said, as he eased off the bed. He walked over to the light switch and dimmed the lights. He reached into his bag and pulled out a lighter and some candles. Lester also took the time to remove his shirt and underwear quickly.

“What are you doing?” Sarah’s eyes were closed but she could hear Lester moving around the room.

Lester set the candles on the tops of the dressers and bedside tables. He lit them and turned off the light completely, “Just setting the mood.” She felt the air shift by her feet as he returned to her.

A relaxing fragrance drifted into Sarah’s nose. She couldn’t quite place it but she could tell it was from a candle. He began tenderly massaging her feet before she could ask Lester about it.

“Uhhhhhh,” Sarah groaned as Lester’s chubby fingers began to knead at her soles.

He spent time on each of her toes, her heels, and the tops of her feet before moving on to her ankles The pressure he applied got steadily firmer as he worked up her legs, but it never crossed over into unpleasantness. Sarah spent a lot of time on her feet at work and felt like she was in heaven - Lester was worshiping her. She would be all for it if more of their 'dates' could include massages. Gone were the thoughts of repulsion for this strange, oddly proportioned man.

She knew what Lester would probably want after the massage was over. But she could worry about that then. Right now she just wanted to enjoy the feeling of being pampered and getting lost in someone's hands running over her body.

Once the massage was over, she would call Dan and update him on what was happening. Earlier, he had given her the green light to sleep with Lester tonight but she would confirm it with him beforehand. He would probably give her his silent approval like usual as he breathed into the phone.

As much as this started with them exploring Dan's fantasies, she needed this tonight.

With all the stress, the finances, the issues at work, carrying the weight of everything. She just needed a release.

Lester's hands worked over each of her ankles, rotating them around, pressing down in strategic spots. He softly put her leg back onto the bed and pressed his knuckles into her calf. He was subtly building a rhythm with his hands, reinforcing the tempo he imagined he'd take his prize with.

"Uh," Sarah groaned as Lester's palms ran up her calves before pushing down in the middle with his thumbs. They made semi-circles as they worked their way up and down, "Mhmmm."

After several minutes of massaging her calves, Lester moved his hands up to her thighs. He expertly elicited more soft moans from the young wife before his fingers began to work on her upper inner thighs.

Sarah could feel Lester's fingers working her skin just inches away from her sex. As his hands continued to press into her, she felt something drag across her calf. She knew instantly it was Lester's cock brushing against her skin, over and over.

She could feel herself growing wet at the sensation, not to mention the pressure that Lester was applying to her body. She couldn't remember the last time she felt this relaxed. He moved his hand slowly up the inside of her left thigh, he was going higher and higher.

Sarah bit her lip, wondering how high he was going to go. On their own, her knees moved outward and she propped her backside up, thighs spread open. His fingers just brushed the outside of her lips as his fingers began to work over the top of her thighs. Every few seconds his fat fingers would accidentally touch her now raised and open pussy. Each time Sarah's body would move down and grind itself against the bed a little bit, searching for more stimulation. Each time Lester's digits would pull away, leaving her wanting more.

Lester's fingers abruptly left her thigh and switched to the other leg. He repeated the teasing process, this time his fingers would occasionally press more into the lips of her undulating pussy.

Lester smiled as he saw Sarah's hips moving back and forth, looking for contact with his fingers. He wasn't going to give her the satisfaction just yet. He wanted her hurting to get more. Desperate for more. Desperate enough to let him slide into her with nothing between them.

He raised his hands off her thighs, letting his fingers dangle tauntingly over her wet folds. She groaned loudly as he slid his hand

up her moist slit before coming to rest on her ass. Lester applied more oil to her body and began to message each ass cheek in turn. He used the palms of his hands to put pressure on each cheek before his fingers would firmly grip them. It was a cross between a massage and an outright grope, but Sarah loved it. Her hips were moving on the bed and he could hear her whimpering into the pillow.

Lester pushed her back to prone and continued to work over her ass for several more minutes before scooting up her body and resuming his original position, straddling her ass as he massaged her back. This time his naked cock was resting against her sweet ass as his balls dangled between them, pressing against her dripping wet pussy.

As Lester's hand began working their way up her back, his hips followed suit, pushing into Sarah's naked backside. Sarah could feel Lester's large hairy balls pressing against her opening, his cock sliding up against her ass crack.

He continued putting pressure on her back while slowly thrusting against her body.

Lester kept quiet, not wanting to snap Sarah out of it. Her hips pushed back against him with each thrust, and soft moans were escaping her lips.

As Sarah's hip thrusts became more prominent, Lester slowed himself down. Her ass bounced back against him several times while he held himself still. Her body already wanted him, he just needed to send her over the edge.

Sarah groaned in disappointment as Lester got off and kneeled next to her. He quickly dropped one hand between her legs and started to play with the outside of her slit.

“Ohhhh, uh, mhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as Lester teased her. Her hips continued to thrust back towards his hand until he extended one digit. As she pressed back against him, his finger slid into her wet pussy.

“Uhhhhhh,” Sarah groaned as she felt Lester’s fat finger begin to stretch her out.

Lester added another finger and pressed them down toward Sarah’s sensitive G-spot.

She continued to moan as she gently thrust herself back against Lester’s hand. He only moved his hand slightly to maintain the illusion of thrusting, in reality, Sarah was doing all of the work trying to get herself off.

“Mhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as her hips started to thrust back faster. Lester’s fingertips were pressing against her G-spot. Each thrust she made had them slide against it. Lester could feel Sarah’s pussy beginning to tighten around his finger. Her thrusts were growing faster and faster. She was going to explode soon.

Lester pulled his fingers out of Sarah.

“Naaahuuu,” she groaned in frustration. She had been so close. Sarah needed relief.

All she could focus on right now was that feeling. Raising herself up on her elbows, she looked back at Lester. As soon as she made eye contact his hands were on her hips, flipping her body over. He’d read what she wanted loud and clear.

“Do you have a condom?” Sarah breathed hard, staring at the man’s troll-like features. She found herself drawn to him, despite his appearance. Her mind was in a million different places. Work was a distant memory, she thought about Dan and wished he was here but

more than anything, she realized that Lester was about to fuck her in her marital bed. Her legs parted for him slowly

"I do," Lester grinned as he quickly lowered his head between her legs, his tongue parting her lips and pushing inside of her.

"Oh fuck," Sarah's thighs squeezed Lester's head. Her legs seemed to be spasming from his touch. One of her hands found her clit and started to massage it as his tongue twirled inside of her.

The fat man was in heaven, he was dining on the finest woman he'd ever seen, about to make her cum repeatedly in the bed she shared with her husband. He formed a tight seal with his lips while thrusting his enormous tongue deep inside Sarah Williams, further up into her than any man had ever been. He placed the tip of his tongue against her g-spot and firmly pushed, tasting the place that made the wife cum so hard, trying to set her off.

"Oh my god," Sarah's free hand gripped the sheets. Thunder roared outside, shaking the house. The rain was battering the roof and windows but all Sarah could focus on was the feeling of Lester's large tongue inside of her. "Uh, don't, oh, uh, don't stop."

The tree in the backyard groaned in protest against the winds battering it—the tree where Dan had installed a swing for the girls the year before.

Sarah let go of the sheet and grabbed onto Lester's head, trying to pull him further into her. She wanted as much of him touching her as possible. Her thighs continued to squeeze the sides of his fat head as his tongue probed her most private of areas.

Her hips were lifting off the ground as Lester began to dart his tongue quickly in and out of her, fucking her with his tongue, his head moving smoothly with her thrashing hips. Her nails dug into the back of his head as she pulled him closer.

Sarah groaned as Lester's tongue pushed deep inside of her. His finger was expertly working her clit in time with this tongue. She was ready to come, she was so close.

She could feel her body yearning for it, reaching for it. It was almost there. It felt like the walls to the dam were about to burst. She closed her eyes and gripped Lester's head with her hand and thighs, preparing to ride the tidal wave of an orgasm that was going to wash over her.

"Oh, ffffuuh, oh fuck ohfuckohfuck…"

Lester could feel her muscles beginning to tense up. He withdrew his tongue and stopped massaging her clit.

Sarah felt her orgasm receding. All the build-up being washed away, disappearing,

"Uh…noooo. Why?"

Lester climbed up the bed between Sarah's open legs. They parted further for him as he ascended her body, his weight settling on top of her. Sarah's bare breasts

mashed together against Lester's, he snaked his hand around to the back of her neck and turned her face towards him.

Sarah's hips raised off the bed as Lester's mouth devoured hers, "Mhmmmmmmm."

His large tongue parted her lips and searched for hers. When it found it, his tongue swirled hard against hers. Sarah's tongue responded by dancing with his, her own tongue pushing back against his until it darted into his mouth. Sarah moaned involuntarily into the wet, sloppy kiss. There was a rightness to how natural this felt.

She felt like that should bother her more.

Thunder cracked outside again. It sounded so close. She could feel the electricity in the air surrounding her, almost like she was a lightning rod, attracting a deadly lightning strike. She couldn't stop.

Lester's bare cock rested on top of Sarah's pussy. His shaft parted her outer lips and pressed against her clit while his cock head rested on her lower abdomen. With his tongue buried deep in the young mother's mouth, Lester began to slide his cock up and down over Sarah's wet slit.

Sarah's body shuddered, feeling Lester's huge cock sliding against her. His cock was running over her clit, sending electric sensations throughout Sarah's body. Her soaking wet lips parted around the base of his cock, wanting more. She ground her hips against his cock as he slid it up and down her, "Ugh. Mhmmmmmm." Her bare feet were in the air on either side of the fat man's ass. Her toes clenched, expressing her need as they brushed against his buttocks. A stranger seeing them together might think Lester was crushing the sexy wife, but Sara felt otherwise.

The weight of Lester's body on top of hers was intoxicating. She felt pinned down and helpless as his gut pushed against her stomach. She hadn't ever been attracted to a body type like Lester's but now she found herself getting lost of the sensation of being underneath him.

Lester broke their kiss and hunched himself. He grabbed Sarah's bare breasts in his hands and pushed his face into them, alternating sucking each one. His tongue sloppily ran over her breasts like a man possessed. He began flicking his tongue and sucking on her nipples. Sarah whined in pleasure as he sucked on her nipples. She spread her legs a little wider, feeling the bottom of his wide shaft opening her lips, the hot head of his cock lay against her clit.

“Uh,” Sarah moaned as she arched her back off the bed, thrusting her breasts into Lester’s face as she continued to grind her hips up against Lester’s cock.

He picked up his speed, sliding his cock up and down her pussy faster and faster. He dipped his hips a bit, causing his cock head to press into Sarah’s clit. It slid over it faster and faster. Sarah’s hips raised off the bed to meet his urgency, she could feel herself growing closer to the orgasm that had been eluding her all night. She needed to feel that release. Her hands were on the back of Lester’s head as he feasted on her breasts.

Lester pushed himself up until he was looking down at Dan’s wife withering beneath him. A light caught his eye. Sarah’s eyes were closed, focused on the ecstasy between her legs as his cock continued to tease her clit and outer lips. Sarah’s phone screen lit up, an incoming call from Dan.

He smiled, knowing his moment was at hand. Thunder shook the house again.

Lester grabbed Sarah’s hands and placed them on her chest. She immediately started to grope herself, running her nipples between her fingers. Lester placed his hand on her shoulder to hold in place. He stared at her beautiful face as it contorted in pleasure.

Lester slowed his thrusts and let his cock rest on Sarah’s pussy. She continued to grind her clit against his cock, matching the pace they had set together. She needed to cum. It was so close. She could feel it there, just on the other side of an invisible barrier.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at her husband’s roommate. He stared intently at her with that hungry, conquering look that drove Sarah wild. His face was

full of lust. Lust for her and her body. Seeing him stare at her like that caused her to pick up her pace, sliding herself against his now

still cock.

She ached for it. She didn't understand why he stopped moving, she wanted to feel it against her again. She rolled her nipples between her fingers, "Uhhhhh.

Mhmmmmmm, fuuuckk."

Lester could tell she was getting close. She was on the edge of an orgasm. Her hips were thrusting against him faster now, her pussy running over his cock as she stimulated herself against him.

He didn't break eye contact, he wanted to savor this moment forever. He pulled his hips back as Sarah did the same, his cock head running down her clit, down her slit until it was positioned with her entrance. He kept his cock still, waiting for her.

As Sarah pushed her hips and pussy back towards Lester's cock, she felt her pussy open and take in Lester's entire cock. Her mouth formed a large O on her face, and surprise flashed behind her eyes. She pulled her hips back and pushed back down onto Lester's bare cock. As she did it again, Lester sunk his hips down, pushing his cock inside of her.

"Ohhhh fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester finally push his cock into her. It felt like gasoline had been poured on the orgasm so close at hand. She bit her lip as she felt herself being stretched around Lester's cock. Momentary pain was replaced with pleasure. She raised her hips again and thrust back, feeling the entire length of Lester's cock fill her.

Lester had immediately begun his breathing exercises when his cock entered the lusty young mother. It was simply the finest pussy his cock had ever felt. He focused on how much he deserved to fuck this pussy, on how much work it took him to get her. He grinned as he shifted his hips and fucked her at the same tempo he'd massaged

her with, continuing to build pleasurable associations that only he knew about.

There was something she needed to say. Some distant thought she needed to focus on but it was just a distraction from her orgasm. She focused on Lester's cock plunging between her legs as he sunk down over her, her breasts mashing against his chest. Her nipples pushed against the skin and coarse hair on his flabby chest.

Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's girthy hips, locking her ankles behind his trembling ass. She felt his big hairy balls slapping her wildly under her pussy and then Lester slowly began to pull himself out and push back in, thrusting into her.

"Ahhh oh fuuuuuuu," she couldn't tell if lighting had struck or if it was just inside her as Sarah came on Lester's cock. Her pussy holding onto it as she squeezed him tightly around the widest part of his shaft. Her hands left the sheets and grabbed onto his back, holding him in place so he wouldn't leave and tease her again. Sarah felt her eyes roll back and saw stars as she finally got the orgasm her body had been craving.

Lester pushed through the vice grip Sarah's pussy had on his cock, continuing to thrust inside of her, building back to the steady pace. Now that he was in her bare, he imagined taking her in all kinds of different positions and locations, watching her face as he taught her how to fuck. But for tonight, he would fuck her like this.

Missionary was his favorite position. The ultimate pose of submission, lying on their backs, allowing him between their legs, watching their face as he fucked them.

Watching as he made them cum.

Lester grinned. Tonight he wasn't just going to fuck Sarah. He was going to make love to her in her marital bed. Lester began to plant

light kisses on Sarah's neck as she came down from her string of orgasms.

She began to release his cock from its vice grip. Lester thrust into her slowly and deliberating, ensuring a controlled pace. He kissed her neck and held her face with one hand like a lover would. When his lips reached her ear, he whispered, "God, Sarah you feel so good. I love this." His pistoning hips never stopped their work.

A large branch cracked from somewhere outside as rain pummeled the roof of the Williams' home. Sarah, lost in lust, moaned back, "I love it, too."

Lester felt so different in her tonight. So much larger, so much better. So good. As her pussy gripped his cock she could feel all the ridges and veins running over it.

She groaned as she could feel his bulbous head running up and down the canal of her pussy. His cock always felt so good inside of her but tonight it felt so much better.

So fucking good –

"Ah, uh, Leesster, uh," Sarah was having trouble putting her thoughts together, "The, uh, uh, condom. Is it on?"

Lester grunted, his mouth sucking on her ear lobe, "Oh, no, I forgot it."

Sarah's hips pushed against him at the admission, the reality of Lester's bare cock in her caused her body to respond. Lester was the second person who had ever put their bare cock inside of her.

Thank god he is fixed. She couldn't stop fucking him now. She needed to cum again.

It felt so good having Lester's bare cock inside of her. She never liked the feeling of the latex. Feeling the bare skin of his cock, the ridges, the veins. Just knowing she was letting his raw cock into her pussy made it all feel so much better. And maybe she was kidding herself, but she could swear his cock was bigger with the condom off.

"God, mhmmmm. We shouldn't be. This is bad," Sarah groaned. She tilted her hips towards him, allowing him deeper inside her.

"Feels good to me," Lester swirled his tongue around Sarah's earlobe, "Do you want me to stop?"

After saying that, he pulled his entire length out of her until just his cock head remained. Then he slowly pushed it all the way back in until his cockhead was pressed against her cervix.

"Ugh….mhmmmmm," Sarah groaned feeling the sensation of Lester's bare cock inside of her. She knew better but she didn't want it to stop, "Don't stop. It feels so good"

"Feels better than with a condom?" Lester said.

Sarah nodded.

"Tell me how good it feels."

"So fucking good. I love how you feel inside of me," Sarah moaned. She knew how much cum Lester could make. If he wasn't fixed she would be much more worried right now. But even if he wasn't, would she stop things?

Lester continued to plant little kisses all over her neck before reaching her lips. He didn't shove his tongue into her like usual. He just planted soft, gentle kisses on her lips. She kissed him back, matching his movements.

Her hands found the back of his head as she held onto him. Lester continued to caress her face. He broke their kiss and looked into her eyes, "I love being with you.

You make me feel like a better man."

Sarah realized that Lester wasn't fucking her like he usually did. He wasn't fucking her hard and fast and saying lewd shit to her. He was saying loving things. He was fucking her slowly. He wasn't fucking her at all. He was making love to her.

Making love to her in the bed that should be reserved for her husband. Sarah moaned at the realization and felt her pussy grip Lester's cock milking it.

Lester whispered while staring at her. He caressed her face, his thumb stroking her cheek, "Do you love being with me? Do I make you feel good?"

"Uh, yes," Sarah said quietly, "You make me feel soo good."

They were the only ones in the house, why were they whispering? It seemed too intimate.

"Tell me," Lester said as his cock slid out to the tip and slowly back in, "Tell me that you love being with me."

He wasn't asking if she loved his cock, or loved getting fucked by him. The question was being with him in his entirety. Sweat dripped off his forehead and landed on her chest.

"I love it," Sarah said, closing her eyes, and focusing on how good he was making her feel.

"Then show me," Lester said, "Cum for me. I want to feel your body cum around my cock as I make love to you."

“Uh,” Sarah grunted. The feeling of Lester’s weight pressing down onto her. As his body thrust into her, his chest pushed against her, stimulating her nipples. This man fucked her so good but now he was making love to her, whispering things in her ear.

The only other man to ever make love to her was Dan, something they had done countless times in this very bed.

Now Lester was taking that too. He was claiming her in a way she hadn’t expected.

Sarah always loved when Dan made love to her, she felt their connection deepen. It felt so different than when they would fuck. It was like she was opening herself up to him, letting him touch her heart.

“I miss being with you,” Lester whispered, “All I think about is you. This feels so right.”

Lester was trying to plant thoughts into her head, trying to make her feel things for him, “I can’t get enough of you.”

“Fuck, Lester,” Sarah moaned. His slow, deliberate lovemaking was working her up.

Her skin was glazed with sweat. His bare cock felt amazing inside of her. She could feel another orgasm building, seemingly emanating from Lester’s cock, “God, don’t stop. Don’t, uh, ah, fucking stop. Right there, Lester.” Her legs were clamped around him, drawing him up into her.

“Tell me how much you want me,” Lester whispered while kissing the side of her face. His hand continued to stroke her face and hair.

“I want you so fucking bad. Keep going baby,” Sarah whimpered. She thought about how Lester wanted her to call him ‘daddy,’ but

she couldn’t. Baby still felt too intimate, though, something reserved for Dan.

“I like you calling me that,” Lester said quietly. Lightning flashed and illuminated the room. The candles around them still burned, casting shadows of Lester and Sarah’s coupling on the walls.

Sarah’s hips were thrusting quickly against Lester, trying to break his deliberately slow pace. She could feel her chest and neck growing flush. Her back grew tight, her toes began to curl. Tension spread throughout her body, waiting for release, “Uh, ah, mhmmmmm, yes.”

Lester’s hand found Sarah’s. He interlaced his fingers with hers and held them to the bed above her head. He felt her wedding ring pressing into his finger. He relaxed his grip on her and slid the ring off her finger. He placed it on the pillow next to them and again interlaced her fingers.

“Tonight, you are all mine,” He whispered, “Give yourself to me. Cum on my cock. Be mine.”

“Uh, this is so wrong,” Sarah moaned. Lester taking off her ring in her martial bed felt so wrong. She couldn’t deny that it was wrong, making it hotter than expected. That ring symbolized her love and commitment to Dan. Lester just removed it from her body.

“Tell me that you’re mine tonight, Sarah. All mine,” Lester whispered, his cock sliding out and pushing back into her.

Sarah didn’t hesitate, she knew saying the words would help her get off. It was so lewd and taboo and it turned her on, “I’m yours tonight, Lester. Only yours. Fuck me.

Take me from my husband..”

Lester grinned at her words. He could feel her body tensing under him. She was frantically thrusting back into him. She was going to cum.

He leaned back and looked deep into her beautiful green eyes. She stared back up at him with an animalistic lust. Lester's licked his lips, "Fuck Sarah, I'm going to cum."

He felt her legs tighten around his waist. She wasn't going to let him go.

"I'm going to cum in you, fill you with my cum. You're going to take all of it." Lester grunted as he increased his pace, feeling his balls begin to fill with cum, "Do you want it? All of my cum?"

The alarm bells in Sarah's brain were silenced by her overwhelming focus on her body's imminent orgasm. The thought of Lester, her husband's roommate's illicit cum flooding her unprotected pussy was the match that ignited the flame.

"Give it to me," Sarah screamed, breaking their hushed whispers, "Cum for me, Lester, Cum. I want it all."

Sarah felt the tension in her back give way as a massive orgasm exploded across her body. She let go completely as ecstasy washed over her body. She felt Lester's cock pulsate and then felt the familiar feeling of hot cum shooting into her, washing her insides. Lester's illegitimate seed was exploring her married, forbidden pussy. A loud, groaning shout erupted from the short man. To Sarah, it sounded like a triumphant warrior her whole lower body quaked, the bliss extended by the sound.

It felt like Lester's cum was covering every inch of her insides, there was no place they weren't exploring. Her orgasm intensified, knowing Lester had just cum inside of her, "Oh god. Uh, ah, oooh fucckkk. Mhmmmmmmmm."

Lester looked down at Sarah, her eyes were closed but her mouth hung open, gasping for air as she felt his cum flooding into her body for the first time. Claiming her body as his. Unlike Dan, Lester wasn't fixed. His cum was just as potent and virile as ever.

Knowing that his was cum was blasting into her fertile pussy brought immense satisfaction to Lester. He had finally achieved what he set out to do all those months ago. Have his roommate's wife, mother to his children, willingly take his cum. Beg for it.

With a labored breath, Lester emptied the rest of his ballsack into Sarah before collapsing onto top of her. The sweat from their bodies melded together as his cock lay buried in her. His full weight on top of her was starting to crush her.

Lester rolled off onto the pillow next to her, onto Dan's side of the bed. He smiled, full of satisfaction as the storm continued to rage outside.

Sarah's mind was messier than her body as she lay there covered in her sweat and Lester's. She needed to get up and go to the bathroom to try and clean herself up after Lester had deposited copious amounts of his pungent cum inside of her. She felt exhausted from the lovemaking with Lester. She would get up in a couple of minutes. She just needed to catch her breath for a second.

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Dan tried to call Sarah's phone again. For the third time, it went right to voicemail. He checked the time. It was late enough that she should have checked in by now. He knew what was probably keeping her: his roommate, Lester.

He cringed at the idea of Lester being in his home and felt shame and arousal at the thought of Lester taking Sarah in their bed.

Dan paced around the living room. He had returned to the apartment after a few hours of wandering, thinking things through. Dan walked over to the couch and sat down, opening his laptop.

He bought a one way ticket back home for the following afternoon. Dan was going to crash whatever it was Lester was doing. Taking out his phone, he sent Walt a text telling him he would be working remotely for a few days.

Switching tabs, he opened up Linkedin and his email and slowly started reaching out to old contacts. It was time to engage the power of his network and make it work for him.

Tomorrow, on the train, he will do another exhaustive job search. Not just for positions in his field but ones in adjacent fields or teaching positions, whatever job or combination of jobs he could find to right the ship of his life. If he had to, he would take a second job working in fast food.

Knowing Lester was fucking his wife set a fire in his stomach. He wanted not only to reclaim her but also to reclaim their life together.

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Lester opened his eyes and looked around. It took him a few seconds to take in the unfamiliar surroundings and realize he wasn't in his room. He was in Sarah's.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed, but the rain outside had stopped.

Shuffling out of bed, Lester made his way to the ensuite bathroom. He took a piss and then quietly looked through the medicine cabinet and drawers in the bathroom.

No birth control.

His cock stiffened at the thought. Lester made his way back into the bedroom as the moonlight shone in through the window, illuminating Sarah's naked form. She was lying on her side, sound asleep.

Lester kneeled on the bed next to her and ran his grubby hands over her soft, naked skin. He parted her lips with his thumb. Sarah's eyes slowly opened as she sucked on the digit in her mouth. She was having an intense dream about her husband's roommate.

She felt something dragging back and forth against her pussy. She looked down and saw Lester looking down at her, watching her face as his hand stroked his cock against her, "Lester."

"Sarah," he answered, licking his lips. He pushed forward slightly, and the head of his cock pushed into her. She gasped, remembering Lester's naked cock cumming in her earlier. She had fallen asleep and never got up to clean herself up.

Sarah looked up at him, not saying anything. She understood what was about to happen. Lester could read her thoughts through her eyes. Adoration. Lust. Desire.

"Turn over," Lester said.

Too tired to protest, Sarah did as he asked. She felt an overwhelming need to please Lester. She felt how hard he was and wanted to make his cock cum again. Sarah lay flat on her stomach, just like when he massaged her.

He took a moment to admire the amazing sight of Sarah's ass as she lay naked on the bed.

Within seconds his cock was pushing into her pussy from behind, stretching her.

"Uh, God. Yes," Sarah moaned into the bed sheets. Her hand moved underneath her until her fingers found her clit. She started to touch

herself, caressing her sensitive area gently. Lester grabbed each of her ass cheeks and grabbed them hard as he pushed his entire length into the young mother.

"Ohhhh fuck, Lester," she said through gritted teeth as Lester pushed his entire cock into her. She felt his balls dangle between her thighs. His hands moved off her ass cheeks, one putting pressure on her lower back while the other pushed her head into the mattress. His gut dropped onto the small of her back, pushing down on her

supple ass. He moved himself inside her, giving her the animal fucking she craved.

Hitting her from behind with powerful thrusts.

Sarah felt immobilized by his weight. She could feel her body pushing down into the mattress. The pressure from his meaty hand on her head caused her pussy to throb.

She felt powerless to stop whatever Lester was going to do to her. She wanted him to do it. She wanted to be taken roughly by him.

Lester started bucking his hips, fucking her hard and deep. He wasn't making love to her like before. Now he was fucking her. Fucking me raw.

Guilt momentarily flashed into her mind but was replaced with a sense of urgency and lust. She rubbed her clit as she pushed her ass back onto Lester's cock, trying to take more of him into her body. She wanted to feel every amazing inch of him inside of her, "Mmmhmmmmm shit. Ohhhh."

Sarah opened her eyes. Her worldview was shaking as Lester pounded into her. Her bedroom door was open. She was still shaking off her dreamlike state. She imagined her past self standing in the hallway, watching her get pounded by a brute like Lester, watching as she moaned under him.

Lester was relentless as he pounded repeatedly into Dan’s sweet wife. He held her in place and concentrated on fucking her. He wanted to feel her cum on his bare cock again before he blasted another load of his cum inside of her. He gritted his teeth and thrust into her, relishing in feeling her pussy without a condom. Sweat ran down his torso and onto Sarah’s back. The heat from their bodies creating a furnace in the room.

Her pussy was soaking wet, she worried about Lester slipping out of her. Lester’s gut was already slipping on her back from sweat. She gripped his cock hard, trying to hold him in place. She wasn’t sure if she was strong enough down there to clamp onto a cock as large and strong as Lester's. She couldn’t believe where she was, in her martial bed, pinned down and loving getting thoroughly fucked by her husband’s odd little roommate. She remembered the first time she met him. If only her past self could see her now. The reverie triggered a quick flash orgasm as Lester adjusted his

knees and fucked deeper into her. He held his cock firmly in the young wife and began fucking her again.

Lester threw the pillows off the bed as he rammed himself hard into the young mother. Both of them stayed silent as they fucked, each focusing on the immense pleasure the other was giving. Both felt changed by their raw fucking. The only sound in the room was that of their bodies slapping together.

“I’m gonna cum,” Lester said. It was a statement. He wasn’t asking for permission. It was just a fact. Lester was going to cum inside of her unprotected pussy again for the second time that night.

The words rang in her ear and sent an electric spark right down to her vagina. She gripped him hard and started frantically massaging her clit. Lester’s cock throbbed, and Sarah could feel the blood pumping in it. She could feel his balls begin to move between her legs and Lester’s cum move up through his widened shaft.

Sarah's body was wracked by another orgasm as she felt the first spurt of Lester's cum shoot into her, adding to the already hefty deposit he put in earlier, "Ahhhh mhmmmmm."

Her fingers pushed hard into her clit as her body was overrun with pleasure. Sarah felt out of control of her body, her vagina clenched around Lester's cock, milking him for his creamy substance. Every fibre of her body seemed to tingle all at once. She never wanted this feeling to stop.

Lester grunted as his cock continued to shoot load after load of his virile cum into the young mother. His balls tightened as he flexed them, trying to empty himself into her.

Trying to empty every last drop.

Satisfied that he had deposited all the cum his balls could produce, Lester let his arms give way and collapsed onto Sarah. She felt his large body push her further into the mattress, his weight making it difficult for her to get a full breath.

Grabbing her hips, Lester rolled off of her onto his side. He pulled her with him, keeping his cock buried in her pussy. He didn't want anything leaking out. His large, fat arm draped across her body, holding her in place.

Sarah felt how warm Lester's body was behind her. It felt good. She felt too tired to push his arm off right now. She just wanted to close her eyes for a second and wait until Lester fell asleep. Then she would get up.

As they both lay in the sweat and cum soaked sheets, their breathing began to slow in unison. Together they both drifted off to sleep while Lester's cock stayed hard inside Dan's young wife.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 14

9 horas atrás

Hello my friends. I am back with the latest installment in the ongoing Toxic Attraction Saga. If you recall, we last left off with Lester taking Sarah without a condom (finally) in her martial bed. Now Dan is on his way back home to confront Lester and lay down the law.

I've updated CH14 based on feedback from the Insiders. It's also gone through several rounds of edits so I hope most things were caught here. If you spot something let me know. Much thanks to Grandeman for all the help.

On a similar note, Detestable Liaisons 2 should be heading your way very soon.

Okay - without further ado, here is CH14. Let me know what you think.

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

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

But his snoring was extra loud today. She didn't like waking up before her alarm, especially on a workday. Sarah shifted in the bed

and moved her butt back against Dan. That's when she felt his heavy, soft cock press into the back of her thigh.

Her eyes immediately snapped open, and she looked down at the arm draped over her. It was too dark to see it so she ran her hand over it. It felt thick and hairy.

It wasn't toned like Dan's arm was.

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

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

Lester had fucked her in her own martial bed. Twice if she remembered correctly.

Sarah racked her brain and tried to remember if he had worn a condom. He had said he had one. She put a hand to her crotch.

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

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

She would call him soon. She just needed to clean herself up first. She opened the glass door to the shower and started the water. The hot water hit her hand

quickly, so Sarah stepped in and sat on the built-in granite bench to collect her thoughts.

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

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

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

The bliss she felt the previous night came back to the front of her mind. How her orgasms felt while she lay under Lester as he played her body like an instrument.

The way his cock felt inside of her. How her body seemed to respond to him and the way he unlocked the most mind-shattering orgasms from her. She was thinking too much about sex. She could feel herself getting worked up, which was never good before a long day at work.

“Is there room in there for two?” Lester’s voice broke her trance. She opened her eyes and saw Lester’s odd-shaped naked body step into the shower beside her, closing the glass door behind him. She hadn’t heard him come into the bathroom.

She must have been too lost in her memories of the previous night. She blinked once, temporarily speechless from the interruption.

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

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

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

“Here, let me help you,” He said, stepping up to her and running the loofah over her shoulder. Sarah felt her body shudder as Lester began gently running it over her skin. She wasn’t recoiling. Her body felt immediately aroused by his attention.

At the confidence of how assuredly he put his hands on her body.

“I..er..we should hurry. Need to get to the hospital and get going,” Sarah said, finally making eye contact with Lester. She felt her knees get weak as she looked at the lust-filled expression on his face.

Lester didn’t answer. Instead, he stepped close to the young wife, pushing his gut into her flat stomach. Sarah’s breasts mashed

against his flabby chest, giving Lester a great view. He lowered the loofah and began to clean the tops of her breasts as he ogled them.

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

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

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

"Relationship? What do you mean?" Sarah asked, breathing hard. Her breasts were moving in time with her breathing, pushing up against Lester's chest. Steam was beginning to fog up the shower's glass. She had forgotten to turn on the fan.

It was getting hot in the shower. Sarah adjusted her feet for balance, causing Lester's cock to slide lasciviously against her pussy lips.

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

Sarah shuddered again at hearing the words. Making love. That was something reserved for Dan, but she couldn't help but realize that was exactly what they had done last night. She and Lester didn't fuck that first time. They had made love.

Together. Passionately. And the fact that he called himself her Chicago boyfriend.

She wasn't sure how to react to that.

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

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

“But then you realized I didn’t. And you didn’t stop it. You wanted it. You loved how good it felt inside of you,” Lester began to push himself against Sarah, nuzzling his cock against her crotch. Sarah needed to think, and she couldn’t do that with Lester’s cock pressing against her. He had her pinned against the shower wall. The only thing she could do was to get on her tippy toes to try and put distance between herself and Lester’s cock.

That proved to be a mistake. She felt her one-foot slip against the water at the bottom of the shower. She reached out to catch herself but Lester was the only

thing within reach. She gripped his arms and felt the head of his cock press against her entrance.

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

She tried to push him in the direction of the bench. Lester complied and sat down

- his ugly face tracing every curve of her body. Sarah followed him down, and soon she was kneeling between his legs, the hot water hitting her back.

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

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

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

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

She lowered her head, extending her tongue, swirling it around the tip of his cock,

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

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

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

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

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

some of his excess fluids.

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

“Mmmmmm,” Sarah moaned involuntarily. She could feel his gut pressing into her lower back. His hands came up and began to run over her body. One grasped at her heaving breasts, while the other lowered itself down her body until it reached between her legs and grabbed his cock. He pulled it up and back so that

it rested between her upper thighs and pussy. Then he began to thrust his hips up and down while he pulled his cock closer to her, steadily pushing apart the lips of her vagina with the shaft of his cock.

“We shouldn’t,” Sarah breathed, “We don’t have time. We need to get going.”

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

Her hand found the back of Lester’s head, and she began to move herself around on his crotch, swaying back and forth as Lester’s cock pushed against her clit.

Sarah’s body ground itself against Lester’s cock as he continued to thrust himself up between her legs.

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

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

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

“Let’s not worry about *should*. Let’s worry about what we both need,” Lester growled into her ear as he continued to thrust his hips up off the stone bench.

Sarah had her eyes closed again and leaned back on Lester’s body. She was using his cock as a sex toy, teasing her clit and outer lips with it. Now that both of Lester’s hands were free, they were running themselves over her chest, feeling every inch of her tits, lightly pinching her nipples. She groaned, resigned to let him do to her whatever he pleased.

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

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

Sarah felt herself melt into the kiss. His fingers were replaced by his tongue, pushing into her mouth where he swirled it around, the size

of it again fueling the horny wife's excitement. Lester held her head in place as he made out with the young mother, tasting her lips and marking her with his saliva.

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

Lester broke the kiss and stared at the young wife. She opened her eyes and stared back into his. They were both breathing hard and intently staring, each reading the desire on the other's face. Sarah's mouth hung open. She was overwhelmed by how erotic her morning shower had become. Lester released his grip on Sarah's breasts, moving his hands up to her shoulders. He pushed them forward, pushing Sarah into a bent-over position with her ass still on his crotch.

Sarah caught herself by putting one hand on her knee while the other kept its grip on Lester's meaty cock. Her clit pressed hard against Lester's cock, eliciting a soft grunt from Sarah.

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

He abruptly shifted his weight and slid himself down while pushing hard on Sarah's shoulder, forcing her to bend over farther. Sarah's hand slipped from Lester's cock as she quickly braced herself on her legs. Lester quickly grabbed the base of his cock and lined it up with Sarah's opening. Holding it in place with one hand, he grabbed the

back of Sarah's neck and pulled her back towards him, straight onto his cock. Half of Lester's considerable length disappeared into Sarah Williams.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

God, yeah, yes, YES"

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

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

"He would have come around," Sarah grunted in agreement, her eyes closed. She was focusing on the pleasure between her legs, not wanting this moment to end.

"Ah, uh, he uh, you know how he likes to watch."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Dan and I. We, uh, we have a rule. You are supposed to wear a condom anytime

-” Sarah lost her train of thought. Lester pushed her forward and stood up. Sarah barely had time to process what was happening. She reached out and pushed her

hands against the wet shower wall. Lester’s hand was on the base of her neck, the other on her hips. He started to fuck her hard and fast.

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

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

“Damn right,” Lester said. Her answer filled him with pride and made him thrust into her harder. He pushed against her more firmly, and her wet hands lost their grip on the wall. Sarah fell to her hands and

knees, and Lester followed her onto the floor of the shower, bending his knees and staying inside her wet pussy. “I can’t wait to cum in you again.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Here it comes,” Lester bellowed, “I’m gonna cum, take it all, Sarah.” He grabbed her hips in both hands and forced his rock-hard pole into her clenching vaginal walls. Sarah instinctively squeezed her pussy harder around Lester’s cock. She wasn’t sure if it was her orgasm or some other part of her mind trying to milk all the cum from Lester’s cock. Whichever it was, she felt her orgasm deepen as

Lester’s seed exploded into her fertile pussy. She felt a warmth begin to spread inside of her, flooding every inch of her.

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

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

Sarah laid there on the floor of her shower, catching her breath. Lester had fucked her three times within twelve hours, and each time he had shot a massive load of his illicit cum into her. She couldn’t understand how she’d ended up here.

Yesterday had been a typical morning, taking a shower and getting ready for work, and today she had been fucked in the bathroom she shared with her husband and was now probably running late.

Shit. Work. She had to get up and get going. She hadn't planned on getting her hair wet because she wasn't sure she had time to dry it. Now it was soaked since her head had been right under the shower as Lester relentlessly fucked her.

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

Sarah stood and let the water hit her body. She moved, trying not to touch Lester's legs sprawled out in front of him. After cleaning herself and trying to wash out as much of Lester's spunk as possible, Sarah quietly exited the shower and dried off.

She took her hair dryer to the bedroom, closing the bathroom door behind her.

She hoped to get out of the house without Lester trying to fuck her again. She needed to get to work.

She checked her phone, "Shit."

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

Sarah looked on her nightstand for her wedding ring. It wasn't there. "Shit," she said, throwing herself onto her the floor to look under the bed. It wasn't there either. "Shit, shit, shit, where is it?" She quickly looked around the room, under

the pillows and in her drawers. She couldn't find it, and she couldn't keep looking for it or else she would be late. She needed to leave the house.

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

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

"Uh, come on, Lester," Sarah threw her hands up in frustration at seeing the sink full of dirty dishes from the night before. There wasn't time to clean them now.

Sarah hated waking up to a dirty kitchen and knew she was going to be stressed later coming home to one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shit. She had meant to call Dan after her shower. She would message him once she got to work. Right now, she had to make a couple of stops before getting to the hospital. As she drove, she felt more of Lester’s cum seep out of her into her

panties. She knew he was fixed and that she was at a safe in her cycle, but she still felt uneasy about going around all day with little Lesters floating around inside of her.

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“So what did the board say, Drew?” As she sat in the war room, Sarah said, “Did they approve us trying to restore our systems?”

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

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

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

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

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

“Exactly,” Jerry said. “Finance thinks they can cut physical cheques like they used to, so we’re going to go that route for now. ‘We can’t compromise patient care’

is the message from the board, so we have to focus our efforts there for now.”

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

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

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

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

"Agreed," Jerry said. "I've asked my team to clear a cubicle for him in our area.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

***

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

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

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

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

He wondered about what had happened the previous night. It was gnawing at him, knowing that Lester had likely been alone with her in his own house.

Something had kept her from answering her phone, and he could clearly imagine what –

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

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

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

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

***

Sarah closed her front door behind her and kicked off her heels. Her work day had gone by fast, and her feet were incredibly sore. She had avoided her office all day, instead opting to visit different departments around the hospital to catch up on long overdue check-

ins with staff. These discussions quickly spiralled into the frustrations they were experiencing due to the ransomware attack.

She had heard that Lester was now set up in the IT department. Still, she avoided her office, the one place Lester knew to look for her and could potentially pin her down. He didn't know his way around the hospital or where she might be, so she used that to her advantage. She needed some space from him. It was better for her to have a clear head when thinking about him. She needed that time to think.

Unfortunately, work kept her mind pretty occupied all day. She hadn't even had time to eat lunch. She was busy putting out one fire after another.

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

Sarah flopped herself onto the couch and laid there for ten minutes. It felt good to just be off her feet. She was thinking about ordering a pizza for dinner tonight.

The kids were with her parents again. God bless her mother, who heard the stress in her voice earlier during a call and offered to take them another night.

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

Sarah dragged herself off the couch and realized she had probably creased her blazer and would need to iron it before hanging it back up in her closet. She opened the door, and Lester stood there with that dumb grin on his face. As much as she hated to admit it, her body reacted to his presence. She could feel herself

growing damp between her legs. This man only meant one thing to her body and it was mind-blowing sex.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lester, that's my place of work. I am busy, and I have things to do, just like you.

You have a job to do so I suggest you focus on that," Sarah stood with the door open, "Now I think it's best if you go back to your hotel room. My kids are going to be home soon."

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

"That's not," Sarah was taken aback by his demand. She had thought yesterday's dinner was a one-off thing. She hadn't planned

on anything more than that,

"That's not what we agreed on. You're already getting paid by the hospital, that should be enough."

"Mmm, well, that pay isn't enough, and it's not why I came all the way out here,"

Lester said as he walked up to Sarah and pushed the door closed. "I'm here for my little slice of the American dream you have."

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

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

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

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

"It's been a long day, Lester," Sarah said, moving to the other side of the island.

“I’d like to just relax tonight.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Lester.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Is the hospital paying you?” Dan asked flatly.

“Yes, but -” Lester started.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t think so,” Lester shrugged his shoulders. “That’s going to cramp my style.”

“It’s a take it or leave it offer,” Dan said.

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

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

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

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

“Not exactly,” Dan smiled, “You still get dates, but nothing else is guaranteed.

Which was, if you recall, the original agreement.”

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

“Sounds good to me, boo,” Sarah reached out and held Dan’s hand.”

“I’m not going to pay for you,” Lester said, “And you’ll have to give us some space.”

“Sure,” Dan nodded.

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

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

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

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

“What is it?” Sarah asked.

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

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

Sarah squeezed Dan’s hand, “Whatever you think. Once isn’t terrible.”

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

“I wasn’t finished,” Lester said. “I want Sarah to wear an outfit of my choosing too.”

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

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

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

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

"Fine, Lester. Whatever." Dan put his arm around Sarah's shoulders and held her close. "Another thing. While you are at the hospital and during the rest of your

time in Middleton. Leave Sarah alone. No trying to corner her in her office or anything like that. Got it?"

"Sure," Lester said flatly.

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

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

"Sure, yeah," Dan said.

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

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

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

"I told them I'm going to work remotely for a bit," Dan turned and hugged Sarah back. "So many people have been leaving lately that they are scrambling to stop the bleeding. I have a bunch of key

clients so I decided Walt can bend a little. He didn't have a problem with it."

"Good," Sarah nuzzled her head into her husband's chest and inhaled his scent.

He was so different from Lester. "Dan we need to talk about what happened yesterday."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fuck Sarah," Dan grunted as he came, erupting inside of her. His cum shooting into her pussy. Adding to the overwhelming amount of

cum that Lester had

deposited. The couple laid there catching their breath for several minutes. Sarah closed her eyes for a second.

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

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

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

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

"Heh," Dan smiled, looking at her.

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

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

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

“Succeeded,” Sarah said guiltily.

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

“Yes,” Sarah said quietly, “Twice.”

“Twice?” Dan looked up, shocked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah stared at the granite countertop, unable to look up at Dan, “He didn’t wear a condom.”

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

“I know, I know! I hate myself for it. I’m sorry Dan!” Sarah put her face in her hands again, “I asked him if he had one, and he said yes! Then he just didn’t use it, and it was too late before I realized it.”

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

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

“I assume you enjoyed yourself?” Dan asked.

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

Dan sighed. “Look, I know how we can get carried away and lost in the moment.

Believe me, you know I can. You’ve seen how far I let things get out of control in Chicago. It’s just, this is a big one. Did he at least pull out?”

“I don’t think so,” Sarah said, shaking her head.

Dan picked up the bristle brush and started working on the pan with the dried-up pasta. He wanted to go over and console Sarah. He hated seeing her this way.

But he didn’t want her to feel his erection that was pressing against the lower cabinets. Knowing that Lester had cum in his wife was something that he was having trouble processing. It was a golden

rule broken, but it was also extremely hot, thinking that some ugly troll like Lester came bare inside of his sexy young wife.

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

“Do you hate me?” Sarah asked. “I’m sorry.”

“No, I love you, dummy,” Dan said, “It’s just a lot to process. A whole lot to process.”

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

Dan pulled the drain plug in the bottom of the sink before grabbing a bottle of wine from the cabinet. He poured two glasses and slid one across the island to his wife. Sarah eagerly grabbed it and took a long drink. Dan took a sip. He noticed that Sarah wasn’t wearing her wedding band but decided not to poke the bear too much. He’d ask her where it was later.

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

“You don’t hate me?” Sarah said, turning to look at him.

“I love you, you naughty girl,” He kissed the top of her head. “We’ll figure it out.”

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As Dan showered, he couldn't stop thinking about Lester taking Sarah bare and cumming inside of her. He wanted to hear all the details of what happened.

Needed to hear them. But he didn't want to seem overly aroused when he did.

He needed to take care of his dick so he could have a level-headed conversation with his wife.

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

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

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

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

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

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Dan worked from the kitchen table in their home for the rest of the week. Much to Sarah's relief, Lester kept to his word and didn't

bother her at work. The most she saw of him was his occasional appearance in the war room, giving updates on his progress unlocking their systems.

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

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

During his lunch hour, Dan continued to apply for jobs, but he found he was enjoying the engagement his LinkedIn posts were getting. In just a few days, he got dozens of responses to his posts. He enjoyed the interaction and feeling like

a thought leader. He just hoped he could parlay these posts into something income-generating.

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

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

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

“Hey baby,” Sarah said cheerfully, “I have some news.”

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

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

“That’s great news, honey. But does that mean that Lester is done with his work?”

Dan asked with bated breath.

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

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

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

“Do you think your parents can take the kids again? If not I could ask my folks,”

Dan was absently staring at his computer screen. He couldn’t believe how unproductive he suddenly felt. He stood up and walked into the living room.

“I’ll text them and see. It shouldn’t be a problem. They are always eager to spend time with the kids. Though they might invite us over

for dinner. It's been awhile since they've seen you." Sarah said into the phone.

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

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

"It's going," Dan said looking back into this laptop in the other room, "Work stuff is pretty much buttoned up. I'm actually wondering if Walt would let me work remotely. I'll see if I can pitch that to him. Those LinkedIn posts I mentioned are starting to pick up traction. We'll see if I can make anything come of that." Dan sat down on the couch and put his feet up on the coffee table.

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

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

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

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

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

work tasks done for the week. He needed some fresh air so he took a walk to brainstorm ideas for his social posts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What’s the occasion, Lester?” Dan asked, “I’ve never seen you dressed up before.”

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

“Right, well, come on,” Dan shut and locked the door. “Let’s get on with it then.”

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

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

Sarah and Dan’s eyes followed Lester’s fingers to the arrangement of family photographs on the living room table against the wall. There were several photos he could be pointing towards. Dan and Sarah

both walked towards the table to see which one he was talking about.

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

“The wedding dress,” Lester breathed. “Not an everyday outfit.”

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

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

“That’s not happening,” Dan said.

“It’s been years. I probably don’t even fit into my wedding dress anymore,” Sarah added.

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

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

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

“We can, though. It’s your wedding dress,” Dan said, “It’s not just some outfit.”

“I know. Like I said, I probably don’t even fit into it. I’ve had two kids since then, for god’s sake.” Sarah said. “I can’t imagine getting

into that dress again.

Especially for something like this."

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

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

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

Dan led Sarah upstairs and around the corner before speaking in a hushed voice,

"Are you okay with this? It's your wedding dress, Sarah. Don't you want one of the girls to wear it in their weddings one day?"

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

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

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

"Next time," Dan scoffed. "You know, when I came back here the other day, I thought I finally had the momentum to control him and

control this, but now I feel like I got outplayed, and the rug's been pulled out from under me."

"Hey, you still got this," Sarah smiled up at him reassuringly, "It was super hot the other day how you came in and took control of things. Don't let him rattle you.

We got most of what we wanted from that. This is just a speed bump. Don't forget, it's you and me here. Lester is just a guest, and we'll remind him of that."

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

"Hmmm, all this wedding dress talk clearly has had an effect on you." Sarah's hands had discovered Dan's hardening cock. "Don't be ashamed. I know how it is for you. What I mean is, this whole thing is because of something we did together, and we can do that again tonight. I'll think about you and just focus on you there.

Let's just look at Lester like a sex toy for something between us. Nothing more than that."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dan took a long drink before turning around to look at this squat roommate. He narrowed his eyes and moved to Lester's side of the island. Crossing his arms, he leaned back against it, "The verdict is that we are going to go ahead with it tonight. You're going to have to wear a condom, so you better have some.

Afterwards, you get out and don't come back to my house."

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

"I'll go to my car and grab some condoms," Lester said standing. Dan didn't reply.

He just watched the little man cross the room and exit through the front door.

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

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

Lester looked back at the house to see if Dan was watching from the window.

Satisfied that he wasn't, Lester opened the center console and removed the box of condoms marked with the orange X. He shoved a few condoms in his suit jacket before putting the box back in the console.

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

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

The dress was strapless, showing off Sarah's sexy, slender shoulders. The corset was snug to her breasts, pushing them up to show off her cleavage. Lester licked his lips as his eyes roamed the tops of

her breasts. She looked like she belonged on the cover of a wedding magazine. The white material of the dress had lace

flower patterns on it. It hugged her hips tightly, enough to make any priest rethink his life choices. Sarah held the train of the dress in front of her as she took the last step. It ran down past her feet in what Lester thought was called a mermaid style. Her hair was tucked up and a sheer veil sat over her face. He couldn't wait to fuck her. This might be the only time he didn't want to get her naked, well, not immediately.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lester tapped his breast pocket, "I do."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I want to carry you across the threshold," Lester wheezed as he picked Sarah up in his arms. His beady eyes looked down at her cleavage, now at a great angle for

the pervert. He swayed slightly as he stood on unsteady feet before taking several steps and walking with Sarah into the Williams' bedroom before awkwardly setting her down.

“Jesus Christ,” Lester muttered as he let Sarah walk a few steps ahead of him. His eyes were glued to her ass. The dress hugged her body tightly, but the material was no match for her amazing behind. The fabric strained to contain her ass.

Lester licked his lips and had no doubt that the eyes of every man in attendance had been on her ass as she walked up the aisle. The dress exposed Sarah’s flawless naked back as well. Lester couldn’t wait to run his dirty tongue up her spine.

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

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

Sarah sat on the bed and watched as Lester approached her with a hungry look in his eyes. She noticed Dan slide into the room and hover near the chair in the corner. The chair never got much use - originally, Sarah had purchased it as a reading chair, which is why she spent time finding something comfy with a fabric she liked. Unfortunately ever since Dan lost his job, she hadn’t had much time for reading and the chair sat unused. Now it seemed to have found a new purpose.

Dan kept his leg against it, its presence anchoring him to reality as the unbelievable occurred before him.

Lester knelt in front of Sarah and ran his eyes over her dress. He looked to the side and cast Dan a wicked smile before grabbing the bottom of Sarah’s dress and slowly raising it. He took his time, being agonizingly slow, enjoying gradually exposing Dan’s wife. “Just what

I hoped," Lester muttered as Sarah's white stocking-clad legs came into view. Her husband watched as she posed her legs for his roommate. Her eyes submissively sought out Lester's approval.

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

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

stop to things. She felt like she was losing her grip on reality but was ready to just let go.

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

He stood up and hovered over Sarah. He stayed still until she opened her eyes and looked up at him, wondering why he wasn't touching her. That's when it occurred to Dan that Sarah hadn't glanced in his direction. She was breathing hard, the tops of her breasts straining against the fabric of her wedding dress as she

stared up at Lester longingly. Dan recognized the look on her face. Lust.

Suddenly the room felt really small. Suffocating. Dan felt the immediate need to sit down. He slid onto his wife's chair next to him and felt himself leaning forward, morbid curiosity drawing him in. He felt like he'd missed out on something again.

Seeing his wife staring up at Lester with such desire was shocking. He remembered back in Chicago all those months ago when he was on the couch with Sarah. Her attention was entirely on him. Dan had told her to turn her head and to look at Lester. Pushing her to help fulfill his fantasy. Now, she was looking at his roommate freely with an entirely different expression on her face.

Somehow, Dan hadn't realized how deeply his wife had succumbed to his roommate.

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

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

gently pushed on her shoulder, causing Sarah to fall back onto the bed. Dan waited for Lester to look his way and grin but he never did. He was entirely focused on Sarah.

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

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

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

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

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

Lester closed his eyes and pushed his lips against Sarah's. He kissed her softly and sensually. Sarah's eyes closed involuntarily and she returned the short man's kiss.

Their wet lips exploring each other. Slowly, Sarah felt Lester's tongue begin to run against her soft lips. She extended hers automatically in response. Their tongues gently met and caressed each other before pushing deeply into each other's mouths. She could feel the heat coming off Lester's body, and his inescapable primal scent filled her nostrils.

Dan wanted to take off his pants and stroke his cock, but his fingers were gripping the arms of the chair. Lester was kissing his wife like he would an intimate lover.

He remembered seeing them like this for the first in the apartment, where he stood in the shadows of the hallway. He wanted to turn, feeling like he was intruding. He felt the same way now, like seeing something that was only supposed to be private between two lovers. His wife's hand grasped the back of his roommate's head, intensifying their contact.

Sarah felt the weight of Lester on top of her, pushing her into the bed. His gut pressed into her stomach. She felt like she was suffocating, but she continued to kiss Lester lovingly. It felt as if his lips were the oxygen she desperately needed.

After gently kissing each other for a few minutes, Lester's kisses became more passionate. Hungrier. He started thrusting his hips between her legs, rubbing his growing firm length against her panty-covered sex in time with his rough kissing.

His hands began to roam her body, running over the tops of her breasts and against her exposed shoulders before snaking his hands under her and groping her butt, seizing her cheeks in each of his grubby paws.

Sarah could feel Lester's hard cock pushing against her soaked pussy. Even though it was under his pants and likely his underwear, there was no denying its presence. She longed to feel its naked form against her bare skin. It throbbed as

Lester sunk his tongue into her mouth. She pressed her open crotch back against him in response.

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

Suddenly, Lester broke their kiss; a string of saliva connected them briefly as he moved back into a kneeling position and struggled to remove his suit jacket. He fought to remove his arms from the shortened sleeves. Dan was ready to laugh but stifled it as he watched Sarah's hands reach forward and unbuckle Lester's belt. Before Lester could free one arm from the suit, Sarah had expertly pulled his belt from his pants and tossed it onto the floor. Then she determinedly started working on the pants button and zipper.

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

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

His eyes snapped to hers. Her head was to the side and she was looking at Dan, seemingly staring into his soul. Her green eyes were focused on his. She was looking at him with that face that meant

she wanted to be fucked, “Show it to me.” She licked her lips sensuously.

Dan quickly complied, standing up and pulling off his pants. His boxers quickly followed until he was standing there in just his shirt. “There it is,” Sarah said, biting her lip, “Don’t forget to give it some attention for me. I’m going to be a little…

busy.” The tempo of her hand quickened in Lester’s pants, ensuring his erection was ready.

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

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

Sarah hooked her fingers under her white panties and began to lower them.

Sarah’s eyes continued to alternate between looking at his cock and the lust painted on his face. Dan was vaguely aware that Lester was naked now, but he couldn’t take his eyes off his wife. She was mesmerizing.

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

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

Lester shifted his knees, getting closer to Sarah. He was going to slide his girthy cock into her.

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

Lester shot him an annoyed look. Dan held his gaze, challenging him to defy him.

This was his house, and he wasn't about to be pushed around. Not anymore.

A small snarl appeared on Lester's face. He backed away from Sarah and looked around the floor for his suit jacket. He made a show of grabbing the condom he'd retrieved and tearing it open. He slid it onto his bulging cock and waved it at Dan.

Then he turned and got back onto the bed, crawling up between Sarah's legs. He grabbed his swollen member and pushed the head of his cock against her wet entrance. Sarah was biting her lip as he eased the head of his cock just inside of her, her lips wet with anticipation.

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

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

Sarah's hands gripped his shoulders, her face contorting in pleasure. Her legs spread further apart, opening herself up, allowing Lester unrestricted access to her most prized possession.

"Ahh, fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's condom-clad cock slide into her,

"Ah, Ah, Mhmmmm, oh, ahhh," Lester grunted, and he started a series of slow, long thrusts into the young mother. Sarah's pussy felt suddenly alive with the electric sensation of the cock within it.

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

Sarah turned her head towards him and lazily opened her eyes. She smiled at Dan and blew him a kiss. Lester's thrust interrupted her, causing her breasts to jiggle and her face to register her ecstasy as her mouth formed an 'O' when she felt his

length push deeper into her. Lester's grubby fingers grabbed Sarah by the chin, and turned her head back to face him.

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

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

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

Sarah nodded her head and turned to look at Dan. Lust and a hint of worried shame played on her features. She wanted to focus on her husband like they’d planned. She tried not to think about how tenderly Lester made love to her and then how he fucked her again in the bed and then the shower. Lester’s hand began to play with Sarah’s breasts. Kneading the tops of them, stoking the flames of her excitement. “But did you tell him how many times you came on my cock?

How long we went at it? Did you tell him how you begged for me to cum inside you?”

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

Mhmmmmmmmm,” the moan escaped her lips and surprised her.

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

Still facing Dan, Lester suddenly pushed his hips forward, redoubling his effort and thrusting his cock hard into Sarah. He rapidly thrust several more times in quick succession until the condom broke. He felt his bare core break free of its latex prison and feel the true

warmth of Sarah's pussy. If Sarah realized she did not react, Dan was completely oblivious to Lester's scheme.

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

"Isn't that right, Sarah?" Lester turned his attention back to Sarah. "Tell him,"

Lester turned her head towards Dan. She lazily opened her eyes. "It felt good. So good." She was speaking to her husband, but her eyes weren't focused at all.

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

"Ah, uh, ah, mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt her orgasm growing closer,

"Dan, I, uh, ah, mhmmmmm. I didn't stop it. Ah, mhmmmmm. I didn't stop him.

Didn't want to stop. Couldn't stop, ah." Sarah dug her nails into Lester's ass, urging him deeper into her, ensuring he didn't stop what he was doing.

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

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

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

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

Dan couldn't hold back any longer, hearing Sarah vocalize her pleasure always sent him over the edge. He didn't say anything, his cock just began erupting all over his lower body, his hand covered in his own spunk. Clarity slowly began to seep into his mind. He watched Sarah come down from her orgasm but realized that Lester hadn't cum. He was still pressing forward, thrusting himself into Sarah.

His wife was lifting her ass off the bed again, fully intending to cum again. The room suddenly felt very small around him. His throat was dry and he couldn't catch his breath. He felt dizzy. Dan stood up and walked out of the room into the hallway and down the stairs.

It was only when he reached the main floor bathroom that he realized he'd left Sarah up there alone with Lester. She said they would do it together as a couple, and he left her. He quickly cleaned himself up and walked into the kitchen to get a glass of water. His

throat felt like a desert. As he took his first sip of that thirst-clenching water he heard Sarah scream from upstairs.

Dan downed the rest of the water, his dizziness seeming to clear up and slowly approached the stairs. "Ahhhhh, ughhhhhh, mhmmmmm," Sarah's moans echoed

through the house. She seemed louder now than she had earlier. *What is going up there?*

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

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

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

WHACK

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

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

WHACK

Lester's fat palm came down on her ass again, leaving behind a red handprint.

Sarah whimpered at the pain but felt herself grow wetter at Lester's dominance.

She felt her resistance crumbling beneath his weight.

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

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

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

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

Dan thought this was going too far. Lester was being too disrespectful. He stepped towards them, "Alright, that's enou-" Something wet squished under his foot. Dan looked down and saw a discarded condom on the floor. While he was gone, Lester must have

taken it off. Lester the bridge troll of a man from Chicago, was raw inside of his wife.

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

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

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

"I think so," Sarah moaned from the bed. A mess of her hair obscured her face.

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

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

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

Without asking for permission from Dan, Lester stepped back up behind Sarah.

She reached between her legs to grab his cock and line it up with her waiting pussy. "Now, where were we?" Lester pushed back into the young wife, and she immediately moaned, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

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

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

"Get it." Lester gasped out. "Get it inside you." Lester began power thrusting, punctuating each of his words with his body as he leaned forward and fucked Sarah harder than anyone had ever done before. "Get. This. Cock. All. Up. In. Side.

You!" He held himself firm, entirely inside the young wife, shaking with his own pleasure and the thrusts back from her sweet pussy. Dan saw the muscles straining in his neck as the odd man exerted himself.

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

"Ah fuck, ah fuck, fuck, FUCK," Sarah screamed, throwing her head back as she thrust her body back onto Lester's waiting cock. Lester tried to continue thrusting

into her, but her pussy held him still, not letting him move an inch.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhhh,” Sarah moaned, feeling the electricity of her orgasm rock her body.

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

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

“Uhhhh, so good.” Sarah grunted, “So fucking good. Fuck me properly, Lester.

Don’t stop. Give it to me. I want it.”

“Are you glad you’re getting a redo?” Lester grunted.

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

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

“The condom broke again,” Lester said. He was standing still, not moving. Sarah’s hips were gently thrusting back onto his bare cock,

“Feels fucking fantastic. Did you have Sarah bare on your wedding night like this?”

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

“Sarah,” Lester breathed. “We need to stop so I can put on another condom.”

Sarah didn’t move for several seconds. She kept her grip on his cock. Dan didn’t know how to react. He hated how intoxicating it felt knowing Lester’s bare cock was inside of his wife at that moment. That someone so foul and beneath him was experiencing everything she had to offer.

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

Lester ripped open the condom package and rolled it onto his cock, “Last one.”

He looked at Dan to make sure he heard his announcement. He walked back to the side of the bed. Sarah was bent over, her ass hanging in the hair. Her hips

were gently rocking side to side, waiting for the return of Lester’s cock. Instead of pushing himself back in, Lester moved around her and climbed into the bed. He sat himself down against the pillows and the headboard, “Come to Daddy.”

Sarah lifted her head and saw Lester sitting there waiting for her. His big cock stood upright between his fat legs. She smirked and

crawled up the bed towards him, the train of her wedding dress following her. Sarah struggled to gather up enough of her wedding dress in front of her so she could mount Lester's cock, wrapped in latex. Dan watched as his loving wife lowered herself onto Lester's cock, her wedding dress sprawled out around her.

Hearing a sharp intake of breath, Dan knew that Lester's cock was inside his wife.

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

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

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

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

"You love my cock?" Lester said through gritted teeth. He was breathing quickly.

Sarah nodded and kept her eyes closed. “Say ‘I do.’” Lester said, thrusting up to meet Sarah. Her ass jiggled each time she slammed down onto his cock.

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

FUCK!”

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

Lester glanced at Dan, “Condom. Broke again.”

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

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

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

Dan wanted to stop this but he didn’t want to stop Sarah from cumming. He needed to cum himself. He felt paralyzed with

indecision, torn between the angel on his shoulder and the devil on the other one. Lester decided to tip the scales,

"Sarah tell your husband how good my bare cock feels inside of you. Look at him."

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

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

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

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

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

Dan, tell me what to do."

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

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

Dan silently nodded. He had secretly fantasized about seeing something like this happen for years. Despite all the safeguards and justifications he had put in place, they still had somehow found themselves at the pinnacle of his own perversions.

He felt guilty that his once proper wife had fallen with him to the point that she wanted it too.

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

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

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

"Ahhhhhh fuck," Sarah screamed as her orgasm rippled through her body.

Through clenched teeth, she shouted, "Give it to me, Lester. Give me your cum. I want all of it. Cum for me. I want to feel you. I need it. Fuck me! Oh my God, ohmygod, OH MY FFFUUUCKING GHAAAAA!""

"AHH, AHH, AAAAAAARRGH! AHH, FUCK YES! FUCK! YES!"

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

Dan's cock exploded without even being touched. It shot a load of cum across the room, almost hitting the bed. More cum shot from his cock, hitting the carpet, the last drops dribbling onto the chair as he sat there exhausted and mentally fucked from what he had just witnessed. Dan had held his breath throughout the entire explosion.

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

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

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

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

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Sarah stepped into the shower and let the hot water hit her naked body. That had been intense. Not only had Lester fucked her senseless, but she had done it in front of Dan. Seeing his face as Lester took her, nodding to her and encouraging her to let Lester cum inside of her. She wondered what she would have done if he had said no. Could she have pulled herself from Lester? Right now she felt that she would have easily been able to but part of her worried that if asked in the moment, she might not have been able to.

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

Sarah ran her hands through her hair. She still had difficulty reconciling how easily she had begun to bend to Lester. It was like everything else washed away whenever he was there in front of her, and she had trouble focusing on anything else. She was a professional hospital administrator, respected in her workplace.

She was a daughter, a loving mother, and a dutiful wife. But when Lester was there, it was as if she was there to pleasure him as much as possible.

All she wanted to do now was shower off and try to get as much of Lester out of her as she could. Then, she could crawl into bed and sleep. She felt exhausted.

Sarah really wanted to talk to Dan and know what he thought of what just happened. Would he be turned on or would he be pissed?

Would he want to reclaim her tonight, or maybe they would have morning sex tomorrow? Either way, she just looked forward to being held by her husband and knowing everything was going to be okay. She had a hard time imagining all of this happening without him. She loved him with every fiber of her being. She needed to know he was okay.

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

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Lester didn't pay Dan any attention, but Dan grimaced, looking at the ugly man sitting on his bed, looking satisfied with himself. He couldn't look at him anymore.

His ugly grin and satisfied smirk were a reminder of Dan's failure to get a handle on his own destructive fantasies. Dan's gaze fell to Sarah's discarded wedding dress on the floor as he heard the shower starting from the bathroom. It was such a bizarre sight. He was used to seeing its pristine white fabric hanging in the closet in a protective garment bag. Now here it was bunched up in a pile on the floor like regular laundry, deeply in need of cleaning, if not burning.

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

As he released his nose, his gaze fell back on the dress. Lester's fat foot stepped over it. He looked up and saw Lester enter the bathroom and close the door

behind him. Dan's traitorous cock stirred in his pants as a soft moan seemed to punctuate the sound of the shower in the other room.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 15

The wait is over for the next installment of Toxic Attraction. As per usual, I have gone well beyond my target word count. This may be the longest chapter of Toxic Attraction to date, sitting at just over 26k words or roughly a 1/4 of some novels.

Big shout out to Grandeman for his editing prowess and suggestions. It's not easy when I drop a huge pile on his lap. We've reviewed this chapter multiple times with a fine toothcomb and a few AI tools to find any spelling/grammar issues. If you see anything that was missed, feel free to let us know here in a comment, DM, discord or email :)

Also, thank you to all the Insiders who have provided a ton of great feedback to help refine this chapter.

When last we left our couple, Lester had just spent the night with Sarah while Dan watched. Sarah went to the bathroom to shower, with Lester following her shortly after, leaving Dan alone with his thoughts.

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

Another soft moan seemed to ring out through the sounds of the shower punctuated by a splash of water. Dan shook his head, trying to regain his bearings. This hadn’t been what he wanted. When he

came back to Middleton, he hadn't planned for this. He needed to push through and try to regain his footing.

Dan stood up and pulled on a pair of sweatpants. He strode warily across the bedroom, taking special care not to step on Sarah's discarded wedding dress.

He reached the bathroom door and turned the knob. He exhaled, relieved it wasn't locked. Dan pushed open the door and stepped into the steamy fog of their master bathroom. His breath caught in his throat.

Lester's ugly, squat body was sitting on the bench in the shower, his face buried in Sarah's ample chest. His tongue was lapping at her breasts as she stood before him, offering herself, her hands bracing herself against the wall as the hot water hit her back. Steam billowed out of the shower. Lester's rough hands were groping her ass and back as his mouth tasted her breasts.

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

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

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

"How could I not be with you right here in front of me." Lester grunted as he started to kiss her neck. Sarah's body leaned forward

and seemed to melt onto Lester, her hand never leaving his cock as she stroked it.

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

Dan steeled his nerves and breathed deeply before exhaling through his nose.

He opened the shower door, reached in and turned off the water.

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

“Date’s over,” Dan said. He felt shaky but used the same voice he had countless times at work: "It’s time to go, Lester.”

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

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

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

Dan kept his eyes on his roommate as he followed him back into the bedroom.

As Lester began to dress, Dan registered the state of the bed. It was in complete disarray. Dan could feel Sarah's presence behind him. He turned and softly said,

"Go finish your shower in peace. I'm going to walk him out."

Sarah nodded and shut the bathroom door. Dan heard the lock engage before hearing the shower start again. Lester finished getting dressed. He left the bedroom without a word or a look in Dan's direction. Dan followed him through the hallway and down the stairs to the front door. Smelling a freshly showered Lester as he followed him was odd for Dan. Their mutual exhaustion made it almost like they were leaving a gym after a workout.

He felt slightly awkward standing there, watching Lester put on his shoes.

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

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

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Lester pulled his SUV into the parking lot of a 7/11. He gritted his teeth as his fingers dug into the steering wheel. He thought he had finally broken Dan, that

his acceptance of letting him cum in his wife while he looked on was the nail in the coffin of his defiance.

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

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

This was something he would need to consider more. With women, they would inevitably develop some kind of emotional connection that Lester could leverage.

With Dan, he wasn't as sure. Maybe his ego was the thing getting in the way of his submission. Still wanting to be the man in the bedroom and not wanting to be supplanted. Or at least not once he came and began to think clearly. Would he respond better to Lester leaning in to replace him, or would it be easier to manipulate the man if Lester appeared to let him take the lead?

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

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Dan checked his watch as he ascended the stairs. It was getting late. Sarah and Lester had fucked for longer than he expected. A lot of things had happened differently tonight than he expected. He

would figure it out. Right now, he had to focus on what was right in front of him.

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

"Why not use the blow dryer?" Dan asked as he stepped into the room. He had to admit that his wife looked good with just a towel wrapped around her. He

looked to the floor and saw that Sarah's dress was no longer there. She must have hung it back up.

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

"What gave you that idea?" Dan said, reservedly crossing his arms and leaning back against the door frame.

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

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

“Like the wedding dress?” Sarah asked, leaning forward with a concerned look,

“I know that was a bit of a surprise. It was a surprise for me too, I just - “

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

“That wasn’t just on me, Dan,” Sarah said, “Yes, I admit I got lost in the moment, but I looked at you and asked you what you thought I should do, and you told me to keep going.”

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

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

“Let me start over,” Dan said, holding his hands up, “It’s not just about you. When things are heating up and escalating, it’s like my mind glazes over, and all I can

think about is seeing it happen. All reason and everything else goes out the window. It’s like I can’t say no, and then it scares me.”

After a few moments, Sarah stopped drying her hair and placed one of her hands in Dan’s, “I know what that’s like. I get the same way once things progress past a certain point. It’s like my body and mind are disconnected. Like my body is in control and my mind is locked in a closet somewhere. I can hear its muffled protests, but it’s not in the driver’s seat. In the heat of the moment, I can’t think of

anything else, but afterwards, I can't understand why I did what I did."

"Exactly," Dan breathed. "When I see you with him or think about you with him or, Christ, or with others, it's like another part of me takes control and just wants to see it happen, damn the consequences. And yesterday, before things started, I know we talked about doing it together and being in it, but once it started, I just felt like I wanted to melt into that chair and just watch."

"Would you…want to get involved next time?" Sarah asked. "Like with Lester and I?"

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

"I was wondering about that. What happened? I'm not going to lie. I was surprised to look up and see the chair empty. Where did you go?" Sarah asked.

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

"That worries me," Sarah said, caressing his hand, "What do you think caused it?"

"I don't know, probably my mind wanting and yet not wanting to see what was happening. At war with itself. Using up too much brain

power and oxygen fighting with itself. I don't know if that's a thing." Dan shrugged, looking into his wife's eyes. "I'm a mess."

"Well, I feel like a mess, too," Sarah shrugged. "Sometimes I feel like this powerful woman in the workplace, strong and independent, and I somehow balance being

a mom and dealing with all these stresses that we have, financial and otherwise.

When it comes to Chicago and Lester, it's like an outlet to put those things in a box for a while, you know? At first, it was just a fantasy, but now it's become something more. I love seeing your reaction. I feed off of it, but now it feels like we're doing something else, something different."

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

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

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

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

“I don’t know,” Dan said, not wanting to admit what he wanted fully. He did need it. He felt like a sex addict needing his next fix. Unfortunately, his wife was in the passenger seat with him as he was speeding towards a cliff. “I don’t know, maybe? Maybe we just need to check in with each other and make sure we are both okay and that we’re making decisions together.”

“It might be hard, but I’ll try. Just don’t get mad at me if things don’t happen as neatly as we want. Like I said, I can get lost in things too.” Sarah smiled and kissed Dan’s cheek. “Should we have some kind of safeword?”

“Safeword? Like the phrases kinky couples have?” Dan asked.

“Yes, and not to judge, but I think we’ve officially crossed the line into becoming one of those kinky couples,” Sarah playfully pushed on his shoulder, “What I’m thinking is that in the moment you said it’s hard for you to think straight. Your body doesn’t respond because it’s fighting against your mind. Maybe with a safeword, all you need to do is say that one thing, and it’ll stop. That way, it’s

clear to me or you that we both need to pull back without either of us having to go into it.”

“Okay, I think that’s a good idea,” Dan said. “What should our safeword be?

Pineapple?”

Sarah laughed hard and rolled onto her back, “Pineapple? That’s not sexy at all.”

She couldn’t stop laughing and buried her face in her hands.

“I didn’t think it was supposed to be sexy,” Dan said, grinning from ear to ear,

“That’s the whole point.”

“Sorry,” Sarah said, sitting up and wiping tears from her eyes, “You’re right.

Probably best it isn’t sexy. ‘Pineapple’ it is.”

“That doesn’t have to be it,” Dan said, rolling his eyes, “It was just the first thing I could think of.”

“Well, I like it. ‘Pineapple’ stays,” Sarah smiled warmly, and Dan felt his heart flutter the same way he had when they’d first been dating. It was clear to him that no matter what they went through, he would always love her, and she would always be crazy about him.

“I was thinking,” Sarah bit her lip, and her eyes flashed that dangerous, seductive look, “Back to yesterday when we mentioned wanting to do this together. Let’s think up some fantasies, scenarios - and other situations that we want to explore.

Even if Lester is there, it’s something we can do together. For each other. Lester doesn’t need to know. It’ll be between us. Something private, secret to keep us connected in the moment. Just for us.”

“I like that,” Dan said, “Even with Lester around, it’s like we can take control of it and have the events be something fulfilling just for us.”

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

“Hmmmm, That’s hard. I think I need to make a list first.” Dan smiled and thought about all the fantasies he had dreamed up over

the years. The ones he had told Sarah about and the ones that he had kept to himself. “You know, I will say that

I’m a little jealous that I missed out on your escapades in Lester’s SUV. I think I’m owed a do-over.”

“Are you now?” Sarah said, leaning forward and kissing Dan’s lips. “Well then, as your wife, I think I need to make that happen for you.”

“Oh yeah?” Dan grinned back, blinking as his eyes began to feel heavy, “What if Lester says no and wants something else?”

“You forget how persuasive I can be,” Sarah said, “Besides, I think it’s time Lester remembered that women hold all the power in relationships.”

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

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

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“Shit, Sarah,” a voice said from close by. Sarah didn’t want to open her eyes.

She needed more sleep. The bed was warm. Her eyes couldn’t open anyway.

She could just sleep a bit more. She didn't have anywhere she needed to be.

"The hospital's calling."

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

"Uh, what time is it?" Sarah asked as she extended her hand for the phone.

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

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

"Sarah," After a few seconds of her brain fog clearing, she recognized the voice as Jerry from their IT department, "It's Jerry. We've been trying to reach you. The

board called an emergency meeting for all senior staff and department heads this morning. You need to get in here fast. The meeting is at ten."

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

"What's going on?" Dan asked. Sarah opened one eye and saw Dan's concerned look from across the room.

“Some emergency meeting,” Sarah sighed and sat up, “Need me in there for ten, which means I need to get there earlier. I have to get up. Good thing I showered last night.”

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

“Mhmmm, I love you,” Sarah smiled warmly at her husband. “Coffee, please. I’m going to get dressed.”

“On it,” Dan said as he left the room, walking with purpose. Sarah slowly got up and shuffled over to her closet to find something to wear. As she stripped out of her pajamas, she thought about how Lester had disturbed her while she was in there earlier in the week. That had led to Lester fucking her raw for the first time.

And then last night, how he had fucked her in her wedding dress. She took a moment, remembering what had happened, then she glanced at the garment bag hanging up. She grabbed it and put it on the bed, intent on bringing it to the dry cleaners after work.

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

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

“Got you coffee,” Dan said as Sarah finished getting dressed. He presented her topped off work tumbler, the smell of coffee waking

up the rest of her senses.

“Thank you, you’re a lifesaver,” She said, taking a long, warm sip. “That’s good.”

“Your bag is ready by the door. I threw in some snacks and a water bottle in case things go longer than expected,” Dan followed her out of their room and downstairs to the front door.

“I love you,” Sarah said as she put on her shoes. “You’re too good to me. I’ll try to get back as early as I can. Maybe after the kids go to bed tonight, we can spend some time together.”

“I like the sound of that,” her husband said as he leaned forward and kissed her.

It was a soft, lingering kiss. Sarah melted feeling the electricity run through her body. Dan broke the kiss and looked into her eyes, “Hurry back. I’ll go grab the kids from your parents and take them to McDonalds for breakfast.”

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

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

***

Sarah managed to get to the war room before most of her peers. She sat in the back with Jerry, both with their laptops open on the table they faced. Sarah couldn’t help but feel back to herself again,

having her laptop connected to their network, able to operate as she usually did.

She had asked Jerry why the emergency meeting was called, but he didn't want to say. He knew something, but he stayed silent despite her best efforts to pry it out of him. The room filled with her peers, preventing Sarah from grilling Jerry further.

A middle-aged man with graying hair and a sharp suit walked in exactly at 10

o'clock. "Hey everyone, thanks for coming in on a Saturday. You may not recognize me, but I'm John Walsh, a member of the board. The board asked me here to relay some news to you all." He was polished and calm, giving no hint of what was to come.

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

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

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

"Well, there were a number of reasons," John said, wringing his hands. "For now, though, we don't want to get too into the weeds,

and we'd rather look to the future.

The handling of the cyber attack highlighted some ongoing concerns the board had."

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

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

"You went above and beyond. Thank you again." John smiled at her warmly before turning his attention back to everyone else.

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

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

"I'll take this one," Jerry said, leaning forward, "We plan to continue our relationship with Swan until we find another vendor. A proper vendor that can meet all of our security needs and requirements. Until then, we will take some of the tasks on internally and hire

accordingly. We've also offered Lester Marshall a contract to help us secure our network, conduct regular pen testing and other things to ensure we are secure."

"What's pen testing?" Sarah asked, the realization dawning on her that Lester might have done too good of a job.

"Penetration testing." Jerry said, "To see if outside actors can penetrate our network.

Penetrate Sarah could feel a large glob of Lester's cum oozing out of her and soaking her panties. She prayed she wouldn't have a wet stain on her pants that she would need to explain. "Thanks, Jerry."

"Okay, thank you all again for coming in," John said before opening the door.

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

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

Sarah was taken aback. She hadn't considered that an option at all, "I'm flattered, Jerry. Thank you. It means a lot. I just don't know if I'm qualified for it."

“You’ve basically been doing Drew’s job since he started. All the department heads respect you more than they ever did with him. The only thing he did that you didn’t was make fraudulent contracts and go golfing with vendors. You should really think about it.” Jerry patted her on the arm and went to leave.

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

Jerry looked around, making sure no one was within earshot, “Listen, you can’t repeat what I’m about to tell you. The board wants to keep it hush hush so they don’t look bad.”

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

“Really?” Sarah said, “Holy shit.”

“I know, it's a mess, honestly. My department has a ton of work to do. We’re really going to be leaning on Lester to help us out here.” Jerry said as he made his way to the door. “Think about what I said about the CEO position. I mean it.”

Sarah found herself standing in the conference room by herself. This morning had not gone as she had expected and was getting stranger by the minute. Sarah took a step towards the door and froze. She swore she could feel Lester’s cum running down her thigh. She

needed to clean herself up and maybe check in with a department head she was friendly with before returning to Dan and the kids.

She still couldn't wrap her mind around the bomb Jerry had just dropped on her.

***

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

As Dan was finishing up his breakfast sandwich, a notification pinged on his phone. He assumed it would be Sarah, letting him know she was done with work.

When he checked his screen, it wasn't his wife. It was a LinkedIn notification. He opened it, hoping it wasn't a pointless contact request.

Eyeing his daughters, who were still too invested in one-upping each other to notice, he checked the app. It was a message from someone he didn't know

asking about some of the work he'd mentioned doing in his posts. It appeared that this person wanted to meet on Zoom to chat about one of Dan's past projects.

The message mentioned the contact was undertaking a similar project and might require some guidance.

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

It was a start.

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

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

***

"Here it is, my wedding dress," Sarah handed over the garment bag to the woman at the dry cleaner. With the emergency meeting done at work and all the bombshells that had been dropped, she was thankful to be out of the hospital and back on with her weekend. She just had to drop off her wedding dress before she could join Dan and the girls. She just hoped the dry cleaner could erase the previous night and restore her dress back to its pristine condition. "Just take extra special care of it okay? Oh, and there should be a veil in the bottom of the bag.

Could you be extra careful with it? The veil is made of lace from Belgium. We bought it while we were overseas just after we got engaged."

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

Sarah scrunched up her nose, "Weird, okay, I'll check at home. Thank you."

The woman scrunched her nose and looked closer at the dress. A suspicious look appeared on her face as she appraised the state it was in. “Very beautiful,”

she said again, though it sounded more accusatory this time. “Maybe ask your husband about your veil.”

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

With her dress dropped off, Sarah got back in her car and headed for home.

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

She wanted to make the most of their family time before Dan had to leave for Chicago.

***

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

Since Dan had become his roommate, Lester had spent most of his time devising how to push Sarah’s buttons and edge her closer to his

ultimate goal. Now, he had his focus entirely on Dan. Who did Dan think he was pushing him out of the house like that? Did he not understand his place in all of this? A simple bystander who needed to get out of his way so he could have Sarah? Lester was growing red in the face with anger. He didn't like how Dan had humiliated him twice in the last week, especially in front of Sarah.

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

On the drive back to Chicago, he had debated which course of action would be better. To let Dan think he was complying with his rules or to put Dan in his place and make him face his new reality. He so wanted to do the latter. Lester logged onto WoW to distract himself from his impatience. He knew that he shouldn't let emotion cloud his mind and throw off his planning. He needed to take out some

aggression. Emotions led to compromising behavior, the same way Sarah and the women he'd had before her had opened themselves up to his manipulation.

No, he needed something else for the Williamses. Something else to both punish Dan and to further tighten his grip on them. For the first time since this all started, he felt like he was wavering, unsure which was the best course of action. Sarah had finally succumbed and let him cum in her fertile pussy, unprotected, willingly.

But he needed to dominate her completely. Dan and her kids might be the things letting her hold on, but he needed to make her let go. He needed to break Dan's will and teach him his place.

He logged off WoW and brought up his videos of Sarah Williams. Lester pulled down his sweatpants and began to slowly stroke his cock, watching Sarah's face contort in ecstasy as he fucked her. He

knew these videos of Sarah could bring in a substantial amount of money, but he didn't want to share them. She was his.

Cronos got close to discovering her, and he wouldn't let that happen again. Lester unlocked and opened his desk drawer. He reached in and pulled out Sarah's veil and smelled it. Her sweet scent lingered on his nose, adding to the sounds of her moans emanating from his computer speakers.

He would make her his. Completely.

***

It had been a few weeks since Dan had been at home in Middleton. Since then, things have been going great. His LinkedIn posts were gaining a lot of traction.

Several people had reached out to him to connect, and one was getting close to hiring Dan to do freelance work on the side for a very generous fee. They were waiting for the rest of their team to sign off on Dan's proposal. With any luck, he could secure several other new clients in short order.

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

His cell phone and a new Chicago Public Library card gave him lots of new resources. It felt good just getting out of the depressing apartment. He felt like

things were on the upswing. He just needed to hold on for a bit longer before things truly happened for him.

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

When his cell phone chimed, Dan practically jumped off the couch. He opened his phone and read the message.

"I'm here," It was from Sarah. She would have just pulled in downstairs. Dan rushed out the door and took the elevator down to greet his wife. As the door opened on the lobby, Sarah walked in, pulling her carry-on suitcase behind her.

Her face beamed when she saw him. Dan held her and kissed her. "I missed you so much. I love you." Sarah looked and smelled fantastic. As always, his love for his gorgeous wife buoyed his spirits.

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

Ever since he threw Lester out of his house, his roommate had barely shown his face around the apartment. He'd hoped that Lester had got the message, but Dan was on high alert, waiting for him to try something. It was a few weeks since Lester's last *date* with his wife. He would probably poke his head out of whatever hole he was hiding in and demand his due.

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah smiled over her shoulder as she left the living room. Dan felt his heart thumping in his chest, excited to get his wife alone. Especially to get her alone away from Lester. As much forward momentum as Dan felt right now, he worried about how much he might backslide if Lester and Sarah were in the same room together.

He just prayed the fat little troll didn't come out before they left.

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Lester listened to the couple catch up and trade cute little small talk. It was disgusting. His computer screen showed a live video feed of the couple in the living room. Sarah was too domesticated for Lester's tastes. She should be on her knees under his desk, worshiping his cock. He knew she thought about it.

Thought about him all the time. This whole show she was putting on with Dan was growing tired.

He sneered at the screen and reached for his cell phone. He had spent every day since his time in Middleton formulating different plans for the two of them.

His new contract with Sarah's employer provided many great opportunities for him to push the envelope. He just needed to figure out how to break Dan down some more.

The keys lay in Dan's fantasies. Lester would weaponize them. Corrupt them.

While showing Sarah that only he could be the one to satisfy her darkest desires.

Make her feel complete. All while turning the screws on Dan. He'd found one particular pressure point he knew would get Dan to buckle.

He dialed a number on his cell phone. After a few rings, it answered. "It's Lester.

We're still on for tomorrow."

Lester listened to the voice on the other end before abruptly cutting them off

"Listen, when she goes up on the dance floor, that's your signal. Then you do your job. Got it?" He rolled his eyes as he listened to

the person on the other end.

"Good."

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

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Sarah was surprised that Lester hadn't tried to interrupt her night out with Dan.

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

It was a nice distraction from the thoughts that had been dominating her mind.

Should she go for the CEO position at the hospital? The more she thought about it, the more it made sense. Sure, she might lack some experience dealing with a board of directors, but she felt like the rest of her resume was solid. She knew the hospital inside and out and had plenty of ideas on how to make it run better.

She could comfortably schmooze with donors and other stakeholders. It was strange, thinking that she might just have a shot at that position. It had always been a man in that role, but why not her? The board seemed fairly progressive, and she was making good inroads with John. She knew she could do it.

What surprised Sarah the most about her night out with Dan was Lester didn't try anything once they got back to the apartment. She'd had a few drinks with Dan throughout the evening, and both of them were feeling great. The Uber home allowed them to partake

a little heavier than they might normally have on a date night back home. There had been so many times before in the apartment when she would be fooling around with Dan, only for Lester to deliberately interrupt them. She was expecting something, but Lester didn't come out of his room. She felt a pang of anger, wondering what could be so important as to keep him in there. Still, it was nice just getting Dan alone and naked under the sheets, even if his bed was a little small for the two of them.

Without the kids anywhere in sight, they could sleep in until the late morning. She even managed to shower quickly without Lester popping his head out of his room.

Sarah was wondering if he had lost interest or maybe Dan had said something

that scared him away. Maybe Lizzie had reached out, and he wasn't even home.

It was a few minutes before Sarah realized she was standing in just a towel in Dan's room. She had been thinking about Lester for longer than she'd realized.

Sarah crossed the room and opened her suitcase to find something to wear. She held up the sexy shirt and pants she had considered wearing last night. Ultimately she didn't have time to iron them before their Uber arrived, so she wore something more modest. She'd packed them, hoping to be able to wear something sexy this weekend, but with the way things were going, it didn't seem like Lester was going to cash in on his date either. Maybe she would just lounge around with Dan and spend the day in the apartment.

Sarah opted for a pair of hip-hugging, tailored sweatpants and a tight white tank top that showed off her midriff. She undid her towel and dried her body off before putting on a matching pair of white bra and panties. The sweatpants felt snug on her legs, and she almost laughed at how well defined her chest looked in the tight

white tank top. She felt like she was wearing a second push-up bra with the way her cleavage sat on her chest.

Before leaving the room, Sarah looked over herself again in the mirror. Satisfied that she still looked presentable, even if the outfit wasn't exactly CEO material, she left Dan's room and joined him on the couch. They sat there together for a few hours while Dan resisted watching her reality shows. Instead, they watched the last half of a TV movie. At some point, Dan checked his watch and said, "It's already getting close to four. We're going to have to think about dinner soon. I guess no Lester today?"

"Yeah, I'm honestly surprised he hasn't poked his head out yet. It's strange."

Sarah kept her eyes fixated on the TV. She didn't want to look down the hallway again. She nuzzled her head into Dan's shoulder.

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

Sarah stared at the screen, her head unmoving. She didn't want to look first. She didn't want Dan to see her looking for Lester. Dan should look first. After the way that Lester fucked her the last time, she didn't want to seem too eager in either of their eyes.

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

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

“Hi. Thanks,” Sarah gave him a quick glance and a wave. She felt her chest growing flush and could hear her heart beating in her ears. Since when did her body react like this to just the mere presence of this man? It was like her body associated him with sex and was preparing itself for him. She tried to control her breathing, worried that Dan would notice Lester's effect on her. She hadn’t forgotten their discussion back home about doing things together and for each other. She kept that front and center in her mind, even if her body wanted other things. She casually folded her arms over her chest.

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

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

Sarah could feel Lester’s fingers begin to stroke the hair on the back of her head.

She scooched her butt up away from the back of the couch and turned to face Lester. He was wearing a pair of worn sweat shorts and one of his signature faded t-shirts. This one had a piece of cake with the words ‘the cake is a lie’

underneath. He looked just as disheveled as he usually did. His hungry eyes immediately met hers and then flicked down to feast on the sight of her chest.

Sarah felt her breasts rising and falling rapidly as she breathed, putting on an unintentional show for him. The determined look in his eyes reminded her of the way he had taken her in her home.

“I’m right here,” Sarah said, trying to steel the nerves in her voice, “I’m not some property you two trade back and forth. You can talk

to me too."

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

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

"I haven't forgotten," Lester rolled his eyes, "As for the plans, you'll just have to wait and see."

"Not good enough," Dan said, "We want to know ahead of time what to expect.

Not that I don't trust you or anything." Sarah smiled inwardly at Dan's use of the word ' *We*,' affirming that they were in this situation together.

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

"What kind of place? Not a strip club, I hope, because that's not happening," Dan crossed his arms looking at Lester.

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

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

"I'll make due," Lester said. He opened his mouth to say something else, but a knock on the door interrupted him. He turned away from

the couple and answered it. A delivery man handed Lester a bag before he paid with a credit card.

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

Sarah was taken aback. She hadn’t realized that Lester knew what her favorite dishes were. When was the last time she would have eaten Chinese in front of him? “Yeah, those are my favorites. Thank you, Lester.” She cast a glance at her husband. He was eyeing the food.

“I got the sweet and sour chicken for myself,” Lester eyed her mischievously, “But I am always open to sharing.” Lester opened a container and started to dole out food into a bowl. Sarah grabbed one of the bowls Lester had set out on the table.

As she was about to start putting food into it, she realized that there wasn’t a third bowl for Dan. She looked around for another bowl before Lester said, “I just grabbed food for me and my date. It’s one thing if you want to tag along, but I’m not paying for a third wheel.”

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

“Play nice, Lester,” She said as she sat back down and started eating her food.

Lester hid a smile behind a mouthful of sweet and sour chicken. That he kept close to himself. Sarah wondered if he knew whether or not that was Dan's favorite dish. It seemed to be another thing of Dan's that Lester was trying to enjoy for himself.

The three of them ate the remaining Chinese food in silence. It was delicious.

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

Sarah's eyes flicked to Dan, who rolled his eyes, crossed his arms and sat back in the chair. He nodded, telling Sarah he was okay with what was happening.

Sarah made her way back to the couch and began to sit down. She tried to sit an arms length away from Lester, but as she sat down, he scooted his rotund body over towards her. As her firm ass sat down, Lester was right beside her with his fat arm behind her seat on the couch. Lester grinned and looked over at her husband. "You really want to sit there alone the whole time while we watch a show?"

"I'm not going anywhere bud. Welcome to the new status quo," Dan said as he stared ahead at the screen. Lester stared at Dan as his hand moved to Sarah's shoulder. She felt his grubby fingers resting on her skin. One of his fingers drew light little circles, sending little volts of electricity coursing through Sarah's body.

Lester's scent was invading her nostrils. Sarah shifted in her seat as she felt herself being pulled against Lester's body.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lester shifted his hips and pulled his sweatpants down his chunky legs. Sarah had to break contact with his cock for a second but was immediately pleased to see that Lester wasn't wearing any underwear. His musky primal smell once again filled the air between them. Her delicate hand touched the skin of Lester's oversized cock and began to stroke him. He raised his hands behind his head

and focused his attention on the TV. Dan's eyes stayed fixated on her hand encircling Lester's cock. Sarah made eye contact with her husband and licked her lips while raising her eyebrows at him. She mouthed 'love you' to him. He smiled and mouthed it back. Lester's hand started playing with Sarah's tank top strap. Without looking, he looped his thumb underneath it and pulled it down her shoulder. His fingers began to slowly caress her shoulder before inching down and caressing her collarbone and then the top of her chest. Nothing aggressive, delicate lingering touches that began to rile Sarah up.

"What time are we going out?" Sarah asked as she stared into Dan's eyes. Dan was rocked by the surreality of the situation. Her mouth was so close to Lester's cock it was as if she'd spoken into it, as if it were a microphone. He blinked, trying to clear his head.

"After I make love to you again," Lester grinned as his hand dropped into the top of Sarah's tank drop, beneath her bra until his hand was massaging her naked breast. Sarah let out a whimper as he rolled

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

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

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

She could feel both men's eyes on her, tracking her movements. Disappointed by what she hadn't done, but intrigued by what she was doing. Sarah needed to take control. She turned and looked at both men before reaching down and pulling the bottom of her tank

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

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

Sarah stared into Lester's beady eyes as she closed the distance between them.

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

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

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

Dan stayed silent and just stared. He nodded and eagerly watched as Sarah leaned forward and ran her tongue up Lester's shaft. She didn't break eye contact with her husband until her tongue reached

the head of Lester's cock. Sarah twirled her tongue around his head and closed her eyes. She involuntarily moaned, feeling Lester's cock at her lips, "Mhmmmmmmm."

Her mind raced, trying to think of dirty things to say that would turn Dan on. She opened her mouth and took Lester's cock into it, stretching her lips. Lester thrust his hips up off the couch, his cock hitting the back of her throat. Sarah placed her hands firmly on Lester's thighs to hold him in place as she sucked his cock.

Satisfied that he wasn't going to try something again, she let go of one of his

thighs and brought her hand to his cock to stroke it. She enjoyed being in control of Lester and his cock. It felt good knowing she was the one that got to decide when his powerful cock would come. She cast a glance at Dan. His hungry look turned her on. She knew that if she looked at Lester he would likely have the same look. Knowing that they both craved her caused her to rub her thighs together. She was intoxicated by having this power over two men. Her men.

"Mhmmm god Dan, this thing tastes so good," Sarah took her mouth off Lester to talk dirty to her husband. She looked at Dan and winked. She wanted to make this memorable and wanted to lean into the thing she knew would drive him crazy.

"I've missed tasting you, Lester."

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

“You like these lowered, right?” Sarah said as she played with her bra straps.

Then she reached behind and undid the clasp on her white bra, letting it fall to the floor. “What do you think, Dan? Should I cover up, or should I let your roommate keep looking at me?” She cupped her breasts in her hands and held them up to Lester while looking at her husband.

Dan was looking at her like she he wanted to throw her down and fuck her. She couldn’t get enough of it. “Are you going to stop me, Dan? Or are you going to let me suck on Lester some more?”

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

Lester sat back and let Sarah suck his cock with abandon. She was trying to put on a show for Dan to show she was in control. Lester decided to sit back and enjoy the show, neither of them aware of what he had planned for later that night.

He’d let her have the illusion of control for just a bit longer before giving her what she needed.

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

She just needed to feel this cock in her mouth. Lester's hand pressed down on the back of her head, and he shifted his thighs up, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth.

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

Sarah kept one hand on his cock and pushed the other down onto his thigh. He pushed up again, hitting the back of her mouth. Sarah was impressed by his strength but finally broke free from his group. Her mouth left his cock while her hand continued to stroke it, "I said no touching. Today I'm in contro – hrmmpff."

Lester shoved two fingers into her mouth and pushed down on the middle of her tongue. He slid them back out until his fingertips touched her lips and then shoved them back in all the way to the knuckles. Lester had a determined look on his face as he firmly worked his digits into the sexy mother's mouth.

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

"Mhmmmmmmm."

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

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

Sarah's grip tightened around Lester's fingers, and she stroked it. She sucked on Lester's cock while stroking his other fingers. Her brain started to imagine there were two Lesters and she was being shared between them. One cock in

her hand, the other in her mouth. He pulled his hips back and shoved his fingers back into her mouth, alternating which cock she was imagining sucking on.

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

"You like that?" Lester said, "Having one cock in your mouth and another in your hand?"

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

"I can't hear you," Lester said as he pulled his cock from Sarah's mouth.

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

"That's what I thought," Lester chuckled as Sarah's mouth started to suck on his fingers while her hands rapidly stroked his cock. "If you're good, maybe I'll make that happen. Give you a second cock to pleasure."

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

“I’ll tell you one thing, though,” Lester said as he pulled his fingers from Sarah’s lips. She turned her head and quickly found his cock, sucking it into her mouth.

Her fingers instinctively reached out for Lester’s fingers. He grabbed onto her wrists instead, holding her in place, delaying her search for a few seconds before letting go. She quickly began stroking Lester’s fingers like it was another cock.

Lester stood, his hand gripping the back of her head as he started to thrust his cock in and out of her mouth.

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

“If we ever do involve another cock,” Lester grunted, feeling his balls tighten. “It won’t be your husband’s.”

“Mhmmmhmmfffffmmmm,” Sarah had forgotten all about Dan, but her mind was quickly aware that Lester’s thrusts were getting erratic. She felt his balls contract and knew his delicious cum would be shooting into her mouth. She pushed all other thoughts aside for now. All she wanted to focus on was his cum. The first rope hit the back of her throat. Then another. It seemed like Lester had been saving all of his cum for her arrival. Sarah swallowed. Her mouth

was filled again with Lester's cum, some leaking out before she could swallow again.

Sarah let Lester's cock fall from her mouth. She was panting and tried to catch her breath. After several seconds she regained her focus and realized she was still stroking Lester's cock and his fingers. She opened her hands and let go.

Lester flopped back onto the couch with a dumb smile on his face.

Sarah looked over her shoulder at Dan, who had a bewildered look on his face.

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

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

"Okay, though?" Sarah asked.

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

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

Dan looked caught off guard by her comment, he raised an eyebrow. Sarah smiled mischievously, left the boys in the living room, and went to the bathroom.

She felt incredibly horny after blowing Lester. Her body needed to be fucked, and she wasn't sure she could wait until afterwards. Shutting the bathroom door behind her, Sarah started to freshen up. She made sure to brush her teeth and

use some mouthwash, not wanting Dan to accidentally kiss her after she swallowed loads of Lester's illicit cum. Staring at herself in the mirror, Sarah felt a wave of guilt wash over her. While she had been blowing Lester and sucking on her fingers, her mind had imagined a second Lester or even some stranger's cock. She hadn't been picturing Dan. She'd briefly forgotten about her husband, which made things worse. The plan was for her to put on a show for Dan, but at some point, that changed and she was entirely focused on Lester's cock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s okay,” She said, putting a hand on Dan’s chest, “I want to go.” Sarah kissed Dan on the cheek and moved back towards the bedroom. “I need to go get ready.

Give me twenty minutes,” She said loudly enough for Lester to hear. As she walked down the hallway, she thought of the outfit in her carry-on that she had wanted to wear the previous night. She knew it would cause the jaws of both men to drop. A sly smile spread across her face as she closed the door behind her.

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“What’s taking her so fucking long?” Lester was pacing back and forth in the living room. An amused smile crept onto Dan’s face, and his eyes flicked up to look at his roommate. His arms were crossed, and his going-out outfit looked hilarious.

His clothes looked newer than those he usually wore, but he looked like a background character from Night at the Roxbury. He probably felt like a kid going to his first-grade school dance.

“She said twenty minutes. It’s been almost a full hour,” Lester looked at Dan, frustrated. Dan maintained his spot in his chair, his attention focused on his phone. The Chicago Blackhawks were up 2-1 over the Kings. “What’s taking her so long?”

“You sure seem not to know a lot about women,” Dan said, glued to his phone.

“Perfect takes time. You might as well just sit down.”

Dan heard Lester huff and continued his pacing. A few minutes later, Sarah finally emerged from the hallway. She walked into the room as if she hadn’t just taken an hour to get ready, ignorant of Lester’s impatience. Dan felt his cock stir looking at the way his wife was dressed. He always loved when Sarah did her hair up.

She had one of the sexiest necks he’d ever seen. The shirt she was wearing, if you could call it a shirt, did a great job of accentuating the elegance of her neck.

To Dan, it looked like a piece of black material that just covered her breasts and the front of her stomach. A thin little strap went around the back of her neck and connected to the black, satiny-looking material that obscured her chest. It was cut so that there was a large V that went down between her breasts, exposing her chest. Her cleavage was hidden, though, as the material stretched over the tops and sides of her breasts, enveloping them, another thin strap running across her ribs and clasping behind her back. The rest of the material ran down over her stomach, but the sides were exposed for anyone to see.

His wife wore high-waisted white pants that hugged her body, leaving very little to the imagination. Her ass looked amazing, popped out slightly but not obscene, as always. The pants were cut like jeans, but they were made of some other cotton or polyester-like material. She had a pair of black high heels on, too. Dan loved these kinds of outfits. Even before everything had started with

Lester, he'd always gotten off on seeing other men's heads turn to watch his wife when they were out.

"Ready to go, boys?" Sarah said as she turned and looked at herself in the mirror.

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

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

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

"I'll take my car," Dan said while slyly checking out his wife. "I'll follow you there."

Sarah raised an eyebrow at him, but he nodded reassuringly. When the elevator doors opened, Lester stepped out, seemingly oblivious to the custom of letting ladies out first. At least he opened his SUV door for Sarah. Dan navigated the parking lot and got into his own car. He quickly drove to the other side of the lot, where he was surprised to find Lester's SUV was still waiting. As soon as he got close, it started to drive.

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

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

Dan guessed that the garage was fuller during the weekday with office workers but probably emptied out at night and on the weekends. Lester drove to the part of the garage where no cars were parked. Dan followed as they turned around a concrete wall and into an empty section of the garage. A brick wall was visible beyond a chain link fence. They were likely at street level, and the brick wall was

from the next building over. Lester parked parallel to the fence, backing into a spot. Dan pulled in directly in front of Lester's SUV so that the noses of their cars were facing each other. Just in case Lester tried to pull a fast one and leave the garage before he did, his roommate couldn't maneuver his car out of the spot.

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

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

It seemed like Lester was somewhat familiar with this club and this part of town.

That struck Dan as odd, given Lester's reclusive nature. Lester began walking, but Sarah stayed and waited for Dan. "All good?" Dan asked as they fell into stride together.

"A complete gentleman. Didn't talk too much, to be honest." Sarah said as they closed in on Lester. He was at the door, holding it open. "Good,' Dan replied.

Sarah didn't mention that he hadn't so much as touched her either, which, if she was being honest with herself, she wouldn't have minded. She knew she was still worked up from earlier.

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

Dan finally saw the club. The 'Sound-Bar' sign lit up a small alleyway just off the other side of the street. Lester led them up to the door

and knocked on it. A heavyset-looking bouncer opened the door and eyed them up before he stood aside and let them through.

“Twenty-five dollars each for the guys,” a young girl behind the coat check area said to the group. Lester paid for himself and went to walk ahead into the club.

Sarah held his arm and waited for Dan to pay. He hadn’t planned on dropping a $25 cover charge but he sure as hell wasn’t about to let Lester take Sarah into a

place like this alone. Dan paid with a wincing look on his face and followed Sarah and Lester into the club.

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

Sarah looked back at him and said something, but he couldn’t make it out,

“WHAT?” Dan shouted. “BAR. LET’S GO TO THE BAR.” Sarah yelled back. The three of them went up to the bar and eventually got the bartender's attention to order a round of drinks. Lester took out his phone and started typing on it before wandering away from them. Dan slid up next to Sarah and rubbed her back while taking in the club's sights.

It had been a long time since he had been in a nightclub and never one quite like this. Lester returned and handed his phone to Sarah. She read the screen and then handed it to Dan. There was a message written on it, 'Remember, like we agreed, if you see something and want to stop, just say it. Also, I'm not paying for you.' Dan rolled his eyes and gave Lester the OK sign with his hands.

Lester leaned in and whispered something in Sarah's ear. She turned to Dan,

"LESTER WANTS TO DANCE. IS THAT OKAY?" Dan nodded and gave his wife a thumbs up. He couldn't wait to see Lester attempt to dance. It would probably be one of the funniest things he'd see all year. He turned back to the bar and downed his drink before telling the bartender he wanted another. As she was getting his drink ready, Dan turned back to watch Sarah and Lester, but he couldn't see them. He'd lost them in the disparate crowds of bodies on the dance floor.

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Lester led Sarah through the pressing bodies of the crowd. He hated it here. It was too loud, and there were too many people. These were the kinds of people he had hated ever since high school. Idiots drinking their faces off until they couldn't function anymore. He did like the look of some of the women in here, though and would be more than happy to help them after their night was over.

Tonight was about Dan, though, and humiliating him for throwing him out of their home. He needed to be taught a lesson.

He led Sarah to the roped-off section at the back of this room. The bouncer was standing at the foot of a short set of stairs that led to a raised platform with its own dance floor and private round booths inset into the falls. A small railing partitioned the raised area from the rest of the club. The bouncer nodded to Lester, recognizing him from earlier. The bodies were packed tightly around them. Lester

turned to look at Sarah as they stepped up the stairs. She looked back at him, seemingly overwhelmed by all the stimulation around her. He was confident she hadn't noticed they had moved to a more private part of the club.

Dan wouldn't be allowed up here. Not unless he had pre-purchased bottle service. Still holding Sarah's hand, Lester led her to a private booth where the waitress had already set out some drinks for them. Lester slid into the booth, and Sarah followed, looking over her shoulder for her husband. Lester handed her a drink and took a long sip of his.

'WHERE'S DAN?" Sarah said as she started on her second drink of the night.

She could already feel a slight buzz beginning to creep up on her. "I SAW HIM

STANDING BY THE BAR A FEW SECOND AGO. GIVING US SOME SPACE

MAYBE." Lester said, pointing toward the bar they had just come from. Sarah craned her neck but couldn't see him.

"WHERE?" she said loudly, leaning back towards Lester. He pointed in the general vicinity of the bar. He honestly had no idea. All he knew was that Sarah wouldn't be able to see the stairs leading up here from their booth if Dan was there trying to convince the bouncer he belonged. "OVER THERE," Lester pointed again.

Sarah shook her head, unable to locate her husband. He couldn't have lost track of them that quickly, could he? He was probably watching, just like Lester said.

He would probably look on the dance floor for them since that's where they said they were going. She leaned into Lester's shoulder, "I THOUGHT WE WERE

GOING TO DANCE?”

“I DON’T DANCE,” Lester said back, “BUT I’M GOING TO WATCH YOU

DANCE.”

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN?” Sarah said loudly and then took another long sip of her drink, shocked that it was already done. Lester grabbed a bottle off the table

and mixed another drink for both of them. To Sarah, it looked like it was mostly tequila.

“YOU’RE GOING TO FULFILL DAN’s FANTASIES. GO UP ON THE DANCE

FLOOR AND DANCE WITH THE FIRST GUY THAT APPROACHES YOU.

DANCE FOR DAN AND ME TO WATCH. DOESN’T MATTER WHAT THEY

LOOK LIKE, SHOW DAN HOW DIRTY YOU CAN BE.” Lester ran a finger up her bare spine, causing her to shiver, reminding her of what was to come. The music was already causing her body to sway back and forth. She wanted to move to the beat. It had been ages since she’d gone out and danced.

Lester thought she needed to be pushed over the edge. He leaned forward into her ear and said, “Remember, Dan calls the shots tonight. If he doesn’t like you dancing with someone else, he can put a stop to it. But I think we both know it’s going to drive him crazy.” As he was talking, he noticed she’d moved closer to him, ostensibly to hear him better, but she seemed comfortable with her ear against his mouth. Once he’d said what he had to say it was a long moment before she moved away.

Sarah looked back at Lester. He could tell she liked the idea but was eyeing him suspiciously. Sarah slid out of the table, and Lester groaned, watching her ass in those tight pants. With a mischievous glint in her eyes and a smirk tugging at the corners of her lips, Sarah subtly raised her eyebrows and downed the rest of her drink before motioning to Lester for another. Lester finished pouring her another drink and saw the playful spark in her eyes, silently acknowledging that she was up for the game he wanted her to play.

Lester sat back and stared at Sarah's ass and uncovered back as she made her way onto the private dance floor, unaware of the plan he had set in motion.

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Sarah was only alone in the crowd of bodies swaying on the dance floor for a moment before someone slid up behind her. Back in college, this is where she would either stop moving and get away from the person or look back to see who it might be. Tonight, it didn't really matter. They were just a prop for her to tease Dan and Lester with.

She took a sip of her drink and continued to move her body to the music alongside this stranger. The heat from his body was running up her bare back as his crotch pushed against her ass. Sarah felt his hands on her hips, tentatively touching her body. Sarah scanned the crowd for Dan, hoping he was watching. She hooked one arm around the back of the stranger's neck and ground her ass into his

crotch. His hard bulge was immediately evident, and part of her was satisfied that even after two kids, she could still have this effect on a man.

As the song ended, another began with a slower tempo. Sarah's eyes tracked the crowd, looking for Dan, but she couldn't find him in the sea of bodies. Lester stood out from the booth, staring in her direction. Even from here, she could tell how turned on he was

watching her. She pressed harder against the stranger behind her as she stared at Lester. Her bare back pressed into his chest. She could feel his breath on her neck and his dick pressing into her ass. She ground her ass back and forth against the stranger's dick. Closing her eyes, she tried to picture Dan's face watching her, but soon all she could focus on was the hard dick pressing into her ass, so close to her. If a couple of layers of clothes were removed it would be touching her bare ass.

The stranger's hands began to move off her hips slowly. One ran down and rested on her thigh while the other started to graze the naked flesh of her stomach. She wouldn't normally let a stranger touch her like this, but she wanted to turn Dan and Lester on. Dan would intervene if something crossed the line, right? Sarah continued to sway her hips, goosebumps running over her skin as the stranger's fingers traced up her bare rib cage. Sarah dropped her hand from his neck and let it fall to her side as she danced.

Another song started with a faster tempo. Sarah danced a little faster, her partner matching her movements. She decided to tease him a bit, moving her ass off his crotch. Denying him her touch. Now she was turning her hips and body with the music, not just grinding her ass back into his crotch. He was trying to keep up with her, but she could tell he wasn't the best dancer. As Sarah moved her body to one side, he was a few seconds behind her. As the beat of the song increased, so did Sarah's movements. She turned her body with one hand in the air, the other holding her drink. The stranger was behind her, trying to match her movements, she turned, and her hand accidentally grazed his crotch. For a brief second, her fingertips could feel his hardness. As soon as she felt it, they moved again.

Sarah could feel her heart thumping in her chest. Her body felt like it was on fire.

She looked back at Lester and saw him smiling. She wondered if he saw what had just happened. Another song came on with a less

frantic tempo. The stranger stepped back up and pushed his crotch against her ass. Sarah could feel his hard cock pushing into her. She instinctively ground herself back against it as her bare back pressed against his body. One of the man's hands was on her hips while the other was slowly tracing its way up her bare back. Sarah shuddered, feeling another man's hand on her.

Her breathing was getting shallow. The man's hand came to rest on the thin material on the back of her neck before he slowly pushed forward. Sarah knew what he wanted. She'd love to see Dan's face watching. She wished he was here in the crowd with her instead of off to the side somewhere watching. Sarah obliged the man's demands. She would show Lester and Dan just how dirty she could be. The man's hand continued its pressure. Sarah bent forward, pressing her ass further into the man's crotch. She ground her ass up and down along the man's considerable cock.

His hand moved to her shoulder, pulling her back up to him. Sarah could feel sweat dripping down her forehead. There were so many bodies in here, not to mention the heat emanating from the man behind her. His hand snaked its way around her torso and found the opening in her top. Sarah watched as the man's white hand disappeared beneath the sheer material of her black top and cupped her bare breast.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. Wet lips began to kiss the nape of her neck, one of her most sensitive areas. Sarah's ass pushed back into the man's crotch all on its own, seeking connection with his hardened cock. She could feel his hot breath on her neck, driving her crazy. The man's other hand quickly grabbed hers and pulled it behind her, pushing her palm against his hard cock.

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Dan had done a lap around the club, looking through various rooms, but couldn't find them. The buzz of the alcohol was dimming his

senses. He made his way through the dance floor, looking for Lester. He would stand out in a place like this. Bodies pressed against him on all sides, and some young women pushed their backsides against him as he passed.

He returned to the main room where he had lost them and ordered another drink.

As he paid the bartender, he finally caught a glimpse of Lester over her shoulder.

His fat squat body was sitting alone in a booth in the back of the room. Dan kicked himself for not seeing them earlier. They hadn't gone nearly as far as he'd thought.

Taking a big swig of his drink, he moved to the back of the room. *Where was Sarah?* As he approached Lester, he realized his roommate was alone, but his attention was transfixed on the dance floor. Dan stared in the direction Lester was looking. All he could see on the raised platform were bodies dancing. He squinted, looking through the throngs of people until he saw a glimpse of Sarah's outfit. She was dancing but she wasn't alone. Someone was dancing with her.

He couldn't quite see exactly what was happening. Dan looked to his side and saw a short staircase to get up there.

He quickly approached it, but a firm hand pressed against his chest, "VIPS AND

BOTTLE SERVICE ONLY."

"I'M SUPPOSED TO BE UP THERE. MY WIFE AND ROOMMATE ARE WAITING

FOR ME." Dan shouted back.

"THEN HAVE THEM COME GET YOU. I CAN'T LET YOU IN WITHOUT A PASS."

The bouncer pushed firmly on Dan's chest. Dan left the bouncer and walked around the outside of the raised platform, trying to get Lester's attention. His roommate's beady eyes were laser focused on Sarah dancing with some stranger.

"SARAH," Dan tried shouting, but he knew it would be fruitless over the club noise, "SARAH." Some people left the dance floor, and Dan got a better look at Sarah. She was grinding her ass against the man behind her. His hand was inside of her shirt, groping her breast. Her head was leaning back against his chest as the guy was kissing his wife's neck. Then Dan felt his heart sink, recognizing who she was dancing with. It was Jesse.

Fuck that bouncer. Dan quickly jumped onto the railing and climbed over it, landing on the same platform as Sarah and Jesse. He felt his legs sway a bit, the quick motion not agreeing with the alcohol he had consumed. Dan pushed through the other club goers on the dance floor until he reached Sarah and pulled her off his ex-subordinate. Jesse had an amused look on his face, and Sarah was shocked to see the anger in Dan's eyes. She looked back and saw that it had been Jesse she was dancing with and looked mortified in response.

"DAN, I DIDN'T KNOW!" Sarah said loudly, clutching his arm. Dan balled his hands into fists and was about to have a serious conversation with Jesse.

Suddenly, a pair of strong arms grabbed Dan by the shoulder and pulled him backwards. Soon, another pair of hands were on him, pulling him away from Sarah through the crowd. Dan was disoriented and tried to fight off their strong grips, but he couldn't. A door opened up somewhere ahead of him, and cool air washed over

his body. Suddenly, he felt like he was flying, and then he felt pain as he landed on concrete.

He blinked open his eyes and realized he was outside on the street. Sarah was quickly by his side, asking if he was okay. Over her shoulder, he could see a pair

of bouncers looking at him angrily as they shut a side door to the club behind them.

“Are you okay, Dan?” Sarah asked, holding his arm, trying to get him to stand up.

Dan knew he was going to have a wicked hangover in the morning. He let Sarah pull him to his feet, hoping the ringing in his ears would subside once he was standing straight. “Just my pride,” Dan said.

“What the hell were you doing dancing with Jesse?” Dan could feel the crease on his brow furrow as he looked at his wife. “I lost track of you guys.”

“I thought you were watching me the whole time,” Sarah said. Lester appeared from around the corner, clearly not knowing about the secret side door. Sarah continued, “Lester didn’t want to dance, so he told me to go put on a show for you and him. I didn’t even look back to see who I was dancing with. I was more focused on being sexy for you. For both of you. I thought you would stop things if it made you uncomfortable.”

Dan eyed Lester, “Why was Jesse dancing with Sarah?”

Lester looked dumbfounded, “Who’s Jesse? What are you talking about? All I saw was you jumping the railing and getting us kicked out of the club. Were you trying to ruin my date night?”

“Jesse! He used to work with me until he got fired. Why was he dancing with Sarah?” Dan shouted.

“How the fuck should I know? I have no idea what you are even talking about.

Did he know Sarah from before?” Lester shouted back.

“Yeah he had met her a couple of times on business trips,” Dan said, looking back and forth between Lester and Sarah.

“On these trips did he ever, you know…” Lester trailed off, looking at Sarah.

“Ew. No way,” Sarah exclaimed. “The trips weren’t like that. At all.”

“Okay, so he saw your wife on the dance floor by herself and tried to take his shot then?” Lester shrugged, “How would I even know who the hell he was? I can’t keep track of everyone from your past, roomie.”

Dan wanted somewhere to direct his anger but Jesse was still inside the club.

Lester was the next best choice. It didn’t make sense that Lester would know

Jesse. Besides, Lester couldn’t keep his hands off his wife. He was more likely to try to get her alone in a dark corner of the club.

“Why were you dancing alone?” Dan asked Sarah.

“That’s on me. I knew Sarah wanted to dance, but I don’t like dancing. I feel like an idiot up there. So I thought it would be hot to watch her dance, and I figured it would get you off to see her dancing with another guy. It’s my fault. I fucked up.

I’m sorry,” Lester said sincerely.

Lester’s apology caught him off guard. He looked shaken up by what happened.

The little cave troll probably wasn't used to violence. Seeing the bouncers throw him out probably spooked him, "Whatever, let's just go." Dan said as he rotated his shoulder. He had landed hard on the concrete and wasn't looking forward to the pain tomorrow. At least for now, the alcohol had numbed everything.

Lester led them back up the sidewalk as Sarah and Dan followed hand in hand.

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Sarah felt mortified as she held onto Dan's arm. As they walked down the parking garage's staircase all she could focus on was the events of the last few minutes.

Jesse's tongue on her neck, his body pressing against hers. The feeling of his hardening cock pressing into her ass. Her hand on his crotch. She hated that she now had some idea of the size of Jesse's cock - he was not small. The anger in her husband's eyes as he pulled her from Jesse.

She couldn't lie to herself. Seeing the anger and jealousy on Dan's face had been incredibly erotic. Sarah felt ashamed at just how horny it had made her. In her defense, Lester had turned her on earlier when she sucked his cock. She wanted to take Dan after that, but they had gone out. The sweaty bodies and gyrating in the clubs hadn't done anything to temper her horniness. And Jesse's dancing and groping only served to dial things up.

Still, she knew how mad Dan had gotten, but she couldn't help feeling embarrassed at the scene they had made, seeing her husband being man handheld and thrown out of a club. Everyone's eyes were watching them as she quickly followed the bouncers out. She was glad to be out of there, away from the judgemental eyes. She wished she could have spent longer in the club and danced with her husband. Lester had at least thought of Dan and tried to plan

something involving him and his fantasies. She would have to find a way to thank him for that.

Lester opened the door onto their floor, and the trio crossed the empty parking level. Sarah did feel bad about Dan getting thrown out of the club. She wanted to find some way to make it up to him. As they neared the cars, an idea hit her —

the car. Dan had wanted to see her in a vehicle with Lester. He had missed out on her past dates with Lester and wanted a redo of her performance.

She stopped and held onto Dan's hand, slowing him. He turned to face her,

"What?"

With Dan's back blocking Lester's view, she ran her hands up and down Dan's crotch, "Did you still want to see what I do with him in the car?"

Dan gulped. She could see him doing the mental calculations in his head. He nodded softly, unable to verbalize a response. Sarah smiled, "Remember, we have the safeword." She could see Dan's face turn a shade of crimson. She leaned into her husband and gave him a deep kiss, shoving her tongue into his mouth. "I think you're going to like this."

Holding his hands, she led them to Lester's SUV, where he was waiting, "Lester, get in the backseat. Dan,go get in the passenger side." Sarah opened the back door of the SUV and got in while both men stood there dumbfounded. Lester was the first to move, heaving his body through the door following Sarah. Dan quickly moved between the vehicle's hoods and opened the passenger door. He did it carefully, trying not to hit the chain link fence that looked out into the alleyway.

Once Dan was in the seat and turned around to look at them, Sarah got started.

She knew this would turn Dan on, and she wanted to lean into the dirty talk for him. She felt like she failed him earlier and wanted to make it up to him. The first thing she did was repeat the kiss she had just given her husband, but now it was Lester she kissed. Dan watched as their tongues played against each other, his heart sinking as his roommate clutched the back of his wife's head. Once the kiss had gone on nearly a minute, they broke apart, each breathing heavily. Staring into Dan's eyes, Sarah dropped her hand and started to massage Lester's crotch,

"My, my, what do we have here?"

"You're gonna have to open that up to find out," Lester grunted. Dan could hear his heart beating in his ears. The volume in the club had messed with his eardrums and now seeing Sarah and Lester together in the car was causing his body to go into overdrive. He had wondered what this would be like. He hated imagining Sarah alone with Lester in the car, like their previous dates without him. Now, he was seeing it happen. Was this how they had started it before?

Dan gulped as he watched his wife slowly unbuckle Lester's belt and pull down the zipper on his roommate's pants. She reached in and began caressing Lester's cock. She turned and stared at Dan, her chest heaving as she said, "I found something, Dan. I think I need to get a closer look at it. What do you think?"

All Dan could do was nod wordlessly. He knew he was about to step off a cliff here but couldn't stop himself. Lester sat back and let Sarah tug at his pants. She pulled them down past his knees until his tight white underwear appeared. Sarah hungrily yanked those down, too, until his cock sprang out and slapped against his thigh. Lester used his legs to kick off his pants and underwear as Sarah

wrapped her hands around his cock, “It looks like someone’s happy to see me.”

Sarah continued to gently stroke Lester’s growing cock with her delicate, manicured nails. She stared at Dan and said, “It’s crazy how this thing is always hard and ready for me. Even though I already swallowed a load earlier, look at it.” She gently squeezed him, her thumb massaging his glans and the pronounced ridge of his cockhead.

“That’s because it loves you,” Lester grunted, thrusting his cock towards Sarah’s face. She turned and kissed its head. Dan watched as Sarah looked at him and said, “And I love it too. God, this cock really has me begging for it. I think about it all day while I’m at work.”

“How are you doing over there, baby?” Sarah said, looking at her husband as her tongue licked the underside of Lester’s cock. “Feeling better?”

Dan gulped and whispered, “Yeah. Better.”

“Good,” Lester chuckled, “You seemed pretty upset with your old friend there.

What was his name again?”

“Jesse,” Dan muttered as he focused on his wife kissing and sucking Lester’s cock.

“Sarah,” Lester’s eyes flicked to Dan to see his reaction, “You seemed to enjoy yourself on the dance floor. Do you think Jesse enjoyed himself, too?”

“What do you mean?” Sarah paused, looking up at him.

“Could you tell if he was hard or not?” Lester grinned, “As you moved your ass against his crotch.”

Sarah squeezed Lester’s cock and looked at her husband, “He was.” Dan felt his stomach drop and his cock twitch, knowing that little shit Jesse had his cock

pressed up against his wife’s fantastic ass. Getting stimulated by her dancing on it.

“Let’s not focus on that,” Sarah said, looking back at Lester as she lowered her lips to the top of his cock, “Let’s focus on rewarding you for such a nice night out.

It would have been nice to stay and dance a little longer with you boys, but I want to show you how much I appreciate the effort.”

“Fuck yes, show me how much you appreciate me and my cock,” Lester thrust his cock up towards Sarah’s face.

Sarah smiled and kept her focus on her husband as she planted soft kisses up and down the shaft of Lester’s cock, “I’d do anything for this cock. I love the taste of it.” Dan groaned from the front seat, hearing his wife talk like this. How she looked at him was almost too much for him to bear. She was toying with him like she always did. When she looked at him like that, he never knew if she was being serious or performing for him. He knew she loved toying with him, and he was putty in her hands.

“Anything?” Lester smirked, looking down at Sarah, whose tongue was delicately licking his shaft; keeping him hard but not sucking him off. He smiled inwardly at just how little effort he had to put into the evening. Here he was about to have his cock in Sarah’s mouth in front of her husband. He thought back to their first meetings and all the subtle manipulations it would have taken for her to even touch his cock. Now, she was willing to do anything for him. Sarah looked up at Lester repeating his thought, “Anything.”

Lester grinned and looked back and forth between Sarah and Dan. “Then follow me.” Dan stared in disbelief as Lester opened the door and looked like a weirdo stepping out into the parking garage without pants, his hardened pole flopping around in public. He quickly peeled off his shirt and threw it back into the car.

Sarah looked at Dan, who could only shrug in response, not knowing what would happen. She followed Lester out of the car, and he guided her directly in front of his SUV.

Dan watched Lester kneel and disappear from view. Sarah planted her hands on the hood of the SUV and squirmed back and forth. Dan tried to get a better view of what was happening, but soon Lester stood back up, holding Sarah’s tight white pants victoriously. Dan’s eyes immediately scanned the garage roof, looking for video cameras, but didn’t see any. He doubted a dingy parking garage like this would be equipped with the latest in surveillance. Dan’s eyes shifted to the rest of the garage. Behind this concrete wall, they were obstructed from view.

The rest of this level had very few cars parked on the way in. He felt confident no one would accidentally stumble upon them.

Lester whispered something in Sarah’s ear. She looked up and held her husband’s gaze as Lester’s hands began to explore her body. Sarah was biting her lip, and then Dan understood what was happening. Lester’s hand must be in her panties, playing with her.

“Uhhhhh,” Sarah moaned as Lester’s fingers played with her clit. He was rubbing his finger against it softly in a circular motion.

“Keep looking at Dan,” Lester whispered as he nibbled on her earlobe, “He loves seeing you like this. Let’s put on a show for him.”

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah kept her eyes locked on her husband’s through the windshield. She could see that hungry look in his eyes. The same one she had pictured on the dance floor. Then she

remembered his anger. She focused on that as Lester's fingers started to run up and down her wet slit. Soon, Sarah was bucking her hips back towards Lester. She could feel his hard cock pressing into her panty-clad ass.

Lester looked up at Dan and started planting kisses on Sarah's neck. He was enjoying every minute of this. Why he had never gone after a married woman before baffled him. It was one thing to dominate a woman and make her open her legs for him. It was on another level to do that in front of her husband. Lester relished the control he exerted over the couple. Dan had better learn to stay in his place from now on, after his lesson tonight.

"Ah fuck," Sarah braced herself against the hood of Lester's SUV as he pushed a finger inside of her. Soon, a second followed, causing Sarah to drop her head to try to catch her breath. She hadn't realized quite how worked up she'd remained with all the ups and downs of the evening. His other hand groped her ass cheek as he opened her up. Lester smiled as he pushed his fingers into Dan's wife. Even at this angle, he made sure he could brush them against her g -spot to make her body quiver for him.

Dan watched from the passenger seat with a mixture of arousal, lust and disgust as he watched the coupling. Seeing Sarah's beautiful face contorted in pleasure while Lester's ugly, determined face was next to hers sent chills down his spine.

He felt like he was taking a drug and couldn't stop watching.

Part of him wanted to open the door and step out into the garage with them. The other didn't want to move, to continue to watch the events unfold behind the

safety of the windshield. It felt surreal to him, and it would become more real if he stepped out to join them. He felt his cock aching in his pants. For now, he just gently rubbed it; not sure if he wanted to pull his pants off in Lester's car.

"Uh fuck, Lester," Sarah squirmed back on his fingers. Lester licked the side of her neck, "I love it when you say my name, Sarah. It sounds so sweet off your lips."

"Lester, mhmmmm Lester," Sarah moaned, "Don't stop Lester, right there. Right uh, mhmm, there." Down her thigh behind her she felt the tip of Lester's cock graze her. It never ceased to amaze her how long and thick Lester's cock was.

How big it got before it was inside her.

Lester pulled his fingers out of the wife and pushed down on her back. Sarah's hands collapsed, and her elbows dropped onto the SUV. Lester pulled his shirt off and ripped off Sarah's white panties, tearing them at the sides, "Ahh, uhhhh."

He lined his cock up with her wet slit and slowly pushed the head of his cock into the young mother, never forgetting to savor how her walls held him tightly, milking him from the very start. "Oh my god, fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's cock beginning to enter her. Lester's eyes flicked up to watch Dan's reaction. He was still sitting there transfixed on his wife, whose hair was now splayed out across the hood of Lester's car. *Good. No reaction from either one of them about my bare cock.* His subtle, patient planning had paid off.

Lester felt he deserved an Oscar for his performance at the club earlier. Watching Dan get thrown out brought him immense pleasure. Dan wanted to throw him out of his house? Well, Lester made sure the same thing happened to him, just more painfully and more publicly embarrassing. Sometimes it was too easy. Dan could be so predictable. It was a success in another way, though. Learning just how sensitive Dan was to his old coworker Jesse. There was plenty more to leverage there. Jesse was quite the open book about all things Dan and seemed easy to manipulate.

"Oh fuck Lester, slow baby slow it down," Sarah whimpered as she felt Lester's cock stretching her out. Lester had his hands upon her

bare back, intent on ripping off her top soon. He gripped the back of her neck and pulled her up off the SUV. At the same time, he shoved the entire length of his cock into her. "Ah, shit, Lester." His casual disregard for her while taking what he wanted put Sarah dangerously within reach of an explosive orgasm.

"I know you, Sarah Williams," Lester grunted loudly into the empty parking garage as he pulled his cock out and slammed it back into her, "And what did you say

before? You don't need love tonight? You like getting fucked hard and fast, and that's how I'm going to give it to you tonight." His eyes focused on some faraway point as his hips sped up.

Lester's pudgy fingers sank into Sarah's hips as he started to pound her pussy relentlessly. Sarah tried thrusting back against him, but the angle of their connection and his furious pace made it impossible. She braced herself with her elbows against the SUV and just hung on as Lester fucked the shit out of her.

The troll-like man slowed his pace and grabbed a handful of Sarah's hair, yanking her upright. He turned her head and shoved his tongue into her panting mouth.

Sarah's tongue snaked into his, exploring and tasting him. Lester broke the kiss, and Dan watched his wife look at his roommate with intense arousal. Then Lester started kissing her neck, planning a trail of kisses onto her shoulder.

"God, you're so fucking beautiful," Lester said as his kisses set her nerves on fire. "I just want you in my bed every night so I can fuck you senseless." Lester stopped his kisses at the nape of her neck before increasing his pace once again.

Sarah was panting, her head resting on the hood. She opened her eyes and saw Dan's face staring at her. His arm was moving. He was stroking himself, watching her get fucked by his troll of a roommate.

She never expected her beauty, and the beast-type fantasies would include getting fucked by the beast in a parking garage.

Suddenly, she felt her body begin to tense up. Lester's cock head was rubbing up against her g-spot. Back and forth. Back and forth. Her orgasm came without warning, causing her to push off into the balls of her feet into her high heels. It radiated throughout her body and her breath caught in her throat. Her perfect ass pushed back onto Lester's cock, letting him fully penetrate the young wife. "Ohhh fuckkkk ahhh Lester." Her fist pounded on the hood emphasizing the turmoil inside the young wife.

"That's it," Lester grunted, sweat beginning to drip off his forehead "Cum for me, my little slut. Squeeze daddy's cock." Sarah held her breath as her body stiffened, and she felt a wave of pleasure wash across it. Her eyes closed, and Dan disappeared from view. All she wanted to focus on was riding this orgasm out.

Even though her pussy was gripping Lester tightly, he still was pushing into her, keeping her orgasm alive.

Sarah exhaled and took in a deep breath. She had to breathe. Holding her breath so long gave her a minor headache, and the booze was making her a little dizzy.

She stepped back down into her heels and steadied herself against the SUV.

Lester pulled his cock out of her and spun her around until her ass was pressing up against the hood of Dan's car. She instinctively laid back, resting her heels on the front bumper as Lester moved between her legs.

Dan stared, watching his young wife lay herself onto the hood of his car as Lester got into position to mount her. This whole experience was like some pornographic amusement park ride - the inside of the car shook and shuddered from the couple's frenetic fucking. The

corners of Dan’s mouth formed a disgusted look, now being treated to a view of Lester’s hairy, flabby ass.

Lester pushed his cock into Sarah, and her legs wrapped around his waist, the high heels jutting into his ass. Nothing was going to stop him from fucking her.

“Did you forget something?”

“Fuck, uh, what?” Sarah grunted as she finally could move her hips down and fuck Lester’s cock. “What?”

“No condom,” Lester said through gritted teeth. Immediately Sarah’s bucking on his cock increased. Lester grinned, knowing that her body had responded to the idea. He wasn't sure whether it was because of its taboo nature or desire to be bred, but he would surely reap the benefits of it, “Want me to stop and get one?”

Sarah’s eyes were closed, focusing on the sensation of Lester’s bare cock sliding in and out of her. Fucking her senseless. There was no way she wanted to stop right and lose this feeling. Not when she could feel another orgasm starting to build up inside of her.

“Want me to stop?” Lester repeated, holding her hips tightly as he fucked into her, “We can ask Dan to grab a condom.”

“Don’t,’ Sarah started. She heard a sound someplace off, but it barely registered in her brain. She needed to feel his cock. She didn’t want to stop. Didn’t want to let this feeling go. If they stopped, it would ruin everything, and there was a chance Dan might say the safeword. “Don’t. Fucking. Stop.”

Lester grinned and threw his weight forward, plunging his cock as deep into Sarah as possible. His fat gut pushed her legs slightly apart as it came to rest on her stomach. He gripped her hands and held them over her head, pinning her to the hood of Dan’s car,

“Good because I wasn’t going to stop anyway, not until I fill you with my cum.”

“Ah fuck,” Sarah grunted. She felt a second orgasm rippling its way to the surface.

Lester pinned her down and increased his pace. Saying that he was going to fill her up, not letting her have a choice in the matter. It was all serving as fuel to

make her explode again. “Fuck Lester, give it to me. Give me your cum. Give it to me.”

Lester leaned in and whispered in her ear, “We don’t need condoms anymore because your pussy is all mine now.”

Lester wasn’t stopping. He kept hammering his cock into her at lightning speed.

Sarah felt her body tensing again. Another orgasm began to rip through her.

“Ah FUCK, FUCK,” Sarah’s screams echoed in the empty parking lot. Her entire body felt like it was on fire, every nerve dancing together in harmony as her body squeezed Lester’s cock for his cum. She wanted it. All of it. “Mhmmmmm, holy shit, Lester.”

Sarah was panting, unable to catch her breath as the last traces of her orgasm started to soften. She felt another one slowly building as Lester continued to fuck her. He leaned in and whispered in her ear, “I’m going to be back at your hospital soon. I plan on fucking you at your desk. What do you say.”

“Fuck,” Sarah grunted, pushing her ass down onto Lester’s cock. She could feel his big hairy balls slapping against her ass with each thrust. “I can’t wait.”

“Heh,” Lester grinned, wondering what Dan would think. He agreed to stay away from her in the workplace until he got their systems back online. He never promised to stay away forever. Sarah’s head came up off the hood and she sucked on his neck, spurring the fat man to fuck her harder.

A sound from his right got his attention, and Lester turned his head towards the chain link fence. Slowly, the shadow of a man came into view. Lester slowed his thrusts into Sarah as the shadow got closed. Soon, the dim lighting of the garage illuminated a vagrant in shabby clothes making his way down the alleyway. The man’s dangerous eyes were transfixed on Sarah lying across the hood.

Sarah opened her eyes, wondering why Lester had stopped giving her the fucking she craved. She saw his ugly features looking to the side of the car where the fence was. Her eyes followed his, and she was shocked to see another man standing on the other side of the chain link fence watching them. The man looked homeless with stained, baggy sweatpants and shoes that were falling apart. His black t-shirt was full of holes and stains, and a dirty denim jacket was over it.

Sarah could smell the booze from here. He reeked of it. His face was sun-damaged with tons of wear and tear on it. The man’s face had a permanent scowl, and it looked like he hadn’t shaved for weeks. His eyes looked hungry and desperate, one seemingly bigger than the other.

“Don’t stop because of Cash!” The homeless man shouted, “Keep fucking her!”

Lester turned his head and locked back down at Sarah. She was staring at the homeless man, but her pussy was squeezing his cock. Lester was surprised when Sarah gently rolled her hips on his cock. He shouldn’t have been so surprised. He had noted extensively that Sarah was likely a closet exhibitionist, and she did get turned on by

lesser men. What's lower than a homeless bum? It was time for her to come out of that closet.

Dan sat there like a deer in the headlight as this homeless vagrant was staring at his half-naked wife. With his eyes solely focused on Sarah, he hadn't noticed Dan in the car. What should he do? Should he get out and try to warn the guy off or stay concealed in case something happens and he needs to act? All these thoughts ran through his head, trying to formulate a plan. Figure out the best way

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"Mhmmmmm," Dan's mind blanked as he focused on the sound and the car dipped again more forcefully than before.. He looked back at Lester and Sarah.

Lester had started moving his hips again, and Sarah seemed to be thrusting back onto him. She was okay with Lester fucking her in front of a homeless man?

Dan's erection twitched in his hands. He tentatively stroked his bare cock. The idea of some street trash seeing his beautiful, proper wife naked and getting fucked seemed to add fuel to his lust. Soon, he felt like his hands were slipping off the steering wheel of his self-control.

"Ugh fuck," Sarah groaned, closing her eyes. Lester let go of her arms and held onto her hips as he resumed his relentless pacing, sliding his cock in and out of her. "No," Lester grunted as his balls slapped against her ass, "Open your eyes."

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at her husband's roommate as he fucked her. "Don't look at me," Lester grunted, "Look at him."

Nervously, Sarah turned her head to look at the older homeless man staring at her. His dirty sweatpants were around his thighs, and he was stroking his cock.

He looked at her like she was a meal he needed to devour. He looked desperate for just a taste. Lust was painted across all of his features. Neither Dan nor Lester had ever looked at her with such intensity. Her eyes dropped to the motion of his hand stroking his cock. Her eyes bulged out of her head when she saw his cock.

It wasn't as big as Lester's, but it was girthier and far more unkempt.

"Like Cash's cock huh, girlie?" The homeless man shouted. He was stroking his cock with one hand while the other hung onto the fence. There were old letters tattooed on his knuckles, but Sarah couldn't make out what they said. Sarah

turned her head away. Her face was beet red at having been caught staring at the homeless man's cock.

Lester grabbed her chin and turned her head back to look at the strange man.

This was just like when Dan had first fucked Sarah on the couch and made her look at Lester. He doubted any of them recognized the similarity except him. And now he was in Dan's place, bare inside the young wife while a stranger looked on.

"Tell him you like his cock," Lester grunted as she pushed his cock deeper into Sarah eliciting a loud moan from the young mother. Sarah's eyes snapped back to the homeless cock a few feet from her, "Your cock looks thick."

"Come and get a closer look," the man shouted as he thrust his cock through the fence. It was pointing right at her, desperate to get as close to her as possible,

"Hey, lardass, let's see those tits. Cash ain't got all night."

Lester felt sweat running down his back as he fucked Sarah. He shot the man an angry look before slowing his pace and running his hands up Sarah's stomach and then to her chest, still covered by the sheer material. Sarah turned her head and watched as Lester's hands reached her neck. She felt her breathing increase and her chest get flush at the idea of being completely naked. Not only would she be naked on the streets of Chicago but in front of some dirty old homeless man.

Yet she didn't make a move to stop him.

Lester found the clasp at the back of her neck and undid it. Then he reached under, found the other on her back, and followed suit. He stared into Sarah's eyes as he pulled the sheer material from her body, exposing her completely to the dark Chicago night. Sarah felt the cold air wash over her nipples, making them harder. Lester tossed the top aside and took a firm grip on Sarah's thigh.

"Holy Fuck," The man rattled the fence with both hands, "Whoooo-wee! Holy fuck, look at 'em!" Sarah looked at the man and saw him licking his lips, devouring her with his eyes. He started pumping his cock faster, "Fucking hell, woman."

"Her name's Sarah," Lester grinned as he watched Sarah's beautiful breasts jiggle as he resumed fucking her.

"Sarah, Sarah, SARAH," The homeless man shouted. "SEXY SARAH. Cash wants to come all over those tits. Whadya say you share sexy Sarah with Cash, huh?"

Lester smirked as he looked down at Sarah. Her legs were wrapped around his waist, her nails digging into his biceps as he fucked her. Her eyes looked up at

him with pure lust. He wasn't sure she would say no if he did decide to share her.

Dan might protest, but who knows? But for tonight, Lester wasn't prepared to share Sarah. Not yet.

"She's all mine," Lester slid his cock all the way out before slamming it back in.

"Ah fuck," Sarah moaned in response.

"Isn't that right, Sarah?" Lester furrowed his eyebrows and started to fuck her quickly, "You're all mine."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah rolled her head to the side to look at the homeless man. "Just his," she teased.

"Cash is still cumming for you tonight," The excited man seemed full of energy, bouncing around on the other side of the fence as he stroked his cock. "Tell Cash you want to see Cash cum."

Lester smirked and nodded to Sarah. She bit her lip and looked at Cash's cock.

"I want to see you cum for me. Cum for me, Cash."

"Arrgghh, Sexy Sarah," the man grunted as he continued to stroke his cock. He was staring at Sarah's white pristine chest as he furiously stroked his member."

"Lester," Sarah whispered, "Don't stop. I'm close. So close."

Lester shot a glance over his shoulder. Dan was still seated in the car, watching everything unfold. He wondered how far he could push things until Dan snapped.

Lester bent forward and mashed his lips against Sarah's, slowing his fucking.

She wrapped her arms around his head and kissed him back, her tongue massaging his. From the car Dan watched as the lovers'

heads twisted with each other, delighting in their contact above and below.

Lester broke the kiss and slowly pulled his cock all the way out of her. Sarah expected him to slam it back in, but he didn't. Instead, he grabbed her by the thighs and pulled her off the hood of the car. "I want to cum in you from behind,"

Lester said as he pulled Sarah to the side of the car.

Sarah gulped as Lester pulled her beside the car, directly in front of the chain link fence, in front of their homeless stranger. The smell of booze and the street was stronger right in front of him. Lester leaned back against the side of the car and pushed Sarah's hips, causing her to bend over. She caught herself on the fence as Lester pushed the head of his cock into her.

"Ah FUCK yeah," The homeless man shouted into the night. Sarah was bent over right in front of him, her perfect breasts presented on display. "Come to CASH, Sexy Sarah."

Sarah held onto the fence for dear life as Lester began fucking her in earnest.

Her body slammed her ass back against his cock, needing to feel it deep inside of her. She opened her eyes and saw the homeless man staring at her. He was licking his lips and bouncing around with the energy of a caged animal, with its prey lying on the other side of the fence. He kept stroking his fat dirty pole furiously. Sarah couldn't stop herself from looking down at this strange, girthy cock just a foot away.

"Ah fuck Lester," Sarah said through gritted teeth as she gripped the fence. "Don't stop. Close, so close."

"CASH is close too!" The homeless man shouted as he leered at Sarah. He seemed to be alternating between stroking himself and

thrusting his cock through the fence at her.

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Dan sat there staring at the scene unfolding in front of him. Lester was taking his wife from behind while she braced herself against the fence where the homeless man was standing. His cock was hard as a rock, and he wasn't even touching it.

It was standing upright, twitching. Dan watched as Sarah's breasts shook from Lester's fucking, her ass jiggling as it slammed back against Lester's cock.

Sarah's eyes stared down at the homeless man's cock. The look of lust on her face as she stared at it.

"Pineapple," Dan whispered to himself as his cock exploded on its own, drenching his thighs in cum.

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"Fuck yes, right there, Lester. Don't stop. Ah, Please. Uhhh." Sarah gripped the fence as hard as she could as she thrust her pussy back onto Lester's crotch.

Her mouth hung agape as she breathed hard, her firm breasts hanging back and forth.

The homeless man stared at her breasts, licking his lips as he stroked himself in front of her. Sarah couldn't help it. From her position, her head hung down, looking right at the angry cock of the vagrant.

"Say my name, Sarah," Lester slapped her ass hard, causing her to yelp and jerk forward before pushing herself back down on his thrusting cock. "Say my fucking name. SAY IT!"

“LESTER!” Sarah shouted for anyone to hear, “FUCK ME LESTER.”

“Ugh yeah,” the homeless man grunted, “So fucking sexy.” The man was pressing himself up against the fence. It looked like he was trying to will his body through the fence so he could get closer to Sarah’s naked body. He was still jerking his cock while trying to push it through the hole towards her.

“Do you like being watched by this guy, Sarah?” Lester bit down on his lip as he took long, powerful thrusts into Sarah. “Are you going to let him watch you cum?”

“Uhh, ahh, ffuuck,” Sarah moaned, closing her eyes as she fucked Lester back.

The image of the vagrant’s cock was still burned into her memory. She could still see it even with her eyes closed.

His own sweat was beginning to sting his eyes and he could taste it. Almost there.

“Sarah. Tell him. Tell Cash who I am. Tell him who’s fucking the shit out of you.”

The defiled wife looked up at Lester with an exhausted quizzical look on her face.

“Wha? Lester?”

Lester’s exhausted look turned into a toothy grin as he punctuated his words with each thrust. “TELL. CASH. WHO. IS. FUCKING. YOU. IN. THIS. CITY.

TONIGHT!!” he shouted.

Sarah wailed as she felt the beginnings of the one she’d been waiting for. “OH, OH. My, my boyfriend, Cash my Chicago Boyfriend

is fucking the shit out of me!”

“I’m gonna cum Sarah. I’m going to fill you up again with my cum. No condom.

You want it, right?” Lester slapped her ass hard again, leaving a visible red mark on it. Gripping her waist tightly with one hand, he used the other to grab her by the hair on the nape of her neck. He pulled her head back, “Tell me how much you want it. Tell our friend here how much you want your Chicago boyfriend’s cum.”

“I WANT IT!” Sarah shouted again into the night, “I want your cum Lester! Give it to me. Fill me up.”

“Youse gonna get knocked up tonight, girl!” A toothless smile spread onto the homeless man’s face. “That Chi-town fucker’s gonna fill ya.”

“Ah fuck, Lester,” Sarah moaned at the abhorrent thought of Lester putting a baby into her. She knew it wasn’t possible, but the illicit idea set her body on fire. Her pussy clenched down on Lester’s cock as her orgasm reached a crescendo and burst inside of her, “Ahhhhhh FUUCK. Mhhmmmmmmmm, god.”

Sarah was on the balls of her feet again as she came. Lester felt her squeezing his cock harder than she had in weeks. He couldn’t hold back any longer. He felt his balls tighten and came, “Take it Sarah. All mine now.!” His foot stamped on the ground giving him leverage to get every last bit of his cock inside the screaming woman.

Sarah felt Lester’s hot cum spray into her, running unchecked through her sensitive pussy. As rope after rope of cum battered her insides, she felt each one ratcheting up her orgasm, making it hit new heights. She closed her eyes and focused on his cock, “Fuck LESTER. Oh. MY. GOD. FUCK. MHMMMMMMM.”

“Take it,” Lester was panting as sweat dripped off his body. He stared down At Sarah’s heart-shaped ass connected with his crotch.

He leaned forward, spent and licked some sweat off the young mother's back.

"HERE CUMS CASH!" The homeless man yelled. Sarah's eyes snapped open in time to see the girthy cock in front of her begin to spasm as cum shot out. A thick milky white rope of cum sprayed from his cock and easily crossed the small gap between them. It hit Sarah square in the chest, dripping over her naked breasts.

Another hot load of cum landed on her breasts, causing Sarah to quiver. She had been coming down from her orgasm but feeling the hot cum on her skin set her body back aflame.

"Ah fuck," Sarah whispered, gritting her teeth and holding onto the fence as hard as she could. Lester could feel Sarah's pussy tighten again on his cock. He knew she was cumming again. "Holy fuck," she said with a hoarse voice.

"Ughhhhhhh," the old homeless man growled as another rope of cum hit Sarah on the hip, inches above her pussy. The man seemed to be leaning against the fence for support now, physically spent. Another load of cum hit Sarah on her bare foot while another hit the pavement in front of her.

Sarah grasped the fence, gasping for breath. Lester groaned from behind her.

She looked over her shoulder and saw him leaning back against the car, looking like he had just run a marathon, sweat pouring off of him. She just wanted to lie down and go to sleep. Knowing she couldn't sleep here, she took a mini-step forward, spreading her legs and letting Lester's cock slide out of her.

From inside the car, Dan watched as his wife stood there, covered in the cum of a vagrant while remnants of his roommate's orgasm dripped down between her legs. He couldn't help but think he'd never seen her more sexually alluring. He'd married a goddess and

he was seeing her now covered in tribute. It was both an incredibly low moment and one in which he realized he'd never loved her more.

Sarah stepped away from Lester, and her foot landed on something sticky.

Letting go of the fence, she turned to look for her clothes. A wet sensation touched her shoulder. Sarah jerked back from the fence, only to see the homeless man sticking his tongue through. He had just licked her, "You taste sweet."

With her rational brain coming back online, Sarah put distance between her and the fence, resuming the search for her clothes. Her ripped panties were next to the car. She quickly picked them up and found her pants close by. She looked around for her shirt but couldn't find it.

The door to the SUV opened, and Dan stepped out looking shell-shocked. In that moment, Sarah realized she had lost track of her husband and potentially failed to help protect him from himself.

"Who the fuck are you?" The homeless man said, reaching through the fence.

Sarah saw his hand grab a pile of black material from the ground. Before she could say anything, he withdrew his hand along with her shirt. He sniffed the material and tucked it into a pocket inside his denim jacket.

"Her husband," Dan said, coming around the car to help shield Sarah from view.

He opened the passenger door of his vehicle for her. Sarah put her pants on while looking at the homeless man, "Please give me my shirt back…uhh. Cash?"

“No can do. It's Cash’s now. That's the rule of the streets. Cash gonna use it later unless you want to trade for it?” A hungry glint appeared in his eyes, and Sarah knew what kind of trade he meant. She took her ruined panties and tried to wipe off the homeless man’s cum from her body. Dan saw some of Lester’s body hair matted with sweat, stuck against Sarah’s bare back.

“Fine, keep it,” Sarah grunted as she pulled her legs into the tight-fitting pants.

She didn’t want to think about how dirty the shirt would smell now that it was tucked in his pocket. Sarah slid into the passenger seat of their car, Dan closing the door behind her.

Lester was moving now, pulling on his pants and shirt, “See you back home,” he said to Dan as he opened the driver’s door of the SUV. Dan circled his car, trying not to get close to the fence within reach of the homeless man.

He stood there at the fence, staring at Sarah through the windshield. As Dan got in the car, “Let's get out of here.”

“Roger that,” Dan said as he turned on the ignition and took his shirt off, handing it to Sarah to put on. Sarah could see that the muscles in his neck were tight.

She shook her head, looking at his toned body. When her husband looked like that, here she was, bent over by a fat troll-like man while a homeless guy jerked off to her. *What was she doing?* Dan paused partway out of the garage and turned on his GPS to help him navigate back. Lester had already left.

“Her husband!” The homeless man cackled as he walked off further down the alley. “That's fucked up!”

“That was something,” Dan said when they were a few blocks away from the parking garage.

“I didn’t expect that guy to show up. It was, I don’t, I don’t even know, honestly.

I’m still processing it.” As she looked out the window, Sarah said, “It wasn’t too much? I know I lost control back there, but what about you? How are you feeling?”

“Honestly, I don’t know,” Dan said, watching the road, “I think I need some time to process it too. I just can’t believe a homeless man saw my wife naked.”

“Me either,” Sarah shuddered, remembering the desperate hunger in the man’s eyes. “I really need a shower before bed.”

“Let’s get you home, baby. We’ll figure the rest out in the morning,” Dan said, looking over at her and smiling. “I still love you, don’t worry about that.”

“I love you too,” Sarah said, relieved. As crazy as the night had been, she still had her rock in Dan. Always there to ground her. “Did you, you know. Did you cum?” Sarah asked.

Dan momentarily glanced down at his crotch. “Yeah. I did.”

“When?” Sarah asked, “How long ago was it?”

Dan didn’t answer but kept his eyes on the road. After a moment, he whispered,

“Right before you came, right when the homeless guy started going nuts.”

Sarah didn’t respond, but her mind started working. Did the homeless man being there turn Dan on? Did he like seeing a guy so below him, so, so far down beneath him seeing his wife exposed like that? She will have a ton of questions for her husband tomorrow.

As they rode in silence, Sarah felt a warm rush of liquid leak out of her. Lester's cum. She thought back to the homeless man's comments about her getting knocked up. She turned to Dan, "Lester didn't use a condom again."

Dan tightened his grip on the steering wheel, "I know." Dan shifted his weight in his seat. Sarah quickly glanced down at his crotch, and although she noticed his cock getting hard. She didn't say anything. Not yet. She leaned her head against the passenger seat window and closed her eyes. She'd just sleep for a little bit until Dan got them back to the apartment.

Toxic Attraction Chapter 16: Author Note

It's finally here, ready for your viewing...pleasure.

I've had this chapter in the back of my mind for quite some time. I'm glad I could finally get it out. Part of this chapter was intimidating to write because of the D&D elements, but I think it came together well. You all will be the final judge, of course.

There are a lot of little things happening here, much that will be reflected in upcoming chapters. The next few chapters should be especially fun to write, I can't wait to bring them to you. It's a bit of a breather from the intensity of the last couple -- though Sarah still gets her fill.

I believe most of the grammar and other issues have been caught but if you spot something we missed, let me know!

Enjoy.

DING

Lester rolled his eyes and pushed his phone further away across his desk. He turned back to his computer monitor trying to focus on his game. All he wanted to do was play his new game, Helldivers 2, but between his cellphone and Discor,d people kept bothering him.

On-screen, Lester was alone, the last member alive from his team, battling against hordes of alien creatures.

DING

Lester glanced away at the distraction of his phone screen lighting up. When he looked back at his monitor, a giant alien bug was mutilating his character's corpse.

"God FUCKING DAMMIT," Lester said, flinging his mouse across his desk as his phone began to ring. He angrily reached over and saw who it was. Jesse, Dan's old coworker.

"What?" Lester almost shouted into the phone as he answered it.

"I've been trying to get a hold of you," Jesse said breathlessly as Lester retrieved his mouse from the room's corner and started checking his Discord notifications. He ignored the messages from his private server and instead opened up the one he shared with his D&D

group. "I was wondering if Sarah mentioned anything about me since that night at the club?"

Lester had to stifle a laugh, "Come again?"

"Has Sarah mentioned me?" Jesse repeated, "I know she felt something on the dance floor. It was like we were moving together, completely in sync. I can't completely explain it, but I felt this magnetic pull between us, and I know she felt it too—until Dan ruined it, of course."

"How many times have you jerked it to that memory, kid?" Lester cycled through messages from his group until he saw the most recent one from Shadowweaver, aka Eugene, the royal pain in his ass.

"Uhhhh," Jesse nervously laughed into the phone, causing Lester to frown.

"What is it you want, Jesse? To answer your question, no, Sarah hasn't mentioned anything about you." Lester said while reading

Eugene's message. Ever since Ned had mentioned to the group that Lester had a girlfriend, Eugene had been ragging on him to prove it, adamant that he was lying and making this woman up.

Usually, Lester wouldn't care, but since Lester joined their D&D group, Eugene was the only player who wouldn't capitulate to Lester's demands. Quite the opposite, he was the one who always had to be diametrically opposed to whatever Lester wanted, almost out of spite, it seemed. The older man pissed Lester off to no end, but Lester had to maintain appearances.

Very few active groups played in Chicago that would have him, especially with what Lester had done in his last group.

"Can you give her a message for me, Lester? I need her to know how I feel. So she can feel assured about leaving Dan," Jesse pleaded.

Lester wanted to put Jesse out of his misery and block his number. His ramblings were pathetic. Still, Lester didn't want to take a pawn off the board. As the Russians would say, Jesse was a useful idiot.

"Jesse," Lester said calmly. It's not a good time for her to hear that message. Listen, I will contact you when the time is right, okay? Goodbye."

"But, uhh, I did what you wanted. I really should have another—" Lester heard Jesse hurriedly trying to make a last plea to his obsession. Lester hung up and silenced his phone. He focused back on Eugene's text, replying to something Ned had said in the group chat.

Shadowweaver: "Bullshit. That's as fake as Lester's 'hot' girlfriend."

Keeping his life in siloed had always been Lester's modus operandi. When one silo got tainted, he could burn it completely without poisoning the others. But now Lester was thinking about how Sarah

could help him shut Eugene down once and for all. It was a risk worth taking -

Sometimes, you had to cross the streams. He typed up a response.

Darkspire: I'll host Saturday's D&D game at my place. I'll bring my 'pretend' girlfriend too.

Surgebinder: WOOOOO

Lester rolled his eyes at Ned's dumb response. What a moron
Shadowweaver: This is your first time hosting in ten years. I guess I finally got under your skin.

Since we're playing make-believe, I'll bring Santa on a unicorn.

Lester exited Discord and went back to his game. He didn't like deviating from his plan with Sarah, but sometimes, he needed to put people in their place. Eugene'd had it coming for a long time. He knew deep down that this kind of emotional response could derail long-term plans, but Eugene was a long-term problem that he could solve once and for all.

***

Sarah walked quickly down the hallways to keep pace with John, the Interim CEO from the board. He'd had them in back-to-back meetings with department heads and outside vendors, trying to pivot the direction of the hospital. John was a head taller than she was, and she had to walk briskly to keep up with his casual gait. Her heels clicked on the floor as she walked.

Sarah loved this pair of heels; they matched her black slacks well. She looked professional today with a conservative brown sweater and dress shirt underneath. The shirt's cuffs extending beyond the sweater's sleeves were slightly rolled up. The collar of the shirt framed her neck demurely.

They were heading up to a meeting on the third floor with Marcie from HR. As the elevator doors closed behind them, John said "Great work on finding those cost savings in the diagnostics department. They've been dragging their asses for months on doing that."

"Thank you, John. It's just part of the job," Sarah said, smiling back at him.

"No," John said, looking into her eyes, "It really isn't. You go above and beyond your role here.

You keep this place running. That's been obvious since the first week I was here. You're a real asset, and we're lucky to have you."

He placed his arm on her bicep and gently squeezed it as he smiled. Sarah didn't know how to answer, and they stared awkwardly before the elevator doors opened. His hand quickly left her bicep and moved to hold the elevator door, letting Sarah exit first.

"How's progress on the CEO hunt?" Sarah said, changing the subject while trying not to sound too eager as they walked to their meeting.

"Slow but good," John said as they turned a corner. "I can't say much, obviously, but a couple of external candidates look promising."

As they reached the meeting room, John stopped outside the door and added, "...and there's one internal candidate getting a lot of attention."

John winked at her and then walked into the meeting room. Sarah smiled to herself for several seconds, basking in the glow of a job well done. She gave herself five seconds to enjoy it before putting on her best poker face and following John through the door.

***

Dan had a few minutes before his meeting started, so he looked at his LinkedIn page. Today, he was meeting with some people from the Elevate Engagement Group, but Dan didn't have high expectations for the meeting.

They were Chicago-based and discovered him because of his new social strategy. They'd reached out with questions and wanted to meet with him. Dan was on his lunch break for the call. He didn't want Walt to discover what he was doing, and after Lester had walked naked through his job interview, he'd opted not to take any calls at home either.

That's why he was posted in the Starbucks a few blocks from his office. He had also learned how to put a virtual background on and cancel ambient noise to make these calls a bit more controlled and professional.

Hesitantly, Dan typed Jesse's name into LinkedIn's search bar to see what that kid was up to since he'd been fired. Dan felt a little bad about what happened, but ultimately, he'd done what he needed to do to protect Sarah.

Dan felt a lead weight drop onto his stomach when he saw where Jesse was working now. Not only had Jesse landed a job before he had, but Jesse had landed one of the positions Dan had applied for. He was now a director at a competing firm in the city. A Director!

Jesse could barely tie his shoelaces, and within a week of his dismissal, he'd landed a better job than Dan. Dan pinched the bridge of his nose and breathed out, trying not to work himself up before his call with the potential new client. Not only had Jesse just recently groped his wife at a club, but now that little shit was doing better than him. Dan briefly imagined Jesse comfortably paying a Middleton mortgage, having two kids, a gorgeous wife, and no Chicago roommate.

Sometimes, Dan just wanted to give a middle finger to life. This was one of those times.

He checked the time and quickly started closing the windows on his laptop. He had gotten so lost in LinkedIn and Jesse's profile that the meeting had snuck up on him. He was a minute late and quickly logged on.

"Hey there," a friendly voice said through his headphones. A handsome man's face appeared on his screen. He looked friendly and probably ten years younger than Dan. It looked like he was calling in from his home office. "Dan, right? Nice to meet you. I'm Bill from Elevate Engagement. How are you?"

"Hey Bill, nice to meet you. Doing alright for a Monday. How about yourself? How was your weekend?" Dan immediately fell into his professional small talk voice that he had honed and perfected over the years.

"The weekend was…" Bill hesitated for a second. It seemed like something in the background at Bill's house had distracted him, "Good. Yeah, it was good. My wife and I celebrated our fourth wedding anniversary."

"Oh congratulations," Dan looked at the screen, wondering if anyone else from Elevate would join them, "What did you guys get up to? Go out to one of the restaurants in the city?"

"No….uh," Bill hesitated again. This time Dan heard a thump sound from Bill's microphone. Bill looked like he'd heard it too but quickly recovered. "We actually stayed in. Kept it low-key. My wife Amber wanted to watch some home movies."

"Well that sounds nice too," Dan smiled. "Sometimes it's just nice to spend an evening alone, just the two of you. I get that."

Bill's face changed briefly as if Dan had just triggered a verbal landmine. It was a brief moment where a storm of distress was apparent on the man's face. Bill's friendly demeanor quickly returned, "Right, yeah. It was. So, Dan, I'm not sure where my colleagues are but let me just give you some background. We're considering expanding with a new office in California, but buildings and architecture aren't really our strong suit. We wanted to reach out and pick your brain on a few things."

"Sure," Dan said, sitting back in his chair, realizing that this call probably wouldn't lead to a paying gig. "Let's start; what kind of questions do you have for us?"

Dan chatted with Bill for the entirety of his lunch break. He explained in depth what Bill and his company should look for before thinking about building a new office building in another state as well as what they should look for when drawing up architectural drawings and hiring a contractor.

Bill took a lot of notes and mentioned that they might reach out with more questions. He even asked if Dan was open to consulting on small projects like the one they discussed. Dan mentioned that he was, and shortly after that, the call ended. He wasn't optimistic about the

potential work they'd discussed, but Bill seemed like a solid guy. Maybe they'd get a beer someday when Dan was back on his feet.

As Dan returned to the office, he rechecked his email, hoping for news from the other prospect he had been chasing down. He sighed as he only saw junk mail in his inbox. Later that night he would reach out to his contact. The company was called Sentinel Security Solutions. They were planning on building a massive new data center. Dan had a consulting contract in front of them. He was just waiting for it to get signed.

Dan rode the elevator back up to the office in silence. All he wanted to do was get through this week and spend time with Sarah when she drove up on Friday.

***

"Mhmmm, I've missed you," Sarah said as she embraced Dan in the living room of the Chicago apartment. Waiting the rest of the week for their reunion had been agonizing. "It's been a crazy week at work."

Dan held his wife tightly, not wanting to let her go. He inhaled the scent of her hair and felt the neurons firing in his brain. Memories of the two of them together flashed to the front of his mind, "Well at least from what you've told me it sounds like work is on an upward trajectory for you. I might even be calling you CEO soon."

Sarah pulled back and looked at her husband, lightly slapping his chest, "Don't jinx it. It feels weird even just getting my hopes up about it. But I'd be lying if I hadn't convinced myself I could actually get it. It just feels so strange."

"It's a huge shift in your career and for us," Dan stroked her arms and looked into her eyes,

"And a welcome one. After all my career issues this last little while, it's nice to have some good news we can celebrate. I feel like I've just been treading water lately. I'm happy for you."

"Don't count yourself out just yet, mister," Sarah let go of her carry-on bag and removed her jacket, "From what I'm hearing, you're starting to make some good connections with your LinkedIn work. Something is going to happen there. I know it."

"Well, I just wish things would happen faster," Dan sighed, "I'm putting in all this extra time and energy, but no bites yet."

“What about that one company? The one that’s reviewing your contract?” Sarah asked.

“Sentinel Security? Still nothing yet. I reached out. They said their teams are still reviewing, and things take time to work through their organization. Want anything to drink?” Dan moved towards the kitchen, and Sarah followed closely behind.

“Just water would be great,” Sarah said, casually checking out Dan’s butt as he opened the fridge.

“Here you go,” Dan handed a water bottle to her. “I hope something happens with them, but I’m not holding my breath. I’m still working on some other things. I had a call with another potential client today. They are a marketing agency, but they don’t know what they want yet.

It’s too early to bring me in. Maybe I could get some kind of project guidance consultation from them, but I don’t know. We’ll see.”

“How were they? Were they nice? Did they seem professional?” Sarah asked. She didn’t want Dan to get involved with another company that would chew him up and spit him out.

“Yeah, they seemed okay. I talked with one of the guys before everyone else showed up. Bill was his name. He seemed nice, but something seemed to be distracting him on his end.

Anyway, like I said, I’m not putting all my eggs in one basket. I’ll keep working on…”

Dan trailed off, his eyes looking over Sarah’s shoulder. She turned around to see Lester walk into the living room. Usually, she heard Lester before she saw him, his feet smacking off the hardwood floor —this time, she hadn’t.

“Hey, Lester,” Sarah smiled. Dan’s roommate stopped short and stood there looking apprehensive.

“What’s up?” Dan said, stepping up next to Sarah. You know the deal. There are no date nights on the first night.”

“That’s not why I’m here,” Lester said, walking forward and leaning onto the couch with his arms crossed. I need a favor for tomorrow night.”

“A favor?” Dan raised an eyebrow, “Alright, that’s interesting. Let’s hear it.”

“Tomorrow’s date night is going to be a little different,” Lester said, eyeing Sarah. “You look great, by the way, Sarah.”

Dan rolled his eyes. Sarah felt her face blush, “Thanks, Lester. The favor?”

“Right, well, I’m not sure if you know this, but I’m part of a D & D group,” Lester opened his mouth to continue, but Dan cut him off.

“D and D? Is that some sort of sex thing?” Dan said.

“No, pretty far from a sex thing,” Lester stared at him flatly. “D & D. Dungeons and Dragons.

It’s a role-playing game I play with some friends. Not on the computer but around a table. We each pick a character and progress through a campaign built by the DM, the dungeon master.”

“You’re right. It doesn’t sound like a sex thing at all,” Dan chuckled, “Sounds like something that people who have never had sex would play.”

“You’d think that,” Lester huffed, “But I do ok.” The trollish man nodded at Sarah, looking directly at her nipples, which both men

could see were obviously in an aroused state. Sarah smiled, happy that Lester wasn't escalating the situation like he could have.

Dan's face grew red, and Sarah could see one of the veins on his neck sticking out. Lester held up a pacifying hand as Sarah folded her arms to be on the same page with her husband. But she couldn't help but feel a tiny spark of excitement at Lester's words. Knowing that the two men were competing for her. "Lester's mentioned this game before…on one of our…dates."

"I didn't come for a fight. I wanted to say that tomorrow night, it's my turn to host our D&D

game here. So the rest of my group, four other guys, will be here for a few hours to play."

"That sounds okay, Lester. What do you want from us? Do you want us to switch the date night to tonight so you can have your little game tomorrow?" Sarah felt herself growing wet, thinking Lester might take her ahead of schedule. She caught herself beginning to touch his arm, initiating contact that could become more intimate.

"No," Lester said before she could reach him. He stood up off the couch and looked at the couple. I want you both to play with us tomorrow. Jump into our campaign and role-play with us."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "Lester, we've never played Dungeons and Dragons before. Why would you want us to play with you?"

"I really don't," Lester said, "It's honestly gonna suck with you guys."

"Then why are we having this conversation, Lester?" Dan said. Sarah could tell that his patience was wearing thin.

"Because," Lester said looking at Sarah. "I want Sarah to be there. To show her off in front of them. And remember, you've insisted on

joining us on all of our dates."

"Lester, I don't know how to play. Couldn't I just parade myself around the apartment in front of your friends?" Sarah asked, looking to Dan for agreement.

"I want you there at the table next to me. They don't believe I could land a hot girlfriend so I want to rub it in their faces all night. They never met my ex, Lizzie, so they just assume I was lying about her. That I couldn't land someone as hot as you or her. I want you to tease them and make them squirm." Lester said.

Sarah thought back to how Lester had saved her ass at the hospital. She could do this one thing for him. Besides, it bugged her that these guys were giving him a hard time. Just like when that homeless man called him fat, or that stranger subtly insulted him. Even the way that people looked at them when they were out together. Hearing Lester mention Lizzie being as hot as here kind of pissed her off. She made up her mind she was going to do this and do it well.

"Tease them how?" Sarah eyed Lester.

"I wouldn't presume to tell you how to tease a group of men, Sarah," Lester licked his lips and smiled, "I'm sure you can think of a few ways to get under their skin."

Sarah looked to Dan for reassurance. He shrugged back, smiling, knowing full well how far her teasing could go. She was able to teasingly torture him with expert precision. Who knew what she could do to a group of people she wasn't in love with.

Lester's invitation to play made more sense now. This is the first time she would meet any guys from Lester's world. She was intrigued at the opportunity to learn more about him from other sources. "I'm game then." Sarah looked at Dan, "What do you say, Dan, should we get our nerd on?"

Dan sighed and crossed his arms. “Fine. Whatever. Maybe it’ll be fun. So you’re going to tell all these other guys that Sarah is your girlfriend? Have her tease them all night? What about me?”

“You can just be my roommate, Dan,” Lester grinned. That’s all.” Dan took in this information dryly, his expression unchanged.

“How do we play?” Sarah asked, “What are the rules?”

“Well, it’s not hard. First, you have to pick a character. Since the rest of my group is advanced, we’ll let you use some pre-built characters we have. Then it’s just a matter of –” Dan held up his hand, silencing Lester.

“Lester, Sarah just got in. As amazing as your instructions will be, can you give us some space?

We’ll join you for your little game tomorrow, but tonight, it’s just us, okay?”

“Fine.” Lester stared at Dan and turned back towards the hallway. Just before he left the living room, he turned back to the couple, “Oh, just one more thing. During the game, Sarah and I will spend some alone time in my room. I’d like the rest of the group to know just how capable I can be with a beautiful woman.”

Before Dan or Sarah could respond Lester had retreated back to his room and closed the door.

Sarah could feel her pulse quicken at the thought of Lester taking her in his bedroom while an

apartment full of men listened in. Dan turned to look at Sarah with a half disgusted look, dashing her daydreams, “Nerding out is not quite the date I had expected Lester to choose.

Not after how the last one went.”

“I think one thing is safe to say,” Sarah stared down the empty hallway. We never know what to expect from Lester.”

“I’m gonna have to talk with him again. Just assuming that you are going to go back to his room with him like that,” Dan’s arms were crossed as he looked down the hallway.

“Well,” Sarah said, following his gaze, “What else are you going to look at through that peephole if I’m not in there?”

Dan chuckled and cast an amused glance at her, “I love you, you know that?”

“I know, baby. I love you too,” She leaned forward and placed a lingering kiss on his lips.

“What do you think about the teasing thing?” Dan asked her, pulling away slightly. She looked back at him and smiled. “I think it could be fun. You know how much I like teasing you. Just imagine how much fun it will be to tease a room full of shy sex, malnourished men.”

“As long as you don’t get off on it as much as you do with me,” Dan said, playing his part as the jealous spouse. Sarah stepped up to him and whispered in his ear, “Who knows? Maybe I’ll like it more. A room full of men squirming under my teasing. That sounds hot to me. Don’t you think so?”

“Please,” Dan said, stepping away from his wife. “You’re not going to make me bend that easily. Besides, you tease men all the time. The only thing you need to do is walk into a room, and they squirm.”

“True,” Sarah said, closing the distance again to her husband, “But I don’t always get to put on a show for you. Seeing your reaction to the things I do or say. That is what is going to be so hot about it.”

Dan cleared his throat. Sarah’s words had clearly affected him. It was adorable how he tried to change the subject, “So dinner tonight.

What are you thinking? Maybe we can eat here in front of the TV?”

Sarah smiled, taking the victory over her husband: “Sure, honey. That sounds nice. Maybe Chinese?”

***

Sarah and Dan spent the night together in front of the TV before retreating back to his room to enjoy each other. The next morning, they went out for breakfast and spent the day walking around different areas of Chicago. Sarah wanted to pick up a few things for their daughters.

There were a few moments where she covertly read some texts from Lester. It's not that she wanted to hide things from Dan. She just wanted him to focus on their morning together. He needed the mental break.

Lester sent her a heads-up about what to expect with the DND game, the type of character she would be playing, and some other ideas on how she could tease his friends. She raised her eyebrow at his plan for the two of them to eventually separate from the group and go back to his room. He always seemed to have a plan, which Sarah appreciated. She was surprised to feel a bit of wetness between her legs at Lester being so forward and actually giving her instructions to follow.

When they returned to the apartment it was well after dinner. Lester had rearranged the living room so that the couches and chairs were pushed closer to the TV. A large fold-out table with six chairs was in the newly provided space. Unlike his usual stained t-shirt, Lester had on a t-shirt he’d evidently worn for the occasion, which read “She Thought I Was Into Some Kinky Shit When I Told Her I Was A Dungeon Master.”

“Good, you’re back,” Lester said, carrying several bowls of chips from the kitchen and placing them on the table. It was rare to see Lester

do things for others. The two of them stopped momentarily and took in Lester, preparing the place for the evening.

Lester noticed them watching, "Everyone will be here soon. Snacks are part of the host's duties. Sarah, if you don't mind, I left something in my room for you to change into."

"Oh?" Sarah raised an eyebrow to Dan, "Not another wedding dress, right? Or a Princess Leia outfit?" Dan stifled a laugh.

"Believe me, I was tempted," Lester flirted back. But not this time. Maybe in the future. It's just something to rile up the others."

Sarah held onto Dan's hand and turned back towards him. She kissed him on the lips and whispered, "Okay, time for me to get into character as Lester's girlfriend. I'll see you later.

Remember, say 'pineapple' and the date stops."

Dan nodded and whispered back, "Just don't let those nerds put their hands on you, okay?

And you let me know if you need rescuing."

"Please," Sarah smiled, "I think I can handle a few guys. It'll be like taking candy from a baby."

"Remember," Lester said, watching them, "I want you to tease the shit out of these guys. I want them to be really uncomfortable. Torture them."

"We'll see," Sarah stepped back from her husband and headed down the hallway toward Lester's room. Dan watched her go. His mind was still stuck on her words about being able to handle a few guys. He shook his head, gulped, and turned around to see Lester staring at him.

“What now?” Dan said, “What do we do?”

“I’m going to set things up here,” Lester said, moving back towards the table, “Can you grab some cups and the soda in the fridge?”

“Sure,” Dan said. He walked into the kitchen and saw a pack of plastic cups on the counter. He grabbed a stack and looked in the fridge for the soda. There were several jugs of Pepsi and Mountain Dew. He took one of each and brought it to the table. As he set them down, someone knocked on the apartment door.

Lester walked over to the door and opened it. Without any fanfare, he said, “Come in, gentlemen.” Dan watched as three men entered the apartment, looking exactly like he’d imagined.

“Hi, I’m Ned,” the short man who entered first said, making his way across the room to Dan.

“I’m Lester’s best friend.” Dan saw Lester roll his eyes as Lester shut the door behind the other men. Ned did seem like a mini Lester in some ways, but more meek. He wasn’t as rotund as Lester and seemed more friendly and outgoing. Ned had a scraggly beard and a thick pair of glasses. He wore baggy cargo shorts and a t-shirt with a spaceship and a logo mentioning a federation, “Who are you?”

“I’m Dan,” he said, hearing the sound of defeat in his voice. He shook Ned’s hand and looked back at the other men starting to filter into the apartment, “Lester’s roommate.”

“Never seen your place before, Lester,” one of the other men said. This guy looked older than Lester and looked to Dan like some kind of wizard, wearing a black t-shirt with a skull surrounded by writing that read “Dungeon Master est. 1974.” With his thinning, gray, wispy hair and long white beard, the only thing missing was a wizard’s hat. He reminded Dan of his old chemistry teacher from high school. This guy had to be in his sixties, at least. “Nice little spot. Why have us over? Getting tired of bringing all your shit down to Ned’s shop?”

“That’s Eugene,” Ned said, pointing him out to Dan, “He’s the elder statesman of our group.

And that’s Greg,” Ned gestured to the other guy who had already sat at the table and was setting some things up. Greg looked up and waved to Dan before returning to what he was

doing, “Greg is our Dungeon Master. Charlie couldn’t make it tonight, which is where you come in.” Greg wore a black t-shirt reading “The Dice Giveth, The Dice Taketh Away.”

Dan knew Greg’s type. He seemed like a meek guy who spent more time with his nose in books instead of interacting with the real world. He was rail thin, and his clothes looked too big. Behind his thick glasses, his eyes seemed to dart around the room, assessing threats and looking for danger. Likely a trait he picked up in high school, where bullies probably targeted him. He looked like he took better care of his appearance than the rest of the group, but it likely still wasn’t his priority.

Ned turned his attention to Eugene, “Lester’s bringing his girlfriend tonight. He didn’t want to bring her down to the shop in case my customers got too handsy.”

Eugene looked Dan up and down, “That ain’t no girl. ‘Dan’ was it?”

“Yep, that’s me,” Dan began to feel increasingly awkward with each passing minute, “Lester’s roommate.” He nodded and hoped his smile seemed sincere.

“What character do you play, and what is their class?” Eugene stepped up to Dan like he was sizing him up. It was clear that the older man was trying to intimidate him somehow.

“I honestly have no idea what you’re talking about,” Dan said, shaking his head with another friendly smile.

“What the fuck, Lester?” Eugene spun around, looking at Dan’s roommate, “You’re going to bring some complete noob in here with us?” Eugene walked over to the table and took a handful of chips into his hands. Ned seemed to cower back like he was watching his parents fight. What an odd dynamic.

“It’s okay.” this from Greg, the guy sitting at the table setting things up, “Lester already talked to me, we have character sheets set up they can play as.”

“Sit down, Eugene,” Lester said, staring daggers at the older man. “We’re going to start soon.”

“What’s their deal?” Dan whispered to Ned, who had begun unzipping his bag and pulling out packets of Twizzlers and other candy. Dan had quickly decided to turn to Ned for anything he didn’t understand in the game. Talking to him seemed to cause the least friction within the group.

“Oh, that?” Ned whispered, “Don’t let it scare you. Those two just don’t get along. They both have control issues. Been like that since day one when Lester joined us.”

Dan understood that. He felt like he had been on the losing side of an arm wrestling match with Lester for months now.

“How long ago was that? That Lester joined?” Dan asked.

“Mhmmm I don’t know, maybe ten years ago?” Ned turned and raised his voice, “Okay we have chips, soda and candy. I think we are good to begin. Greg, are you all set up?”

Greg nodded in the affirmative. Ned gestured to an open chair, and Dan sat down. Lester stood, waiting for Eugene to sit first. “Where’s this girlfriend of yours then, Lester?” Eugene laughed as he sat down at the table. “Let me guess, she just ran out with her girlfriends. Or better yet, she lives in Canada?”

“Maybe she’s just running late!” joked Greg.

“Maybe she’s already here. She’s Lester’s left hand,” Eugene made a stroking gesture with his hand. “Aw, let’s be kind to her. After all she’s so ‘hot’ the best she could do is Lester here!” said Eugene, using air quotes to emphasize the ribbing.

Eugene looked at Ned, who quickly laughed along. Lester glanced at him, and Ned's smile instantly evaporated.

Lester purposely pulled out his chair slowly and sat down, his face serene. “She’s getting changed. She’ll be out here in a minute. Then we can go over the rules.” Eugene crossed his arms and leaned back in the chair defiantly. Dan smirked, knowing that this guy’s mind was about to be shattered when Sarah came out. The Eugene guy started running his mouth again, which Dan could tell really irked Lester.

Ned seemed to be trying to play peacemaker. Before the game even started, it seemed to devolve into anarchy. Dan just sat back and watched, amused. He got up and grabbed himself a beer from the fridge. As he sat back down, the sound of a door closing from down the hallway reached the group, causing a silence to fall over them.

All of the men’s eyes were trained on the hallway. Eugene seemed legitimately stunned, considering the possibility that Lester may have told the truth. Dan heard audible gasps at the table when Sarah finally emerged into the living room. She walked gingerly on bare feet, her ass clearly defined in revealing pink booty shorts and a white v-neck tee under a nondescript gray hoodie.

Dan noticed Sarah’s wedding ring was missing. He felt a pang of sadness. Hopefully, she hadn’t left it in Lester’s room.

“Hey baby.” Sarah had stopped next to Lester, her breast just against his cheek. He turned when he felt her, and she leaned down, inserting her tongue into his mouth for a deep kiss.

The room was quiet except for the breath from their mouths as they made out slowly. Dan's stomach dropped hearing Sarah call Lester 'baby.' He watched the kiss in utter fascination.

Sarah played her part well. Maybe too well. It really seemed like a sincere, if inappropriate, kiss. Dan's dick agreed, suddenly coming to life. He could feel himself breathing in quick, shallow breaths. He closed his eyes and steadied himself, focusing on the mechanics of his breathing to calm himself down. After a few moments Greg made an awkward cough that seemed to remind Sarah and Lester that others were present.

"Hi, boys," Sarah said, standing back up and taking the empty chair next to Lester, "I'm Sarah, Lester's girlfriend." Hearing her introduce herself as Lester's girlfriend caused Dan's stomach to knot up. Lester cast a glance at Dan before looking back at Sarah. Dan hadn't realized it before but it felt like he had missed something significant about tonight.

Sarah was being introduced as Lester's girlfriend to people he knew. These weren't just strangers at a restaurant or to people he was consulting with at her work. These were people in Lester's life, making the relationship feel more real. Dan shifted uncomfortably; his pants felt tighter somehow. His wife's hand covered Lester's grubby paw on the table.

Still, seeing the way these guys' eyes were popping out of their sockets as they looked at Sarah made him hide a grin. He loved seeing other men drool over his wife, and she was leaning into that.

"Okay," Greg said, setting up some sheets in front of him, "Now that we're all here, I'll quickly go over the rules for our newcomers joining us for this session, and you are always welcome to join in the future," Greg's eyes lingered on Sarah's body.

"Sarah, sometimes we have noobies joining us, but since we've been playing a long time together, our characters have been well-

developed and have earned various powers. So, for green beans like you, we have a set of pre-made characters you can choose from. Your boyfriend thought you'd like to be a cleric," he said, handing her the sheet.

"Dan, do you want to pick one?"

Dan grabbed a random character sheet and looked at it, a confused look forming on his face.

"What's a bard?"

The players all groaned, and Eugene said, "Someone who talks a lot and who supposedly can manipulate foes with their words and music."

"But not much help in a fight," said Lester.

"Whatever," thought Dan as he read the abilities on the character sheet and scanned the room. Maybe he could find a way to be useless and ruin Lester's game. Best case scenario, he wouldn't have to play much. His mind drifted to his high school buddies, who would be

laughing over who he was hanging out with. None of these guys would have been in Dan's athletic circle of friends.

What would they think of me now; struggling financially, in a dead-end job, and willingly letting some Chicago fat troll rail my gorgeous wife and show her off to all these nerds?

Sarah broke his reverie with a question, "So, my character, Val, is a cleric. I see I have some magic spells I can use? When do I use them?"

A look flickered across Greg's face, quickly replaced by an overly warm smile. He explained,

“When we’re role-playing on the adventure, we’ll come across situations where we work together to overcome traps and foes and trickery in order to get to treasure, and the more treasure we get, the more character points we earn, which gets us more powers—like your spells.”

“But you have to be careful because if you get injured, you’ll have to roll the dice to see how many health points you lose. If you lose too many, you’ll die or not be strong enough for the adventure, and you could slow down your partners,” said Greg.

“Hmm, Lester, I see one of my spells is the Aura of Vitality.” Maybe I should cast it on you later when we’re, um, role-playing?” Sarah said, blushing. Her eyes focused on inspecting her miniature figure before she set it back down on the gameboard.

“Sarah, you know vitality has never been my weakness when you’re around,” Lester responded, stealing a quick kiss from the married woman. The guys looked like they could barely keep it together. Dan rolled his eyes at Lester’s shitty attempt at flirting. It seemed too obvious that he was putting on a show, but then again, these guys didn’t seem to get it.

“Um, can I just ask one thing?” Sarah said, “Can we put little name signs on the table so I can remember who’s who?”

Eugene sighed and rolled his eyes as Dan began to scan the character sheet in front of him.

Sarah was paying close attention to what Greg was explaining but Dan wasn’t listening. He was reading the character sheet in front of him.

Eugene sighed again and looked at Greg in a way that begged him to intervene. “Of course,”

Ned said, leaning forward eagerly, grabbing sheets of paper to fulfill her request. His eyes weren't able to meet Sarah's. "We can do that just for today. No problem. I'm Ned, this is Eugene and Greg. Do you know Dan? He's Lester's roommate." Ned began writing out names, their real ones and their character names, and folding the sheets into display triangles.

"Nice to meet you all. I've seen Dan around a little bit, but usually, my boyfriend and I are busy in his room," Sarah said, causing the table to fall silent.

Shit Sarah, you're selling this pretty hard, Dan thought.

"Right, so let's begin. I'll set the stage. Your party is standing in front of an old manor. You're on a quest to retrieve a magical item, the Aetherial Orb of Luminescence, which emits a soft, soothing light, capable of revealing hidden paths or concealed objects in dark places. It can also be used to cast minor illusions or enhance spells related to light and visibility."

"Wait, I'm sorry to interrupt, but I'm confused. So I'm a cleric with magic spells and I see I have a sword too, so I can fight? Then what are you guys?" Sarah asked.

"I'm a warlock, Shadowweaver." said Eugene. "It means I have arcane powers from the universe with a great number of spells because of my experience level."

"Ooo," laughed Sarah. "Maybe I'll fall under your spell!"

"I'm a rogue, er, basically a thief," said Ned. "My character has a high level of dexterity and can move silently, which might come in handy to get the Orb. Samrick is the name, dear lady."

"Yeah, but rogues can't be trusted," said Lester.

“But dexterity comes in handy in some, um, situations. Right Lester?”

“I can think of a few scenarios where dexterity could come in handy,” Sarah stared into Ned’s eyes, causing him to look away. Sarah turned to Lester and playfully punched him in the arm.

“Hey, what’s your character?”

Lester smirked, “I’m a barbarian. Barbarians have great strength and are great in a fight.”

“How about stamina, my barbarian? Can you wrestle all night long?” Sarah teased, stressing his character class.

Dan winced. It was odd how easily Sarah seemed to integrate her teasing with the nerd jargon.

Still, knowing how long Lester could last in bed caused him to believe her comment. It stung, but he could also feel his dick stirring in his pants.

“So, are there female characters in this game?” she asked as she paged through the Players Handbook. “Some of these pictures are pretty hot. Like this female wizard in the tight black bodice and high boots with a staff. She has plenty of skin showing. Do you guys ever dress up for your roles?”

Ned blurted out, “We have some costumes at my shop but feel rather geeky wearing them,”

seemingly unaware of the irony of his statement.

“We’ve been playing together for a long time and it’s sorta awkward to introduce rookies into our game, so no, we haven’t played with any females,” remarked Greg.

“That’s a shame, " Sarah said with a pout, turning the book around to show a picture of a scantily clad half-elf woman fighter. “I think it would be fun to wear something like this,” as she turned the page to a picture of a female wizard dressed in a red bikini top holding in amazing breasts and red matching bottoms with long slender legs reaching down into her boots, with a red shawl over her shoulders. Her blonde hair spilled over her shoulders, and her blue eyes held her gaze in a piercing view. “She looks something like me, doesn’t she?”

The crew sat uneasily in their chairs. Dan suspected what they’d each done with such pictures in the D&D manuals. They all seemed very familiar with the very image Sarah was holding up.

Dan couldn’t help but think there was an uncanny resemblance to his wife. The rest of the group probably considered how often they’d satisfied themselves with that picture. And now, a veritable clone of that character was sitting before them, talking with them, joining their campaign.

“Ahem.” Greg cleared his throat. “Can we get started now? Remember you’ve all met together for your adventure and obviously have just introduced yourselves so you can see how you’ll work together. Remember, rely on each other’s abilities, and you just might succeed!”

“Okay, Cassius Silverstrings, er, I mean Dan, it’s your turn. What will you do first?” Greg said.

The entire group looked to Dan.

“Uh, well, I guess I’ll go up to the door and knock on it,” Dan said.

“You’ve just triggered a trap! The Knocker's Bane Trap! Hidden blades spring forth from the doorframe, slashing at Cassius’, er, Dan. The force of the blades could be fatal! Quick, roll the dice to see your fate! You need to roll a six or higher to survive.”

Dan grabbed the dice from the table and rolled a 3.

“Cassius Silverstrings is dead!” Greg said, bowing his head solemnly. Ned leaned over towards Dan and whispered,” You should have used a spell to check the door for traps.”

“I guess so,” Dan shrugged, “Well, I guess I’m dead then.”

“What a dumbass,” muttered Eugene.

“What’d you say?” Dan shot back.

Lester piped in, “Well since you're new, you should have asked your party for advice instead of just rushing in and getting yourself whacked. Now we’re down a man and have hardly started the game. You should learn to make better decisions.”

Dan didn’t like the insult but was out of his element. He took a breath and relaxed. He tried not to take Lester’s comment to heart and think about how it could also be true for the rest of his life.

Dan sat and listened as the group took turns playing their characters. Sarah was unexpectedly good at the game, but he wasn’t too surprised, given her commitment to their bedroom roleplaying. Dan was looking at his phone and barely paying attention until he felt a tension in the air. He saw Sarah unzipping her hoodie to reveal a tight v-neck t-shirt that read “I’m The Player Your DM Warned You About.” Clearly, she was not wearing a bra. He heard a sharp intake of breath from Ned next to him as the top of Sarah’s cleavage came into view. Lester looked at Dan, and the two shared a knowing smirk at the others’ reactions.

Dan watched Sarah and knew that she was enjoying teasing these guys. He was enjoying it a bit himself. It was too easy for his wife. They weren’t prepared at all for the levels of teasing and flirting she would inflict on them. He could feel his crotch responding to his wife’s antics.

At some point, the group had managed to make it into the make-believe house. The adventurers were mapping their exploration and searching the rooms for the orb, all the while the Dungeon Master was periodically rolling his dice to compare against his chart of events.

Greg suddenly shouted, "A hellhound bursts forward into the room!"

"I cast Protection from Energy! Shielding me from the flames!" Eugene shouted, rolling his die.

The rogue, Ned\Samrick, quickly jumped around the corner out of reach of the flames. The barbarian, Lester, was about to speak when Sarah blurted out, "I stab at the hellhound with my sword!"

Greg rolled his 20-sided dice, looked at the number, and said, "Fire envelopes you. Your clothes start to burn," Greg said.

"I strip off my clothing and lunge for the hellhound's throat," Sarah said in a very seductive voice as she played with the neckline of her T-shirt, eyeing the men around her. Greg had her roll the dice, and it seemed to Dan that they landed positively. Greg announced, "Our new cleric, Val, has pinned the hellhound down!"

Lester, playing Darkspire the barbarian, said, "I rush forward to slay the hellhound," and rolled the dice. The die rolled off the floor past where Sarah was sitting. Dan watched as his wife stood up to retrieve it, her toned, slender legs coming into view before she turned away from the table. Her fantastic ass was showing itself for the entire table to appreciate. Dan's eyes flicked to see all of the men at the table ogling his wife's behind. Sarah bent over at the waist to pick up the die, causing more than one of the men's jaws to fall open. Dan couldn't help but enjoy the way she teased these guys.

"Eighteen," Sarah said as she returned to the table, pretending to be oblivious about what she'd just done.

Greg regained his composure and said, “Dar, the barbarian’s crushing blow kills the hellhound.”

“My clothes are burnt and falling apart on the floor. I’m standing naked in the room, looking around at the three handsome men in my party, wondering which will offer me something to wear.” Sarah eyed the men at the table, who seemed to be losing their composure.

“Milady,” Ned said, “I offer you my humble rogue’s cape to wear around your body. It offers an extra camouflage.”

“Why thank you kind sir, er, Samrick.” Sarah said leaning forward, the top of her cleavage pushing together for Greg, Ned and Eugene to see. “Once this quest is over I’ll have to think of some way I could repay you, Sam. Perhaps I’ll cast you under one of my spells.”

The table was silent for several seconds while the three men stared at Sarah, who was pretending to read her character sheet. Her half-exposed breasts still prominently on display for the nerds.

“Erm, okay, right,” Greg finally pulled himself together as he looked down at the sheets in front of him. “With the hellhound slain, a deep cold falls over the manor. Your breaths are visible, and you all feel goosebumps on your skin. If you don’t find a way to warm up soon, you will each lose 20 HP per minute.”

“From the looks of it, the cold is already affecting our lady, Val!” Eugene said, and the others noticed Sarah’s nipples had begun to poke out of her tight T-shirt. Sarah pretended not to notice Eugene’s comment. Dan could tell Sarah still had a bra on. It must be a thin, lacy material since her nipples were somewhat visible. It wasn’t that cold in here, though. Was she getting turned on behaving like this in front of these men?

“I cast a fiery aura,” Eugune said eagerly, “Enveloping myself in a warm gentle, comforting flame giving me a resistance to cold

damage. It has a one foot radius. Maiden Val, would you care to join me?"

Dan rolled his eyes but kept them on his phone. Somehow, Eugene thought he was being suave here. Still, Dan could feel his cock getting hard, knowing how these guys were lusting after his wife.

"Mhmmm, that sounds like exactly what I need right now," Sarah eyed him mischievously and leaned forward. "Is this close enough?"

"You, uh, sometimes the way we play, you should actually go over to that side of the table, Val," Greg said, "to keep the roleplay true."

"Okay," Sarah said standing, all the men stared at her body, "Ned, er, Sam, would you switch with me?"

Ned nodded and scurried around the table to change places with Sarah. She sat beside Eugene and pulled her chair right next to his. Her legs were pressing up against the sides of his thighs as she leaned against his arm, "Is this close enough?"

"Uhh, yes," the old man croaked out, his head turning to the side to try to look down Sarah's cleavage covertly. Dan watched the older man's eyes staring down at the tops of Sarah's breasts, knowing that sight all too well. Jealously started to creep in, especially with the act Sarah was putting on. The way she looked back at that guy felt wrong, like something that should be reserved for him.

Sarah looked at Ned, "Samrick, is the cape you gave me resistant to fire?"

"No, uh, I don't think so, Val…." Ned said wide-eyed.

"I'm gonna roll," Sarah said, picking up the dice, not waiting for Greg, "If we roll above a ten, the cape doesn't burn in your fiery aura. If it's below a 10, the cape burns, and I'm going to be bare naked again. Is that okay?" She looked at Greg for approval.

He eagerly nodded, "But it'll be Eugene's roll." Sarah picked up the dice and handed them to Eugene. She took his hand in hers and bent forward, blowing on the dice, "For good luck." Her eyes looked up at him expectantly.

Eugene stiffened at her warm breath on his skin. Without responding he rolled the dice onto the table. As they rolled, all eyes were trained on the dice, eventually stopping on a five.

"Oh no," Sarah feigned surprise, "I'm naked again. At least I'm warm and protected next to this mighty warcock."

Sarah bit her lip, and then a small laugh emitted from her lips, "Oops, I meant Warlock. Not war-cock." She added extra emphasis onto the word 'cock.' as she brought her knees up to her chest and placed her bare feet on the chair, "Sorry Shadowweaver."

Dan could see Eugene beginning to breathe quickly. Even Ned looked like he was ready to spontaneously cum in his pants. Greg was harder for Dan to read, but he seemed pretty distracted by what was happening.

"We should continue on," Lester said, "Let's move further into the house and find this orb."

The group continued on their imaginary quest, with Sarah still sitting uncomfortably close to Eugene. The man seemed stiff as a board. Dan could only imagine how stiff the guy was in his pants. Dan had never seen Sarah so close to a man so much older than her. He knew she was toying with the guy, but he couldn't help but feel his dick stirring.

Performing his DM duties, Greg periodically rolled his dice, assessing the probability of each subsequent event happening. As the group moved down a hallway, Greg said, "Arrows spill out from the walls, shooting at the group. Lester rolled the dice, and his barbarian's shield successfully blocked the arrows from piercing him.

Eugene looked at Sarah and said, “I’ll cast a shield to block the arrows from hitting us.” Dan smirked. This guy really thought he was being a white knight or something to Sarah. Sarah put her arm around his and hugged him close like she was afraid. Eugene took a shaky breath and rolled the dice. Greg informed him of his success.

“I’ll evade the arrows with a dexterity throw,” Ned as s said, throwing the dice. “Unsuccessful, Sam,” Greg said, looking at the dice. You’ve been hit with a poisoned arrow to the knee and lose 10 HP. The poison will make you lose HP every second.

“Can I heal him?” Sarah asked.

Eugene looked at her desperately, “As a cleric, you could use a healing hands spell to heal a wound like that.”

“Okay, I’ll do that,” Sarah said, standing up. She grabbed the dice and threw them onto the table, “I need to get close like the last time, right? Lester, can we switch?”

Lester raised an eyebrow at her, “Sure.” He stood up to trade places with Sarah. As she moved to his side of the table, Eugene piped up, “If you aren’t in my aura of fiery heat, you’re going to get cold again and take damage.” His eyes followed her body, staring at her juicy ass as she walked around the table, “And you’re naked too.”

“It’s a risk I’ll have to take,” Sarah said as she took Lester’s seat. She turned to Ned, leaned forward, and touched his knee. Ned’s eyes seemed to bulge out of his head as he looked down at Dan’s wife. He had the perfect angle to look down at her cleavage as she leaned forward.

“Was the roll successful?” Sarah asked Greg, not taking her eyes off Ned.

“No,” Greg muted as he took his eyes off Sarah to look at the dice. Sarah grabbed them and rolled them again. She put her hand down

on Ned's lower thigh.

"Unsuccessful," Greg muttered again. When he saw Sarah reach for the dice again, he muttered, "This isn't how it works."

Sarah repeated the process. She rolled the dice again, and this time, her hand came to rest on Ned's upper thigh. "Success," Greg said, "You've healed the wound, but the poison still inflicts damage on Samrick."

"Oh no," Sarah said, looking up at Ned for guidance. "What can I do? Should I suck the poison out somehow?" Sarah placed extra emphasis on the word suck.

"Uh, I uh, ah," Ned was having trouble forming a coherent sentence. Dan thought that his mind was probably tripping over itself at Sarah's use of the word suck. He had to admit that even he was getting riled up by Sarah's roleplaying performance.

"Try the 'Lesser Restoration' spell, Val," Eugene said to Sarah. "That'll cure the poison."

Sarah looked at Greg, who nodded, "I'll try Lesser Restoration on Sam's wound." Sarah reached across the table to grab the dice from in front of Eugene. His gaze dropped to her cleavage hanging low in front of him. Ned's eyes flicked up, and Dan swore the little guy stopped breathing. His eyes were focused on Sarah's booty short-clad ass bending over the table just inches from his face.

Sarah rolled the dice again. "Success," Greg said, "You've cured the poisoning, eliminating it from Samrick's body."

Sarah smiled at Ned, and her hand lingered on his thigh. She gently rubbed it up and down and said, "I guess I paid you back for your cape."

“Ugh,” Ned grunted, his face contorted, and his eyes lost focus. Sarah removed her hand, and Ned’s legs slammed together, and he hunched over the table, panting. Sarah gave Lester a knowing look, and they both seemed amused.

“Everything okay there, bud?” Dan crossed his arms and looked at Ned. He couldn’t have just cum in his pants, could he?

“Fine,” Ned said breathlessly, “Just need a second.”

The group of men sat slack-jawed as Sarah sat back up and pushed her chest out. She looked down at her character sheet. Finally, Greg mustered up the courage to speak: “The arrows stopped raining down on your group, and Ned is healed. But it’s still growing colder. You’ll need to find the orb soon. All of you have some kind of cold damage protection except for you, Sarah. Cold damage increases because you have no clothes on and are still naked.”

“Silly me,” Sarah said, looking each man in the eye, “I keep forgetting I’m naked. Nothing between your eyes and my cold, naked skin….but I bet you haven’t forgotten.” Her eyes stopped on Eugene.

“You should join me in my fiery aura. I’ll keep you warm,” Eugene was staring desperately at Sarah. His eyes were flicking up between her face and the inviting crease where her cleavage began.

“Hmmm, that sounds tempting. How exactly would you keep me warm?” Sarah stared at him,

“How would you keep my naked body hot?”

“I can think of a few ideas,” Eugene grinned, believing he was successfully seducing Sarah. As he rode the ego boost of flirting with a beautiful younger woman, he did not see her next move coming.

“Tempting, but what’s this?” Sarah said, pointing at her character sheet. “It says my cleric has the spell ‘teleportation circle.’”

“It lets you teleport anywhere. Somewhere in the manor or somewhere else in the world. It has a prolonged recharge time.” Greg said, clearly flustered at the direction Sarah was taking his game.

“And remember, the teleport spell is only temporary; it will transport you back here when it wears off!” Lester grimaced at Greg. Dan wondered whether Greg was beginning to understand Lester’s plan.

“Hmmmm, that sounds good. I’m going to use that,” Sarah said, rolling the dice without bothering to look at the results. I need to warm up, so I’m casting a spell to teleport back to my bedchambers. Can I bring the entire adventure party with me?”

Greg stuttered and said, “You’re only a 4th-level cleric. I think the circle is just big enough for two.”

Sarah stood and began walking around the table. Her hands lightly touched Ned’s shoulders, who shuddered at her touch, “But which of my brave party members will join me?” Her fingers traced a line across Greg’s back before moving onto Eugene’s.

“I’ll join you,” Eugene said, eagerly looking at Sarah as her nails grazed the back of his neck.

“Mhmmm, I don’t think that’s how it works. You have to roll for it. The highest roll gets to join me and warm me up.” Sarah said, her hands reaching Lester and toying with his fat shoulders.

When she arrived, Dan, she winked at him and said, “Except you, I guess. You don't get to roll since you’re dead and all.”

Eugene eagerly picked up the dice and rolled a 15. He clasped his hands and excitedly looked at Sarah, who was still circling the table.

Ned reached out and grabbed the dice. Sarah walked slide up next to him, pressing her body against him, "Do you need me to blow you?"

"Wha-what?" Ned's voice broke like a thirteen-year-old boy going through puberty.

Sarah leaned down close to him and whispered, "Do you want me to blow on your dice for good luck?"

Ned didn't respond but held his hands up to her mouth, where Sarah gently blew on the dice.

A shiver ran through Ned's body, and he threw the dice onto the table. They came up a nine.

"Shame," Sarah said as she stood up and moved behind him. Her fingers lingered on his shoulders, "I really wanted to pay you back properly, over and over again, for lending me your robe."

"Well, you can pay me back for letting you into my fiery aura," Eugene said hungrily, "We need to get your naked body out of this manor and into your bedroom."

"But how should I repay you for letting me in your fiery aura?" Sarah whispered into Eugene's ear. "Hmmmm," she breathed down his neck, and Dan saw the old man stiffen. "I suppose I would have to let you into my teleportation circle then," she said, letting the implication of intimacy linger in the old man's mind and pants.

"Not so fast," Lester said, leaning forward and grabbing the dice. I still have to roll."

"Don't bother," Eugene jeered, "It's clear your cleric girlfriend has a thing for warlocks. I don't think she'll be warming your bed tonight."

“He might be right, Lester,” Sarah said, biting her lip, “I might be going home with the warlock and playing with his staff tonight. Shadowweaver could help me learn to cast my own fire.”

Lester threw the dice, and they rolled across the table and stopped with the 20 side facing up.

“It looks like I’m joining you in the teleportation circle,” Lester said, smiling.

“That’s too bad,” Sarah said, stepping up next to Lester, “Who knows what kind of magic we could have created, Eugene.” As Lester pushed his seat back from the table, Sarah straddled his lap, her breasts directly in his face. She pulled him to her chest, “Now I’ll beam us up,” she said in an overly dramatic tone.

The fat man’s hands mauled her supple ass, luxuriating in Sarah’s display of affection. Around the table, the men weren’t sure where to keep their eyes, on Sarah’s amazing behind or where she was joined to Lester, sucking on his tongue. Dan felt lightheaded observing his wife atop the fat man, watching her kiss him again in front of the D&D party, her enthusiastic grinding only slightly exaggerated for effect. It dawned on him that he could tell the difference because he’d seen it so often.

After a few moments of gloating, Lester pulled Sarah off of him, stood up, and led her around the table. As they passed her husband, Sarah’s hand lingered on Dan’s shoulder and gently squeezed it.

It was then that Sarah said, “Oh, did I break another rule? When my clothes were burnt, was I supposed to role-play in real life, too? Was I actually supposed to get naked?” As she walked away from the table, she split off from Lester toward the hallway. She grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing her toned back. “Sorry for breaking the rules.

I’ll get to my shorts in a second.”

The three men's heads all spun and watched Sarah's bra-clad chest jiggle as she walked away.

Their jaws hung open, and their eyes bulged out of their heads as they stared at Dan's wife.

None of them had likely ever been so close to a woman as beautiful as Sarah, and now here she stood, right in front of them, wearing only her booty shorts.

With one last look over her shoulder, Sarah winked at the group of speechless men as Lester led her down the hallway to his bedroom, "My boys, my boyfriend needs me."

Dan noted the distinct lack of the 'Chicago boyfriend' that they usually played with. That was all part of this weird role play, right?

"What the fuck just happened," Eugene said breathlessly. He sat there stunned, staring down the hallway Sarah had disappeared into. "You don't really think that's his girlfriend, right? This must be some kind of joke."

Greg focused on the sheets of paper before him, "I don't know, but I guess the game is over for this week."

Ned quickly stood up, cupped his crotch, turned away from the group, and made a beeline down the hallway. The word "bathroom" came out of his mouth shortly before he disappeared.

"Looks like Ned over there has a mess to clean up," Dan scoffed with his arms crossed. He was relieved that the game was finally over, but his mind was drawn to the closed door at the end of the hallway. He and Sarah had agreed to do this together. Lester was on board with letting Dan be present, but now he and Sarah were behind a closed door while Dan was stuck with these nerds. He couldn't just get up and –

The peephole. He had covered it with duct tape, but he could still watch Lester with Sarah. He just needed to find a way to get the nerds out of the apartment.

“Is she really his girlfriend? She's not a hooker?” Eugene had finally broken his stare down the hallway and was now looking at Dan. Dan could say she was a hooker to embarrass Lester but

he’d feel like shit doing that. He wanted to keep Sarah’s honor intact. Even though they were playing this fucked up roleplaying game, Sarah was still his wife, and no one was going to talk about her like that.

Dan shrugged his shoulders, not wanting to verbally say the word ‘girlfriend,’ “This isn’t her first time at the apartment. And no, she isn’t a hooker. That I know for sure.”

“Jesus,” Eugene muttered. He looked back and forth between Dan and Greg, “Do you think…

do you think if Lester hadn’t rolled higher that…uh…you know…it would be me and her in there right now?”

“Some guys are into that,” Greg continued to pack up pieces of the game. I don’t really know about Lester.” The dungeon master seemed all business, not comfortable discussing the details of what they’d all just witnessed.

Dan felt his face grow flush as the two guys discussed the fantasy of his wife sharing. It was not something he wanted to be revealed about himself. “What do you think, Dan?” Eugene looked at him. You kind of know her. Do you think she would have?”

Dan had no idea what Sarah would have done if any of the guys besides Lester rolled a higher number. Part of him was excited at the prospect of seeing that play out, seeing what his wife would do in

that situation. How sexily she could manipulate these guys was a turn-on for him.

Still, his mind drifted to the bedroom at the end of the hall.

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As Lester shut and locked the door behind them, Sarah felt anxious. It wasn't that same anxiety she'd felt so many months ago when Dan made her come in here to fetch Lester to watch them. It was a more excited anguish about what was going to happen next.

His room looked messier than Sarah was accustomed to. Earlier, she had been so focused on Lester's instructions and the outfit he had for her to wear that she hadn't taken it all in. She was surprised that it didn't bother her. She liked to keep her house immaculate. Seeing his mess just sort of made sense. It was somehow like an extension of Lester. Still leaning into her roleplaying, she said, "Hmmm, I guess I made a mistake. This isn't my bedchamber at all. It looks like your barbarian lair."

Lester just smirked, "You have no idea."

"How did I do?" Sarah said as Lester walked over and leaned against the bed, "Did I turn the screws on them enough like you wanted?" Sarah held her hands together, hoping she'd succeeded.

"Better," Lester smiled wickedly, "Those guys won't sleep for a week. They'll be dreaming of you."

'Aww," Sarah smiled and looked around Lester's room. It had been a while since she had been in here, and she noticed a dramatic change. The clean, tidy room was gone. It reminded her of the first time she'd walked in here when she was taking those sexy pictures for Dan. There were discarded clothes on the floor alongside takeout containers at different levels of emptiness. A few empty Cheeto bags

sat on his desk. She could see a sheen of dust littering most surfaces.

More than anything, the room smelled like Lester. She couldn't help but find the smell arousing. It was like her brain associated it with sex. Lester watched as she went from simply standing in the room to posing, her ass and breasts slightly more prominent than a moment earlier.

"And they'll probably be jerking off to their mental image of you, too," Lester smirked, feasting his eyes on her.

"And you've ruined it," Sarah said, walking towards Lester. She didn't tiptoe around the mess on the floor. She walked through the old clothes and refuse, "You're just lucky you rolled that 20. Otherwise, your friend would be here in your place."

Lester crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow at her. "He's not my friend. You wouldn't have brought him in here anyway."

"Are you sure about that?" Sarah said in a low voice as she stepped closer to Lester. She stopped a foot away from him, staring at him defiantly. "Are you so sure I wouldn't have brought him here, into your room and fucked him? I'm sure Dan wouldn't mind watching that.

I don't think you understand that I hold all the power here." Her hand made a fist, and she held it to her chest as she plainly stated this to Lester.

Lester quickly grabbed Sarah's hips and pulled her to him, her crotch pressing against his.

"Let's not beat around the bush. It isn't about Dan's fantasy anymore. This isn't about some random person."

“Oh?” Sarah asked, raising an eyebrow. Lester’s hot breath was on her face. “What’s it about, then?”

“It’s about you and me,” Lester licked his lips as he stared into her eyes. “It’s about the way we fuck. The way you crave it and can’t get enough. Say whatever else you want, but that’s all it comes down to.”

Lester held her hips tightly and mashed his cock into her waist. Sarah could feel his growing hardened cock pressing against her, “Is that so? Do you really think you have that kind of hold on – mhmmmmm.”

Lester mashed his lips against Sarah’s. Her knees grew weak, and she felt her body fall against his. Her breasts pushed up against his flabby chest as his arms encircled her. Lester’s tongue parted her lips and thrust into her mouth.

Sarah moaned around his invading tongue. Her own flicked out and ran against the underside of his. Sarah was surprised to notice that her arms were already around his neck, pulling his head down towards her. Lester slowly withdrew his tongue from her mouth. Sarah pushed hers forward, desperate to find more of him. Lester continued to pull back and whispered,

“Tell me you don’t love the way we fuck.”

Sarah smiled as Lester started to kiss and lick her exposed neck, “You fuck me good Lester.”

Sarah shuddered as she felt his cock growing against her pussy. When she saw he wanted more from her, she continued, “I love the way you fuck me.”

“I knew it,” Lester grunted, pushing himself against her harder. Sarah moaned, feeling his probing cock pulsing against her, “How about the way we make love?”

“We’ve only done, ah, that once,” Sarah said, closing her eyes. She was getting lost in the feeling of Lester’s large body against hers.

“But you loved it,” Lester whispered in her ear, “You know how I know?”

“Mhmm, how?” Sarah moaned as Lester’s lips started to work their way down her chest.

“Because of the way you dug your nails into me. How your legs held me tight and wouldn’t let me go. How your pussy gripped my cock and milked it. How you let me cum into you unprotected, taking me fully into you.” Lester’s hands found her shoulders and drifted lower to her supple breasts.“Because you gave yourself to me completely.”

Sarah’s body shuddered at the revelation. She didn’t want to admit to herself how much she enjoyed that night. Lester was right. Her body had responded to him. She hadn’t wanted to let him go, even though he hadn’t worn a condom. She had wanted his cum that night, but she wasn’t ready to admit it to herself, let alone Lester. She didn’t know what he was driving at now but needed to shift things before she admitted something she shouldn’t.

Letting go of his neck, Sarah placed her hands on his chest and pushed Lester down onto the bed. Lester flopped back with a look of surprise on his face, caught off guard by her assertiveness. Sarah stared at him hard, her eyes running across his disgusting body, perplexed at why he turned her on so much.

Sarah lowered her shorts and stepped out of them without saying a word. Then she stepped forward, knelt on the bed, and crawled up Lester’s body, “You want to make your little D&D

group jealous? Do you want to make Eugene know how much of a man you are? No more talk about making love, show them how well Lester can fuck. Make me moan your name. Let them listen to you fuck me.”

Sarah's crotch found Lester's hard cock through his sweatpants and ground against it,

"Mhmmmm, what the fuck are your pants still doing on?"

Lester quickly tugged at the band of his sweatpants, trying to pull them down. Sarah's thighs had his hips pinned to the mattress. He couldn't get a firm grip to pull them down. She reached her hands down and grabbed his, quickly pulling them off her and pinning them above his head against the mattress.

"No," She stared into his beady eyes, "That's my cock. You understand? I'll do what I want with it. You don't touch it. Got it?"

Lester slowly nodded as Sarah eased herself off his hips, "That includes other women. No more Lizzie. No one else." Sarah tugged at Lester's sweatpants, pulling them and his boxers clean off quickly.

"Ughhh, you want me to be exclusive?" Lester said, pumping his hips into the air as Sarah took off her panties and straddled him again. "What do I get out of this?"

Sarah held the shaft of Lester's cock against her spread pussy lips, feeling the throbbing of his cock against her clit. She closed her eyes, reveling in the feeling. Eventually, she opened them and stared at Lester.

"Isn't it obvious? You get all of this. A sexy, devoted, married wife as his very own Chicago girlfriend," She took his hands and placed them on her breasts. Lester squeezed them firmly, eliciting a soft moan from Sarah. Lester gritted his teeth, "Not fair. You still give Dan attention.

And now he even comes on our dates with us. I want you all to myself."

“Well, he is my husband, Lester,” Sarah teased, “Besides, you’re getting me alone right now, aren’t you?

Sarah held Lester’s shaft with one hand while the other gently teased the head of his cock. She ran her thumb over the precum that had begun to leak out of it. Sarah brought her thumb to her mouth and licked it, tasting Lester’s cum, “Mhmmmmm.” Then quietly, she said, “You’re delicious, you know?”

“Hmm. We both know Dan’s going to be at that peephole in a minute, watching us,” Lester thrust his hips up, pushing his shaft against Sarah’s clit. She bit her lip and let out a long groan,

“It isn’t the same. I want you alone again.”

“Mhmmm, ah, we can’t, Lester,” Sarah dropped her hands to Lester’s flabby belly and ground her hips down onto Lester, rubbing herself against his shaft. “We just…just….uh…ah..just made that deal.”

“Then we’ll break it,” Lester’s fat hands gripped her waist as he pushed his hips up high off the bed. He shifted his weight and slid his cock down until it was lined up with her soaking wet entrance. Sarah could see his face turning red at the exertion. As he lowered his hips, his cock started to part the entrance to Sarah’s pussy.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah grunted as she felt herself being stretched around the head of Lester’s cock.

She bit her lips and braced herself against Lester’s mass, “Ahh uhhhhh.”

Lester pulled her down further onto his cock. “We’ll find a way to get together alone so we can really let loose. I want to fuck you in your office at work.”

“Ah, fuck. No, we, we can’t. Can’t,” Sarah was having trouble regulating her breathing as Lester’s cock pushed into her. It had

been weeks since he'd fucked her in a parking garage. It was too long not to have his perfect cock inside her.

"Can," Lester slammed her waist down onto his cock, pushing himself fully inside of her. Sarah screamed, "AH FUCK LESTER."

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Ned had just finished cleaning up the mess in his pants. He'd used toilet paper to clean up as much of it as possible, praying it wouldn't run through and make a visible stain on his pants.

He looked at his crotch in the mirror of Lester's bathroom. It looked fine. No one would know what had happened when Sarah touched his leg.

He'd never felt anything like it. He couldn't wait to get home and think about that moment.

He'd share it with his Fleshlight. He finished cleaning his hands and thought about Sarah and her blonde hair. She reminded him of the old Ms. Marvel, not the new Disney diversity Ms.

Marvel but the old sexy Carol Danvers before she became Captain Marvel. Sarah was sexy, just like her. Or maybe even Sue Storm from the Fantastic Four. Sarah had the confidence of both women, but neither seemed as playful and sexy as Sarah.

Ned shut the bathroom door behind him and headed back towards the others. Sarah was sexy and confident, like Mary-Jane, Spider-Man's wife. Well, 'wife' before they did a soft reboot of the Spider-Man line. One thing Ned always hated about Marvel was their resets to the new

status quo. Still, those big issues were collectibles. He would have to check this month's valuations when he got home to see if any in his collection were going for –

“AH FUCK LESTER,” The words rang in his ears. Ned stopped in his tracks, slowly turning to look at Lester’s closed door. Maybe he just imagined it.

“Uh. Mhmmmmm. God, fuck.” A woman’s voice moaned again. Ned felt short of breath and wished he hadn’t left his inhaler in his backpack. Instead of returning to the living room to get it, he walked towards Lester’s door. He leaned in and pressed his ear against the wood. He could hear grunting and ruffling sounds and soft feminine moans.

Was that really Sarah? Was she really fucking someone like Lester? If Lester landed someone like her, did Ned have a shot? He quickly returned to the Lester’s living room.

Lester’s roommate, Dan, had an annoyed look on his face and was sitting in a chair by the TV.

Eugene was on the couch scrolling through Lester’s Netflix account. Greg was beside him with his bag on his lap, all packed up and ready to go. No one turned their heads when Ned walked back into the room.

“Uh, guys,” Ned said with a shaky voice, “You’ve got to hear this.”

“What?” Eugene said, looking at Ned annoyed.

“Listen!” Ned hissed. Eugene reluctantly muted the TV. All four men sat there in silence until Sarah’s soft moans started emanating from the hallway. Ned, Eugene, and Greg all traded glances. Dan seemed disinterested and kept his attention on his phone. Eugene stood up and walked past Ned, listening to Sarah moan Lester’s name.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” Ned heard Eugene mutter. Ned looked at Greg, urging him to stand up, but Greg sat there and seemed to grip his backpack more tightly.

“What do we do?” Ned hissed to Eugene.

“I don’t fucking know,” Eugene spat at Ned, causing him to flinch back. Ned walked away from him to the couch, where he sat down. Eugene lingered by the entrance to the hallway.

“You guys plan on sticking around?” Dan said, looking up from his phone. I think the game’s over. There's no telling how long they are going to be.”

“What time’s your curfew, Greg?” Ned asked.

“Midnight,” Greg said, staring at the coffee table. Ned didn’t want to leave yet. No way. Not when he might be able to catch another look at Sarah. What if she came out in the middle of the night and wanted more attention? Ned could be here for that.

“We’re staying,” Eugene sat back down on the couch, “At least until Greg has to go.”

“I want to go now,” Greg muttered. Eugene glanced at him with a furrowed brow, “Well, I’m your ride, and I’m not going anywhere.”

“Well, guys,” Dan said, standing up. “It’s been great. Thanks for letting me play, but I’m going to bed.”

Ned watched with a slack jaw as Dan walked down the hallway towards the sounds of Sarah and Lester’s coupling. Ned closed his eyes, trying to feign sleep, but wanted to picture Sarah’s face with the noises she was making.

He cracked one eye open as he heard a noise in the room. Eugene was standing up, looking down the hallway after Dan. Ned saw Eugene begin to follow him.

“Where…where you are going, Eugene?” Ned stammered.

“Something’s up,” Eugene muttered, still staring down the hallway, “And I’m gonna find out what.”

Ned watched the older man disappear out of view as he left the living room. Ned’s mind was racing, wondering what Eugene thought was happening. He wanted to follow his friend, but he felt paralyzed, not wanting to leave his seat. He already felt embarrassed at having cum all over himself in front of everyone.

***

Dan slid into his room and quickly went over to the peephole on the wall. He peeled off the duct tape, closed one eye, and peered through it. The first thing he saw was a blob of pale white skin. Lester’s fat body was lying across the bed. Sarah’s tanned, toned legs were straddling Lester’s waist as she rode his cock.

Dan gulped and felt his heart race increasing. The word ‘pineapple’ danced in his head, but he kept his lips firmly shut. He was transfixed by Sarah’s hip movements, which were grinding on top of Lester.

“I think your husband is watching,” Lester whispered low to Sarah. He silently cursed Dan for interrupting his interrogation of Sarah. She was close to bending to his demands. He would have to press her again, “Let’s put on a good show.”

Sarah’s body quickened its pace. The idea of being watched just turned her on. She thought about Dan's hungry look on his face and the way he stood as he stared through the peephole.

Would he be stroking his cock, already watching them? How long would he last? Were the others still here? Could they hear her?

Sarah bit her lip and stared at the peephole, wanting Dan to know she loved that he was watching them. She could feel the tempo of Lester’s heartbeat through the vein on his cock as it throbbed inside

of her. Sarah couldn't deny that she loved feeling his cock inside of her. She hadn't even given a condom a second thought this time. She just needed Lester inside of her.

Ah fuck. Mhmmmm. God," Sarah grunted as she rolled her hips around on Lester's cock. "You feel so fucking good."

Dan could feel his cock starting to tent in his pants. He leaned against the wall, with his arm over the peephole, his forehead resting against his forearm. Dan stared hard, watching his wife ride Lester, the way her bare chest was still heaving up and down as she tried to catch her breath. She didn't want to stop. Dan wondered how long before she had her first orgasm of the night.

"Whatcha doing?" A voice hissed from the doorway. Dan snapped his head to the side to see Eugene and his dirty old beard staring at him. Dan felt like a deer in the headlights, not knowing how to react. He had gotten caught with his secret fetish and didn't have a response planned. Dan hadn't closed the door, not entirely. He tried to slip into the room quietly to observe his wife, not wanting to alert the couple to his presence. It looked like that shitty door with its messed up lock had cost him.

"Watching," Dan finally croaked out softly, wanting nothing more than to turn his head back to the peephole. Eugene stepped into Dan's bedroom and said, "Let me see."

This strange older man was in his bedroom, where Sarah would sleep and get dressed. It felt like such an invasion of privacy. Dan remembered how Sarah toyed with this guy before, leading him on. Making him think he might have a chance. She wouldn't ever give the likes of him a chance. No way. But the idea of it. Seeing her toy with him. The possibility. That turned him on. Lester didn't get along with this guy either. He hated him from the vibes Dan could pick up. If Dan let him watch, it almost felt like he would be getting one up

on Lester, choosing to let this guy see something that Lester thought was his.

Dan realized he had stepped back from the peephole, allowing Eugene to shuffle in front of him and take his place.

"My god," Eugene muttered under his breath at the sight of Sarah's toned body riding Lester.

"Ah fuck Lester," Sarah's nails were digging into Lester's stomach as she gripped him, "You feel so fucking big inside of me."

"Squeeze me, Sarah, ah," Lester grunted, pushing his cock into Sarah, "Yeah, just like that.

Squeeze Daddy."

Sarah felt a pang of electricity run across her skin at Lester's words —goosebumps formed on her back. Every time Lester tried to use that word, 'daddy,' it made her feel strange. She thought about the word over and over in her head as she rode Lester's cock. She couldn't say it. Wouldn't say it, especially with Dan listening at the peephole.

Her body responded anyway. Lester had her ass in his hands, moving with her as she rode him, catching her and slamming her down on his massive cock. She felt an orgasm rapidly forming, ready to drop down and crush her, "Fuck don't stop, uh, uh, stop Lester."

"I'm not stopping until you cum all over my cock," Lester grunted. He put his hands behind his head and watched the beautiful mother ride cock. The buttery walls of her pussy pulled at his cock deliciously. It was amazing how well his plan was serving him. The more he fucked her, the more he took his pleasure in doing so, the more she wanted him to do it again. He smirked, watching her beautiful face contort in pleasure. She was increasing her tempo, likely about to cum any second now.

"Jeeesuss," Eugene muttered as his hand disappeared into his pants, and he stroked his cock.

Dan stood there perplexed about why he had moved over for this stranger and why he still felt paralyzed. He could push Eugene out of the room or tell him to fuck off. But part of him knew the truth, that he was getting off on letting a guy like Eugene watch Sarah just like he had gotten off on letting Lester watch them on the couch.

"Fuck right there, agh right therrrreeeeeee," Sarah's pussy clenched down hard on Lester's cock as she felt herself begin to cum. Her body tensed, and she held her breath as pleasure radiated out from her sex and seemed to light every nerve in her body on fire. She felt complete at that moment, with Lester's cock buried deep inside of her. Just then, Lester flexed his cock inside her, and she felt a new level of bliss explode inside her. "Oh, OH, OOOHH, OH

FUCK, LESTER, HOLY SHIII…" The quivering wife jumped off of Lester, shaking in the middle of the untidy room. She had a fearful look on her face, unprepared for the intensity of her orgasm after thinking she knew all of what Lester could do to her. She took a few breaths and looked at her overweight lover. He was grinning knowingly and patted his belly for her to get back on, his cock a solid spike standing in the air.

"Jesus, Lester. Nobody fucks me like you do." Having recovered from her first orgasm, Sarah returned to the bed and straddled Lester, positioning his huge cockhead at her pussy lips.

Once ready, she pushed herself down and allowed Lester's entire length into her again, his girth making her eyes flutter with the intense sensation of stretching her open. Lester moved with her, ensuring that when their bodies met, he was deeply embedded. Sarah took her cue from Lester and laid upon him, their bodies mashed together as she slammed her midsection against the ugly

man, repeatedly thrusting herself against him as she never had before.

The twinges of a second orgasm started to form in her outer extremities. She felt a tingling begin in her fingers and toes that worked its way to her core. Wherever she went when Lester made her cum was rapidly becoming her favorite place in Chicago.

"OH Lester, OHHhhhh, fuuuck. Don't stop, don't, don't you fucking, uhhhh…l"

Before she knew it, she was in the throes of cumming again, this one not at all intense, feeling like a warm blanket of pleasant warmth and a tingling in her scalp.

"Ohhh Fuck," Sarah groaned as she came down from her orgasm. She was still gently rocking her hips back and forth over Lester's cock, nursing the residual feelings of her orgasm and trying to ignite yet another one.

Dan backed himself up against the other wall of his room as this strange older man seemed drooled at his peephole. Images flashed through Dan's mind at what the old nerd could be witnessing. His eyes ran over Sarah's naked body as she writhed under Lester. Dan felt himself beginning to hyperventilate. What would this guy do now that he'd seen Sarah? Would Sarah be pissed that Dan let this guy watch her without her knowing? These were things Dan could worry about later. He just wished he could see what Sarah was doing in Lester's room.

His eyes glanced to the side at the picture of his family on his bedside table—Sarah and him standing there with their girls. Had Eugene seen that? Did he know that Sarah was actually his wife? What was he thinking, but more importantly, what was he seeing? It was a sight only Dan should see.

“Let’s switch it up,” Lester said, rolling his hips to the side, trying to dislodge himself from her.

Sarah begrudgingly let him go and felt a pang of disappointment as his cock slid out of her,

“Wha-what?”

“Come here,” Lester said, standing up. His meaty fingers closed around her wrist, and he dragged her off the bed and over to the set of drawers against the wall. He pulled her close and pushed her up against the drawers, facing away from him. Her thighs were pushed into the bureau, and Sarah placed her hands on the wall for support. She opened her eyes and saw that she was face to face with the peephole.

“One second,” She said to Lester, who was already trying to line himself up with her from behind. She gave the peephole her best fuck me eyes and slowly lowered one of the shoulder straps on her bra. Sarah licked her lips and pushed them together, blowing a kiss at the hole.

Then, she let the other strap fall, dangling loosely beside her bicep. “Lester, can you please unstrap me?”

Lester did as he was told. Sarah felt the clasp of her bra open on her back. She held the front of the bra against her chest. “This could have been you tonight,” she said seductively into the peephole, “But you missed your chance. Now my barbarian Lester is going to fuck me all night long.”

Sarah let go of her bra, letting it drop to the floor. Her breasts proudly spilled out for Eugene’s eyes to feast on. Dan heard a sharp intake of breath from the older man. He wondered what was happening on the other side of the wall. The walls of his room felt like they were closing in again. He left the bedroom and headed for the kitchen. The other two guys on the couch were discussing some

kind of anime. Dan ignored them and poured himself a glass of cold water. He quickly gulped down his drink and debated staying in the kitchen until it was finished or returning to the bedroom.

Sarah gazed into the peephole, trying to eye fuck Dan on the other side. Lester's hands roamed up her body until each one grabbed a breast. He started roughly massaging them, rolling her nipples between his thumb and finger. Lester's hips were pushing forward against her ass. She could feel his cock pressing between her thighs, getting reading to fuck her again.

"Fuck me," Sarah stared into the hole, wanting both men to think she was talking to them,

"Fuck me."

Lester's meaty hands left her breasts. One grabbed the base of his cock and lined it up with Sarah's pussy. The other hand held her waist still. Sarah looked up at the hole, bracing her hands on either side.

"Oh fuck," her mouth formed a perfect 'O' as she felt Lester's cock slide back inside of her.

Lester decided to fuck her slowly and methodically, wanting to savor every second with her. To draw out Dan's agony on the other side of the wall. He pulled his cock out slowly before pushing it slowly back in fully.

"Mhmmmmmm fffuuck," Sarah groaned while trying to keep her focus on the peephole. She wanted to give Dan a good show but was having difficulty concentrating, "Take it out for me, baby, stroke it."

Eugene did as instructed and lowered his sweatpants to his thigh, and started to stroke his old cock.

"Look at me," Sarah moaned as Lester was slowly pushing in and out of here, "Don't stop looking at me. Stroke yourself for me. I want you to cum for me."

Eugene started stroking his cock faster in Dan's place at the peephole. Sarah was moaning just inches from him. Her beautiful eyes were staring right at him. Lester suddenly decided to pick

up his pace. Sarah was slammed forward, her fingers arching out, trying to keep leverage. She was bent so far forward she was on tippy toes, her thighs pushing into the dresser. Sarah tried in vain to push herself back, to thrust back against Lester, but she couldn't. Lester held onto her hips and pumped her relentlessly with his cock, pushing deep into the young mother.

One of Sarah's hands dropped to the top of the dresser, crushing an empty bag of Cheetos,

"Oh. God. Lester. Fuck." Lester gritted his teeth and fucked Sarah as hard as he could. He wanted Dan to watch and see his wife cum on his cock again. Sarah felt the tops of the dresser pushing into her thighs. It was starting to hurt, but she didn't want him to stop. Sarah's hand slipped off the wall, causing her to lose her balance. Her breasts hit the dresser first, smooshing into wretched garbage Lester had forgotten there. Sarah's hair was sprawled out among Lester's discarded items. Sarah searched for something to grab onto, but Lester never let up. He just continued to pound into the young mother. The violent pummeling she was taking threatened to make her lose consciousness.

Lester grinned at the peephole, enjoying that he had successfully taken Sarah away from Dan's view. Sweat was dripping off his brow onto Sarah's ass cheeks that were slamming against his crotch. He couldn't keep up this pace; he needed to switch positions.

With a firm grasp on her hips, Lester pulled her back from the wall. Sarah's feet were able to touch the ground again. Sarah quickly

pulled herself off Lester’s cock and spun around. She pushed herself up so that she could sit on the dresser. Her ass crushing whatever garbage that had been on it. Lester saw a fire in her eyes and knew he could only quench her desire.

Lester was standing there huffing and puffing after pounding the blonde beauty for five, almost ten minutes straight at his fastest pace. Sarah looked at him hungrily and spread her legs before him. “Put it in me.”

She didn’t need to ask him twice. Lester was quickly between her legs with his cock lined up with her waiting pussy. Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's back as his cockhead began to push back into her, “Oh fuck. Fuck.”

Sarah pulled Lester’s body against hers as the rest of his cock slid into her. She threw her head back and closed her eyes, her mind concentrating on the feeling of Lester’s big cock inside of her. Her blonde hair covered the peephole, obscuring Eugene’s view of the beautiful young wife.

While Lester had meticulously measured the height of his bed to ensure he could fuck Sarah on it while standing up, he’d never done so with the dresser. Lester had his hands under her thighs and was standing up on his toes to get his cock fully into the young mother. The

awkward angle proved to be quite powerful for Sarah. Lester’s cock was sliding up at an angle that made the cock head push against her g-spot.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and held her to him, feeling his cock sliding up and down, stimulating her. Sarah opened her eyes and ran her hands through Lester’s thinning hair as she felt another orgasm start to push its way to the forefront.

As Lester fucked Sarah, the dresser tilted slightly off the wall before slamming back into place.

Each time he pulled his cock back, Sarah held on tighter, her ass firmly planted on the dresser causing it to shift with them. Over and over, the dresser slammed back into the wall. Neither Sarah nor Lester cared about the sounds they were making. Everything was miles away from their fucking.

Lester could feel his balls begin to tighten. After fucking her from behind in the parking garage last time, he wanted to cum with her on her back this time. Using all of his strength, Lester grabbed Sarah by her thighs and pulled up, lifting her off the dresser.

He wasn't used to carrying any weight. On shaky legs, and spun them around and dropped Sarah onto the bed, his cock never leaving her pussy. Lester moved onto the bed with her and laid on top of her. Sarah's legs closed around his hips, locking her ankles together and not letting him go. Her breasts mashed against his flabby chest as he dipped his head down and kissed her hard. Sarah pulled Lester harder into her as her tongue drove into his mouth, exploring and licking every inch of it.

Eugene was happy he could see again. He was slack-jawed, staring at his D&D frenemy fucking the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. As much as Eugene hated to admit it, there was no way she was a prostitute. He could clearly see the passion between them as they fucked on the bed. It seemed like something more to him. He wasn't sure if it was love, but they had a magnetism. He felt like he was watching something that should be private—an outsider watching two people about to mate.

It didn't stop him from furiously stroking himself, getting ready to cum. Consequences be damned. He leaned against the wall, trying to get as close as possible. He could hear Lester whispering

something but couldn't make it out. Why had Sarah forgotten all about him?

"You like getting fucked by me?" Lester whispered as he started to increase his tempo, his hips bucking against the young wife's. Sarah's hips were thrusting up to meet his unrelenting pace.

She was so close to cumming again. She didn't want to lose it.

"Uhhhh I love it. I love the way you fuck me, Lester," Sarah grunted as her tongue licked the side of Lester's face. Just needed to taste him. "I think about it all the time."

"Ugh, uh, even at work?" Lester grunted, feeling his balls getting ready to explode.

"Yes," Sarah whispered back through gritted teeth.

"I want to fuck you in your office," Lester grabbed a handful of her ass and thrust into her.

Sarah gasped as Lester continued to drive her crazy, "I want to fuck you right on your desk."

"Ah FUCK LESTER," Sarah screamed. It had always been a fantasy of hers to have sex at work.

"DO IT. I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME."

"Fuck Dan. You're just going to be MINE," Lester grunted as his balls began to tighten, "I'm going to fuck you in your office next time I'm in town, and there isn't a damn thing anyone can do about it."

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned, "Fucking do it. I can't wait. I want you to fuck me everywhere!"

"Good girl," Lester grunted as he started to jackhammer into Sarah. There was no going back now. He couldn't stop himself. His

biological impulses were in control, "I'm gonna cum Sarah.

Who do you belong to? Whose pussy is this?"

"Ah fuck! FUCK!" Sarah screamed, her nails digging into Lester's dirty sheets. An orgasm seemed to rip through her body. She felt her ankles go numb as blood rushed to her head, "It's yours. All yours, Daddy. I'm yours."

"FUCK," Lester lurched forward and held his breath on the edge of cumming. His cockhead expanded and then exploded inside of Sarah, jetting thick ropes of sperm into the beautiful wife. Sarah moaned into his ear as she felt his hot cum spraying inside of her, pelting her inside with his illicit seed. Another orgasm seemed to rise and ripple throughout her body, reverberating each time Lester's cum blasted the walls of her fertile womb.

"Aghh," Eugene grunted as he came, cum splattering out against Dan's wall. Eugene breathed hard, having just cum harder than he ever had. He closed one eye and looked back through the hole; one last glimpse of the goddess Lester was bedding. Stepping back from the wall, he looked down at the mess he had left there. Not wanting to get caught anywhere near the peephole, he stumbled out of the room and back towards the others.

Lester and Sarah kept fucking each other for several seconds, both of their hips not getting the message that they had both just cum. Slowly, their bodies came to rest, Lester still embedded inside Sarah. He rolled off of her onto his side, trying to catch his breath.

"Jesus," Sarah muttered, breathing hard and covered in a sheen of sweat. You're an animal, Lester."

Lester just chuckled and basked in the afterglow of sex with Sarah. Knowing how willing she was to have sex with him was one thing. How comfortable she was becoming around him was another step in the right direction. He knew he had to play nice with Dan, at least

for a bit, but he really did want to get Sarah alone to further his goals.

Sarah could feel her eyes getting heavy after the workout Lester had just given her. She could feel herself getting a little too comfortable in his bed. She knew she needed to get back to Dan. Wetness slid from between her legs. Sarah reached down and felt Lester's load dripping out of her. With a heavy sigh, she sat up, "I'm gonna jump in the shower."

"You coming back here after? Sleep here tonight." Lester yawned, staring at Sarah's naked back. He could feel himself growing harder, knowing Dan's wife was beside him.

"I think I'm going to check in with my husband after, Lester." Sarah stood up and moved around the room, trying to retrieve her clothing. It took her a couple of minutes, as her clothes blended into the mess on Lester's floor.

He reached out and grabbed her arm, pulling her towards him on the bed, "One more kiss before you go?"

Sarah bent over and pressed her lips against Lester's. To her surprise, he didn't stick his tongue in her mouth. He just let his lips linger on hers tenderly. Neither of them broke the kiss right away. Sarah was the one who pulled back as she felt more of Lester's cum leaking out of her.

"Do one last thing for me before you go in the shower," Lester said, looking up at her.

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Sarah couldn't help but smile as she tried to ease Lester's door shut quietly. She wasn't sure if it was because of the intense fulfillment Lester had just given her or the devious little request he just asked

for. It felt good knowing she could make him finish so thoroughly and do little things for him.

The nerds' voices abruptly cut off further down the hallway. Clearly, she hadn't been as quiet as she had hoped. How long had Dan ended up watching at the peephole? Did he watch the way Lester kissed her? Or that he asked her to spend the night in his bed?

The idea of sleeping in Lester's room felt, well, complicated. She was exhausted, and knew that if she slept in there, Lester would try to go for another round at some point….

While she wasn't opposed to that happening, she did feel somewhat guilty about leaving Dan with the nerds. She wanted to check in with him and ensure things were okay. She really had put him in kind of an awkward situation with the whole game thing. He hadn't said 'Pineapple'

during it, but then again, he was behind the peephole as well. She'd unwittingly put him in a position where he couldn't say it to her.

Still trying to be quiet, she eased the door to Dan's room open and stepped inside. Sarah caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror, and a wicked smile spread across her face.

Those nerds weren't ready for her—not by a mile.

Her eyes drifted to the rest of the room, becoming aware that Dan was no longer there. When did he leave, and did he enjoy what he saw? She looked at the peephole and noticed below it a creamy sticky substance spattered onto the wall.

I guess Dan did enjoy himself, Sarah thought. She must have put on one hell of a performance for her husband to just leave a mess like that on the wall. Sarah decided she may as well clean it up, since she was partially responsible for it. Dan was probably off recovering somewhere or grabbing a glass of water.

Sarah grabbed a handful of tissues, walked over, and knelt next to the wall. Being so close, she could smell how potent it was. She started wiping it up but then decided to take her manicured finger and scoop up a globe of Dan's cum.

She licked her lips and raised an eyebrow as she felt the thick substance between her fingers. I really shouldn't let all of this go to waste.

Maybe she was still horny from Lester's fucking, or maybe she just wanted to taste her husband's cum. She didn't spend too much time thinking about it. Sarah stuck her cum covered finger into her mouth and sucked it clean. Her tongue rolled against her finger, ensuring she didn't waste a drop of it.

More bitter than usual, Sarah withdrew her finger from her mouth and licked some remaining cum off her lips. Then she scooped up another glob of the thick, creamy substance and repeated the process.

Mhmmmmm, it tasted less bitter this time. Perhaps her taste buds just got used to its flavor.

She moaned slightly,, closing her eyes, knowing how badly she was behaving. As she finished sucking off the remaining cum from her finger, she felt herself getting wet all over again.

Sarah cleaned up the rest of the mess with the tissues. Satisfied that she hadn't missed anything, Sarah left the room to find her husband.

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Dan was still standing in the kitchen, letting events unravel around him. No matter how hard he tried, Sarah's being with Lester was his kryptonite. He felt his willpower drain away, and he was a bystander watching a car crash, unable to do anything.

Maybe he should check his health insurance to see if it covered therapists, he probably needed to talk to someone about his, even if it was shameful. Dan gripped his glass of water tightly as he saw Eugene walk back into the living room. The guy looked like he had just seen a ghost.

"Are you okay?" Ned said, looking up from his discussion with Greg.

"Yeah..I…uh…uh," Eugene started. He looked around at the apartment, perplexed. "That woman is something..."

"Yeah," Ned agreed eagerly, looking at Greg for agreement. Dan had let a complete stranger take his place at the peephole and watch his wife. Knowing Sarah was being watched by someone like Eugene felt strange to Dan, but he let it happen anyway. Part of him told himself that Dan stepping away was a sign of strength, not needing to watch Sarah and Lester, not allowing himself to be pulled in again. But the other part of him wanted Sarah to be seen, wanted someone like Eugene to see her.

"Where have you been, anyway? Bathroom too?" Ned asked.

Before Eugene could respond, the sound of a door opening down the hallway caused all three of them to freeze in place. Dan could hear light footsteps coming from the direction of the bedrooms. Sarah must have left Lester's room and gone into his. Then, her footsteps grew louder as she approached. All their heads turned towards the noise in anticipation of what would come.

Sarah stepped into the living room wearing nothing but her black silk robe. Dan had to do a double take because he hadn't seen her wear it in a long time. The loose robe stopped midthigh, and Sarah had it loosely tied so that the side of her chest would occasionally be visible.

"Hi, boys," Sarah smiled as she cast them a seductive look. Before they could respond, Sarah turned her head and continued walking

towards the kitchen. Dan watched as all of the men's eyes stayed glued to Sarah's ass, watching her walk away.

Once out of view of the others, she winked at Dan, "How did you enjoy the show I put on for you?" Sarah poured herself a glass of water and took a long drink. Dan quickly realized she wasn't talking about walking through the living room in a robe. She must have done something on the other side of the peephole, assuming it was him watching. His eyes dropped down to her thighs, noticing the fluids leaking out of his wife, reminding him she had yet to take a shower.

"It was amazing," Dan lied. He still didn't fully understand why he had moved aside for Eugene, but he didn't want to admit it to Sarah, let alone himself. "You're amazing," he said.

"Oh, I know," Sarah smiled and covertly ran her hand across his crotch. "I'm glad you liked the show. And don't worry, I cleaned up that tasty mess you made in there."

Sarah ran her tongue across her mouth and raised her eyebrows at Dan before turning around and walking back into the living room. Then, loud enough for all the men to hear, she said,

"I'm going to take a shower."

She began undoing the silk belt of her robe as she walked towards the hallway. The nerds'

eyes were glued to Sarah until she disappeared into the hallway, dropping her robe on the floor at the same time.

Ned leaped out of his chair and dashed towards the hallway. As he got to her discarded robe, he caught a glimpse of Sarah's naked back as she went into the bathroom.

“Alright,” Dan said, finally finding his nerve again. He strolled across the living room to Ned, who had picked up Sarah’s robe and sniffed it. Dan grabbed the robe from his hands and looked at the men loitering around the living room. “Game night’s over. I think it’s time you all head out.”

Dan was surprised Lester hadn’t come out to see his guests off. But then again, Lester never really gave a shit about anything. He’d gotten what he’d wanted, which was to make a statement to the group by showing Sarah off.

“Yeah, okay, that makes sense,” Ned said as he collected his things. Greg already packed his bag and beelined to the door, looking extremely uncomfortable. Eugene stayed planted, standing in the middle of the living room, staring at the robe in Dan’s hands. His gaze shifted over Dan’s shoulder to the empty hallway.

“Okay,” Ned said, walking up to Dan and extending his hand. It was great meeting you, Dan.”

Dan looked down at the man’s hand and thought back to how he had cupped his crotch while running to the bathroom. “No offense, but I’ll wait until next time to shake your hand.”

Ned looked down at his hand, and his face turned scarlet, “Completely understand.” Then he turned and walked towards the door where Greg was waiting. “Eugene, you’re our ride, dude.

Let’s go or Greg’s mom is gonna be pissed.”

“Right,” Eugene said, finally shifting his gaze from the hallway. “Let’s go.”

Dan watched the three men shut the door behind them. The living room was still in disarray, with crumbs left on the table and the folding chairs still set up. I’m not cleaning up this shit.

He held onto Sarah's robe as he walked down the hallway. He debated heading into his room to wait for Sarah, but Lester might slide into the bathroom. But she probably had locked the door.

Dan tried the knob on the bathroom door. Turning it the entire way. She hadn't even bothered to lock it. He remembered all the issues they had with locks in this apartment. Maybe she just doesn't care anymore? That seemed like such a strange idea.

He opened the door and closed it behind him. "Hey," he said, unsure what to say to his wife.

"You put on quite the performance tonight."

"Did you enjoy yourself? Well, I know you did for the second show. But what about the first one at the table with the game?" Sarah stuck her head out of the shower and was still wearing her fuck me eyes.

"You were something else. You had them eating out of the palm of your hand. I think you made that Ned guy cum in his pants," Dan chuckled as he leaned against the counter, arms crossed.

"I do have that effect," Sarah grinned, waiting for him to say something.

After he stopped watching, he wanted to ask about what happened in the room with Lester.

Or ask if she really licked up the cum in the room, but he didn't dare mention anything. He started to feel like he was keeping some fucked up secret from her now, and he was already in too deep. The best course of action was to keep moving forward and hope it didn't get brought up again.

"Lester did ask me to spend the rest of the night in his room." Sarah said, "I was planning to come back to your bedroom to help you

relieve any built-up tension from tonight, but I see that you already did that."

She was talking about the cum on the wall. He needed to zig away from that, but it would be tough get any relief out of her tonight without giving it up. He'd have to play the satisfied husband card and not try anything. "Well," Dan said, "It's hard not to relieve that tension when I'm watching you. Doesn't matter, though, I still want you in bed with me tonight. Just to be close to you. You're not going anywhere."

"Okay," Sarah smiled, "I'm all yours. Just give me a couple minutes and I'll finish up. I'm just rinsing off."

"Yeah, no problem," Dan said, not moving.

"You don't need to wait here, Dan," Sarah said as she rinsed her skin in the water.

Dan could go back to his room and wait for her, but if Lester had already made a play at having Sarah again that night, he might try another one while she was still in the shower.

"It's okay, I like to watch you," Dan said, "You're so fucking sexy."

"Bad boy," Sarah grinned and winked at him. Then she turned and continued to rinse off.

The white noise from the shower was therapeutic for Dan. He closed his eyes and replayed the night's events and possible ideas of how he could have changed things. The most egregious was not shutting the bedroom door and allowing Eugene to watch Sarah …and then not telling her what had actually happened.

Still, the way that Lester and Sarah were getting along bothered him. The way they seemed to gel together during the game earlier. Sure, she had been putting on a bit of an act. The same way she did

for him when they'd roleplayed, but she was so committed to it. It was hard knowing what was real and what was pretend.

He couldn't believe he had left Eugene watch. To allow someone else into his spot at the peephole. To watch his wife and her body. To see into this fucked up fantasy of theirs that was spiraling out of control. To roll the dice….Stupid D&D.

Dan decided on his next actions. He needed to take control of this fantasy and try to find a way to cut Lester out. At the very least find new ways to explore it without him. Otherwise he worried that for his wife, the fantasy would just warp and center around his roommate.

Toxic Attraction Ch. 17

Author Note:

Hey everyone, I've been a little quiet putting the final touches on this chapter, but it's finally here. Silence from me usually = writing. Thank you to everyone who provided feedback that helped improve this chapter. I've included some small additions here and taken some great nuggets to use in the future.

I can't wait to hear what you think of this chapter. I've been waiting anxiously to write this one as it sets up a few things, most importantly, a scene in chapter 18 I've been dying to write since chapter one.

Big shoutout to Grandeman, as usual, for helping me to polish this chapter up.

May should be a great month for more dirty stories :) Don't forget to check out the attachments to see some attire from Sarah in the back half of this chapter (thank you Roxy).

Dan realized he was breathing too quickly. He took a moment to try to calm himself down and steady his breath to slow things down. He also realized he was already hard as a rock, a development he was happy to see. Not that he didn’t expect to be able to achieve it, but just that he didn’t have any problems getting hard without his roommate being involved somehow.

After the events of the Dungeons and Dragon game, he realized that he’d fallen off the deep end. Even though he and Sarah had made a pact to keep each other safe, he didn’t think she fully grasped how powerless he’d become when it came to succumbing to his fantasies. He was ashamed at just how easily he’d shrunk back from the wall

to let a relative stranger watch his wife at his place at the peephole. To allow her to share her infidelity with other people watching.

His place at the peephole. That just sounded so… wrong …and pathetic. What the fuck was he doing? He'd had a hard time reconciling his thoughts with his actions lately. Work was still a shitshow, but at least he was making an effort to regain control by pursuing side gigs. And that was going pretty well. He felt like he was on the right track. He just needed to put in some more time. But his marriage felt chaotic. Sarah's visits to be with him now seemed to revolve around his roommate, Lester. Just like with his work life, he needed to take back control. He had continued attempting ways to get back in charge there but kept falling short. Somehow, his fantasies always won out. So, tonight, they were trying something else at Dan's suggestion.

He wanted to cut out the middleman and —

"I can't believe we're doing this," Sarah purred as she climbed into the backseat of the car with him. I don't remember the last time we played in a car, do you?" She whispered

conspiratorially, a mischievous smile playing on her face. She leaned in close and kissed his neck, nuzzling in.

Dan couldn't remember the last time they'd played outside either, "Probably back sometime before we bought the house."

He had spent the past few days back home in Middleton with his family. He'd have to make the trek back to Chicago tomorrow, but tonight, he wanted to try something new. Even though he planned to come back for good soon, he felt like he needed to explore his fantasies without Lester present. They needed to do that. Otherwise, it was like they were just stuck in his roommate's fucked up orbit. That's why he suggested dropping the kids off at Sarah's parents'

house and spending the evening alone. She was surprised at his suggestion of parking somewhere and fooling around, but she didn't hesitate to give an enthusiastic 'yes.' Her parents were happy to come to their house and babysit the kids until their date night ended.

Not exactly what Dan had envisioned but he'd take it.

"Mhmm, you're probably right," Sarah turned and bent over into the front seat. The motor on the passenger seat whined as Sarah adjusted it forward. Dan openly ogled his wife's upturned ass as she worked. He used considerable willpower in not picturing his hideous roommate behind her, his thick fingers mauling her cheeks. Dan blinked as his wife made the same forward adjustment for the driver's seat before turning back towards him.

Dan couldn't help but admit how beautiful his wife looked, even while having thought so after all this time. She looked at him with her bedroom eyes, struck now with a look of naughtiness, and kneeled in front of him. She was wearing a gray hoodie that hid her seductive curves, and a pair of sweatpants, and she'd put her hair up in a bun. Not exactly the sexy outfit he had hoped for, but it didn't dampen his desire for his wife. His cock ached behind the fly of his jeans.

He looked around at the empty parking lot, checking for the hundredth time to see if there were any other cars. Unfortunately, the lot was empty. Dan had researched to find an out-of-the-way parking lot with the privacy of tree cover. This one seemed the best since it was near a popular walking trail and abutted a nature preserve. Still, he hoped it wasn't too out of the way that no one would show up. He wanted to attempt reenacting one of Sarah's dates with Lester to try and wrestle back that fantasy for both of their sakes. Looking back at his wife in front of him, she was now focused on his crotch - biting her lower lip, moving her eyes to meet his.

Sarah ran her manicured fingertips up his legs, "So, do you think anyone will show up?"

"I don't know," Dan said, feeling his cock lurch against his jeans. He took another glance around the lot, not seeing any movement, and then turned to face Sarah. "I'm not sure if this is a popular spot or not."

"Well, how badly do you want someone to show up?" Sarah eyed him in the moonlight. He gulped. That look in her eyes as if there were a wild, unquenchable fire behind them. Her unpredictable nature always sent him over the edge. "Will you be disappointed if no one comes?"

"I plan to cum either way," Dan grinned, "So someone will be cumming, don't you worry."

"Mhmmm, that's for sure," Sarah whispered, "I'll make sure of it."

Her hands reached up and began to undo the button on his waist. With it out of the way, she began tugging his jeans down. She pulled them off, along with his boxers, in a few quick movements until he was naked from the waist down.

"I like what I see," Sarah grinned, leaning forward and planting soft kisses up his thigh.

Working her way up towards his dick. "I was surprised by your suggestion tonight, but I won't lie. It does turn me on."

He could feel her hot breath on his thighs, causing him to shiver in anticipation. He hadn't felt his wife's mouth on his cock in weeks.

"Your idea got me thinking about other fantasies you might have that we might want to explore. What else can I fulfill for you, baby?" Sarah looked up at him as her tongue darted out and gently ran across his shaft before teasingly retreating back in between her lips.

Sarah resumed planting kisses around his crotch, studiously avoiding his balls and shaft. She was determined to tease him until he responded to her. Her tongue burrowed into his upper thigh by his nutsack, twirling and sucking.

Lester immediately flashed into Dan's mind, thinking how he'd watched him fuck his wife repeatedly through the peephole. How Sarah had enthusiastically fellated the disheveled man and the way he took her in her wedding dress. The time Lester roughly fucked her in the parking garage, and that bum had watched intently. He'd seen his naked wife exposed to the eyes of that dirty stranger as she fucked another man. He thought of Sarah exposed in other ways, all of those nerds watching her, surrounding Lester's bed as she had rode his cock.

Maybe Sarah taking on two random guys, both at once, in some shitty motel in a rough part of Chicago. Her picking up a stranger from the bar and bringing him back to their room, giving him whatever he wanted, serving herself up to be taken.

Shit.

His mind was already losing control again. He needed to get a hold of himself if he was ever going to get this fucking impulsive shit under control. Dan needed to speak and say something.

His cock throbbed, requiring his wife's attention.

"Your office - at work." Dan finally managed to whisper. He saw a smile flash on Sarah's face.

"Well," The hot breath that came with her words seemed to heat up his cock. Her tongue finally made brief contact with his balls, causing his entire body to stiffen. "...I heard Lester is supposed to be coming into the hospital this week. What if he corners me in my office again, Dan? I told him not to last time. We made that deal. Did you want

me to change it and fuck him there? There isn't any closet you can hide in to watch."

That's not what he'd meant. He'd meant the two of them. Sarah and him. Her husband. But hearing Lester's name being brought up in the car - Sarah using it to tease him here and her willingness, at least during this little roleplay, to indulge the idea of fucking Lester at work was too much for him.

"That's, uh, fuck," Dan said as Sarah's tongue began to work up his shaft. "I meant me in your office. Me and you." In his head, the picture of Lester's reddened, straining face as his balls exploded and emptied into and onto his wife almost made Dan erupt just then. He opened his eyes, trying to focus on what was happening inside the car.

"Mhmmm," Sarah's mouth wrapped around the tip of Dan's cock. Her tongue felt so warm and wet around his cockhead. The horny husband's breath caught his throat, and he threw his head back onto the top of the seat. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling as Sarah wrapped her hand around his shaft and started to stroke him as her tongue danced with the head of his cock. He watched as his wife skillfully took his entire length into her mouth, the head of his cock at the opening to her throat.

After a few minutes of sucking, she finally broke contact with him. Dan lifted his head, and Sarah was staring up at him with her fuck me eyes. "Are you sure that's what you really want?

To fuck me in my office at work? Or are you just trying to be a good boy? I bet I know what you really want to see. I know you're really a bad boy. You want to see my boyfriend fucking me on my desk, don't you? He'd be a lot to handle during work hours."

Dan groaned. This wasn't what he'd planned at all. Sarah knew what buttons to push and was just trying to please him. He couldn't look

at her as he battled his inner demons. He put his head back onto the seat as she continued.

"Lester already takes me out to expensive restaurants. It's weird. At first, I thought I would hate it but I actually have enjoyed all the dates he has taken me on. Maybe it's because I know that after the dates, I'll be fucked good…" Sarah was stroking his cock faster. "...really, really

fucking good. Nobody makes me cum that hard." He felt her breath on his balls, and her tongue began to lick circles into them. He groaned, pushing his balls up towards her tongue.

"What a lucky girl I am," Sarah said between licks of him. He felt her tongue everywhere: his balls, the bottom of his shaft, her tongue even darting under his sack, causing him to squirm.

"Not many other women get to have a husband and a boyfriend. One to take care of them and the other to fuck the shit out of them. Though I have to say, Lester has been serving both roles lately."

"But I think you secretly like that. Don't you, Dan? Like having Lester take control." Judging by the tasty mess you left on the wall of your room last time, I'd say that's true. Mhmmm. I can't believe I did that. Licked up your cum off the wall. You really have pushed me into becoming such a naughty wife. You and your roommate."

Dan grabbed the back of Sarah's head and pulled her to his dick. Sarah moaned as his dick went back into her mouth. He held the back of her head down as she started to bob up and down on his dick, her hand wrapped around the shaft, gripping him tightly. He needed her to stop talking. To stop bringing up Lester and what he does to her. She probably thought her teasing was pushing him over the edge. And it was; that was the problem. He'd wanted a Lester-free night, but still, here he was, thinking about the guy brutally fucking her, making her cum over and over again. And he didn't want to hear about the mess blasted on the wall again. He hadn't

told her that it wasn't his. The thought disgusted and turned him on, but he needed her to stop bringing it up. The moaning mewls his wife made as she blew him were starting to get him there, just a- Dan's eyes blinked as a light shone on them. He snapped them open to see what it was.

Another car was pulling into the lot. The gravel crunching under the weight of the tires. It stayed still for a moment, its headlights shining on their car. Eventually, it turned and pulled up a few spaces away from them.

"We have company," Dan whispered as he released Sarah's head. Hopefully, the stranger's presence would interrupt her teasing about Lester. He wanted this to be about them, not his fat troll roommate.

"Do you think he saw us?" Sarah whispered, her hand still gripping Dan's cock.

"I don't know," Dan breathed, his eyes fixated on the car. Knowing someone was this close to them. To see his wife in a sexual way. This is what he wanted: to explore their fantasies alone.

Well, not alone, just not with Lester.

The interior light of the other car came on for a split second as the driver door opened and a man got out. The man loitered around his car for a second, but was clearly looking in their direction. Waiting for some kind of signal or assessment of the situation, Dan wasn't sure.

Sarah held Dan's cock as they both watched the stranger make his way around his car and slowly walk towards them. Both of them were breathing harder with every step the man took in their direction.

Dan could partially make him out in the moonlight. A bit older than they were. Likely in his forties. Looked a little rough around the

edges. He likely did a blue-collar job of some kind based on his appearance. Maybe he was just getting off of a shift.

"Dan, our windows aren't tinted like on Lester's car," Sarah said as she slowly stroked Dan's cock. "He is going to be able to see everything. To see me."

"I know," Dan whispered back. His eyes darted to the door locks to double-check that they were engaged. The man stepped up to the window of the car, his eyes immediately looking them over before coming to rest on Sarah's kneeling form.

Dan could tell the guy liked what he saw. The arousal on his face was clear. Sarah took her hand off Dan's cock, which made him look back at her.

"Well, now that our VIP has arrived, we can get this party started," Sarah said, raising an eyebrow at Dan. She pulled out the band, holding her hair in a bun. Dan wasn't sure if the stranger could hear what she had said. He probably could, but Dan wasn't sure.

Sarah's golden locks tumbled down, framing her beautiful face. God, this woman's incredible.

His wife reached down and grabbed the bottom of her oversized hoodie and pulled it off, revealing her a sexy white sports bra underneath. The kind that made her cleavage look amazing, and he would be incredibly jealous of the guys at the gym if she'd ever actually worn it to go work out.

Dan thought he heard the guy outside mutter something, but Dan's eyes were focused on Sarah's body. He didn't know she was planning this or had been hiding such sexy underwear under those frumpy clothes.

"How do you like the show so far?" Sarah said. Dan was about to respond but realized Sarah was looking out the window at the

stranger. She wasn't talking to him at all. His wife put her hand to her neck and brought it down her body, caressing her right breast, the one closest to the man outside the car.

The guy just stood there and nodded back, his eyes feasting on the visible skin of Sarah's breasts. "Well, the show isn't over yet," Sarah said as she stood up, partly hunched over and

turned her sweatpant-clad ass towards the window. She backed up until her ass was directly in front of the man's face and slowly lowered her sweatpants. Her ass slowly, teasingly, came into view as she exposed herself to this older man. This stranger. Sarah was wearing a matching pair of white bikini bottoms, the thong type that cut down towards her rear, exposing her entire ass cheeks. Dan heard the guy try the door handle. Thankfully, it was still locked.

Sarah either didn't hear the rattling or chose to ignore it as she stepped out of her sweatpants and knelt back in front of her husband. She reached out and grabbed Dan's cock again and began to stroke it while she turned towards the man, giving him a great view of her chest and the rest of her body.

Dan sat back in ecstasy as Sarah stroked his dick with one hand while putting herself on display for this stranger. This was what he had wanted. To take the power of their fantasies out of Lester's hands and put them back in his.

"Oops," Sarah innocently said as she lowered one of her bra straps, letting it dangle loosely next to her bicep. "How silly of me."

Sarah looked at Dan with a confident smile, letting him know she was in control of what was happening. Her gaze shifted back to the stranger at the window. Seeing her attention on another man was driving him crazy. The way she looked at him, her posture, everything about it said, 'Take me.'

He was glad the doors were locked and that their fantasy was contained, but what if they weren't? What if the doors were unlocked, and this guy opened one? How far would Sarah let things go? How far would Dan let things go?

Sarah kept eye contact with the man as she lowered her head towards Dan's dick. She eventually turned her head and opened her mouth, warmly welcoming his cock back again.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned around Dan's dick. Her hand gripped the base, stroking and squeezing him. Sarah's other hand reached up and lowered her other bra strap, exposing both her bare shoulders to this stranger.

Dan felt his balls begin to tighten. As if on cue, Sarah pulled her lips off his cock and turned to the stranger, "Don't you wish this was you? With me kneeling before you with your cock in my mouth?"

The guy simply nodded again, but Dan noticed his arm moving in an unnatural way. Actually, it was too natural. He must be stroking himself out there.

"Hmmmm, I bet you do," Sarah said, raising an eyebrow at the stranger. "Would you just sit here and let me blow you? Cum in my mouth? Or would you try to fuck me? Fuck me until I screamed for you to cum inside me?"

The guy's arm movements became more erratic. Sarah's teasing was clearly affecting him. She turned her attention back to Dan's cock and slowly licked her tongue down its length until she started to lap at his balls. Her hand never stopped stroking his shaft.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned loudly. Too loudly. She wanted the stranger to hear her. "I bet you would taste good. I'm picturing you sitting here instead of my husband."

Sarah turned her head. Her cheek rested on Dan's thigh. Her tongue was still darting out, licking Dan's balls as she said, "I bet you have a really big, meaty cock don't you?"

The guy's jerking got even quicker. Dan could feel his balls start to tighten again at the way Sarah was talking dirty to this man. This stranger. She knew just what to do to put him over the edge. Usually, when he watched Sarah act this way, he touched himself. Feeling her touch on him at the same time was just too fucking much for him.

Dan's breathing became more rapid. Sarah looked up at him, knowing that her husband was getting close to coming. She rose up, stroking his cock. She pressed her breasts together with her arms, putting a show on for Dan. Urging him to cum. She bit her lip and looked down at his dick and then back up at him. She smiled wickedly and turned to the stranger.

"Maybe tomorrow night I'll come out here without my husband. And we'll see which of you can last longer for me and whose cock is bigger." Sarah smiled and then lowered her lips down onto Dan's dick just as he thrust up into the air.

"Ah fuck," Dan gritted his teeth as he came. His balls felt like a weight had been lifted as his cum shot out directly into Sarah's mouth. His wife moaned as he started to empty himself into her. Sarah held his cock firmly in her hand, directing the trajectory of his ejaculation. She didn't hesitate. She swallowed load after load of Dan's hot cum down her throat.

Dan slumped back, exhausted from cumming. Sarah's mouth stayed connected to his cock, her hand gently stroking him. She sucked any last remnants of cum out of him before swirling her tongue around the head of his cock, causing his body to shudder.

Then she turned and looked back up at the stranger. He seemed to be panting as well, his arm no longer jerking himself off. Seeing a

woman like Sarah and hearing her teasing words seemed to be too much for him.

The man stared at her for what felt like a full minute before nodding to her and turning back towards his vehicle. Sarah sat back on her knees, looking down at Dan's dick covered in her spit. She smiled at the exhausted expression on his face.

"So," She said, "Did I do good?"

"God, you were amazing," Dan muttered as he tried to find his boxers and pants. He didn't think his cock would get soft for at least a day.

Sarah licked her lips, "It's so much better this way. Tastes so much better when it's hot and fresh. Much better than licking it up off of the wall."

Dan's body froze, unable to respond. Sarah didn't seem to notice. She quickly pulled her sweatshirt back on and awkwardly shimmied into her sweatpants.

"It's almost eleven. Let's get back and relieve my parents from duty," Sarah said, lithely climbing into the front seat.

"Yeah," Dan said, trying to compose himself. His crotch felt slick as he pulled his boxers over it, followed by his pants. The man was pulling away in his car as Dan settled back into the driver seat. He looked over at Sarah, who was smiling back.

"You're amazing, you know that?" Dan said.

"Oh, I know," Sarah said, grinning.

Dan started the car and navigated to the parking lot's exit lane. He felt good. Not just because he had cum but because he felt like tonight had been a success. They'd done it, and it hadn't gone too

far. He was starting to take back control. This was just one night, but it was an important step in wrestling the power of their fantasies back from Lester.

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It was almost time for the weekly management meeting. Sarah scrolled through the email on her monitor, scanning for anything urgent that she had to address today. It seemed like all the big fires had been put out, and there wasn't anything pressing to tackle after the meeting.

Still, she was sure a flurry of emails would come during the meeting. Her job had seemed to morph since Drew was fired from his position. The interim CEO, John, was doing a great job getting the board happy and motivated about the future of the hospital, but all of the day-today operational things that Drew had overseen had fallen on her. John wasn't the kind of leader to get lost in the weeds. He was more big-picture.

Unfortunately, that meant a lot more work was falling on Sarah's shoulders these days. She tried to delegate as much as she could, empowering department heads and other team leads

to make their own decisions, but it was an arduous process—one she was still ironing out on a constant basis.

However, all these changes would be welcomed if she were to get the CEO position. Just thinking about it seemed stupid, like it would make it not happen, jinx it somehow. Both Jerry and her husband had given her the impression that they thought that she could actually handle the role, though. These past few weeks of essentially doing Drew's job had proved to her that she could handle it, too. Even John seemed to hint at times that the board was seriously considering her a lead candidate for the role.

Getting the role would change things for Sarah and her family. Not only would it be a huge recognition for her years of work, but it would also mean a meteoric rise in her career. The salary change alone would be staggering. Dan would move back home, and they could figure out the next steps of his career together. They could be a real family again.

Still, she was guarded against getting her hopes up too much. She'd had her heart broken too many times over the past few years to open herself up like that. She'd hoped in secret and had done things like trying to straighten out new processes that could make her life as CEO easier.

She exited her email app and rubbed her eyes. It was still a lot of work, and she would have looked forward to going to Chicago for a break. Unfortunately, she was staying put for now. It just wasn't a good time to leave. She still needed to fulfill her obligation to Lester for a date before the end of the month.

Lester. She stood up from her chair and walked over to the large window behind her. She looked out over the parking lot, trying to find Lester's car. She couldn't see it, but he was supposed to be there today to do some things for Jerry. Her mind kept getting stuck on the phrase penetration testing that she didn't hear the list of other things Jerry had mentioned.

Intellectually, she knew that she didn't find Lester attractive. He was everything in a man that she didn't like. Sloppy, lazy, ugly, fat, and pretty much an asshole. She remembered back to when she hadn't been able to stand being around him. He had given her the creeps. She knew those were real memories. Sarah could still identify with feeling that way. But she couldn't hide that she felt this pull to him whenever he was around. That what had offended her before now got her immediately aroused. She felt it now, just thinking about it.

She didn’t know what it was. Almost surely, it was the mind-blowing orgasms and sex he had with her. Maybe it was just a short-term stress relief that she needed, but she couldn’t help but feel drawn towards him. Rationalizing and overlooking all those character and physical traits she had previously found so repulsive.

She couldn’t help but feel a strange attraction to him. It felt messed up, though, and not the same way she was attracted to Dan or previous boyfriends. She got a shiver just thinking about it. The pull she felt towards Lester felt almost toxic. It was dangerous, and she knew it was bad for her, but at the same time, it was strong—incredibly strong. It made her want to expose herself and make herself vulnerable to him, let him do whatever he told her he wanted.

Sarah checked her watch. It was time to head downstairs for her meeting, and she needed to make sure her head was on straight. Before leaving her office, she took a sip from her bottle of water, retrieved a few vitamins, supplements, and other pills from her purse, and quickly swallowed them.

She looked over herself in the mirror mounted on the wall. Even though part of her brain told her she looked good, she still felt like a mess. Sarah liked the outfit she had worn today. A smart dark blue button-up dress shirt with a cute collar tastefully showing off the tanned skin of her neck. It looked very professional, but her bust pressing against the fabric also made it look sexy. The shirt was tucked into high-waisted dress pants at her navel that hugged her hips and ass but wore loose over her legs. The straight cut of the pants ran down to just above her ankle, and she paired it with silver heels on her bare feet. Even though the only skin she was showing was that of her hands, the tops of her feet, and a bit of her neck, it was an incredibly sexy outfit. Almost as sexy as what she wore underneath.

Then she took a second to compose herself and put her professional face back on before leaving the safety of her office. She walked down the hallway towards the elevator, hoping she wouldn't accidentally run into Lester on the way to her meeting.

The doors opened to an empty elevator. Sarah couldn't help but feel a pang of disappointment that he wasn't standing before her in the small room. She punched in the floor she needed to go to and rode it down.

She felt on edge and needed time to just relax away from the hospital. She was hoping that her night with Dan in the car would have helped alleviate things but it hadn't. Playing with Dan in public was fun, as was putting on a show for the stranger that showed up but something had been missing.

Sarah hadn't felt that same level of satisfaction or stress release that she normally did when she visited Dan in Chicago. Maybe it was because she only gave Dan a blowjob and hadn't gotten off herself. That was probably all it was.

The elevator opened, and Sarah stepped out, navigating the hallway with expertly confident steps as she found the conference room. She briefly greeted her colleagues before settling into an empty chair away from the others. She wasn't in the mood for small talk today.

Her phone vibrated in her pocket. The meeting room was still filling up and John wasn't here yet so she felt safe to check it. The message was from Dan.

D: Hope your day is going well baby. I love you. Just settling in here at Starbucks for a side business call. Wish me luck.

Sarah began to type up a response to her husband when she got another notification. This time it was from Lester.

L: What are you wearing? Send me a pic.

Then another message popped up containing a picture of Lester's large juicy cock. She stared at it for several seconds before quickly closing her app and putting her phone face down on the table. She recognized the background of that photo. He was somewhere in the building, probably in a cubicle somewhere in IT, with his cock out.

Sarah looked around the room to see if anyone had noticed. Thankfully, everyone else was engaged in conversations. Her phone buzzed on the table in front of her, causing a few people to look in her direction.

She reached out and quickly retrieved it, nodding in apology to her colleagues. She didn't know who the message would be from, Dan or Lester. Holding the phone close to herself and double-checking that no one was getting close to her, she opened the message.

L: I showed you mine. Now show me yours.

Sarah felt her breathing quicken as she quickly typed up a response.

S: I can't. I almost got caught last time. I told you I can't do this at work anymore.

John and Jerry walked into the room, carrying on a conversation from wherever they had just come from. Sarah began to tuck her phone away when another message appeared on the screen.

L: But last time in my room, you said yes to getting fucked in your office. I still plan on that.

Sarah quickly typed a response as everyone was quieting down.

S: That was Lady Val. Not me. Gotta go.

She held the power button on her phone and shut it off. She couldn't imagine it vibrating non-stop with dick pics from Lester while she

was here with all her colleagues. John began talking to the group, exchanging pleasantries with everyone before diving into things.

These meetings had established a somewhat normal rhythm over the past few weeks. Every department head briefed John on urgent issues and the status of different activities that arose from the last meeting. Of course, Sarah already knew where everything was at. So did John, for that matter, since she prepared a daily briefing email for him, but he still liked to have these meetings and hear from the department heads himself.

Everyone went around the room providing updates until the meeting was almost concluded.

As Sarah thought things were wrapping up, John held up a hand, urging everyone to stay for a moment.

"Just one more thing. A quick announcement. As you know, the board has been conducting a thorough and exhaustive search for the hospital's next CEO, and I am excited to announce that they have made an offer for a stellar candidate."

Sarah's heart dropped. She hadn't heard anything, and she hadn't even gotten a chance to interview for the position. They wouldn't just give it to her, would they? There hadn't been an offer in her email inbox a few minutes ago. Jerry looked in her direction, but Sarah couldn't take his eyes off John, waiting to hear what he would say next.

A buzz of excited murmurs filled the room. Several people cast glances in her direction. It wasn't the best-kept secret that she was a favored replacement.

"The offer hasn't been accepted yet, but we're really excited about this candidate. He brings a wealth of experience from Aurora near Chicago that we would be extremely lucky to get. He is decisive and

already has a plan to transform this hospital, which the board is really excited about."

Sarah felt herself grinding her teeth, trying not to show how much she was seething. It wasn't just that they didn't give it to her. They didn't even give her an opportunity to fight for it. John continued, "I just want to add that the board looked at this from all angles and spent many nights deliberating about where the hospital's future is headed, especially after recent events.

We looked at where the hospital was going and how it was operating internally. We looked at every possible option for this role, which is the best hospital route."

His eyes briefly locked with hers before quickly looking away. Coward. There it was. His last line was specifically meant for her. Basically, telling her in front of everyone: 'Don't ask me about this. The decision is final. It was cute you thought you had a chance.'

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Dan took a sip of his caffè americano before pulling out his headphones. He had slipped away from the office for an early lunch to take this call with Sentinel Security. They'd finally had time to review his proposal and wanted to discuss it. Dan had built some buffer into his quote but still hoped they didn't try to negotiate him down too much. He hoped they weren't just about to butter him up and keep things at a standstill.

Landing them as a client would be a game changer and help make up much of the ground he'd lost when his company cut his pay. After a big layoff and with all the other departures, he was surprised Walt hadn't given him a raise to get him to stick around. Maybe Dan should have asked, but until then, he had his own longer-term, sustainable plans to make - just like his plan to wean himself off Lester and his wife. He felt confident about his ability to get his fantasies under control. The more he thought about it, the more he

thought that the best way would be to go cold turkey and detox his brain.

He still needed to protect Sarah but maybe she would be okay on her own. She knew how to handle herself and showed just how in control she was the other day in the car with that stranger. After the events in their home with the wedding dress, he swore he would always be present. Part of that was due to just how far Sarah seemed to be willing to go but also not wanting to be left behind himself, needing to be a spectator to this disgusting affair that was taking place in front of him.

Dan had jerked off many times to the memory of that night and others. His fantasies seemed to be seeping into other areas of his life, which is why he needed to cut himself off from them and focus. He couldn't let Lester control him.

He still needed to talk to Sarah about this and find out what she thought. God, it had been so long since they'd had an opportunity to talk about this stuff.

With two minutes to go before his call, an email popped up on the laptop screen before him. It was from Bill, the guy with Elevate Engagement. He was surprised because he didn't think they'd planned to actually follow through on things.

He read over the email. Elevate wanted to hire him on a consulting basis, paid hourly. They didn't try to negotiate down his hourly rate at all. He would be making the $150 an hour he asked for. It looked like Bill was a stand-up guy after all. Well, it looked like he must have made an impression, at least on Bill. He quickly wrote down a to do-list item for himself to reply to their email but right now he needed to jump on this call with Sentinel Security.

Dan navigated to Microsoft Teams on his laptop and opened the meeting. Several boxes appeared on the screen of other individuals, none had their cameras on so Dan left his off as

well. It was easier this way anyways. Sentinel seemed kind of stiff, and he didn't want to advertise that he was taking the call from a Starbucks.

"Hi everyone. I'm Dan Williams. It's great to meet you," Dan said enthusiastically to the group.

"Dan, great to talk to you again," Dan recognized the voice. It was his point of contact from Sentinel Martin Rivera. "We're eager to talk with you. I have some of my colleagues here that are interested in discussing your proposal for our data center projects."

Martin introduced his colleagues before delving into the specifics of Dan's proposal. They hammered him on certain details, which Dan felt justified in defending. Dan held his ground and asked them several hypothetical questions the group hadn't considered. Dan glanced at the clock and knew he was due back in the office soon. Still, he wasn't going to cut this call short. This one could be a game-changer for his finances.

"Well, Dan," Martin seemed to be wrapping up the call. "...we did review proposals from other firms, but we like the personal attention you've shown us. We're going to move forward with bringing you on board here as our main expert consultant on this project. However, we will send back some amendments we think need consideration. First, we will need you to be in the office occasionally. Some matters of the project are delicate in nature, and we don't want to discuss them over the phone or email. Would that be a problem?"

Dan wasn't sure how he would make that work but would figure it out. Martin was based in Washington, D.C., but Dan could likely bill them for airfare. Maybe Sarah would want to go on another mini getaway. He would have to see how much leverage he had with Walt to see if he could work remotely during those trips. But that might mean a reduction in his ability to work remotely back home.

“That’s not a problem,” Dan said, “We just need to establish a schedule. I do have other clients and commitments, so we’ll need to discuss those trips ahead of time.”

“Great,” Martin said, “Well, perhaps we can go over other details offline and let the rest of the group get back to work. We’re really excited to meet you in person, Dan. Thanks again for the proposal. I know it’s going to be great working with you.”

“I feel the same way. Thank you everyone. Have a great afternoon.” Dan said as he pressed the red button, closing the window. He sat back and took it in for a second. He’d just landed two new clients in thirty minutes. Things felt like they were finally clicking into place, and he soon would dig himself out of his hole.

Maybe just one or two more clients, and he could stop this fucked up arrangement with Lester. Then, if he got a few more long-term ones, he could quit his job and move back home

while he continued to build his business or look at other opportunities. He would at least give himself some breathing room. He just needed time. Time to get it all together.

Time. He checked the time on his computer. Shit. He needed to get back to the office. Dan didn’t want to draw too much attention by taking extended lunch breaks. Walt hadn’t noticed anything yet, but Dan didn’t want to advertise where and why he ran out of the office every day. Still, he couldn’t wait to tell Sarah the news. Two pieces of good news on one day was rare. He was already planning on heading back home to Middleton later this week. Now they’d have something to celebrate.

After quickly packing his laptop away in his bag, Dan grabbed his coffee and headed toward the exit. He’d only walked a few feet out of Starbucks when someone called his name.

“Mr. Williams,” The man said.

Dan turned to see a man around his age in a sharp-looking suit standing in the shade against the wall. He looked around to see if anyone else was approaching him. The street was full of people walking by, but none seemed to be fixated on Dan as the man was.

"That's me. Who are you?" Dan said cautiously.

"Call me Peter. I'm interested in retaining your services. The sustainability points you put out on LinkedIn are very impressive and well-researched. You clearly know your stuff." The nondescript man stood up off the wall and walked toward him, hand extended.

Dan cautiously shook the man's hand, "Nice to meet you, Peter. Did you just happen to be waiting outside this Starbucks for me?"

The man smiled, "You got me, guilty. I recognized you but didn't want to interrupt your call, so I waited."

Dan didn't recall seeing this guy in Starbucks. Not that he was keeping tabs on everyone - this guy didn't seem particularly noteworthy.

"What exactly are you looking for?" Dan asked.

"I'm interested in retaining your services. Particularly if you get in touch with an old client of yours, we're interested in any information you might be able to provide about one of their current projects." Peter said, smiling as if what he'd just said was perfectly legitimate.

Somehow his smile wasn't reflected in his eyes. "Who exactly do you work for, Mr…." Dan let his sentence hang there, leaving space for the man to provide his last name.

"Just 'Peter' if you please," the man smiled emptily. We'll pay handsomely. In fact, if you could arrange to work for that company, we would even pay you a salary on top of what they pay you. Seems like a win-win, huh?"

Something was off about this. Dan didn't like it. "And I suppose you won't let me know who you work for?"

Peter's lips curled into a tight grin. "All you need to know is that I work for a party that is very interested in some non-public projects that an acquaintance of yours is working on."

Alright. Red flags were going up in Dan's mind. This was beginning to sound dangerous, almost like corporate espionage. Dan couldn't help himself; he wanted to know more.

"What's the company you want me to spy on?" Dan said, cutting through the cloak-and-dagger bullshit this guy was selling.

The man winced at the word spy. He looked around the sidewalk at the people passing by.

Then, he gently grabbed Dan's elbow and gestured for him to go off to the side towards the building.

"The Lincoln Group. You worked with Byron before he fired your company, right? He has a few projects under his portfolio we want to know about. Like I said, we would compensate you."

The Lincoln Group. What the fuck was this about, and what the fuck were they working on that some company would reach out to him in such a shady manner?

"How much are we talking here?" Dan asked.

"It depends on what you are able to procure," Peter whispered, "We would give you a base salary for your trouble and bonuses for valuable information you can provide. All cash."

"There's one problem here Peter," Dan said. He didn't feel comfortable with this. He was just digging himself out of his issues and this felt like he would be jumping back into a world of trouble.

“The last time I spoke with Byron, I told him to go fuck himself. That guy hates my guts.”

Peter’s smile disappeared. “Byron is known for holding grudges. There is no way he is going to work with you now.”

“I had the same thought,” Dan said. “He didn’t sound too happy the last time we talked.”

“Tread lightly, friend,” Peter said as he reached into his suit jacket. He pulled out a white card and handed it to Dan. Dan looked it over. It was blank, except for a telephone number written in black ink.

“In case anything changes,” Peter said before joining the stream of bodies moving on the sidewalk. Dan stood there and watched him disappear around a corner, unsure what had just happened.

Dan had put the Lincoln Group behind him. He hadn’t expected ever to hear their name again.

This day had just taken a bizarre turn, and he didn’t know what to make of it. Still unsure what all of it meant, Dan checked his watch. He was late.

Hurrying up the sidewalk, he walked briskly back to his office. Sarah would be interested in that conversation. It dawned on him that he hadn’t even told her the good news about Engage and Sentinel. Once he got back to his office, he would call her.

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This job was a joke. Sure, it could be a full-time job for somebody else, but what Jerry and the other idiots from the hospital’s IT team wanted Lester to do was a joke - shockingly simple.

They were all generalists pretending to know what they were doing.

No wonder it had been so easy for Lester to access and sabotage their systems. Now, they had him doing all kinds of tests, trying to infiltrate their network and highlight other holes that needed patching. It was easy but tedious.

He'd rather be at home playing video games than in this dumb little town. He couldn't deny that the job came with one perk: being close to Sarah Williams.

Lester punched in the number on the vending machine and watched the bag of Cheetos drop down. He retrieved it and headed back down the hallway. He wasn't where he was supposed to be. The IT guys had set aside a cubicle for him, but he'd already completed the work he needed to do on this trip. He had automated scripts running, so he didn't waste his time like these other peons.

No, he wanted to find her. She hadn't been in her office when he checked earlier, so no, he was walking the halls hoping to run into her. It wasn't that big of a hospital, after all. Lester believed that her routes must be predictable. Sarah wouldn't be in any patient rooms and would likely stick to conference rooms or department heads' offices. He followed a general route, checking these rooms off but had detoured for a snack.

Lester opened the bag and started to finger around inside it before finding a handful of delicious Cheetos. He downed them and reached back for another. These bags were always too fucking small. At least he had another bag inside his backpack for later.

He licked his thumb free of Cheeto dust and opened his phone as he walked down the hallway.

A smile spread across his face as he opened Discord. His D&D group was still reeling from their

last session. Ned had basically resorted to treating Lester like a god. The guy already didn't have a backbone, and now he felt

comfortable being Lester's doormat. It's always good to have a lackey.

Ned was already asking to host the next campaign at his game store. He thought having Sarah there might be good for business. Lester had no plans to let the group see Sarah again. His mission had been accomplished.

Eugene had been pacified and now largely stayed silent. He wondered if his plan would have worked so well if Dan hadn't let Eugene have a turn at the peephole. That had surprised Lester and hadn't been something he accounted for.

Lester rounded a corner and headed back towards the elevators. He had checked the video feeds in his apartment after he had fucked Sarah in his room. Knowing the group's reaction after he left with Sarah had always been part of his plan. But he had been surprised at seeing Eugene at the peephole. Dan had just stepped aside and let him watch, and then he'd finished on the wall.

It still confused him, but he didn't really care. Dan was weak, and it was Lester's job to make him realize that. As much as Dan probably thought he was above the rest of the group, he would eventually learn he was just a doormat like Ned. Lester pushed the button to call the elevator. He stepped back and leaned against the wall as he finished his bag of Cheetos.

Eugene had seemed thrilled at seeing Sarah naked but disturbed at watching Lester fuck her.

Lester didn't like to share unless it was under his terms. Eugene caught a glimpse of something he shouldn't. Lester made a note to pay him back for that one day.

But not even Eugene knew what happened after he left the room. After he left that mess on the wall. Sarah had actually gone in there and cleaned it up, tasting it. Fucking Eugene….

It was Lester's fault. He shouldn't have let his emotions get the better of him by bringing the D&D group there. He just wanted to put Eugene in his place. Which ended up being the result of the night. But a nugget had also appeared. Dan knew that Sarah cleaned up Eugene's mess thinking it was his. Her husband never admitted it wasn't. Lester wondered whether Dan had admitted the truth to his wife yet. And if he hadn't, how would she react.

Lester looked left and right down the hallway. No one was there. So Lester dropped the small bag of Cheetos behind him on the ground. The elevator dinged and opened. Much to his delight, Sarah Williams was standing in there waiting for him.

She looked surprised to see him. However, the rest of her features appeared upset. Something was bugging her. Lester stepped into the elevator and pressed the button for his floor. He nodded to her, "Sarah."

Then he turned his back to her, playing hard to get. He knew she liked attention, and by denying that to her, he was already pushing her where he wanted her to be —where she needed to be.

They stood there silently for a few seconds before Lester finally turned and asked her,

"Everything okay?"

"Yeah. I'm fine," Sarah said. Clearly a lie. "Just got some news I'm not thrilled about."

"Oh yeah? What is it?" Lester said, doing his best impression of a concerned person.

"It's nothing," Sarah sighed, "Just forget I said anything. I'm not really in a talkative mood right now, okay?"

“Sure, sure,” Lester said, turning back to face the elevator doors, “I have a lot of work. I promised Jerry I’d get it done by the end of the week. I should probably get back to.”

Sarah didn’t respond. When the doors opened, Lester stepped out. Before they could close behind him, Lester held them open and said, “I know why you’re upset, and I’m sorry for my part in all of it.”

“Um, what?” Sarah said confused, “It doesn’t have anything to do with you.”

“It’s my fault the guys were there. You know the D&D guys in our apartment?” Lester said. The elevator doors started to softly beep in protest.

“That’s, that’s not what-” Sarah started before Lester cut her off.

“I’m sorry that Eugene watched you at the peephole. He told me all about it after,” Lester lied.

The look of shock on Sarah’s face told him everything he needed to know. Dan hadn’t told her.

She hadn’t realized that Eugene had watched them. Saw her naked. So he decided to turn the screws a little more, “It was gross and uncalled for. He didn’t even clean up the mess he made on the wall. I’m sorry if you or Dan had to clean it up.”

Sarah’s face dropped as she realized what had actually occurred. Before she could respond, Lester stepped back and let the elevator doors close. He was grinning from ear to ear as he walked back into the IT office and sat down at his cubicle. His scripts were still running, doing the job of a team double the size of the one the hospital employed.

Lester had just dropped a bombshell on Sarah. It was time to see what she would do and where the pieces would fall. All Lester knew

for sure was that he would be the one to pick up the pieces when the dust settled.

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It hadn't taken Dan long to shake off the odd encounter at Starbucks. He was still riding high on landing two new clients in one afternoon, and he couldn't wait to tell Sarah about them and that strange interaction.

After a few client calls and a meeting with Walt, he was finally back in the privacy of his own office. Walt painted a nice picture of the firm, but the growing number of empty desks gave Dan a different impression.

Perhaps they were just finding efficiencies, but he still couldn't shake the feeling that he was on a sinking ship. Part of that might have been on him for how he dealt with Jesse and the Lincoln group, but no company should depend on one client to survive. There must have been more systemic issues before they'd gotten to that point.

Still, that was kind of the position Dan was boxing himself into. If he ever did go completely out on his own with his own roster of clients, he would be beholden to them. Sentinel was a big get but he needed at least a couple of them to feel safe about the future. Safe enough to leave.

Dan walked around his desk and took a seat. His monitor had plenty of pending emails, but they could wait. He was anxious to speak with Sarah about everything that had happened that day. She was going to be ecstatic at the news. One person whose support Dan could always rely on was his wife, Sarah.

He dialed her number and waited for her to answer. Sometimes, she was in meetings but would send a covert text back to him. Other times, she just couldn't answer, which was fine.

They both knew that sometimes, work obligations came first.

This time she picked up after a few rings.

"Hey babe, I got some great news. Two of the prospects I've been talking to want to work with me. I landed Engage. I told you about that one. The guy's name is Bill. He's from here in Chicago, and the other one is in DC. Sentinal Security. They said I might need to go out there on occasion, which I'll have to figure out with Walt and –"

"Dan," Sarah interrupted. "I want to ask you something."

Her tone caused the hair on the back of Dan's neck to stick up. What did she want to know?

Was it something about one of the clients he just mentioned?

"Back during the D&D game in the apartment, when I left with Lester to go into the bedroom.

I wanted to know, which position was your favorite?" Sarah asked.

Dan stayed silent for a second, puzzled at the abrupt change in topics. He was trying to figure out how the dots connected but couldn't see it. Maybe she was asking as a way to plan out something in the future. But that tone of hers. Something was off here.

"Uh, I don't know if I have a favorite, but it really turned me on to see you riding Lester," Dan said. In truth, that was the only position he remembered before he moved aside and let Eugene watch.

"That's it?" Sarah said, "Was that when I was riding him normally or when I did it reverse cowgirl?" Sarah asked.

"Normal," Dan responded. Now, his mind was flooding with all of the things he might have missed by letting that older man watch in his

place.

“Hmmmm,” Sarah said with an edge to her voice, “I was surprised you never mentioned the dildo.”

The dildo? Dan wanted to say, but instead, he chose his words carefully, “What about it?”

“Nothing, I just thought that you’d mention it. That’s all. It was a new thing for us.” Sarah continued, “Me sucking off Lester while he fucked me with a dildo. Did it turn you on?”

Dan felt like he was circling the drain here but he didn’t see a clear way out of it. “I wasn’t sure.”

“Wasn’t sure of what? Did it turn you on or not?” Sarah said.

“Kind of? I don’t really know how I feel,” Dan said, hoping that was a safe response.

“You weren’t at the peephole at all, were you?” Sarah’s anger was clear. “It wasn’t your cum on the wall at all, was it?”

“Ah, fuck,” Dan breathed, wincing at the fact that she’d probably just heard him. “I was, but then that guy found out and watched.”

“So, you just let this other guy watch me and Lester fuck and then didn’t say anything about it? I thought that was your cum on the wall, Dan. God, I licked it up and swallowed part of it.

Do you know how fucked up that sounds?” Sarah said.

“Yeah, I know. It’s fucked up,” Dan felt like the wind had been taken out of his sails. “I didn’t go in there meaning to. It just sort of happened. You know how I can get about letting someone watch you.”

“What about after?” Sarah said. “I told you I licked it up, and you said nothing. Then, even the other day in the car, I brought it up, and you played it off again. Why didn’t you tell me?”

Fuck. “It just felt like one of those things that got away from me, and I didn’t know how to walk it back. I meant to talk to you about it, but I just have the opportunity.”

“Dan. I’m not mad that you let someone watch. I’m not even that mad about the cum, even though it’s disgusting to think about. It’s the fact that you didn’t say anything. Even after we had planned to do these things together. We’re supposed to be a team, and you’re hiding things.”

“Well, how about you and Lester just leaving and going off to the room? Leaving me with all those guys. After everything, why was that okay to do?” Dan fired back.

“What? Do you want me to fuck Lester in front of all of his friends? Is that what you want?

What’s your fantasy now? We’re only here because you pushed for it to happen.” Sarah said.

“Please, you’ve been loving every second of it lately. Don’t forget I’ve seen you with him. I know how you get lost in it. It’s not just about my fantasies anymore. You’re enjoying yourself too.” Dan’s face felt flush. He looked out the window of his office into the cubicle farm beyond.

It dawned on him that he was speaking louder than usual.

“You know what? I am.” Sarah said, “I didn’t think I would, but you pushed me onto him, and now I enjoy fucking Lester. Is that what you wanted to hear? He gets his job done. He fucks me so good that I think about him all the time now. How fucked up is that, huh?”

Dan was at a loss for words. He didn't know how to respond. Hearing her say those words stung, not because of the malice in her voice but because of the truth behind them. He pushed her towards Lester, which was his fault because he lost his job. Dan put them into this situation and now he had to deal with the consequences.

Neither of them spoke for a full minute. Dan couldn't bear the silent treatment anymore. He just wanted to get off the call and go have a drink.

"Okay then," He finally said. "I don't know what to say here but I have to go to a meeting."

"Fine," Sarah said. The line clicked, and she ended the call.

Dan set his phone down and pinched the bridge of his nose, "Fuck. Fuck. What the hell was that?"

Why didn't he just tell her the truth? Why? Why did he have to keep his dumb mouth shut?

Why did he step aside for that joker in the first place? This stupid fantasy of his was ruining his life. No. He was the one to blame, letting his fantasy control him. Manipulate him.

If he hadn't started this shit with Lester, he never would have had to flip on Jesse. If that didn't happen, maybe his pay wouldn't have been cut, and the team laid off. How many lives had Dan's fantasy ruined? If his pay didn't get cut, he wouldn't have had to pimp Sarah out to Lester on their fucked up dates that she was now seemingly enjoying. Where was this all headed?

And Sarah just admitted she liked fucking Lester and going on dates with him? Was she being truthful or was she just trying to hurt in the moment when their conversation got heated.

Fuck.

Dan couldn’t predict the future, but looking at the past, he saw that his fantasy wasn’t serving him the way it should be. He wasn’t enjoying it anymore. All the dominos that had fallen in his life recently had been because of it and how he had coped with it. Maybe it was time to take his hands off the steering wheel and see where things landed. It couldn’t be worse than where Dan was guiding them.

But if he stepped back, what would happen to Sarah? He needed to get his shit under control.

Would she understand?

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The monitor was turned off, and her phone was down on her desk. Sarah was turned away from all of her stressors. She had swiveled her chair around to face the window. She wasn’t looking out, though. Her eyes were closed, and she was deep in thought, slumping slightly.

Today had not gone as she expected. What started as a predictable, run-of-the-mill day had been turned upside down by the new CEO's announcement and discovering Dan’s lie. She wasn’t sure which upset her more, but right now, both seemed to be tangled together. Anger and disappointment mixed with her wounded pride.

She checked her watch. Only a little while before she could get out of there without raising any eyebrows. As the clock ticked closer to four, she was getting impatient. Get out of the hospital, grab the girls from their after-school program, get home, and make dinner. Then, once the girls were in bed, she’d open a bottle of wine and get in the bath.

The bath with a heavy pour of Cabernet seemed so far away. She just wished she could get away from the hospital right now. Her mind was still all over the place, and she felt like a mess.

She knew better than to have gotten her hopes up about the CEO position. She wasn't qualified for it despite what others had said. With the board being dominated by men, she should have known the chances of a woman getting it were zero—especially one like her who

didn't have a fancy MBA or who'd gone to business school. No matter how competent she was, it just wasn't something that happened.

Would anything she ever did at this hospital matter? Sure, she made things run better, which helped improve patient outcomes, but was this job as far as she could go here? She enjoyed it, but she wanted more. Sarah had finally opened herself up to the possibility of more, and John stuck a knife in that opening. Her career had always been meaningful, but it had always played second fiddle to Dan's in their marriage.

Lately, her career has been the one keeping the family afloat, and she wanted to reach for more. She couldn't believe they didn't have the balls to interview her. John had been too much of a coward to even speak to her before he announced it this morning. That asshole had hinted at her being considered but now just dropped her like work meant nothing. Like she was nothing.

Sarah felt like she could feel steam coming out of her ears. That man had pissed her off. She might have overreacted with Dan afterwards, but he'd still lied to her. Even after all this time, after all she'd done for his fantasies, and after all the talk about being on the same page, he'd gone ahead and lied. Lying was the one thing she absolutely couldn't stand for. It was disrespectful and made Dan seem weak. After being disrespected by her colleagues, she was getting it from her husband too.

Part of her felt justified in snapping at him, but a quiet voice told her she had gone too far. He was simply weak in the face of his

fantasies, and it was her job to protect him. She wanted to feel justified in her anger, so she ignored that small voice, at least for now. Her feelings were valid, especially after how he'd tried to put things back on her. This whole mess was his fault.

She wouldn't be in this mess if he hadn't gotten laid off and then failed to find a new job.

Sarah exhaled. She was working herself up, and it wouldn't do her any good. She turned around in her chair and moved the mouse. The monitor blinked back to life, and Sarah looked over her emails. Her mind kept drifting back to things, mostly to Dan. Maybe she should call him back and apologize or at least try to talk things through. It would be easier in person, though. She wanted him to stew for a little while. He needed to be the one to call back and try to apologize first. If she gave in now, he wouldn't learn anything. Maybe that's what Dan needs, a swift kick in the ass to get his head on the straight.

Someone knocked at the door.

Sarah took a moment to straighten up her appearance, "Come in."

The doorknob slowly turned, and the door swung open. Lester walked into her office with a straight face and shut the door behind him.

"Lester…" Sarah was surprised to see him here. The image of Lester sharing her bath later popped into her head. She couldn't think like that right now. It was still time to be in work mode. Besides she felt like a mess. She probably looked like a mess. God, what a weird thought, not looking good enough for Lester. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm just about to head out for the day. Back to the hotel," Lester stepped closer to her desk but didn't approach directly. He looked

around the room, seeming more interested in the decor than her. She must really look like crap today.

"But I wanted to check in on you," Lester took a step closer. "You looked really upset earlier in the elevator, and I'm sorry if I pissed you off."

"It's…." Sarah started. She wasn't in the mood to talk, but it was nice having someone check in on her, especially at work. She had her work friends, but she always had to keep them at arm's length in her role as administrator. Lester was not necessarily part of the hospital ecosystem like the others were. He had more of a neutral role as far as Sarah was concerned. It felt nice knowing someone cared. "It wasn't your fault, Lester. It's just some work stuff. Today was a stressful one, that's all."

Lester was now on the other side of her desk, looking down at her. He still seemed to be very good at getting closer to her when she wasn't looking, but she wasn't at all alarmed by his presence.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Lester said sincerely.

"No, not really." But she did want to talk about it—she wanted to scream about it. She hadn't gotten a chance to talk with Dan earlier before she went off on him. "It's just that something happened today. I was hoping for a different outcome, and now I'm not sure what to do."

"Ah, I get it," Lester said, moving around behind her desk and looking out the window. That wouldn't have happened with a colleague. They wouldn't have moved past the invisible line of her desk. His actions implied he was more familiar with her. He definitely was, but she wasn't sure he should be showing it at work. Behind her, Lester stared out into the parking lot as Sarah just sat there, aware of him only in her peripheral vision.

“It sucks,” Lester crossed his arms. “To think something might happen only for it to fall through. To get your hopes up for it. Only to get the carpet pulled out from under you.”

“Yeah,” Sarah said, rechecking the time. It was almost time to hit the road. “It does.”

“Did you know about Eugene?” Lester said quietly. “I didn’t surprise you with that, did I? I’m sorry if I added to your stress.”

“No, uh, hey just stop saying ‘sorry,’ okay?” Sarah turned towards him. “And no, I didn’t know about it until you said something.”

“Hmmmhmm.” Lester continued looking out the window.

What did he mean by that? That sound. Like he was analyzing what she said. “What do you mean? ‘Hmmmhmm’?”

“It just seems weird,” Lester still wasn’t looking at her. Was she that much of a mess?

Normally, he would be all over her. They always say bad things happen in threes. God, that’s just what she needed—to be rejected by Lester, worse, pitied by him.

“It’s just…I always thought you and Dan were on the same page. You guys always seem to put me in my place, you know. It’s weird that he would hide anything like that from you.” Lester said.

It didn’t sit right with her either. He had barely defended himself before he started to lash out at her—the way a child does when they get caught. Even Lester thought their relationship was solid but was not questioning it, not directly, anyway.

“I don’t know, Lester. I haven’t had a chance to talk with him about it. My mind has just been preoccupied dealing with all this work stress today.” Sarah lied.

Lester moved, disappearing from the edge of her vision. She didn't want to turn and look for him. That might make her look weak or afraid; she only wanted to convey confidence here in her office.

His footsteps sounded behind her. Then she felt her chair move slightly before his hands came to rest on her shoulders. His fingers began to dig into the material of her blouse as she started to massage her.

"Lester, no, nnaahh…" Sarah said, but she couldn't deny that his hands were hitting the right spots. It felt good. She hadn't realized how much stress she had been carrying. "If someone walks in..."

"Shhhh," Lester said from behind her. "It's just a massage. I can see how stressed you are." His fingers pressed down, finding her knots and working to eliminate them."Besides, I locked the door."

That made sense. The door was locked. No one would see. And anyway, it felt great. His fingers dug into her shoulders before one hand applied pressure to the nape of her neck, "Uh, mhmmm. I needed this. Thank you."

Lester stayed silent, focused on massaging her neck and shoulders, breathing in the sexy woman's scent. She always found it surprising how skilled he was at massaging her. He didn't look like the type, but what did she know? Maybe all those video games had built up his fingers' dexterity. Sarah closed her eyes and let her head relax against the chair. She shouldn't feel guilty about enjoying this after the day she'd had. Besides, this was the first time her mind wasn't drifting back to John or Dan.

After five minutes, Lester's hand reached down and softly undid the top button of her blouse.

Sarah opened her eyes as Lester moved his hands inside her blouse and started to massage her bare skin, "Wha, Lester?"

“My fingertips were getting irritated against the silk. Besides, it’s easier for me just to massage you skin to skin,” Lester said gruffly.

That made sense. It did feel better, having him work directly on her skin instead of pressing her blouse down into her. “Uh,” Sarah involuntarily moaned as Lester started to work on a knot in her shoulders. She knew he was pushing for more contact and allowed him to proceed.

“Am I hurting you?” Lester asked.

“No. Yes, a little, but it hurts good.” Sarah’s eyes were closed again as Lester pushed his thumbs into her shoulders.

“Heh,” Lester laughed softly.

“What’s so funny?” Sarah said absently as Lester manipulated her body. Her hands felt good on her. Her body felt like it was responding, and not just on her shoulders. Just knowing this man who fucked her so well had his hands on her was causing her to feel something between her legs.

“It’s just that normally, when you say that it’s for a different reason,” Lester said. Sarah could hear the stupid grin on his face. She remembered the first time Lester had fucked her, how she’d felt stunned by the faint pain and immediate pleasure of what he could do to her.

“Well, you’re just as good at massaging as you are at….other things.” Sarah moaned again as Lester kept kneading her skin. She opened her eyes and saw that her monitor had turned off again. Now she could see her reflection in the darkened screen.

When did that second button get undone? Sarah could see the floral patterns of her black lace bra in the reflection. She wondered whether Lester had a good view of her chest and if he was getting hard from this.

“Do you remember the last time I massaged you?” Lester asked quietly.

The night he came over for dinner, he surprised her in her bedroom. He said she looked stressed and directed her to the bed to massage her. Then he made love to her for the first time. It caught her off guard, knowing that he wasn’t just fucking her but actually trying to make love to her. Something lovers do. She had gotten so lost in the moment. Both of them had. That was the first time Lester had cum inside of her, and she’d let it happen.

“Yes,” Sarah whispered. The memories of that night and Lester’s hands on her were heating up her body. She couldn’t see it in the reflection, but she felt like her chest must be flushed.

“How would you rate the last massage?” Lester’s firm hands continued to press into her shoulders, his fingers now exploring the top of her chest before pulling back up to her shoulders. His fingers slowly moved aside both of her bra straps, giving him better access to her skin. “Rate it out of ten.”

Sarah didn’t say anything for several seconds. Her head lolled to the side as Lester worked on her. It felt so good. All she had to do was focus on this feeling. All of her issues seemed so distant.

“Ten,” Sarah said.

“Mhmmm, I see,” Lester said. It felt like his head was now above hers, looking down at her.

She kept her eyes closed, opting to focus on the pleasure his hands were giving her.

“And what about this one?” Lester asked.

Sarah bit her lip, “It’s pretty good.”

“But not a ten,” Lester said. Sarah could feel his breath on her exposed neck. His mouth seemed to be close to her ear. Goosebumps spread across her shoulders, and the hair on the back of her neck stood on end. “Interesting.”

“What makes it so interesting?” Sarah noticed her thighs were rubbing against each other.

“I think if I’m going to make this massage a full ten, then I need to add some additional services like I did last time,” Lester said before his wet lips pressed against her neck. Sarah felt a shiver run through her body as Lester’s lips began to kiss and suck one of her most sensitive areas. He lapped at her neck, and moisture surged between the married mother’s legs in response.

“Uh, mhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as she quivered in the chair. She didn’t know what to do.

She didn’t know what she wanted, but her body responded to Lester’s touch. He was making her feel good, and she didn’t want him to stop. After a day like today, she just wanted to cling to this, “What, ah, services would those be?” She steadied herself with a hand on her desk.

Her other hand held Lester’s head to her neck, prolonging the contact of his tongue.

Lester licked a trail up her neck until he got to her ear. There, he began to nibble on her earlobe. His hands abandoned her shoulders for her chest, his fingers pushing in, diving underneath the material of her lacy bra to cup her supple breasts. He started to play with her hardened nipples, gently toying with them between his fingers and thumbs. Then he whispered, “Making sweet, slow love to you in your marital bed until you beg me to cum inside you.”

Oh god. Visions danced behind Sarah’s closed eyes of Lester, taking her slowly to her bed. Her and Dan’s bed. Feeling Lester on top of

her, his fat body pushing down on her, almost suffocating her. His breath on her neck. His cock pushing deep inside of her, pulsating within her. His warm cum spurting out, flooding her insides, and claiming her.

She opened her eyes and saw Lester's fat head planted next to hers as he devoured her earlobe. At some point, all of the buttons on her blouse had been undone. She sat there, exposed to the room. His hands were mauling her chest. This wasn't her persona at work. She was a professional here, in control. She couldn't. She couldn't have sex with Lester here. Too many things could go wrong. She had to get back control. Take control from him. Tell him how things were going to go.

Sarah reached out and grasped her desk and pulled her chair forward. Lester's hands were pulled from her bra, but she could still feel them on her skin. His head lurched back at the sudden motion. The chair swiveled as Lester turned it around.

Sarah looked up and saw her husband's troll like roommate standing before her, his breath coming faster now. Below his belt a big tent pushed forward from his gray trousers pointing directly at her face. Above, he stared down at her with those dark hungry eyes of his. She loved that look on his face. The look that said he needed to have her. Such a primal look.

But she needed to get up. Didn't she? She couldn't have sex in her office, not with Lester.

Someone would hear for sure. He could make her cum so loudly. Maybe it would be okay if she were quiet. No. She couldn't. She could make him cum quickly. No, that's not happening.

Right? Besides, Dan wasn't here, and their rule had been…

Lester undid his belt and let his pants and boxers fall to the ground. His cock sprung out and pointed directly at Sarah as if seeing her

while a fresh dribble of precum oozed from its tip.

Sarah stared at it, her brain trying to restart itself and relitigate whatever arguments it had just been having. Maybe if they were quiet, it could work.

She had always been too nervous to do anything like this here with Dan. But the last time she gave Lester a blowjob, no one had known. It had worked out fine. That's what she would do.

She wouldn't fuck him. Not here. No, she would just give him the best blow job of his life and make that beautiful cock cum. Cum for her.

Time seemed to stand still in the late afternoon light of the office. Lester stood hunched, his gaze shifting from his huge cock that stretched out from underneath his large belly to Sarah's face. He was waiting for her to make the first move. He knew she couldn't resist him for long.

Sarah sat in the chair and took a long look at Lester's hungry eyes. The look of desire there was maybe slightly more of a turn-on for her than his huge cock, which she now turned her attention to. Sarah reached out and gripped Lester's shaft firmly in one hand. She couldn't help but get turned on every time she saw this thing. It was like her body just responded to it.

She started stroking Lester's shaft slowly and sensually as she looked up at Lester's smirking face. God what an asshole….

But she wanted to please him. To make him get off. To know that she'd done it. That was hot for her. This beast of a man succumbing to her skills. Sarah tried to picture what her old self would have thought about jerking off a guy like this in her office. That old Sarah seemed to be an entirely different person now.

Her phone started to ring just as Lester thrust into her stroking hand, causing this cock head to piston towards her. Sarah couldn't wait any longer now that she had her favorite cock in hand.

She ignored the phone and scooted her chair forward until the bottom pressed against Lester's thighs. She leaned forward and took the head of Lester's cock into her warm, waiting mouth. Just feeling it sliding inside of her caused a fire to begin stoking inside of her.

"Mhmmmmm," She moaned around his cock. The more she played with him, the more it seemed to wash all her worries away. Sarah made a decision as her tongue reached out and licked the underside of Lester's cock. She was going to step off the cliff and just let go. Just get a little bit wild. She'd get her wine and bath later, but right now, she needed this.

Sarah continued to suck Lester's cock, her tongue sliding up and down its underside as it continued to push into her mouth. Sarah stroked his cock with one hand while the other steadied herself. Lester began thrusting forward, pushing deeper into her.

Sarah never let go of his cock, but her chair started to push back with all the action. Lester gripped the top of her chair and held it still while his other hand snaked around to the back of her head and pulled her further onto his cock.

His cock was beginning to hit the back of her throat, but that didn't phase Sarah. She just opened wider as Lester's cock explored her mouth. Knowing that she was pleasing that fat man was keeping her fire going, her pussy felt like it was vibrating on its own.

Finally, she needed to breathe normally for a second. She pulled his girthy cock out of her mouth but never stopped stroking him. Sarah dived down, her tongue licking around Lester's cock. Up the sides and back down. Dancing over the head, flirting with his cockslit and lapping at the salty cum flowing from there. Then she lowered her tongue down, down, further down his shaft until this public hair

tickled it. Then she went further down, licking his meaty ballsack, swirling her tongue all around it, exploring every inch of this troll.

"God damn, Sarah," Lester grunted, thrusting his shaft forward. It slid against Sarah's face, marking her with sweat. "You're such a good cocksucker." Her tongue whipped along the shaft and head, slurping and kissing it with abandon.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah just moaned back in response, not wanting to stop what she was doing.

She was on a mission which was to make Lester cum for her. This was just what she needed. A small, easily achievable goal. At least one win for today.

"I've really turned you into a little slut haven't I?" Lester leered down at her.

"Mmm-mm," Sarah disagreed as her head dipped lower and started to lick the underside of Lester's balls. God, what she was doing was so filthy, but she couldn't help herself.

"No? You're not a little slut now? Look at you, sucking my cock in your own office. I'd say you are." Lester pulled on the back of Sarah's head, pulling her further down towards him. His balls mashed against her face, his shaft pressed against her head while her tongue licked between his balls and asshole, swabbing his taint, something she hadn't even done for Dan.

"Aggh, FUCK! Oh, oh yeah." she heard Lester exclaim from somewhere above her.

It was getting hard to breathe, and Sarah wanted to try to take back control. She moved her head to the side and used both hands to push against Lester's thighs. He relented and let her back up. She looked at him and said, "I'm not a slut. I'm a wife. A mother and a professional. I also just happen to be your slut." A new streaming

dribble of precum leaked from Lester's enormous organ. She eyed the sticky fluid wantonly, knowing how delicious it would be.

"Heh. Just mine?" Lester grinned as Sarah started stroking his cock again, eye level with his head."

"Just yours…" Sarah repeated, looking up at his beady eyes. In many ways, what she was saying was true. She had never done the things Lester made her do with Dan, let alone anyone else. He always pushed her boundaries and made her discover a new side to herself. "God, that's so bad to say."

"You're not Dan's little slut?" Lester asked, "Just mine?"

"I've done things with you that I never thought in a million years I would do. Things that I've never done with Dan before. Just for my boyfriend." Sarah wanted to make him cum.

Memories flooded into her brain; being taken by Lester in front of a homeless man, kissing a stranger as Lester fucked her in a car, parading herself around for his nerd friends, her in her wedding dress, Lester's cum shooting into her for the first time. She dipped her head back down and took Lester's leaking cock in her mouth again.

"And you've enjoyed every minute of it, haven't you?" Lester grinned. He loved this—his corruption of this wife and mother, pushing her and making her admit how much she loved what he did to her.

"Fuck, yes," Sarah slid his cock out of her mouth. "I can't believe the things you've made me do. Fuck, it makes me wet just thinking about it. I should hate you, but I can't. I just can't say no to you."

Sarah went to put her mouth back on his cock, but Lester suddenly grabbed her. Bunching the hair on the back of her neck into his fist. Sarah winced, pulling against it.

“Say it again,” Lester said sternly.

Sarah felt like she had to answer him. “I can’t say no to you.”

“Whose little slut are you?” He demanded.

“I’m yours. I’m your slut, Lester,” Sarah admitted. “I’m a slut for you and this cock.”

“Good girl,” Lester leaned forward and grabbed Sarah under her armpits, pulling her up into a standing position. He kicked her chair away. It slid across the room, crashing against a metal filing cabinet before toppling over.

“What are –” Sarah started, wincing at the sound of the crash. But then Lester’s lips were on hers. Kissing her. His tongue roughly pushed apart her lips and invaded her mouth, tasting her.

Sarah felt her knees buckle as her tongue started to dance with his. Her kind, searching tongue battling against his vile, probing one, swimming against each other. Pushing and sliding back and forth into each other’s mouths, neither willing to stop.

He held her tightly by the back of her head. His large stomach pushed into her taut one. She could feel his cock pressing hotly through the material of her pants. Would his cum stain them? She couldn’t care about that right now. Her hand was still on his shaft, and she increased the pace, stroking him with urgency for herself. Her other arm snaked around his head, holding him in an embrace, pulling him against her as they kissed.

Lester stopped, took a breath, and stepped out of his pants. He was naked except for the shirt he was wearing. His hands started to tug at her blue blouse, pulling it away from her body. Her

mind was racing but no coherent thoughts were coming to the surface, just her need. This wasn’t the plan some distant, small

voice said.

His lips moved to the side of her face and then her neck. Licking her skin savagely. Then he moved to the tops of her breasts, tasting her there as she felt his fingers fumbling with the button to her pants. They couldn't do that here. That's what she had said earlier. That had been important, right?

Goosebumps spread across her thighs as the cool office air met her naked thighs. Lester had managed to get her pants undone. The garment fell to her feet.

"Wait. Hold on," Sarah said as Lester backed her up until her panty-clad ass pressed against her desk. "We can't do this here."

Lester quickly knelt in front of her, tugging her pants off her legs. Her neatly ironed black pants were thrown across the room onto the floor in a second. Somehow, he had removed them while keeping her heels on her feet.

"What did you say before?" Lester grabbed her by the hand and pulled her towards him, his cock pressing into the black lace of her underwear. "You can't say no to me. You're my personal slut." He leered at her, not asking but telling her her truth.

Lester pulled her further away from her desk, pulling her to the big window. He pushed her up against it until her bra-clad chest smushed against the glass. Lester moved behind her and kissed the back of her neck. God, she loved when he did that. It set her whole body on fire.

In between kisses, he started to tug at her panties. To her shock, Sarah felt her legs move, making it easier for Lester to slide them down. They hung limply by her ankles. She knew she shouldn't do this here. Not in her own office. Maybe they could go to his car.

“Lester, let’s go down to your car. This is my office...” Sarah started, but her breath caught in her throat as Lester unsnapped her bra clasp. The only thing holding it up was the glass she was pressed against.

“You’re my little slut, Sarah. And today, Lester is going to fuck you in your office. Just like I told you last time. Have you ever known me to break my word? To lie to you about what I’m going to do to you?” Lester whispered in her ear.

Sarah looked down and saw hospital workers moving through the parking lot towards their respective cars. If any one of them turned around and looked up, they might have been able to see her. Naked. At work. She was confident they couldn’t, but she wasn’t sure. Lester slid the bra away to the side, exposing her private beautiful breasts to the sea of parked cars.

“No….” Sarah whispered back. Her mind snapped to Dan’s lie from earlier. Lester pressed his cock into her backside. Then, she pulled back and adjusted so that it pushed right between her thighs, brushing up against her wet opening.

“Then you know what’s about to happen right now.” Lester said, “What’s going to happen, Sarah?”

Sarah felt her knees tremble with anticipation. The cold glass was teasing her nipples. She braced her hands against the glass, knowing what was coming next, “You’re going to fuck me in my office.” she said, resigned to the inevitable.

“That’s right. This is your office,” Lester said, bending his knees and holding his cock with one hand to find the right angle. His thumb rubbed up and down her slit, finding then spreading her wetness. The meaty digit pressed further in, opening the married woman up and preparing her for the shaft in his fist. “And this is my pussy.” Then he pushed forward, and his bare cock head spread Sarah’s wetness open and began to push inside.

"Uh, oh my God," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's cock begin to gloriously stretch open the lips of her pussy. She felt herself expanding inside to fit him. Her fingers tensed on the glass as she felt Lester penetrate her deeply. Lester grimaced with effort as he worked himself into the tight wife, mewls coming from her throat as she accepted his penetration.

Lester held Sarah's hips firmly as he slid more of his naked cock into her. He looked down at her luscious ass pressing back against him. He took his time slowly working his cock in and out of her body, Sarah's ass thrust back against him frantically, seeking more of him, wanting him to go faster. Her breathing had grown erratic, and she whined and yelped as Lester began to push into Sarah Williams rhythmically.

I've broken her in so well, Lester smiled. His hands started to maul her ass. He never could get enough of her amazing body. His eyes roamed over her naked back, and he wondered whether she ever thought in a million years that she would be fucked up against the window in her office. He thrust harder at the thought, making sure she understood he would take her anywhere he wanted and that she and her idiot husband should understand that.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked down at the parking lot. God, all these people were moving about, going to their cars. The cold of the glass on her nipples and breasts, combined with the relative warmth of what Lester was doing to her, was beginning to affect her. She felt a familiar deep sensation start all over her body. As she began to lose herself, she looked down at the lot. She saw people she knew. People she worked with. Other people in the hospital she didn't know, but she was sure knew her or of her. Any of them might be watching her, seeing her get fucked by an ugly round man she wasn't married to.

God, that was so dangerous, but admittedly, it was such a turn-on for her. Her surroundings were all secondary to Sarah, background

noise to the feeling of Lester's cock pushing itself further into her, satisfying its own need. She wanted more of it. Her body was already ahead of her, trying to thrust back and get more of him, but Lester was holding her hips firmly, dictating their pace and driving his cock into her upturned backside. Sarah needed release.

Lester's hand moved up her back while the other gripped her hip. His hand finally found her shoulder, and he grabbed it tightly.

Sarah held her breath in anticipation, knowing what usually came next. In one fluid motion, Lester thrust forward and sank the entire length of his cock deep into Sarah's pussy, his hand on her shoulder fixing her in place. "Ah fuck," The breath was forced out of Sarah's lungs as she felt the large organ expand inside of her.

Lester pulled back his entire length until just the head of his cock remained embedded in the young wife. Then he thrust forward and rammed the whole thing in again. Pulled back, thrust forward. Pulled back, thrust forward.

He could tell Sarah was enjoying it. Her moaning was growing more insistent. He knew she liked to get ridden hard, and he was more than happy to oblige. He held his cock in her at its deepest point, knowing her pussy well, feeling like it belonged to him. The scent of her arousal filled the fat man's nose.

"Ah, uh, fuck," Sarah moaned as he pulled back. Then he thrust forward against her ass,

"Uhhhhhh. Mhmmmmmm." Lester kept up his relentless pursuit, bottoming out and slamming back into Sarah over and over. The wet colliding thud of their bodies against each other was obscene in the professional setting and became more so as their tempo increased.

Part of Sara worried he might thrust so hard that her upper body would shatter the glass she was braced against, and they'd both tumble down into the parking lot below. Her breasts kept pushing

into the glass, her face mashed to the side as Lester continued to pummel her from behind with his driving hips. She could partly see Lester in her peripheral vision, and she wished she could turn her head further and see that intense look in his eyes as he fucked her.

She wanted him to kiss her lips again, to have his tongue in her mouth. Her phone started to ring again, this time somehow sounding more urgent.

Pain. A shooting pain she'd felt before. Lester again bunched her hair into a fist and pulled her head back. Sarah felt herself bend into an unnatural position, her feet arching and her weight pressing down on her tippy toes.

"Ffffuck," Sarah groaned as her hands pushed forward on the glass, thrusting her ass back onto Lester. If Lester let go, her whole body would collapse against the glass, shattering it. She

was sure of it. But he didn't let her go. Somehow, she was able to take more of his sizable cock into herself. She had thought it was already all the way in, but there must have been a bit more shaft now that the angle had changed. "Oh MY GOD!" the extra bit of shaft she'd taken in felt like it would drive her insane from the intense pressure. Lester steadily tugged at her hair amassed in his fist as he forced more of his cock into the frantic woman.

The coldness of the window disappeared from her breasts as they hung down, jiggling back and forth with each of Lester's powerful thrusts as he held her hair like reins. Sarah hung her head as much as she could, her eyes unfocused, looking at the ground below her. Movement out the window caught her eye. It looked like John was leaving for the day, walking across the parking lot to her car. Part of her felt inadequate as her eyes followed him.

God if he saw her like this. The thought sent a shiver down her spine and caused her pussy to contract around Lester's cock. She thrust back harder against him, feeling his fat stomach pushing back on her

firm ass. Her eyes followed John through the parking lot as he got in his car. To her horror, he turned down the lane directly in front of her and drove in her direction.

He was probably focused on the lot in front of him, but if he looked up…would he be able to see them? She thought the glass might have some privacy coating on them, but she wasn't sure. She thought of the vision they presented; the squat, ugly IT consultant she'd recommended having the married administrator bent over and fucking the life out of her in front of the hospital parking lot.

It was hard to focus with Lester's cock sliding in and out of her, but John's car stopped. She wasn't sure why. Maybe he had seen them. What was he doing otherwise? "Mhmmm yeah, god. Fuck." Sarah groaned as Lester's fingers dug into her shoulder and hip. His unrelenting pace was stoking the fire inside of her. She could feel it building up quickly. She didn't want anything to change, just a bit longer, a bit more of this, and she would explode.

John's car started moving again, turning down another lane towards the exit. Who knew?

Maybe he had seen them, but she didn't care right now. Sarah hung her head down and focused on her body, thrusting back to meet Lester's thrusting cock. The feeling of it inside of her as it moved in and out of her, bringing her closer to another climax.

God, it felt so fucking good. Feeling his naked cock inside of her drove her wild. Lester bottomed out and held himself there, the stretching feeling sending the young woman to another place. She hadn't even stopped to think about getting him to put a condom on. She wasn't sure they would ever go back to those. Not when it could feel this good. If Dan insisted, she wasn't sure how she would react. Would she say yes? Fuck, that didn't matter right now.

Dan…. Fuck Sarah could feel her orgasm rapidly approaching. Lester was relentlessly moving behind her, his cock grazing against all the

right spots inside of her. She could feel the sensation building. Getting more intense. Oh god. Oh god. Oh. OH

"OH FUCK!" Sarah screamed, her muscles flexing, growing tense. An orgasm rippled through her body. Her ass pushed back against Lester's cock forcing him up inside of her. She felt herself rise onto the balls of her feet as her pussy clamped down on Lester's cock, ensuring it wasn't going anywhere. Her nerves felt like they were on fire as the shockwave of her orgasm ran over her body.

Lester gritted his teeth, loving every minute of Sarah's pussy tightening around his cock. He pushed himself hard into her, trying to stroke her orgasm and keep it going. Every orgasm this woman had was one more chip in the wall of her defenses before it crumbled completely before him. He felt the young woman quaking and held himself inside her, pushing forward with all his weight. He felt the blood gather in his cock and flexed it, enjoying the power of his own cock.

The air in Sarah's lungs finally protested and escaped through her gasping mouth. She hadn't realized she had been holding her breath as she came. God, how long was that orgasm? It seemed to go on forever. Her muscles went limp, sore from flexing. She just needed a second to catch her breath. To let her mind catch up to where her body was.

Lester pulled his cock out of her and pulled her backward by her hips. Sarah was disoriented for a second, not expecting the move. Her ass pressed back into her desk. Lester wasn't behind her anymore. He quickly stepped in front of her, and Sarah's eyes ran up his body, over his thick thighs, to the impressive cock dangling between them. To his large, hairy stomach and flabby chest to that ugly face with his intense eyes.

She didn't know what came over her, and she didn't care. Trembling and breathing hard, she grabbed the back of his head and pulled his

face down to hers, pushing her tongue into his mouth, tasting him. Savoring the feeling. Wanting him. All of him.

Lester was momentarily stunned by her lust but quickly recovered. He kissed her back hard, sucking on her tongue, licking her lips. They kissed each other hungrily, both wanting more of each other. They didn't need to speak. They both knew what the other needed. Lester was in heaven. Having a woman willingly submit herself to him like this was like nothing he had ever experienced. Sarah was in a similar place, knowing that the massive orgasm she just had would soon be followed by more of the same, if not better.

Sarah's legs parted as Lester moved between them. Her hands were gripping his neck and his back, urging him forward as her naked breasts pressed against his flabby chest. His gut

pressing against her tight stomach. She felt his cock pressing up against her pussy again, ready for a second round.

As Lester's tongue danced across hers and slid into her mouth, his cock slid inside of her. Sarah groaned with his entrance and locked her legs around Lester's ass, trying to pull him deeper into her. His cock slid inch after inch inside, gliding on the wetness she'd produced until he was fully embedded in the young mother.

Lester broke their kiss and just stared into her eyes. The fire was there looking back at her, but there seemed to be something more. Something foreign evident on Lester's features. It was the same look Dan would give her sometimes. Was it love she thought she saw? It looked possessive. She'd seen it before but pushed that detail away…

She pulled him back down into a hard kiss, and Lester started thrusting into her. His controlled pace fell away, and she felt something else take hold. Something primal that needed releasing.

Lester's fingers pressed hard into her hip and dug into her back as he fucked Mrs. Sarah Williams on her desk, fulfilling her husband's long-standing fantasy. As he fucked the horny mother, he looked around the room at her office and at all the professional decor. The fat man stuck his tongue out as if to insult the room and leaned down and ran it all over Sarah's neck.

Sarah shivered at the contact, continuing to squeeze his gigantic cock with her tight pussy.

The desk squealed under their weight. Lester's thrusts moved the desk back off its normal angle. They kept fucking like that, Sarah holding onto Lester, one of her heels digging into the back of his ass, her panties dangling around her ankle. The other heel was lost somewhere in the room as her toes pointed in her bliss.

Lester broke their kiss, and a line of saliva connected their lips before breaking. His face was beet red, and sweat shone over his skin. Sarah could feel it on his back as her hands held him.

Her chest was also covered in sweat, but she didn't know which one it had come from. It didn't matter. She was too focused on Lester; the phone ringing was distant and unimportant.

"I knew I'd be fucking you in here today. I've been waiting to fuck you in your office." Lester grunted, his balls slapping against Sarah. She pulled him down onto her desk. Pens and other objects clattered onto the floor as her body pushed them aside and her legs opened wider.

The desk felt cool on her back, but the heat from Lester's body on top of hers made up for the chill.

"Mhmmm, so I'm fulfilling your fantasy then," Sarah said as Lester began to lick her neck as he fucked her.

“I think this is your fantasy, too. You wanted it. No one wears sexy underwear like that to work.

You knew this was happening today, too.” Lester said between licks and kisses on Sarah’s sweaty skin.

“You don’t know me at all, then,” Sarah pulled Lester’s head down towards her chest. She closed her eyes, and her head hung over the side of the desk. It squealed again as Lester’s thrusts pushed the desk askew further into the room. More things clattered onto the floor. “I like dressing like this at work. It makes me feel sexy. Powerful. That’s how I need to be.” She pushed back against the short man, wanting both of them to cum.

“God, you are such a little slut. Now I’m glad I’ll be here this week for my birthday. I’m going to fuck you so good this week you’re going to forget about everything else in your life.” Lester grunted. Her pussy felt great wrapped around his cock, so snug but dripping wet for him.

Sarah was actively milking his cock with her body as her legs pulled him hard into her.

“Shut up and show me then,” Sarah shouted before grabbing Lester’s head and pulling it firmly against her chest. His tongue ran all over her, lapping at her breasts, sucking her nipples, and licking the sweat covering her. Her hands ran through his thinning hair, and she reveled in the carnal feeling.

Something loud clattered to the floor, but she didn’t care to look. She didn’t want this feeling to end. Lester’s thrusts were getting more erratic as he pummeled into her. His cock rubbed against her G-spot and was stimulating other nerves that she’d never felt. Lester was going to give her another monster orgasm momentarily.

“Mhmmmm. Yeah. Right there. Lester, please. Please, Lester, don’t stop. Fuck me. FUCK,”

Sarah whined. She realized she was being too loud. Way too loud. Someone would probably hear them going at it. She needed to stay quiet. She could feel another orgasm set beneath the surface, ready to breach and make its presence known. This was going to be a big one, the kind only Lester made her have.

"Fuck Lester, keep going. Don't stop. I'm almost there again," Sarah said in a hushed tone, trying to keep quiet, trying to keep herself from being discovered. From her coworkers hearing her. Hearing her have sex. Hearing her getting fucked in her office. The image of a group of men standing outside the door listening to her. Waiting for their turn…

"AH, FUCK, FUCKING FUCKI!" Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as another earth-shaking orgasm washed over her. Her other senses seemed to dim as her body was entirely focused on the wave of pleasure washing over her body. Lester's cock felt so hot inside of her. It felt like the wave of pleasure was radiating out from it, washing over her body, causing her legs to tense and pull him tightly, threatening to cut off his circulation and crush him. From

somewhere far away, she heard the desk creak again. As she opened her eyes, the ceiling looked so strange from this angle.

The couple was motionless for a moment, both of them huffing and puffing as Sarah's orgasm ebbed. They were once again looking into each other's eyes when they heard it. The snapping of wood and their worldview quickly falling away.

The desk's leg supports snapped under their combined weight, and the desk crashed to the floor with a deafening thud. Sarah's monitor toppled over and landed on the floor alongside the other contents of her desktop. She turned and looked around them. Everything was scattered over the floor, including her pens and papers. At some point, her trash bin had toppled over, and refuse had gotten everywhere.

The area between the broken desk and the door was littered with the contents of her office. It looked like her monitor was turned off with a crack in it. At some point, they must have knocked her laptop off the desk; thankfully, it looked closed. Hopefully, it still worked. A family photo of her, Dan, and the girls lay a few feet away. The glass cracked, obscuring her beautiful family.

Sarah pushed on Lester's chest to get him off of her. She hadn't wanted this. That sound of the desk crashing would surely attract someone to come and investigate. Lester gave her some space, and she turned her body and tried to move out from under him. She felt his cock slide out of her as she turned over and crawled off her desk, trying to assess the damage in the room before someone knocked on the door.

The room was a mess. It reminded her instantly of Lester's dirty room. Maybe not as bad, but this wasn't like her. She always prided herself on her clean office but this was –

Lester grunted from behind her, and she felt his stomach pressing into her ass. She looked behind her and realized that he was positioning himself to take her from behind. He hadn't cum yet. She felt his cock at her entrance teasing her slit, waiting for her. Her head buzzed, and she heard a ringing in her ear. She looked around at the messy room, her eyes settling on the broken picture frame. Sarah closed her eyes to block it all out. It could wait.

With her eyes closed, she moved her ass backward, slowly at first, her pussy lips parting to allow Lester's cock entry to her. On her hands and knees, she felt Lester's humongous cock slide into her, running over her G-spot, running over every inch of nerves inside of her. His chubby fingers gripped her hips tightly. His legs, now between hers, he reared back, and he started to fuck her for everything she was worth. She matched his pace quickly, knowing she'd cum at least once more.

Sarah's fingers spread out onto the floor, trying to hold on as he fucked her relentlessly. Her hands moved pens and notes aside to press against the cold tile floor. They slipped because they were covered in sweat.

Lester was fucking her in the mess of her office. In the remnants of the professionalism she had carefully curated. She was getting fucked on the floor like an animal…like a slut. And she was loving it.

"Not gonna be long now," Lester grunted through his teeth. Sarah's ass was pushing back energetically, eager to take more and more of Lester's cock into her. This position always reminded her of primal humans and beasts. Lester was fucking her like an animal. It was a thing of nature. Something natural was happening.

Lester slapped her ass cheeks, causing her to whine. A large fat red handprint was left behind,

"I'm going to cum soon, Sarah. I'm going to cum in your little married pussy."

His words were igniting something inside of her. She felt another orgasm quickly building. She never came this much with Dan. No one else could elicit this kind of response from her body—

this troll of a man owned it.

"Fffuck," Sarah moaned, dropping her head onto the floor, fully submitting herself before Lester. "Give it to me. Cum for me, Lester."

"Do you want me to pull out? Shoot on your back?" Lester grunted again. His pace was increasingly erratic, desperate. She knew he was about to cum. The idea of not feeling the hot cum inside of her caused a pang of disappointment. No, she needed to feel it. She wanted to feel him wash her insides to put her over the edge.

"No. Don't you fucking dare. Cum in me, Lester," As the words left Sarah's mouth, the orgasm felt ready to pop. "CUM IN ME LESTER."

"FUCK, HERE IT COMES, BABY," Lester shouted, his voice echoing off the walls in her room.

"TAKE MY CUM, SARAH." Smoothly, as if in a single motion, Sarah's pussy lips gripped the thick base of his cock and rose up the shaft, drawing a huge load up out of his balls. Lester's eyelids fluttered spastically, the heavenly loss of control flowing from him.

"GIVE IT, UH, OH FUCK, FUCK," Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as she felt Lester's cock explode inside of her. His hot cum shot out, hitting areas deep inside of her that no one else had ever come close to reaching. Her pussy tightened around his cock, milking it as she came.

Every shot of Lester's cum inside of her was like a flaming jolt of pleasure ratcheting up her own orgasm, setting her nerves on fire.

"FUCK yeah, Sarah, take it! Take it all!" Lester shouted as he continued to thrust into her. Her ass grinding itself back against his cock as she rode out her rapture.

"Fuck ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod," Sarah clenched her teeth as Lester again bottomed out inside of her. Another orgasm ripped through her body as she was filled with Lester's potent, pungent cum. She'd never felt so full in her life. His warmth was spreading inside of her, exploring every inch of Sarah's core.

Her torso collapsed onto the cold tile floor. She couldn't catch her breath, her hands extending out around her as the last ripples of pleasure lingered in her body. Sarah's ass was still in the air, connected to Lester's body by his blessed cock.

His breathing was just as hard as hers. Eventually, he leaned back, pulling his still-hard cock out of her. Sarah's hips immediately fell to

the side, lying on the messy floor naked, except for her one heel, which had still somehow remained on her foot.

Lester sat back on his ass. They stayed like that, covered in sweat and each other's fluids, breathing hard. Sarah felt Lester's cum start to leak out of her. She opened her eyes and looked around at the mess, trying to find the Kleenex box she usually kept on her desk. It was on its side near the filing cabinet. She crawled over to it, her muscles burning from exhaustion.

Grabbing a handful, Sarah cleaned up what she could of the mess between her legs.

Through sheer willpower, she climbed to her feet and appraised the room. It was a fucking disaster zone. It looked like a bomb had gone off. Her things were everywhere. Some of them were broken. Her desk had collapsed, and one of the snapped-off legs was across the room by the door.

Lester just sat there like a tub of lard, watching her as she navigated the mess and found her underwear and clothing. As she began to get dressed, Lester got up and followed suit. He still had one thing left to do today, after all.

With his clothes back on, he watched Sarah pick up various things on the floor and arrange them on the small table against the wall. Her eyes seemed to linger on the broken photo in her hands before setting it down.

He moved across the room to her, causing her to turn in his direction. Lester leaned in for a kiss, but Sarah turned her head, his lips touching her cheek.

"Lester, this is a fucking mess. We destroyed my office," Sarah said quietly, now fully conscious of how loud and violent they had been.

“It’s not that bad,” Lester said, surveying the room. I hate to do this, but I have something I need to do for Jerry before the end of the day.”

“It’s fine,” Sarah said, motioning to the door. “You can go. Just be discreet on your way out, okay?”

“I’ll see you later this week, then? It’s my birthday on Thursday, and I’m going to be stuck in town.” Lester said as he made his way to the door.

“I don’t know Lester. I don’t think so. This was too much. Too intense.” Sarah leaned against the table, crossing her arms.

“Felt pretty good to me,” Lester said, turning the knob and opening the door slightly. He peeked his head out and then moved through the gap, closing the door behind him.

He didn’t have to unlock the door. Did he even lock it in the first place? She wasn’t sure.

Maybe he had just unlocked the door. But if he had never locked it… anyone could have walked in and witnessed what had just happened.

A ringing sound filled the room. Sarah didn’t recognize it, but it was definitely a ringtone. She walked around the mess, getting closer to the sound’s source. She bent down and pulled up her broken desk. Under it there was an unfamiliar phone. It must have been Lester’s.

She grabbed the device as it hummed out a somewhat familiar tune and, by instinct, turned it over to look at the screen. The name ‘Lizzie’ appeared on it with the option to answer or ignore the call. Why was she calling him? Sarah thought they were over. When Sarah wasn’t in Chicago, was Lester still seeing her? Did Lizzie want to get back together with him? If she did, what would that mean for them? She couldn’t help but think of seeing Lizzie bent over in

Lester's room as he fucked her from behind. Sarah pressed the ignore button and hurried over to the door, hoping to catch Lester before he went into the elevator to give him back his phone.

Closing the office door behind her, Sarah walked out onto the floor, bracing herself for knowing glances from coworkers. Except the floor was empty. No one was in their cubicles or offices. A custodian's cart was outside one of the cubicles but no one was in sight. Sarah glanced towards the elevators, but Lester wasn't there. She must have been too late.

Late.

What time was it? She turned on Lester's phone screen and glanced at the time in the corner.

Shit, shit shit!. No wonder no one was around. They had all left a long time ago. It was well past the time Sarah was supposed to leave and….

Pick up the girls. She was so late picking them up. She hurried back into her office, grabbed her purse, and left the mess behind to deal with tomorrow.

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Lester strolled back to his cubicle in the relatively empty IT office. Only one other guy there, the IT tech, stayed on site overnight - the graveyard shift. Lester didn't know his name and really didn't care to learn it. He just needed to get his bag so he could head back to the hotel room.

He smirked as he slid the phone out of his pocket. What would Sarah think of Lizzie calling him? It was too easy. All he had to do was change the phone's number to display as Lizzie in the one he left for Sarah to find.

He grabbed his bag and made his way out of the hospital. As he left, he looked behind him at the window to Sarah's office, remembering the show he'd orchestrated there. He couldn't wipe the stupid grin off his face the entire time he was leaving.

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The woman in charge of aftercare scowled at Sarah when she picked up her kids. Sarah had never been late in her life picking them up, but today her kids were the last ones left at the school. The lady had been pissed she had to stay late, and the principal had even called Dan, who obviously couldn't have helped from Chicago.

That's probably who tried calling her earlier. She'd rushed out of the hospital without checking her phone, mortified at being late to grab her kids for the first time. She felt embarrassed and small under the dirty looks the staff gave her. The girls had been crying, thinking that no one was coming for them.

She drove them home to their house, and Sarah's mind was a mess with everything that had happened. Dan's lies, the rug being pulled out from under her with the promotion. The earth-shattering sex with Lester.

Sarah felt butterflies in her stomach thinking back to the rough sex that she'd engaged in less than an hour ago. Glancing in the rear-view mirror, the girls seemed to be settling down. They would be alright—time to hit McDonalds for an easy late dinner tonight.

The sex had definitely helped mute the other things that had thrown her for a loop today.

Sarah thought back to earlier in the week when she and her husband were in the car with the stranger. She was still mad at Dan, but not as much as before. Maybe her little tryst with Lester had helped balance the scales. Guilt began to creep in that she hadn't talked to Dan about it before like they had agreed on, but then

again, he let some old fucking pervert watch her without her consent and let her clean up the mess. A small voice reminded her that she'd seen a call from Lizzie to Lester. Why was she calling him? And why did Sarah care? If Lester had to choose either her or Lizzie, which would he pick? She dropped the train of thought before it could leave its station.

Sighing, she thought of how Dan would probably pinch his nose in this situation. All she could do right now was get the girls fed and get them home to bed. Today had been a mess, and she just wanted it to be over. As she pulled into their driveway, a large drop of Lester's cum flowed out of her, soaking her panties, reminding her of what they'd done.

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Jesse slung his gym bag over his shoulder and rode the elevator to the ground floor. One of the perks of his new job was an office on-site. As he worked out, all he could think about was Sarah Williams. The next time she saw him, he would be buff and have more muscles than Dan. She wouldn't be able to resist him then. The way she'd backed her ass up against him on two different occasions was constantly on his mind.

She wouldn't be able to hide the feelings he knew she had for him. He could take care of her better than Dan could.

The elevator doors opened on the marble lobby. Jesse walked across it, passing by a group of young women who also worked in the building. He didn't dare look at them, it was better to seem disinterested but he felt a pang of shame when he noticed none of them had turned their heads to check him out.

He pushed open the lobby doors, and the cool Chicago air felt good on his sweaty skin. None of those girls were anything compared to Sarah. When they saw her on his arm, they would probably trip over themselves to talk to him.

Rounding the corner towards the El station, he noticed a man leaning against the building, smoking a cigarette. As Jesse got closer, the man stood up straight and stepped directly into Jesse's path.

"You're Jesse, right? The man looked Jesse in the eye and extended his hand, "My name is Peter, and I have an offer you're going to be interested in."

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 18: Author Note

Hey everyone, its that time of the month again for more Toxic Attraction. This has been a chapter I have been itching to write for quite some time. Now that its here, I really hope you enjoy it as much as I have had a blast writing it.

I wanted to give a shout-out to the Insiders whose feedback helped improve this chapter (and provide a lot of good elements I'm bringing into CH19), Grandeman for his edits, and Roxy for help with the outfits (see attached for inspo for this chapter).

As a peak behind the curtain, I'm currently writing Toxic Attraction 19, Neighborhood Encounters 2, as well as a bit of Tainted Conception. I plan to get another short story done soon as well so there should be a lot of content rolling out soon.

Without further ado, here is Chapter 19 of Toxic Attraction. As always, I love to hear what you think so please don't be shy. Comment below, or feel free to DM or email me!

Don

Toxic Attraction Ch. 18

“Come on,” Sarah’s eyes flicked between her watch and the ascending numbers on the elevator’s screen as her foot tapped loudly. It was earlier than she normally arrived, but she had a mess to clean up. She’d been mortified at being late picking up her girls. That never happened. The rest of her night had been like a whirlwind. Getting the girls fed with McDonald's and then spending some quality time reassuring them that mommy wouldn’t be late again before putting them to bed. The whole night had made her

feel like she was behind the eightball, but that's how her entire day had gone.

In her rush to grab the girls she hadn't had time to stop and grab the bottle of wine she had planned for. Her late-night bath hadn't been nearly as relaxing without it. She just wanted to take the edge off a bit after everything that had happened yesterday. Learning she wasn't getting the promotion that would pull her family from the brink of financial hardship, Dan lying, and Lester…

Well, Lester found the right buttons to push to cause her to open up her legs for him in her own office. Something she never thought she would entertain, blurring the lines between her professional life and her now wildly unpredictable personal life.

She felt like she was juggling all of these different aspects of herself. Her own different multiple personalities. The loving mother, the devoted wife, the stellar daughter, the badass professional, Lester's slut…God maybe not that last one. They all felt like they were beginning to blur and meld together, but that wasn't what she wanted.

Sarah wanted to be all of those things but be able to slide into one or the other when necessary. She couldn't sacrifice her professional or home life to fulfill her desires for Lester.

The elevator chimed, and the doors opened, snapping Sarah back to the situation at hand.

Sarah stepped out into the administrative area of the building and began walking towards her office.

Her desires towards Lester. She had been such a bitch the day before on the phone with Dan, telling him how much she enjoyed spending time with his troll-like roommate. She hadn't planned to say it, but it had just come out. Dan hadn't texted her all night, and her phone still hadn't received a message from him this

morning. She knew he was already up and heading to work, but she felt a lot better if he just reached out to her.

She hated being the one to cave first and apologize. But she had just reacted to the way the conversation went. Dan had still been the one who lied to her in the first place and needed to apologize. Sarah wasn't even sure if she actually felt that way towards Lester, but something like a weight had been lifted when those words left her lips, as if she was revealing some unmentionable truth she had been suppressing.

Sarah wanted to think more about it and figure out what it was she was feeling but she'd have to do that later. Right now, she had to clean up the mess she and Lester had made in her office the previous night. She'd already left Lester's phone in his cubicle on her way up. Now it was her office she needed to tackle.

She passed a row of empty cubicles, many of which would be occupied within the next half hour. Sarah noted the absence of the janitor's cart that she'd spotted last night. That meant that the janitor had been up here sometime between when she left and this morning. She prayed that they hadn't seen or heard anything that went on yesterday.

There was no point dwelling on what might have happened. She had to focus on what was right in front of her. Sarah dug her keys out of her purse as she neared her office door. She turned the handle to double-check that she had locked it last night. It didn't budge.

Good. She used the keys to unlock it and slipped inside before closing it behind her. She locked the door before turning around and surveying the surreal scene before her. Overcast clouds outside the window made the office feel dark, so she flicked on the lights. The incandescent lights flickered to life, illuminating the remains of her broken desk. Garbage and other items lay all over the floor. Some

personal items, like the broken picture frame, were on a side table where she left them last night.

With a heavy sigh, Sarah started to straighten up her office. There was no fixing the desk, and she was afraid to check the condition of her monitor and laptop. She focused on cleaning up

the trash from the bin that had toppled over while Lester fucked her. Her mind couldn't help drifting to Lester and how he'd power fucked her the day before. Each piece of trash Sarah picked up and put back into the bin was like another admission of guilt at just how good and thorough of a fucking it had been.

Seeing Lester's lust-filled face transform part way through into something more hungry. That look he gave her. Its possessiveness. She didn't know what to make of it, but she felt her body respond to its memory. She couldn't explain it rationally. It almost felt like a biological reaction.

Sarah finished cleaning up the trash and turned her attention to the pens and other items previously set up on her desk. She took a few minutes to collect them and recreate the arrangement with her personal items on the table.

She caught sight of herself in the mirror. Even though she felt like a hot mess, her wardrobe was still on point. She loved the way her high-waisted cotton pants looked with the slim green button-up shirt she had chosen. Sarah loved to toe the line between professional and sexy.

She froze when she heard voices coming from the other side of the door. Holding her breath, Sarah waited for the door to open and for her to have to explain the carnage she was standing in the middle of. Thankfully, the voices moved on in the direction of the empty cubicles. Sarah checked her watch. It was close to the time everyone normally came in, and meetings began assembling for the day.

She cursed at herself for taking too long to clean. Daydreaming and thinking about the day before cost her precious time.

Sarah pulled her monitor and laptop to the side, away from the broken desk. She did her best to pull the cables out from under the desk, trying to keep IT things separate from building maintenance things. Even in her own personal mess, her professional side still wanted to demarcate things and compartmentalize them. Put them in order. There was still debris on the floor, broken pieces of wood where the leg snapped, but she decided to leave those, proof she'd pass on to maintenance - that one of the desk's legs must have given out in the night.

Crossing her fingers, Sarah put her laptop on the table and opened it, hoping it would still work. Thankfully, it booted up normally. She quickly composed an email to the facilities team telling them about the desk and arranging for a replacement. She would stop by after the morning meeting to touch base in person. She'd do the same with her monitor and laptop, go talk to Jerry in person, and get a favor to send one of his team members up to check them out.

More noise outside her office signaled her coworkers were busy arriving and starting their days. She rechecked her watch. It was time for her to head downstairs for the department

head meeting. Leaning back against the table, Sarah sighed and surveyed the room one last time. Despite her nominal cleaning, things were getting messy, and she needed to ground herself somehow.

She could try to reach out to Dan later in the day. He'd said something about some news regarding his freelance clients, but in her anger, she hadn't let him finish the thought. Maybe there was something there she could get excited about. Besides, Dan was coming back to Middleton later this week, and she'd rather not drag out any awkwardness between them in front of the kids. Better to

put it to bed now and try to move on. They'd get past this and back to themselves. They always did.

Sitting here feeling frustrated in her office wouldn't solve her problems. Sarah stood up, gathered her things, and headed for the door. Get through the next meeting, get her office set back up, and then tackle the rest of the problems at the hospital.

As she made her way to the elevator, she made small talk with a few coworkers, trying to convey that everything was normal with her. Sarah was one of the last people to filter into the meeting room before the department heads began to run through their agendas for the day.

No one noticed, but Sarah felt severely underprepared for this meeting. Normally, she would have reviewed her emails and touched base with a few other people in the meeting to fully understand the points being discussed.

Today, she had been so focused on cleaning up her office that she hadn't had the time.

Before long, the meeting was wrapping up, but then John, the interim CEO, stood up. "Just one more thing," He said, looking around the room at everyone. His eyes seemed to skip over Sarah as if he was trying to avoid looking at her.

Was that because he felt guilty about fucking her over for the job or because he saw her getting fucked from the window yesterday? Either way, Sarah felt herself squirming in her seat.

"I'm really happy to announce that the board's CEO candidate has accepted our offer." John smiled, likely happy to be relieved of his duties as interim CEO. He didn't know what those duties were since Sarah was doing most of them. "He is eager to get started. So eager that he plans to come in on Monday to meet all of you as he gradually gets onboarded."

“Monday,” Marcie, the head of HR, said. “That’s so soon. We’re not even remotely ready to get-”

“Let’s make it happen,” John waved a hand at her dismissively, “We need new permanent leadership here, so there’s no point in dawdling.”

“Can we know who this new CEO is going to be?” Jerry said from the back of the room.

“Right. Sure,” John said standing up, signaling that the meeting was over. His name is Richard Thornhill. He’s joining us after 20 years in the industry, capped by turning around a disaster of a medical complex up in Aurora. I can’t express how lucky we are to have him join us. He has some bold ideas for the hospital that the board is really excited about.”

With that, John briskly left the room, and everyone else slowly began to filter out. Sarah stayed seated, pulled out her phone, and opened LinkedIn to see who Richard Thornhill was.

She quickly found his profile. Richard looked like he was in his late fifties or early sixties, caucasian with gray and white hair. Sarah suspected it was likely white hair that he was dyeing with streaks of gray to look more distinguished as the streaks looked patterned. She read over his past roles and couldn’t help but feel small compared to the new CEO’s impressive resume.

She looked at this picture again and decided she found his smile insincere. She’d better get her head on properly before Monday. The last thing she wanted was to get off on the wrong foot with her new boss.

Knowing that she hadn’t been picked for the role was one thing. But now, seeing someone else who would be stepping into the role was something else entirely. He brought a ton of good experience. Would he come in here and question everything Sarah had built? Because

she didn’t have the formal education for this role, would he look at what she’d done and see how much it screams ‘uneducated?’ He would probably come in and make sweeping reforms to everything she built.

She felt her stress levels rising. Sarah breathed and calmed herself, balling her fingers into fists and stretching them out. Sitting in here wouldn’t help her relax. She needed to keep moving, go talk to maintenance, and then Jerry in IT. All she could do was keep doing her best work.

A thought popped into her head. Before she realized what she was doing, she’d opened her texting app and sent a message.

S: What day is your birthday this week?

On the screen, she saw a reflected grin play across her lips.

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“Alright, we wanted to go over some role changes here,” Walt was standing in the middle of the office. Dan sat next to a vacant office chair alongside what remained of his coworkers. As Dan looked around the room, there were probably less than forty other employees left. When he joined this firm, it was well over one hundred. Walt was standing in front of the group, a few other senior leaders flanking his side.

“From now on, we all need to act as business development people. I want you reaching into your networks, in line at Starbucks, whatever we have to do. From now on, the company needs your help to bring new business in. I don’t care if you are a secretary or an accountant.

All of our jobs now include this duty.” Walt looked frailer than usual. Dan could guess what this rallying of the troops speech was about. They must have lost another client, and the pipeline for new ones was drying up.

Dan's phone vibrated in the pocket of his blazer. A glimmer of hope spread through his body, hoping it was Sarah. They hadn't left things on good terms yesterday. He wanted to call her and apologize again for his lie. It wasn't that he'd wanted to keep the truth from her. It was difficult to admit to himself, let alone the woman he'd married. Sure, letting a guy watch her seemed fairly standard considering all the other wild shit that had happened over the past few months, but this time it made him feel exposed. Lester's friend Eugene was the first person who'd actively seen Dan enjoy his fetish outside of Sarah and Lester. Maybe Jesse knew something, but not to this extent, not in person. It made him feel vulnerable, a feeling he hated. At least, that's how he had begun to reconcile it in his head.

He had been up all night, tossing and turning in bed, trying to process his emotions. This is what he had landed on. The truth being exposed and making him feel small was part of why he had retreated and let the guy watch. Of course, it aroused him. Knowing Sarah was on display, but being seen for who he really was, that was something Dan wasn't prepared to deal with.

He was just lucky it wasn't someone from his personal life.

"Uh, sir?" One of Dan's colleagues had raised his hand. Walt nodded for the man to speak.

"Will these duties translate into a pay raise or maybe get us back to where we were paywise?

Since it's not in our current job descriptions?"

Walt sighed and looked at the ceiling as if the perfect answer to the guy's question was written there. When he finally dropped his head and looked at the assembled group, "No. That's not possible right now."

The man looked at Walt, wide-eyed, at the wall, then the floor.

Another one gone. Dan had seen the look before. His colleague would likely be the next to go.

"Will there be any more layoffs?" A female voice spoke from somewhere behind Dan.

"Ummm. No. Well. The future is uncertain. We can't say for sure." One of Walt's senior managers piped in.

This meeting felt like the prelude to a slow circle down the drain. With Dan's newly appointed business development duties, he felt empowered to reach into his blazer and check his phone.

His heart dropped when he saw the call hadn't come from Sarah. It was Bill, one of his new clients. Bill had also left a short text message, asking Dan to meet at a sports bar by his office for a drink later in the week to review the project.

Meeting for drinks or a restaurant to talk shop wasn't unusual. Dan would reply later, but he didn't want to arouse too much suspicion now. Before, he didn't think Walt would mind that Dan was picking up side clients, but now, after this meeting, it sounded like Walt was getting desperate. Dan didn't know how Walt would react, knowing Dan was drumming up new business. He might force Dan to run the clients through the company instead of on the side, to himself.

But that would be a lose, lose situation. Walt's company was a sinking ship that might fold in the next few months. Angering clients and blowing back on Dan, who was working hard to establish himself as an independent asset in the industry.

Dan's hand automatically rose to pinch the bridge of his nose, but he stopped himself. He lowered his hand to the arm of the chair and made a fist. Walt and his senior managers were still addressing questions from the group but Dan was tuning out. None of this was relevant to him anymore. He could tell Walt was getting agitated

from his body language, but Dan wanted to talk this all over with his rock, Sarah.

The last time they talked, she had driven a dagger into his heart when she said that she actually enjoyed her dates with Lester. Enjoyed them. Enjoyed being with him. The conversation was heated, and he had lobbed the first bomb towards her. She had just been lobbing it back. Maybe it wasn't true, and she just said it was to hurt him at the moment.

Things had gotten carried away in more than one sense. He knew that Sarah could get off with Lester, and it played into some of her fantasies, but she couldn't actually like him.

Dan reluctantly felt his cock begin to stir at the idea. He tightened his fist, trying to will the thoughts out of his head. His nails dug into his palm, causing a tinge of pain that he focused on until the thoughts receded back to the depths of the depraved parts of his brain. Dan turned his attention back to Walt and tried to focus on every word the older man said.

After a few more minutes, Walt, looking exhausted, thanked everyone for their patience during this time of transition. The rest of Dan's co-workers began to filter back to their desks.

Dan took the cue to make a beeline towards his office, not wanting to engage with anyone after the disaster they'd all just been through. Closing the door behind him, he sat at his desk and closed his eyes, mentally preparing to call Sarah.

Ideally, he would just call her, and they would reconcile, but he knew it would be harder than that. It always sucked having these conversations on the phone - he wished he could just drive home and be there in person to talk it out. He would be home in a couple of days, but he couldn't let this fester until then. But he still needed to work himself up to have the conversation. He knew his wife and

how best to get through to her. He wanted none of the hopelessness at his workplace to filter through.

As a form of productive procrastination, he opened up the email account he used for his side business. He thumbed through his inbox. Several spam messages and a handful of new contacts were reaching out to try and set up meetings. Dan's track record of closing new contacts into paying clients was pretty good, so some of these could actually be quite lucrative. He would just need to find the time somewhere in his busy schedule. Dan's heart skipped a beat when he saw a new email from Martin with Sentinel Securities. He opened it, started reading, and felt his heart immediately drop.

They wanted him to visit their D.C. office this week. Martin said his team would take care of all the arrangements and pick up the tab for everything, but there were pertinent, sensitive items that could only be discussed in person. Dan reread the dates in the email. They wanted him down there on the same day he was supposed to return home.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, closed his eyes, and rested his head against the back of his chair. This wouldn't go over well with Sarah, especially not at the moment. But he needed Sentinel. They were his life raft to pull himself out of the mess at his current company. He couldn't say no, could he?

He thought of his little girls and how much he wanted to see them. But he needed to secure their future, too—the future of his family.

With a heavy sigh, Dan typed up a response to Martin, agreeing to the meeting in Washington.

***

Sarah hated feeling flustered. She tried to keep her head held high as she walked through the halls of the hospital. Her confidence

usually came naturally, but lately, it felt like she was putting on a show, and everyone knew it.

With a brilliant smile on her face, she did her rounds, checking in with the different department heads and going over the lingering items on her list. The entire time, she was smiling and nodding; she just wanted to retreat back to her office.

The smile faded from her face as she entered the elevators, and the doors closed behind her. It was getting close to lunch, and now she could finally hide in her office for a little while. As she waited for the elevator to reach her floor, she checked her phone. Nothing from Dan or Lester.

Sarah put her phone away as the doors opened, and the smile rapidly returned to her face as she greeted a pair of colleagues waiting to take the elevator. The floor was busy with activity; thankfully, no one had started a conversation with her. She made her way to her office but stopped when she saw that her door was open.

Steadying herself, Sarah walked through the door and was relieved that a building maintenance worker was setting up a new desk. A large box sat on the floor, which she guessed was her new monitor. A janitor was emptying her trash bin into his cart and looked up at her with a knowing look.

Sarah vaguely recognized him. She had seen him before on their floor, but he wasn't a regular.

Her eyes darted to his name tag, which read 'Otis' in red cursive letters. His face was weathered with gray, unkempt hair and a permanent five o'clock shadow. Otis had a visible potbelly through his coveralls and looked like the kind of guy who might get caught drinking on the job. She made a mental note to circle back with Marcie about him later.

She didn’t want her eyes to linger on him too long in case he was the same janitor whose cart she had seen the previous night. She nodded to him, “Thank you.”

Oddly, he didn’t nod back, just kept his eyes on her. Sarah moved past him to the table with her belongings and grabbed her car keys. It looked like the solitude of her office would have to wait. Sarah turned to thank the worker from maintenance and felt the room begin to spin. The sun had broken through the clouds, shining through her office window. A smudged outline of her body from the previous day was on the window. Sweat and the oils from her body were left on the window, showing her hand prints in several spots, as well as where her firm breasts had been pushed up against the glass. A blurred smudge where her head had been must have been from her forehead or cheeks.

It didn’t seem like the maintenance man had noticed. The sun faded behind the clouds, and her outline softened, but she could still see it. She couldn’t believe she hadn’t noticed it earlier, but the morning had been overcast. Mortified, she turned and walked out of the office, wondering if the smudge was the reason for the knowing look on the janitor’s face.

Sarah took the elevator down to the main floor and walked out to the parking lot. She could feel the smudge of herself looking down at her from the building behind her. She didn’t dare turn around, afraid that the smudge would be visible to anyone who looked up, or worse, that the janitor and the maintenance man would be up there, looking down at her, smirking.

She got in her car and, in a daze, drove herself to the nearest Costco. If she couldn’t hide in her office, she could at least get out of the hospital and do some shopping. Dan always joked that shopping was one of her hobbies, but it just felt good to her—even if today it was going to be shopping for food instead of clothes or other kinds of retail therapy.

When Dan came back this week, she wanted to be ready and make something nice for him.

One of his favorite meals as a peace offering from their argument earlier. She wondered how he would react when she told him what had happened with Lester in her office yesterday.

Should she wait until he got back or tell him about it over the phone? Sooner was probably better, or else it might look like she was trying to hide something from him.

Pushing the oversized shopping cart, Sarah navigated the wide aisles of the local Costco. She filled the cart with produce, meat, milk, and other items to stock in their fridge, as well as the different ingredients for her meal for Dan. She planned on making him a grilled lemon herb chicken with a side of roasted potatoes, something he always remarked how much he loved.

When she was done filling her cart, Sarah wheeled it to the far side of the store to avoid the busy interior aisles and come out near the pharmacy. She hoped to grab a new body wash or something to feel refreshed and relaxed tonight.

As she made her way closer to the front of the store, she began passing by the large, oversized bags of chips and snacks tucked against the wall. She smirked as she saw a giant bag of Cheetos. She took out her phone and snapped a picture of the oversized snack bag while thinking of something to text Lester to rile him up. As soon as she pictured a riled-up Lester, her idea to taunt him was gone, replaced by the feel of his pressing weight upon her and the feeling of his long co-She realized she was frozen, daydreaming about getting laid while in Costco. She noticed that the line to get out had now extended beyond snacks, where she was. Without another thought, she grabbed the Cheetos and put the bag in her cart.

Sarah grabbed the body wash and some additional items in the pharmacy area before checking out and loading up her car. The overcast clouds had broken, replaced with a bright blue sky. She'd still had time to drive home and put the groceries away before returning to the hospital. There weren't any new messages from Dan or Lester on her phone. Sarah tucked it back into her purse and headed inside.

Getting out had done wonders for her mental state. As she rode the elevator up, she felt more at ease than when she'd left. Walking across the floor to her office, her smile didn't feel as forced as before.

Thankfully, her office was empty. Sarah closed and locked the door behind her and assessed her new desk. It was bigger and sturdier than the old one. This was a nice upgrade, actually; perhaps breaking it had been a good thing. IT must have come in while she was out as well.

The box was gone, and her new monitor was set up alongside a new docking station for her laptop.

Sarah's eyes lingered on her new desk before remembering to address the smudges on the window. She had some Kleenex and water she could use to clean it up. Her eyes flicked to the window, but she couldn't see where the smudge she'd made was.

The sun shone through the window like earlier, but she still couldn't see her imprint. She walked closer, but still nothing. She stepped back and forth, trying to look at it from other angles, but it wasn't there.

Someone had cleaned it.

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The constant buzzing of the employees in the IT department was starting to get to Lester. Jerry had mentioned that some of his team might come to Lester with questions, but lately, they were trying to wean information and new skills out of him.

He didn't care to train the hospital's staff, so he didn't. He would give them vague responses, but he wasn't there to help the hospital. His purpose here wasn't their success.

That's why he'd gone out to grab Taco Bell and was taking an extended lunch break in his SUV.

He needed to get away from the IT drones scurrying to curry favor with their boss while hoping to achieve a fraction of the skills that Lester possessed.

They were all peons. All of them. Everyone in the hospital. Just pawns to serve his ultimate goal.

Lester bit into his steak taco, juices squeezing out onto his fingers. Lester lapped it up before taking another bite. He was parked at the back of the lot. Normally, he wouldn't park so far away. The walk alone was tedious and might wind him. But he didn't want to be disturbed by the spineless little men in the IT department. And from here, he had a great view of Sarah's office.

He couldn't see much. It seemed like the window up there reflected a distorted image of the parking lot. But he could imagine what happened up there last night. What had Sarah done about that broken desk?

He smirked, thinking about how he still took her from behind after they had collapsed onto the floor. God, that woman is something.

She was unlike any woman Lester had ever possessed before. He never wanted his trysts with her to change. He was enjoying himself

too much. Having a woman like her fall down to his level willingly was too sweet of a prize, especially combined with one of his other favorite pastimes. Putting someone like Dan in his place. Having Dan watch Lester fuck his wife as she moaned out for him. God, that was invigorating.

But Dan had been a little cagey lately. Lester almost hadn't noticed since he was so preoccupied with Sarah. Dan hadn't been taking any more job interviews at the apartment.

Likely because of Lester streaking nude into the last one he'd had there. But Dan also hadn't been applying for new jobs. When Lester looked over the network traffic through the apartment's router, Dan's browsing habits had become pedestrian. Netflix and other run of the mill sites. He wasn't applying to jobs anymore, at least not while he was in the apartment.

Did Dan suspect Lester of tampering with things? Was he really that clever that he would catch on? Lester wasn't sure either way, but he knew he needed to think up something to knock Dan down a peg or two and put him in his place. Preferably, it would be one that would lessen his image in Sarah's eyes as well.

The Eugene situation had been a surprising and welcome development. One Lester was currently weaponizing to move the goalposts further with Sarah.

Lester wolfed down the rest of his tacos and licked his sticky fingers clean before pulling out his phone. He hadn't responded to Sarah's message yet. He enjoyed making her wait and knew that Sarah was used to getting immediate responses from most men. Being the outlier would result in dividends.

The fact that she had dropped the phone off on his desk this morning spoke volumes. He didn't really need it. His backup phone would do just fine, but her leaving it on his desk told him a few

things. One: She had seen the call he'd faked from Lizzie. Two: She had arrived early.

Early enough to drop off his phone. She was probably coming in early to straighten up her office. Three: She wanted to drop the phone off - she didn't want Lester coming to her office or hunting her down for it.

Lester felt like Sarah was beginning to teeter on the brink, and he would gladly pull her over the edge.

Instead of messaging her back, he opened Discord and read through several of the messages waiting for him there. There were messages from the gaming servers he was a part of and messages from his group. More of Ned seeming to plead his fealty to Lester and a few private messages for Lester's side business. One was from Cronos, who had been increasingly impatient with Lester for not sending videos or updating him on Sarah.

Even though he was one of Lester's best clients, Cronos was becoming a nuisance and wasn't taking 'no' for an answer. His messages were beginning to border on, sounding threatening.

Lester wasn't ready to share Sarah with his world. He wasn't sure he ever would as long as things continued progressing as they had been. Cronos had left several messages demanding Lester. Instead of responding, Lester had chosen to block him.

Sure, Cronos paid well, but Lester wasn't hurting for money. He could always make more, and the hospital standing in front of him was the perfect example. Lester focused on Sarah's office window and decided to message her back.

L: Thursday. And thanks for my phone.

His birthday wasn't on Thursday. It wasn't even this month but he hoped that the idea of spending his birthday alone in an unfamiliar

town as a result of helping Sarah would gain him some leverage with her. The fake call from Lizzie, which he was sure Sarah had witnessed should also be playing in her head, making her wonder if they were still in contact. Women were naturally possessive and jealous creatures, it wasn't his fault they were so easy to manipulate.

Lester was surprised to see the three little dots on his screen, indicating that Sarah was typing a response.

S: Sorry. Dan is coming back on Thursday. I can't do it then.

Lester's nostrils flared out, and his face grew a shade of red. He didn't like being denied.

L: I'm sure you can make time for me. Just like you did yesterday.

S: That shouldn't have happened. My schedule is packed for the rest of the week. I'm sorry about your birthday.

Lester wasn't about to take no for an answer. He shimmed out of his pants and took a picture of his flaccid cock, and sent it to Sarah.

L: Are you really going to let me be alone on my birthday? You can blow on this and make a wish.

S: Good one. I'm sorry, Lester, but I just can't come this week.

Fucking Dan. What could Lester do to keep Dan out of the picture this week? He wanted to push the envelope with Sarah, and his birthday ruse was a great way to take that next step.

The pieces were set on the board for something Lester had never experienced before. He needed it.

Patience. Don't be rash. You've planted the seeds, let them bear fruit. He hated being patient. Lester wanted Sarah now. Still,

the little voice inside of him was right. She would be his soon enough. He just needed to set the table and take the opportunity when it appeared.

L: You're going to have to make it up to me.

S: Oh yeah? What did you have in mind?

L: I'll let you know next time I get you alone. For now, send me a sexy picture to stroke myself to.

The three little dots appeared and then disappeared. Sarah was trying to think of something clever to say. Or maybe she was stopping to take a picture somewhere in the hospital. God, imagining her stepping into a patient's room to take a picture for him. Pulling down her top and snapping a picture of her amazing tits.

Lester's eyes narrowed as a picture finally appeared on the screen. She hadn't sent him a picture of herself. Instead, it was a picture of a giant-sized bag of Cheetos.

What the fuck?

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Sarah smirked after sending the message while swiveling around in her office chair. Her office door was locked, and she was finally getting the peace and quiet she had been craving. Emails were still coming in, but her office phone was off the hook.

Opening her phone again, she took a long look at the photo Lester had sent her. His large, flaccid cock filled her screen, and she felt herself begin to heat up. The photo would have been better if his cock had been hard for her. But what was she thinking, him taking it out and stroking it in her hospital? That sounded like an HR nightmare with a blowback on her.

Would he have been hard sending a pic to Lizzie? She shouldn’t dwell on the girl, but she wanted to know why she was calling Lester. God, she needed to stop thinking like this. Like some kind of teenager.

She just needed a few moments of quiet to gather herself and figure out how to navigate the rest of the week. Between her work and personal life, things felt like a mess. Sarah just wanted to take a few small moments for herself before figuring out her next steps.

Part of her just wanted to retreat from it all and get lost in something else like she had the night before with Lester. Just a release to let go of all her worries and just focus on getting herself off.

But that wasn’t real life. She couldn’t just abandon everything and give in to her hedonistic desires. Her mind thought of Lizzie’s number on Lester’s phone from last night. It would be so easy to be a younger woman like that, with no strings and no attachments. Just the ability to go and do whatever you want, whenever you want. Sarah wasn’t sure if it was envy or jealousy, but she missed that freedom. She would love just to walk away from the stressors of her job, but that would mean her kids might not be able to eat or have a place to call home.

The stress of providing just compounded everything, and it felt like Sarah was becoming handcuffed to the stressors of her job, maybe like the whole country was.

Her cell phone ringing snapped her out of that train of thought. She felt her heart start to beat quickly, and nervous energy filled her body. Was Lester calling her? How did he take the teasing picture of the Cheetos?

She looked at her phone screen and felt nervous energy replaced with anxiety. Dan was calling. She knew she had to answer, but she wasn’t looking forward to the awkward conversation that would

follow. She wanted to reconcile with him about yesterday's events, but she hated having these painful conversations.

"Hi," Sarah said after clicking the answer button. She tried to make her voice sound indifferent, not letting her emotions seep into it for Dan to hear. She wanted him to apologize for what happened before she had to give in and do the same. He still didn't know everything that happened yesterday after their conversation.

"Hey, Sarah," Dan said back. Hearing him say her name sounded so clinical for some reason.

"Look," Dan continued, "I'm really sorry for how things ended yesterday. The Eugene stuff was fucked up, and I'm sorry for not telling you sooner. It's just still weird for me to process, you know? All of this stuff. Lester and you, well, I guess I didn't know how to deal with it, and then it just sort of spiraled from there. I'm sorry."

It sounded rehearsed, but she did appreciate him making the first move to call her. "I just don't get it, Dan," Sarah said, "The whole Lester thing has been going on for months now.

What do you mean 'it's weird for you to process?'"

She heard Dan sigh from the other side of the phone. He'd clearly hoped his rehearsed words would be the magic bullet to get things back on track. "Like, there is the part of me that understands it but another part of me that is still coming to grips with everything that happened - that happens."

Sarah didn't say anything, hoping Dan would continue and finish his thought.

"So, like, that part of me that is still in the process of accepting what happened," Dan was speaking quickly, "Maybe I'm still a bit ashamed of everything. You know, as a man, I'm

supposed to be tough and strong, but then to let some other ugly guy fuck my wife, it doesn't quite click. And then this other guy comes into the room and sees me staring at the peephole.

Really seeing me as I watch. Seeing my desire to watch you with someone else. I felt exposed and vulnerable, I guess."

Sarah nodded and understood what Dan was feeling, but some things still just didn't sit right with her. "But did Eugene even know we were together? He didn't know you were my husband in that moment."

"No," Dan said quietly, "But it didn't matter. It just felt like I was exposed, and I wasn't ready to be seen like that by anyone else."

Sarah shook her head. Dan's choice of words was terrible. He wasn't great at banter and kept leaving openings for her. "Did you ever think that I might not be ready to be seen like that?

Yes, in the past, other people have watched me or watched me with Lester, but I chose to let it happen. I consented to it. And I knew that the people were strangers. You let someone watch me without my knowing, and not only that, but it was someone who knows Lester. Only a few degrees of separation between us. I don't know that guy, and he is in the apartment. What if he tried something else? What if he was dangerous, and now he knows where we are? Or, jeez, what if he messes with Lester or something now? You didn't think about those things when you let your own fantasies control you again."

Dan was silent on the other end of the phone. At some point Sarah must have stood up because she realized she was up, looking out the window. She knew the power of silence.

Sarah was a talker and could easily have a one sided conversation with Dan but she needed these things to sink in so he understood them.

Eventually, he responded, “You’re right. I didn’t think of those things, and I am such a piece of shit for allowing you to be seen like that.”

Being exposed didn’t upset her. Sarah had actually come to realize she got off on being exposed to others, especially men she considered below her, like Eugene. Knowing that he saw her like that had actually turned her on to a degree, but she was still upset with Dan for taking away her choice in the matter.

“Did you know what I was doing on the other side of that peephole?” Sarah said, “When I thought it was you?”

“No,” Dan said.

“I was staring into the peephole thinking I was looking at my husband. Putting on a show for you. Licking my lips, blowing kisses towards the hole. Giving my best ‘fuck me’ eyes, even

standing right in front of the hole to give you an amazing view of everything that was happening. I thought it was you there, Dan, but instead, it was some old wizard-looking guy jerking off on the other side.” Sarah rested her forehead against the window and immediately stood back up, not wanting to make another smudge. The question of who had cleaned the window still plagued her. Did they recognize what the imprint was? If they noticed the smudge when they were close to the glass, there was a chance they wouldn’t.

“I’m sorry Sarah. I didn’t know. You’re right about it, about everything. My fantasies did get in the way, and I guess I crumpled under the idea of having them exposed like that to someone else.” Dan said.

“But it didn’t bug you that you exposed me like that? Without me knowing? I feel like such an idiot for putting on a show for you and you not even being there.” Sarah felt tears forming at the sides of

her eyes. She wasn't sad, but her body automatically responded to her frustration.

"Yeah, it bugs me. When I look back on it, I want to kick myself in the head over it. I just…in that moment, I wasn't thinking clearly or with the right head."

"I'll say," Sarah said. She didn't want to drag this out and by agreeing with him she was at least communicating she was on the same page, even if Dan was being critical of himself.

"And what about after?" Sarah asked. "You lied about who left the mess on the wall. I know you never said it was you, but you didn't say it wasn't. You omitted the truth even after you knew I lapped up the cum. That night, you could have said something, or the other night on the call or anytime in between, but you didn't. Why not?" Sarah said.

There were noises in the background from Dan's side. She couldn't quite place them, but he wasn't somewhere quiet. Who else was hearing this conversation?

"I don't know why," Dan said, "I think it has to come back to being publicly exposed like that. I just felt, I feel shame at someone seeing me like that. I've always been able to keep this part of me tucked away in a box. Private. Something you and I take out and play with, but now, with someone seeing me like that, it's like that part of me was becoming public knowledge, and I felt ashamed. A paralyzing shame that people would see me differently. Like I'm a different person from who I thought I was. That you would think of me as less than, see me differently.

Like one of those weak, ineffectual men that put their cocks in cages and allow themselves to be called a sissy while their wives get plowed by some more manly guy. That isn't who I am but it felt like that's how you would see me or how others would see me. I guess I

just retreated into myself and hid behind my silence. I'm really sorry that the silence hid something from you, too."

Sarah hadn't been expecting that response and didn't realize what sort of things were going through her husband's head. That wasn't at all how she viewed him. He was her strong, smart, capable, caring husband. He would never be like that to her, and it felt so strange to hear him think of himself like that, even just for a moment. Sarah began to feel guilty for not being there for him. She still felt embers of anger, but they softened. She didn't want to keep fighting. Maybe this was a good time to apologize for what she said and to let Dan know about what happened with Lester.

"Look, Dan. I love you, you know that. I'm still upset about being lied to. Both for letting me think it was you but also for how you just stepped aside at the peephole. But you're an idiot if you think any of those things about yourself. I don't and never will think of you like that, okay?"

"Okay. Thanks, Sarah, I needed to hear that."

"Good. Look, we aren't out of the woods yet, but I hate having these conversations on the phone," Sarah was getting ready to apologize herself, hoping that Dan wouldn't be too upset with her since he'd just revealed that truth about himself, it was probably a good time for her to do the same. "This week, when you come home, we need to have a long conversation about things, preferably with a lot of wine. I've already got my parents to watch the girls again so we'll have the house to ourselves to work through things. There's a couple of other –"

"Uh, yeah," Dan interrupted her, "I know, um, this week isn't going to work. I hate it, but something has come up again."

This time Sarah stayed silent, letting Dan fill in the details. How could he not come home this week? After their blow up yesterday it

was vital that they reconnect and clear the air. It just felt like he wasn't prioritizing her.

"That new client I signed yesterday. The one I started to mention. Sentinel Security." Dan continued. "They're based in D.C. and need me to come out there ASAP. They didn't mention everything, but they said there are things they need to discuss that they aren't willing to discuss over email or on the phone. I don't know what it is, but they are flying me out to discuss it with them."

"Can't you put it off until next week? If it's so important why can't they fly out here to talk to you?" Sarah heard the sharpness in her voice and immediately regretted it. It was the tone of someone looking to pick a fight, and she knew Dan wouldn't respond well to it. But what the hell? She was juggling her career plus taking care of the kids and the house. Dan just had his career to worry about and was struggling to bring money in for them.

"That's not how it works, Sarah. They're my client. They don't fly to me. I fly to them and help them. That's what they pay me for. For being there and doing my job for them." Dan snapped back.

"But they haven't even paid you yet, have they?" Sarah said with an edge.

"No client pre-pays, Sarah. They pay at the end of the month for the hours you bill them for, that's how it works in business." Dan chided.

Sarah wasn't an idiot. She knew how contracts worked, she'd handled dozens of them for the hospital. She felt like Dan was talking down to her, belittering her experience at the hospital like it wasn't a real business. Like she wasn't a serious person. The same way John and the rest of the board did.

"I'm not an idiot Dan. I know how business works. You could have asked for a retainer up front and gotten more specifics on what the project would be. You can always negotiate terms. You just chose

not to. Did you even try to negotiate this trip? Let me ask you this: when did they ask you to fly out?

"A few hours ago," Dan sounded like he was speaking through gritted teeth.

"So you knew that you were supposed to come home this week and you knew that we had issues to resolve, but you didn't even try to negotiate a new time with them? Do you see how I might view that as you choosing to work over me? Over us and the kids?"

"That isn't it at all," Dan's voice sounded upset. "I'm doing this for you. For us and the kids.

Hell, I'm the one who actually called you to try to make things better. My company is circling the drain here and I need to make a move. Sentinel Security will pay us a lot of money that we need. The timing fucking sucks, but we need this. I can't just ignore them. I'm trying to build up a new business here, and it's so frustrating that you're immediately trying to tear it down.

Sarah felt her chest growing flush, "I'm not trying to tear anything down, Dan. I'm the one holding every fucking thing together. Your job right now is paying peanuts compared to mine.

And I know you've never thought seriously about my job, but it's the one paying our mortgage right now, and I'm basically covering your rent by giving it up to Lester. It isn't just about the money, Dan. It's about being here as a husband and a father. Supporting the family is more than just financial support. It feels like you'd rather be out there playing businessman than being here with us."

"That's not fair," Dan said in a hushed tone, trying not to be overheard. "All I do, I do for our family. You know that. I don't want to be here. I'd rather be home with you and the girls.

That's not fair at all."

“Then come home,” Sarah said. “Call them. Tell them something came up. Reschedule.”

“I can’t,” Dan said quietly.

“Why can’t you?” Sarah said.

“I’m already on the airplane. Boarding is just finishing up.” Dan sighed.

Sarah closed her eyes and rested her head back against the window. Tears welled up in her eyes but she pushed the sadness down. “I don’t understand how you could cancel on us without even telling me. You’re calling from the airplane Dan. It’s like you didn’t even give a shit about coming home this week. Do you know I ran out to Costco during lunch hour to get the stuff I need to make your favorite dinner for you? I’ve been having a real tough time at work lately but I still managed to find the time to do that for you. And you’re just jet-setting off to D.C. without even caring enough to inform me about it?”

“Sarah, I know it’s bad timing. It sucks. I hate it. I know. I really fucking sucks, but I’ll make it up to you. I promise,” Dan’s voice was breaking from the other end of the phone. “I’m trying to make everything work here. I’m trying to rebuild things to make a more stable life for us. I’m doing the best I can, but I’m not always going to get things right.”

“You should have called earlier, Dan, not when you’re boarding a fucking plane,” Sarah said.

“After yesterday I didn’t even know if you wanted me home this week,” Dan whispered.

“That’s not the point and you know it,” Sarah felt like kicking the legs of her desk but thought better of it. “It’s like you didn’t even consider us.”

“After how we ended the call yesterday, I didn’t even know if you’d pick up earlier,” Dan said.

“So you’re a coward and just called now since your plane would be departing soon,” Sarah said.

Sarah could hear an announcement over the plane’s speakers but couldn’t quite make it out.

“That’s not fair. That’s not it at all. You could have called me too, but you didn’t. You’re too prideful to try to reach out and make things right between us. I always have to bend and try to mend things.” Dan said.

“I can’t do this right now Dan,” Sarah was holding it together as she felt a tear run down her cheek. She needed to hold back the tears, or else the dam would break, and she would be a mess in the office, which she’d just spent the morning reassembling. “I’m still stuck here at work while you get to jet-set off to D.C. I can’t fucking do this at work, Dan.”

Dan didn’t reply so Sarah added, “Maybe if me and the girls were clients of yours you would come back to us this week.”

“That's not fucking fair, Sarah,” Dan sounded exhausted, “You know I’m doing all of this for you. For them. All of us. I’m trying my best here but I’m getting stretched thin. I can only do so much.”

“Well, you need to pick which things are worth doing. You can’t do it all, Dan. It feels like we are constantly being chosen last.”

A female voice was saying something to Dan.

“Fuck. Listen, I have to go. We’re taxiing on the runway, and the stewardess just told me to hang up. The timing sucks, I know but when I land I’ll call and we’ll talk the rest of this out okay?” Dan said.

“I don’t know,” Sarah said back, “I think I just need a break from it tonight.”

“Okay,” Dan sounded defeated. “I’ll call you in the morning before I meet these guys.”

“Okay.”

“I love you, Sarah.”

“Bye, Dan.”

Sarah stared at her phone until Dan ended the call, feeling more exhausted than she had before. Nothing seemed to be going her way lately. She hadn’t wanted to get into another fight with Dan, but she just couldn’t take being put second anymore. Sarah wished he’d never left for Chicago, even if that meant losing the house and moving back in with her parents.

As humiliating as that would have been, at least they could have tackled things together. Now, it just felt like they were both pulling in different directions, both trying to reach the same goal but taking different routes away from each other.

The conversation had soured so quickly. She hadn’t even had a chance to tell Dan about everything going on with her at work. That she didn’t get the promotion and that John had passed her up in such a humiliating fashion.

But he hadn’t even asked about it. Not through text or on their calls this week. It was always about his job and his clients. What about her? It’s like he didn’t even care. Hell, he probably wouldn’t even bat an eye hearing that Lester had fucked her in her office last night.

Lester.

Fuck. Maybe he could at least take her mind off of all this shit for a little while. She knew it was a bad decision. It was one of those self-destructive ideas, but she couldn't stop herself.

Sarah needed to bury all of this down deep and replace it with something else. Something that would let her forget it all for a little while.

She opened up her conversation with Lester on her phone. She read it over and then grabbed some Kleenex off her desk and wiped away the tears from her eyes before unbuttoning her blouse.

She opened the camera and held the phone slightly above her, capturing the amazing cleavage of her bra-clad breasts. Sarah bit her lip and hoped her eyes looked seductive and snapped the pic.

After pressing the send button. Sarah wrote:

S: How about you open your birthday present tonight? Whatever you want.

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After his conversation with Sarah, Dan felt like he was between a rock and a hard place. He should have known better than to get on the plane without telling Sarah but he had been so focused and obsessed with building his business and taking action, it just seemed like the logical step forward.

The truth was, he hadn't considered the consequences of taking the trip. He had assumed Sarah would have been thrilled about the new client and would have supported his sacrifice, but he had completely forgotten that Sarah was making sacrifices of her own.

"I'm such an asshole," Dan closed his eyes and rested his head against the seat. The airplane was taxiing on the runway, and everyone around him seemed to be absorbed by their phones or

tablets. Dan just wanted to shut the world off for a bit and try to figure out how to fix things.

His biggest mistake had been the timing. If he hadn't lied about Eugene, the conversation with Sarah yesterday wouldn't have gone as poorly as it had and maybe she would see what a big fucking deal landing Sentinel Securities was. She was right about him being a coward. He could have called earlier with this news and talked it out then but he waited until the last minute.

Hell, if the conversation yesterday had gone better, maybe Sarah could have joined him on this trip, just like she had to Minnesota.

When he got back, he needed to find a way to get back to Middleton to see Sarah and the kids. Find a way to make it up to them. But he'd have to figure out a way around Walt.

As far as Walt knew, Dan was still going back to Middleton. He wasn't flying to D.C. to land a new client for himself. It would be hard to return to the office and ask again to return home.

Dan would need to think of something else; otherwise, he would be caught between Walt and Sarah. After their conversation earlier, there was no way he couldn't go back and see her. He needed to prioritize fixing things on the homefront.

Did Sarah end up hearing anything about her promotion? The extra cash would be great, and he loved the idea of her finally being recognized for all the years and work she put into that place.

He wanted to see her. Hold her and smell her golden hair. Just talk to her like they had a few weeks ago when they seemed to be on the same page. Dan thought about texting her but held off. Letting things lie for a little bit might be better so she could cool off. Hopefully when he called her tomorrow morning, things would have settled down and not be so heated. He'd have a plan by then to try to get her on board with.

Still, he hoped she might, for once, try to reach out and mend things. If she had just texted him, he would have felt a lot better about being on an airplane traveling thousands of miles away from her. His eyes felt heavy, and they shut just as the plane lifted off, an event he usually would have paid closer attention to.

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Dan's eyes shot open again as the jet's wheels thudded against the runway at Reagan. As if on cue, his phone rang. He immediately answered it without even looking at the screen. Protocol be damned.

"Hey," Dan said in a hushed tone.

"Hey Dan, it's good to connect. Thanks for answering my call," A young male voice said from the other end of the phone.

"Jesse?" Dan was puzzled. He was expecting Sarah, but now his old protege was calling. Dan pulled the phone away from his face to check the number, partially worried Jesse was somehow calling from Sarah's number. He wasn't, the call was coming from a Chicago area code he didn't recognize.

"That's right. Good to hear from you." Jesse chuckled, "I wasn't sure you'd pick up my call after how we left things at the nightclub."

Dan glanced up and saw the buckled seat belt sign still illuminated. His seatmate seemed a little too interested in the call he was on, so he turned toward the window for some privacy.

The image of Jesse grinding his crotch against Sarah's ass and kissing her neck was seared into his memory. He felt himself getting worked up.

"What do you want, Jesse?" Dan said flatly, trying to stay in control of his emotions.

“Well, I wanted to reach out because I need your help. We have a new client with some aggressive sustainability requirements on a project. Based on your LinkedIn posts, I think you might be doing freelance work?” Jesse half asked in his annoyingly overconfident voice. The

same voice that had tried to blackmail Dan a few months ago. “Honestly, I’m a little out of my depth here and could really use your expertise. We pay really well. What do you think? Can we meet to discuss it?”

The idea of extra money in his pocket sounded great to Dan. And Jesse was right; he had an extensive background in sustainable buildings and projects. Maybe Jesse was stroking his ego a bit here. Still, Dan wasn’t sure this was a good idea.

Putting Jesse back into his orbit didn’t seem like a positive. He wasn’t sure if Jesse knew what went down with the email Dan sent, but you never know. And the way he’d looked at Sarah last time in the nightclub. It was like there was a longing there or some debt he wanted settled. It was probably best just to let that can of worms stay closed. Dan also didn’t want to give Jesse any information about his freelance work either. Jesse could use that to burn him with Walt.

Besides, he shouldn’t even entertain this proposal without Sarah’s input. She’d want to know who he was getting in bed with, so to speak, in case she got dragged into it as well.

But the idea of being able to network at a prestigious firm like the one Jesse was at was intriguing. The new contacts he could make. He could potentially secure new clients and projects.

Just like everything lately, it all came down to the timing. His timing with Sarah had royally sucked lately. Adding another client to his growing roster was precisely what Dan wanted to do, but he still didn’t know what working with Sentinel would entail, not to mention

Bill and the half dozen other clients he was just starting to make inroads with.

There was a real chance Dan was starting to spread himself too thin between his day job, his side clients, and the mess that his personal life was becoming.

Sarah had just berated him for choosing work over her and their family. He shouldn't add to the issue right now. Besides, fuck Jesse.

"Sorry, Jesse," Dan said as the plane began to pull into the gate. "No can do, my friend. I wish I could help, but I can't. I'm sorry."

"No, uh, are you sure?" Jesse's confident voice seemed to break, not expecting this response,

"Like I said, we can really make it worth your while."

"Sorry Jesse," Dan said worrying he was attracting the attention of other passengers as his voice got louder, "I can't do it right now. Sorry, I gotta go. My plane just touchdowned. Take care."

Dan hung up and tucked his phone back into the pocket of his blazer. That was weird. Jesse calling out of the blue like that. He hoped he'd made the right decision turning Jesse down.

He knew logically it was the right call but in his heart a small part of him wondered about the money. Jesse said he was out of his depth, which he probably would be even writing a basic email. It could have been a simple project for which Dan could have billed a lot of money.

Whatever it was, it wasn't for him. Dan had enough plates in the air he was trying to juggle.

He got his bag together and waited for the row ahead to clear. Then it was off to baggage claim and whatever else awaited him in

Washington, D.C..

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She knew this was a bad idea. A therapist would probably call it self-destructive, but luckily for Sarah, she didn't have a therapist. She suppressed the alarm bells and warnings going off in her head and the accompanying voice of reason telling her to reconsider her plans.

It's just dinner. She told herself. It would be a waste to have bought all of these groceries at Costco and not use them. Dan wasn't coming home this week. He'd made other plans, so she would make plans of her own too.

Sarah slipped the lemon herb chicken onto the barbecue grill before going back inside to check on the potatoes. She peeked into the oven before grabbing a wooden spatula and lightly stirring the small cubed potatoes around. Lester would probably just prefer that big bag of Cheetos, but Sarah wanted to cook something.

She shook her head as she poured another glass of white wine. Before, all she'd wanted to do was make amends with Dan and cook her man a nice meal. Now, she was cooking a meal for Lester instead. After all, it was his birthday this week, so she might as well do something nice for him. Sarah hadn't had time to change after work, rushing to get everything ready before Lester arrived.

He was here in Middleton because of her, the least she could do was make him something to eat.

And what about after dinner? the small voice inside her said. After dinner, it didn't matter right now. She took another long sip of her wine. All she wanted was to focus on making dinner delicious. Whatever happened after would be figured out then. Sarah knew she was lying to herself, but the charade got her through. She'd make dinner and then just see what happened afterward.

Her parents had been able to take the kids on short notice. They'd gotten used to it. She knew her mother regretted that her own mother hadn't lived long enough to get to know her daughter.

The house felt too quiet, almost like the calm before a storm. Sarah felt goosebumps spreading over her arms in anticipation of what might come next. Her eyes moved to the door, picturing the fat man with his greedy eyes running over her body as he stood in the doorway.

Then she looked up the stairs, remembering. She blushed in the empty room, recalling how many times she'd been with him in the bed she shared with her husband.

Guilt started to creep in at how quickly she had rationalized dropping her kids off at her parents. Sarah was able to distract herself from that thread by heading back outside to the barbecue. The chicken breasts were due for a turnover.

The intrusive thoughts continued to creep back in when all she wanted to do was focus on cooking the meal. She wished something would distract her. Dan didn't know that she had fucked Lester in her office yesterday. Sarah still hadn't admitted that to him. Part of her desperately wanted to, but the other part felt it was something he should just expect at this point, given everything that had happened. Still, she didn't like feeling out of control. Getting fucked by Lester in her office was something she had vowed not to do. But even today, she still took that picture for him.

She wasn't sure if she did that because of her argument with Dan or because she wanted to rile Lester up for later. Her mind was a mess, but it felt like both reasons could be true. God, if she just had some time alone to stop and think her feelings through, maybe she could –

The doorbell rang as she made her way back inside.

She paused, and instantly felt butterflies in her stomach, quickly through the house to the front door. On the other side, as imagined, was Lester,standing with a slouch and wearing a pair of black sweatpants. A faded oversized t-shirt hung loose and low, covering his hanging gut.

"Hey, come on in," Sarah quickly ushered Lester inside, eager to get him out of the eyesight of any neighbors. She closed the door behind Lester and turned to head back to the kitchen, "I'm just out back cooking the chicken for dinner. It's almost ready. There's beer in the –"

Lester's hand closed around her wrist, pulling her backward towards him. Sarah's body jerked awkwardly in response, spinning around until her body was pressed against his. She could already feel his cock pressing against her thigh. Her leg moved of its own accord, rubbing against his until she could feel the heat of his shaft against her crotch.

"No kiss for the birthday boy?" Lester snorted before his hand cupped Sarah's ass pulling her harder against his crotch while his head dipped down, and he pressed his fat lips against Sarah's.

"Heymmmm," Sarah's lips parted as Lester's tongue crept into her mouth, running over hers.

Her knees seemed to buckle at the surprise kiss. The house suddenly felt very warm. A pleasurable moan escaped her lips as her tongue worked against his, welcoming him.

When Lester released Sarah from his grip, she stepped back to steady herself. Her mind still catching up with the endorphins flooding her body. She'd known he would be here tonight but still felt underprepared and overwhelmed. She took a moment to see him, now in the privacy of her home. A second went by as she stood unmoving, almost waiting for him to grab her again.

“This way,” She said, straightening her blouse out and turning back towards the kitchen.

Lester’s plodding feet followed Sarah across the hardwood floor. She crossed to the sliding door on the kitchen's far side to check the chicken's state out on the patio. She put the meat onto a plate with a pair of tongs before turning the barbeque off and bringing it inside.

“Go sit at the table,” Sarah said, waving toward it as she removed the potatoes from the oven.

Lester’s eyes lingered on her body.

“What’s for dinner? I’m starving.” Lester walked over to the table and unknowingly sat down in Dan’s spot. Sarah wondered how Dan would react, seeing Lester in his spot. In his house with his wife. Almost as if Lester was trying to supplant him.

“Grilled lemon herb chicken with roasted potatoes.” Sarah slid the tray of potatoes onto the counter and started plating their meals. Lester’s stare never left Sarah’s body. He licked his lips, imagining what he wanted to happen tonight, “What did you end up doing about your desk?”

“I went in early and sent a message to the building team that the desk had broken overnight.”

Sarah set a plate down in front of Lester, who started to dig in before Sarah could take her seat. It was amusing watching Lester eat. His mannerisms at her family table were not far from those he’d played as his barbarian character in their Dungeons and Dragons adventure.

“Thankfully, they were able to replace it with another desk today. And my monitor was cracked, but Jerry and IT managed to replace it early today as well.”

Lester shoved a large piece of chicken into his mouth, and its juices ran down his chin, “That’s good. I was wondering all day what would happen. It all worked out in the end. Definitely one of my most memorable fucks.”

Sarah felt her face grow flush. She didn’t respond. Instead, she put a fork full of potatoes in her mouth. She hadn’t thought about it, but now that Lester had mentioned it, having sex like that, especially in her office, would definitely also rank high on her own list of memorable sex.

Her mind started to wander as she slowly recalled each of her own sexual milestones and how they’d played out in her head. She was somewhat surprised at just how many of those sessions had included the man sitting across from her.

She looked up at Lester, who was focused on finishing the food on his plate.

What is he thinking about right now? Is he thinking about what might happen after dinner?

Why did his ex-girlfriend call him yesterday? Why hasn’t he mentioned it yet? Why should he have to mention it? It’s not like we’re dating or anything. He didn’t need to clear that with me.

Lester finished his meal after a few minutes and another glass of wine. Sarah quickly finished hers and cleared the table. As Sarah tossed the bones and put the dishes in the sink, she looked over at Lester, whose attention had shifted to his phone. He was typing something on the screen, but Sarah didn’t know if he was texting someone or doing something else.

Stop it.

Ignoring the voice, she began to think about Lizzie and whether or not Lester was beginning to start something up with her again.

Sarah's mind wandered as she moved around the kitchen on auto-pilot, loading the dishwasher and cleaning the counters. She didn't hear Lester leave his chair and move towards her.

She only became aware of his presence when she felt him push his crotch into her backside, pinning her against the kitchen counter. Sarah drew in a sharp intake of breath as Lester began to grind his growing hard cock against her ass. Her hands braced herself against the counter as she felt Lester's gut pressing against her back, feeling the heat radiating from his body.

"I'm ready for my birthday present now," Lester's hands came to rest on Sarah's hips, beginning to guide them back and forth until she was grinding her perfect ass back against him on her own. Sarah moaned with her eyes closed, focusing on the feeling of Lester's cock pressing into her.

"Mhmmm, what do you want?" Sarah groaned, her nails clicked, pressing into the granite countertops.

Lester took a step back, dislodging his heated cock from Sarah's ass. She looked over her shoulder, disappointed at its absence, and saw that ugly, shit-eating grin spread across his face.

"Take it out," Lester grabbed his crotch and shook it towards Sarah. Raising an eyebrow and looking around her empty kitchen, Sarah casually lowered herself to her knees. She raised her manicured fingers to the waistband of Lester's pants and lowered them and his ratty boxers in one motion, unleashing Lester's cock. It sprung out and brushed her cheek, the musty smell of his sweaty crotch filling her nose.

"A birthday blowjob? I can do that." Sarah licked her lips and eagerly leaned forward and took his bulging cock into her mouth. Lester grunted as Sarah's hand started working his shaft while the other braced herself against his meaty thigh. She ran her tongue up and down the bottom of his considerable shaft, twirled it around the

head of his cock, and opened her mouth, taking half of Lester's entire length in. Sarah was now used to having this large part of Lester in her mouth. Her tongue pressed against the bottom of his shaft, delighting in the primal, musky taste of his cock.

"This is just an appetizer," Lester grabbed a fistful of Sarah's hair and pulled her mouth further down on his hardened shaft, forcing her to take more of it. Sarah stopped stroking his cock, instead bracing herself with both hands against his thighs as Lester started to thrust is hips forward, fucking her mouth while holding her head in a still position. His wild brown and gray pubic hairs tickled her nose.

"Mhmmfffff," Sarah's muffled moans filled the kitchen as she tried to breathe through her nose. She held on for dear life as Lester fucked her mouth with abandon in the same spot where she made her children's breakfast every morning. Sarah felt her entire body prepare itself for the extremes of what Lester would do to her. It was as if a switch went off inside her, changing her from hostess to slut.

Lester picked up his pace, relentlessly fucking the young mother's mouth. Sarah tapped his thigh, trying to signal to him to let up. But he just continued to fuck her mouth however he wanted. Sarah couldn't breathe; the angle wasn't helping her, but her body continued responding to Lester's aggressive nature. Tears shot from Sarah's eyes, and her breasts were heaving; a familiar warmth grew between her legs.

Lester let go of her hair, letting Sarah pull back and get some relief. He looked down at her, saliva and pre-cum still connected to his cock by two strings, running together on her cheeks as she took deep heaving breaths. He grinned. "I had a surprise call this week. My ex-Lizzie.

Nothing interesting - checking to see if I remembered a restaurant we used to go to. She's seeing someone else now, so..."

“O-Oh?” Sarah couldn’t help but feel relieved, knowing that Lizzie wasn’t coming back into the picture. Lizzie wasn’t going to be competition after all. She scooped some of the mess Lester had made off her cheek. She also felt happy that Lester had told her the truth, even though

she already knew. She couldn’t help but think about how her husband had lied to her, but Lester was being completely open and honest with her now. Sarah reached up and started idly stroking Lester’s cock again. “So, why are you telling me this?”

“Well,” Lester started thrusting his cock into Sarah’s hand. “It relates to my birthday gift. I don’t regret getting my operation, even if it led to me breaking up with Lizzie. But there’s been an itch I’ve wanted to scratch ever since. Especially knowing it’s not in the cards for me now.”

“And what’s that?” Sarah bit her lip and looked up at her husband’s troll-like roommate standing above, her hand never stopping in its duty to maintain his erection.

“Tonight, for my birthday, I want to do a bit of role-playing and plenty of dirty talk,” Lester grunted.

“And what role am I going to play?” Sarah raised an eyebrow, “Am I supposed to be Lady Val again? You don’t want me to be Lizzie, do you?”

“No way. No. Never. I want you just to be you. Sarah Williams. And I’ll be your husband’s roommate, Lester Marshall.” Lester clumsily stroked her cheek in an attempt to comfort her.

“I don’t get it then.” Sarah said, confused, her hand’s motion slowing, “ Where does the roleplay come in.”

“I want to roleplay a scenario I’ll never be able to do now,” Lester said. “Let’s role-play me knocking you up. You, begging for it. I want

to hear those words. I know it's messed up, but I just need this. I need this experience. For my birthday."

That idea was so fucked up, Sarah couldn't help but laugh, 'You want to role play knocking me up? Making me beg for your cum so you can get me pregnant? Knock up your roommate's wife? Is that what you want for your birthday? For me to give you what Lizzie can't?"

"That's what I fucking want." Lester thrust his cock forward, catching Sarah by surprise. She released her grip on his cock. The horny wife looked up at him and sucked his meaty cockhead back into her mouth, savoring it. She slowly kissed down his shaft until she reached his heavy balls, gently sucking one into her mouth.

"MMmmmmm" her eyes were closed as she tongued his balls. "Your balls are so full, I think you're going to fill me up." Then she stood up to look into Lester's beady eyes. She leaned into him, pressing her ample chest against his, and whispered in his ear, "Wait five minutes, then come upstairs." She licked his earlobe as she parted from him.

Sarah turned on her heel and walked out of the kitchen and up the stairs to her bedroom. Part of her couldn't believe the kinky scenario Lester wanted her to do, but another part of her trembled with anticipation. Two of the top sexual experiences on the list she had been toying

with earlier had been the times she and Dan had tried to have a baby. Those sessions always felt so raw and primal, knowing that they weren't just having sex but that they were trying to breed. Even after the girls were born, she and Dan would often engage in impregnation dirty talk. It was at its most exciting when he roleplayed as other men.

Sarah entered her closet and stripped out her clothes. She thumbed through the rack of hanging items she'd set aside only for Dan's eyes

looking for something specific. Something she hadn't worn in a few years. Soon her fingers felt the black material hanging on a garment hanger near the back.

Sarah took it off the rod and stared at it. On the surface, it wasn't anything too out of the ordinary. She had worn outfits designed to arouse Lester in the past, but this outfit would enhance the fantasy in her mind. It was a black chemise mini teddy with thin spaghetti straps.

The lacy material around her breasts dripped down into a V in the middle of her chest that put her ample cleavage on display. It stopped high up her thighs, showing plenty of leg. She loved the satin black robe and the lace accents that went along with it.

Sarah quickly changed into it and looked at herself in the mirror. She shuddered, recalling a few years ago when she wore this on the night her youngest daughter was conceived. She and Dan had been trying for weeks without success, but when she wore this, she saw the instant hunger in Dan's eyes and knew that night they would be successful. An image of Lester's hungry look and stiffened cock entered her mind as she ran her hands down the curves of her hips.

She dimmed the light in the bedroom and positioned herself on the bed the same way she had for Dan a few years ago when they were first trying. She lay on her side, propped up on her elbow, and stared towards the door. Lester's fat feet smacked the hardwood steps as he climbed the stairs. Sarah felt herself growing wet, thinking of the right words to say to Lester when he opened the door.

His footsteps grew closer until slowly the door opened, and Lester was standing there naked, his clothes over his shoulder and cell phone in his hand. His hard cock was fully erect and lined with dark veins, pointing right at her. Sarah couldn't help but run her eyes over his entire body.

God, he wasn't her type at all. Pudgy, bordering on fat, with thick hair covering so much of his body. His ugly, greedy-looking face and thinning hair. Sleeping with someone so beneath her always turned her on, but now the idea of mating, breeding with someone like that. She was surprised by the fire she felt inside of her.

"Happy Birthday, Lester. I'm ready for you," Sarah stared hard into the fat man's eyes, "Get over here and come knock me up with that fat cock of yours." She then put both feet on the bed and spread her bent legs open, further enticing the slovenly man.

The biggest shit-eating grin spread over Lester's face, and Sarah swore she saw his massive cock twitch and grow larger as she spoke. He walked over to her dresser with his back to her and set his things down. Then he quickly closed the distance between them and climbed onto the bed beside her. The hunger in his eyes looked more intense than ever before. His lips smashed against hers, and his weight crushed her as she turned herself onto her back, Lester's mass pushing her into the mattress. Lester's cock poked at her thigh, seeming to involuntarily thrust up towards her pussy.

His kisses were desperate, hungry, and full of passion. Lester's tongue danced with hers, and Sarah eagerly reciprocated the kiss. His hands were pulling at her ass while hers pulled down on the back of his neck. They felt each other's moans as soft vibrations in their mouths, communicating their desire to mate.

Lester's hands ran all over her body, stopping to deliberately caress each of her erogenous zones before pausing to yank at her robe, trying to pull it off.

"You're going to be calling me daddy for real soon," Lester said before licking and sucking on her neck, lowering the straps of her teddy.

"God, take off my panties and fuck me," Sarah moaned. Lester pulled her teddy down her body, over her hips, where he hooked his

thumbs into her panties. Sarah thrust her hips off the bed impatiently, hoping he'd hurry. Lester grinned at the horny wife's eagerness before swiftly pulling the silky lingerie down her legs.

Sarah couldn't wait any longer. She grabbed onto Lester's cock and tried to pull it into her glistening pussy. As his cock head began to part her lips, he stopped and held his hips firm, and looked down into the young mother's eyes.

"I'm not going to fuck you. Not yet. I want to make love to you when I put a baby in you."

Lester said.

"Do it," Sarah breathed as she tugged on his cock impatiently, desperate to feel the large organ thrusting inside of her, "Do it, Lester."

"Not yet," Lester said slyly, "I want you to beg me for it. Tell me what you want me to do to you."

Lester was running his cock up and down her wet slit, but he wasn't pushing forward, no matter how hard Sarah tried to pull on his cock. Sarah moaned as it ran over her clit, "God, Lester just put it in me. I need to feel your cock." She pushed her hips toward him, and he pulled his cock back, denying her any penetration.

"Beg," Lester said firmly, his eyes narrowing.

"Oh, Lester," Sarah moaned, "God, this is so wrong. I want you to make love to me. I want you to cum inside of me. Lester, I want you to put a baby inside of me." She delivered these pleas while frustratedly casting her eyes about her bedroom. But as she finished, her eyes locked on his. She kissed his lips tenderly and awaited his response.

The fat man stared back at her, the expression on his face hungry, as always, but the other, softer look was back, one that she had seen before. One that she'd thought might be-Lester grunted and briskly dipped his hips, sinking his weight onto Sarah as his pulsing cock slowly pushed into her. Sarah's words had made him harder than he could ever remember being.

"God," Sarah moaned into the hair on Lester's shoulder as more of his cock slowly pushed inside of her. Sarah had become ridiculously wet for Lester, but his penetration still took time for her body to adjust to. "I - I love your cock, Lester. Oh, oh my God." As the hilt of it came to rest against her entrance, he stared down at Sarah, whose eyes were closed, the muscles on her neck tight as her body trembled around his cock. Slowly, she turned her head and opened her eyes to look back up at him, a tear leaking out and running back down the side of the gorgeous wife's face.

Her hips were slowly rising off the bed, begging him to continue thrusting, fully open to him, offering herself. Instead, he held still inside of her while staring down at her. With one hand, he cupped her cheek and kissed her delicately. A soft, sensual kiss, the way two lovers would with mouths open but not ready to go further. Sarah responded. He wasn't sticking his considerably large tongue in her mouth. It was just their lips tasting and exploring one another. Occasionally, their tongues would meet as they licked and danced on each other's lips.

Slowly, Lester started to pull back and push in. Pull back and push forward. His slow, deliberate thrusts were igniting a fire within Sarah. It felt like all the nerves inside of her pussy were being stimulated by Lester's girthy cock. Needles of fire translating into a blazing ecstasy. She now knew well the early signs of a first orgasm with Lester.

"Dan said I wasn't allowed back here. In your house," Lester whispered in her ear. "And yet here I am, back between his wife's

legs, ready to knock her up. What do you think he'll say?"

Lester pressed and held himself deeply within her. His hands groping her supple ass.

"If he wanted to stop you from knocking his wife up, he should have been here," Sarah moaned back. She kissed him again, deeply, wantonly signaling her growing lust.

"Do you really want me to knock you up?" Lester whispered directly into her ear.

The idea of Lester's illicit cum exploding inside of her, flooding her, exploring inside her.

Seeking out a fertile egg. It was too taboo so far beyond the line in the sand she had established with her absent husband. It couldn't have turned her on more. She was fully committed to this roleplay, blurring the lines between fantasy and reality.

"Yes," Sarah nodded and stared into Lester's eyes. "I want you to put a baby in me."

"What do you want me to put inside of you?" Lester huffed as he increased his undulating pace. Sarah's legs were wrapped around his hips, her arms hooked under his, nails on his back trying to urge him forward. To keep fucking her with his massive cock.

"A baby," Sarah moaned at the admission. Feeling herself say the words were so fucking dirty.

Lester grinned, feeling Sarah's pussy gripping his cock as she talked about having his baby. He couldn't wait to explode into her tonight as she begged to carry his child.

"Whose baby? Whose baby do you want inside of you?" Lester sneered.

“Yours,” Sarah moaned as she felt an orgasm start to dial up out of nowhere. This dirty talk was really pushing her over the edge tonight. “Lester’s. I love your fucking huge cock. I want Lester’s baby inside of me. Give it to me, Lester. Knock me up.”

“Not Dan’s?” Lester teased.

“If Dan wanted to put a baby in me, he shouldn’t have flown to D.C., leaving me here with you,” Sarah grunted as she thrust back onto Lester’s cock, begging him to break his slow pace and just fuck her relentlessly.

What is Dan doing in D.C.? Lester filed that nugget of information away for later exploration. “Well, daddy Lester is happy to give you what you need.”

The overweight man stopped and breathed deeply, steadying himself for the next round.

Sarah, keeping her eyes on his, raised her knees until they brushed against Lester’s arms.

Seeing what the young, well-fucked mother wanted, for her ankles to rest on his shoulders while he fucked her, put a glint in his eye. He gathered her legs underneath him and pushed forward, enjoying the new angle and how much more open Dan’s wife was to him with her heels on either side of his head. He spent a few minutes slowly exploring Sarah’s tight pussy through careful pelvic movements. Sarah seemed to be almost sobbing with pleasure, her pussy overfilled with his perfect cock. Lester couldn’t hold back anymore and started to increase the tempo of his thrusts, much to the delight of Sarah’s body. “God, fuck, just like that. Don’t stop. Don’t fucking stop. FUCK!”

Sarah’s body was thrashing against Lester’s, trying desperately to pull every bit of his cock into her as her body rapidly approached an orgasm. Lester knew his words were turning her on.

She loved this. Loved the impregnation talk. She loved it when she and Dan tried for a baby, knowing they were playing with something primal. Lester moved onto his forearms and started to power thrust into her as he savagely licked and bit at her neck.

His tongue trailed up to her jawline before moving to suck on her earlobes. Lester wanted to feel her cum on his cock. He wanted to push her over the edge. He whispered, "I'm going to make you pregnant tonight. Tomorrow, you'll wake up with Lester's baby in your tummy. Get ready for it…"

"Ah FUCK. FUCK," Sarah grunted as an orgasm rocked her body, emanating out from her pussy and stretching itself over every inch of her body. The idea of letting Lester impregnate her.

Someone so accomplished and attractive as her stooping down to let someone like Lester breed her. Just that idea seemed to throw gasoline on the bonfire raging inside her.

"Gaa fuuu-" Sarah's orgasm was still going, causing her legs and arms to stiffen. Even the muscles in Sarah's neck felt tense from contracting for so long, and her face was red. She felt a cramp form in her right foot, making her immediately aware of how severely she'd flexed it.

Finally, the intense orgasm began to subside, and Sarah took a deep breath for the first time in what felt like more than a minute.

"Oh shit. God. Lester," Sarah's mind felt flush and exhausted, but her hips kept thrusting up off the bed to meet Lester's cock. She was nearly folded in half, but any discomfort she felt was forgotten by the incredible sensations the hairy man's cock was causing inside her.

"Hmmmm, Sarah Williams is going to have my baby," Lester grunted. "Going to have Lester Junior growing inside of her." Her calves

shook, resting against his upper body as he pressed forward, drilling her roughly.

“Mhmmmmmmm give it me to Lester,” Sarah bit Lester’s ear, “Fuck me till I’m pregnant.”

“That might take all night,” Lester said, sweat running down his face.

“Whatever it takes, baby. I’m yours,” Sarah closed her eyes and moaned. Her hands slapped down onto the bed, and she grabbed the sheets with a tight fist. Lester turned his head and sank his lips back onto hers as his hands slowly caressed her skin, her legs caught on either side in his arms. He slowed his pace and let his hands lightly brush over the skin of her hips, rib cage, and Sarah’s arms. The tension she felt from the position she’d been put in, mixed with Lester’s tender touch, affected her deeply.

Sarah’s body was on fire, and she just wanted Lester to keep thrusting into her and make her cum again. His slowing down was driving her crazy. His light touches sent shivers through her body, wanting more and more of him.

Lester released Sarah’s legs and grabbed her wrists, pinning them above her head against the bed. He held them down firmly as Sarah’s hips tried desperately to fuck back on Lester’s still cock as her legs urged him on. He dipped his head down again and whispered in her ear, “I can’t wait to explode inside of you, knowing I’m going to impregnate you tonight. Tomorrow, you’re going to have a new reason to call me daddy.”

“MMMmmmmnnn. Ah, god,” Was all Sarah could muster in response, her eyes fluttering in mounting pleasure. Lester’s words danced around in her head, plucking the cords of another orgasm that was rapidly building inside of her.

“God, give it to me, Lester. Knock me up. Put a baby inside of me. Give me that hard cock. I want it. I want you to explode.” Sarah

moaned as she tried and failed to escape Lester's grip.

"You're not going anywhere," Lester tightened his grip on her wrists to accentuate his point,

"You're not getting up from this bed until I make sure my baby's inside of you. Even if that takes days."

Spending days in bed fucking Lester. Screaming hoarsely as he repeatedly filled her with his cum. Fucking him until she was pregnant. Lester's child growing inside of her. Just being his personal slut in her marital bed, giving her body to the ogre until she walked out barefoot and pregnant by someone other than her husband.

"Lester, please," Sarah begged, "Stop toying with me and just fuck me. Fuck me good, baby."

There was a whine in her voice that she might have cared about if she didn't need what only Lester could give her. Then she whispered to him, "Daddy."

Lester smiled and released her hands, which immediately went around his thick torso, grasping him down onto her. Sarah's heels dug in around his waist as the fat man started thrusting faster into her.

"God, I love it. I love how you fuck me hard like that," Sarah moaned into Lester's ear. "So big, so good.

"Better than Dan?" Lester grunted through short breaths. Sarah could feel the sweat on Lester's back as she tried to hold onto him. Sarah's chest was rapidly rising and falling, her breasts mashed down by Lester's chest. With each thrust, her nipples dragged against the thick, coarse hair on his chest.

"Uh, fuck. Yes. So good Lester. You fuck so good, I really do love your cock." Sarah moaned,

“Mhmmmmmmhmmmm.”

“Once I knock you up, what’ll happen? Is Uncle Lester moving in, and we kick Dan out to the guest bedroom?” Lester sneered.

“God, you’re so fucked up. I can’t believe I’m letting you knock me up.” Sarah’s hips were up off the bed at the perfect angle, allowing Lester’s massive cock to rub past her G-spot as it stimulated the rest of the sensitive nerves in her pussy. “Right there, Lester. Don’t stop. Don’t you fucking dare.”

“I’m not stopping,” Lester grunted through gritted teeth while pawing at her ass. He was starting to get winded from fucking Sarah for so long and changed up his pace. “And I’m not just knocking you up.”

Sarah could feel her second orgasm of the night creeping up. It felt like a slow flame washing over her body, ready to burn everything to the ground.

“I’m breeding you. Soon my cum is going to flood your womb and breed you.” Lester huffed with narrowed eyes.

“Oh shit,” Sarah’s nails dug into Lester’s back. His words. The idea of being bred by Lester was too much for her to handle. Her orgasm hit her like a truck hitting a brick wall at full speed.

“Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, FFUUUCK! OH MY FUCKING GOD!”

Sarah’s mind seemed to detach from her body for a split second as an intense wave of pleasure enveloped her entire being. She felt her pussy vibrate and spasm as it tried desperately to milk the cum from Lester’s plunging cock. Logically, she knew it was all just roleplay, but logic was tucked away into a small box in her brain. Her body was in control, and it desperately wanted to be full of Lester’s cum.

“Mhmmm, ohh god,” Sarah’s body cradled back and forth as she held Lester. The muscles in her pussy clutched like a vice around his cock, not letting him move a muscle until she’d thoroughly ridden out her bliss. When her muscles finally began to relax, her pussy lips eased the grip on her troll-like lover.

Lester was breathing hard, and he felt sweat dripping from his forehead. Sarah licked her lips as some sour drops dappled onto her face and neck. She opened her eyes from her orgasm and stared up into his bloodshot eyes with a look bordering on mania.

He was successfully breaking down her barriers. Dan had been such a success, an unknowing wingman for Lester. Each step he seemed to take was another angle Lester could use to crawl between his roommate’s wife’s legs, where he basked in his accomplishment.

“Come here,” Lester abruptly grabbed Sarah’s hips and rolled them both over until Lester was on his back and Sarah was above, straddling him. She pressed herself down as far as she could go, taking as much of Lester’s big cock into her as possible. She gripped the headboard with

both hands and began to slowly work her hips from side to side, playing with Lester’s cock inside of her, forcing herself down on his pole.

“God, you feel so good, Lester,” Sarah moaned absentmindedly. “I love it.”

“Just think of how good it’s going to feel when I cum inside of you,” Lester said. “Aren’t you glad we ditched those stupid condoms?”

The condoms were a rule Dan had insisted on, which Lester had promptly disregarded. Maybe that should have been a red flag for her, but right now, she couldn’t help but agree with Lester.

“Mhmmmm, so good. So much better without them.”

With a firm grip on the headboard, Sarah began to ride Lester enthusiastically. Slowly increasing her pace, now entirely in control of Lester's cock and its tempo. Lester just lay there staring up at the goddess riding his cock, fully appreciating the culmination of his months-long conquest. Everything had worked out perfectly. Now Dan's wife was riding his cock, begging for Lester to knock her up. Nothing had prepared Lester for how sweet this victory would be to savor.

Sarah had been his most daring conquest and, by far, his most rewarding. He never wanted to let her go. She would be his no matter the cost.

"You know how much I usually cum. How big my loads are?" Lester was staring up at Sarah's naked chest, swaying above him. He ran his grubby, fat fingers up her body until he was cupping both breasts, his thumb and index fingers teasing her nipples.

Sarah tightened her grip on the headboard and threw back her head, "Uh. Oh. Mhmmmm.

Yes. Fuck. Mhmmmm. Your loads are massive, Lester. You make so much cum with your giant cock."

"Think my loads could knock you up? All that cum I put inside of you?" Lester's hands started to move more roughly as he played with Sarah's tits. Each time he slapped and tugged at them harder, it elicited excited moans from the young mother.

Sarah tilted her head down and opened her eyes, staring down into Lester's, "Oh. Yeah. Fuck.

God. Yes. I know your cum could knock me up. You cum so much, I love it. There's no way I wouldn't get pregnant."

Lester grunted and lifted his hips off the mattress to press hard into the young wife. Sarah tightened her grip on the headboard, which

slammed against the wall, hurting her fingers. But she didn't let go, she just held on as Lester continued to thrust up off the bed, pushing deeper into her.

He let go of her tits and grabbed her hips, pulling her body down as he continued to fuck Sarah. Sarah closed her eyes and focused on the sensation of Lester's cock embedded deep inside of her. She loved feeling in this position, hell, in any position with this cock but she loved to ride it and be in control of it. Having control over something so large and powerful made her feel strong – a feeling her life had lacked lately.

Everything else in her life was on the back burner right now. Her mind was clouded by the pleasure Lester was giving her; she could barely even think about what had been stressing her earlier.

Lester's cock touched every sensitive spot inside of her. She just needed a minute or two and she could cum again. Sarah desperately wanted to feel that again. Sweating and gulping down air she steadied then stopped herself. Then she moved each of her legs so that her feet were planted on either side of her lover, his cock embedded fully inside the lustful mother. Then using her hold on the headboard, she pulled up and pushed her full weight down on his cock, her ass slapping against his upturned waist.

Lester had a maniacal smile on his face seeing Sarah's wanton movements. "When you first met me, did you ever think that I would put a baby inside of you?" Lester was looking up at the goddess above him, riding his cock. The smooth skin of her legs to either side of him, her hefty breasts swaying and flopping above him, her mouth curving in pleasure from their fucking.

"Heh. Mhmmm. No. No, not at all." Sarah groaned, opening her eyes to look seductively down at Lester. "I would have said, 'No way. Don't let that loser anywhere near me.'"

Lester hated that word. Loser. Her comment echoed, simmering below the surface, stoking his anger. Ultimately, this loser was about to deposit a big load into her. “And now you’re letting this loser fuck you raw and cum inside you. What changed?” Her ass slammed down against him with a clap. A high-pitched yelp escaped Sarah’s mouth in response.

“I didn’t know that a loser could fuck me so well,” Sarah said, breathing in Lester’s thick scent,

“Fuck me so well that I’d be begging to have him put a baby inside of me.” She threw her hips down on the older man, grinding down on him in a circular motion.

“Tell me what you want, Sarah. I want to hear you beg.” Lester licked his lips, both of them shaking from the repeated impacts.

“I want you to fuck me, Lester,” Sarah grunted loudly as she rolled her hips on top of Lester.

“Fuck me so hard and give me your cum. I need your cock to cum. I want all of it. Give it to me.”

“Why do you want my cum Sarah? Tell me. Fucking tell me,” Lester raised his hands again to maul her breasts. Sarah pushed her chest out into his fat, meaty paws.

“I don’t want it,” Sarah breathed. Her breathing was growing short. “I need it. I need your cum, and I love your cock, Lester. Give it to me. Knock me up, Lester.”

“What about Dan?” Lester snarled. He could feel his balls beginning to tingle. It was only a matter of time before he emptied his balls into the young mother. As much as he wanted to flip her back onto the bed, there was something sweetly sinister about Sarah taking his load in this position. Where she had all the control and still let it happen.

"Ugh. Don't worry about Dan. Just fuck me, Lester," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's cock again roughly slide against her G-spot. She could feel her body working itself up toward another mind-bending orgasm. She couldn't control her breathing anymore. Her body seemed to be riding Lester's cock on overdrive, out of control, seeking pleasure. Her ass almost bouncing off the man beneath her.

"He's not going to be mad when a gang of little Lesters is running around your house?" Lester teased. Sarah thought back to the dinner table. How Lester had taken Dan's spot and seemingly was now trying to take another thing away from her husband.

"He'll learn to live with it," Sarah said absently, her mind focused solely on the wall of pleasure built inside her brick by brick, ready to crumble and crash down at any moment."

"Sarah, I'm going to put a baby in you tonight. You know that, right? And this is just the first one. I plan to knock you up over and over again." Lester struggled to push himself up into a seated position under her onslaught.

Sarah grimaced at Lester's awkward movements to sit up. It took her out of her flow for a second, and she needed to workself back up to where she was, "As long as you keep fucking me like this, you can do whatever you want to me." She got the right leverage again and began to experience the wonderful insertion at a perfect angle.

Lester was leaning against the headboard, a pillow sandwiched between his lower back and the headboard. Sarah's arms and knees were on either side of him, bracing her against the fucking she was delivering to his body. His fat gut pressed against her stomach, Sarah's magnificent breasts resting on the top of his gut.

His hands grazed her legs, running over her body until they snaked around, and each roughly grabbed a handful of her flushed red ass cheeks. Sarah's body started to undulate faster on his cock in response.

“Mhmmm fuck,” Sarah moaned. She loved feeling how rough Lester could be with her body.

The way he just did what he wanted. He took what he wanted. Her body responded to that energy. She couldn’t help but love the way he touched her.

Lester gave her left ass cheek a hard slap. Sarah felt the sting and knew his handprint would be visible in the morning. Lester’s hands left her ass and roamed up her body, grazing over her back, sliding between her tits, pinching her nipples until he was cupping Sarah’s face. He pulled her face down towards his and mashed his lips against hers.

Sarah reflexively opened her mouth and let Lester’s tongue in. She pushed her tongue back against his, wrestling for control of the kiss. Both of them eventually gave in, and their wrestling became a dance, pushing and pulling, sucking and licking, blending to create something explosive.

She could feel her orgasm right on the cusp of exploding, washing away all of her stress in a tsunami of pleasure.

Sarah continued to suck and lick Lester’s lips until he broke the kiss. His forehead pressed against hers, his eyes staring deep into hers, “What if I never got that operation and was about to fill you with my virile cum?”

Sarah stared back into Lester’s eyes before closing them and kissing him again. When she finally broke the kiss, she pressed her forehead against his. In a desperate voice, she said, “I’d say stop talking and fill me, Lester. Give me your cum.”

Lester’s balls tightened at the comment. He almost couldn’t hold back anymore. He was going to do as she asked. Unleash a torrent of cum inside of her and hopefully knock her up.

“Fuck,” Lester grunted as Sarah’s pussy tightened around the base of his shaft. Her body riding up and down, milking him for everything he was worth. “Fuck Sarah I’m going to cum.”

“Don’t stop. Almost there. Don’t. Ah. Uh. Ah. Mhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned.

“Fuck,” Lester breathed hard, “I’m gonna cum. I’m going to fill you with it. You’re gonna get fucking pregnant with my baby Sarah. I’m going to breed you.”

His words lit a match inside of Sarah that ignited her orgasm. The wall that had been building up exploded into a million pieces as a radiating power cascaded out of her pussy and over her entire body, “Ah fuck. Fuck. Lester! God. LESTER!! Breed me. Fuck Lester BREED ME!”

Almost out of breath, he wanted one more thing. “What about me, Sarah? What about Daddy? You love my cock, but do you love me?”

Sarah looked at Lester as their faces almost touched hearing what he’d asked. Both could sense they were at the edge of completion as their expressions twisted into masks of sheer pleasure. As she considered the question, the massive orgasm she’d been building swept her away like a sudden undertow.“I- AhhHHHFFFUUUCCK!”

With a squinched-up face, Lester grunted and felt his balls begin to empty and spray. His cock twitched in Sarah and started to throb with the pressure of its output. Sarah could feel the head of Lester’s cock expanding inside of her then a massive flurry of hot cum began squirting into her, drenching her insides, seeking out every inch of her.

As each blast of cum hit her sensitive nerves, Sarah’s body responded, dialing up the orgasms that were wracking her body. She felt another larger orgasm looming about to crash down on her.

Sarah's nails dug into the headboard. She threw her head back and yelled, "FUCK A BABY

INTO ME LESTER."

Every nerve in Sarah's body seemed to light on fire at once. She felt her toes go numb and her body tense. Sarah held her breath as a powerful orgasm made her body tremble and visibly shake as she slammed herself down on Lester. Her vision went blurry, and her eyes rolled back in her head.

Lester's cock kept spurting into her, drenching her with his hot, potent cum. His sperm eagerly swimming into Sarah's fertile womb, seeking to accomplish Lester's goal to breed Sarah Williams in her martial bed.

"Ah fuck," Lester groaned as he sunk back against the headboard, wholly spent as his cum continued to ooze out of his cock as Sarah's pussy milked every last drop from him. This was easily his most memorable fuck ever. Having a woman like Sarah Williams ride him until she begged to be bred by him. He couldn't help but feel like a man completing a mission. Not the loser he'd been called. There was nothing he couldn't do.

Sarah came down from cumming slowly. Her senses started to return to normal, and she finally remembered to breathe. She had been holding her breath so long and tensing the muscles in her body from that orgasm that she felt a light headache and a faint dizziness. She blinked her eyes to get her vision back. Her first post cum sight was the troll-like man, exhausted and spent below her.

With her mind clearing from that earth-shattering orgasm, she couldn't help but reflect on what she saw. Lester was ugly, out of shape, and unattractive, but she couldn't help but feel an overwhelming desire for him. His face looked ugly, but she just wanted to kiss it. His body was flabby and hairy, but she wanted to feel it pressed against hers. It was like all of his bad features were

just quirks that she had learned to love. She loved that satisfied look on his face,

knowing she was responsible for putting it there. He looked almost surprised when she leaned down and planted a soft kiss on his lips, a 'thank you' for the stress he'd relieved.

Gently, she pulled herself up and off of Lester. His semi-hard cock plopped out of her as she shifted her weight on the bed. Lester's cum immediately began to leak out of her, copiously flowing down her leg. Sarah shimmied herself to the side of the bed and put her hands between her legs. It felt damp, Lester's cum dribbling out of her, the flow making a stain on her sheets.

Sarah swung her legs off the bed and walked unsteadily to the bathroom, her legs not yet ready to walk. Lester watched through one open eye as she shut the door behind her. He wasn't planning on going back to his hotel room tonight. Besides, Dan's side of the bed was too comfortable and he planned one more crack at Sarah in the morning.

As sleep tried to overtake him, Lester got up and checked his phone. He grinned. The recording wasn't set up at the optimal angle but it looked like he'd caught enough of their session. He put the phone on Dan's bedside table before taking his place in the bed.

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Sarah looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. She looked tired, and her hair was a mess. She looked like she had just been fucked multiple times. After splashing some water on her face, she sat on the toilet.

Her mind still felt all over the place but at least she could bask in the warm afterglow of the several orgasms that Lester had given her. Finishing her business, Sarah flushed the toilet and wanted to shower. She was surprised how much cum was still oozing out of

her. She wanted to clean herself, but she just felt too tired. If Lester hadn't had that operation, he could knock a girl up.

Instead, Sarah brushed her teeth and used a makeup wipe on her face before finally reopening the door to the bedroom. There, in the dim light, Lester's obese body looked utterly out of place, lying in her marital bed. He was snoring away, already fast asleep. Sarah made a mental note to talk to Lester about getting a CPAP machine.

It was too late for other arrangements, and her exhaustion was too great to wake Lester up and kick him out. Sarah quickly put on a pair of flimsy pajamas and got under the covers next to Lester. She could have gone and slept in another bedroom, but this was her bed, and she hated sleeping anywhere else. Besides, Lester's body heat seemed to keep the bed warm, which felt pretty nice. It felt like she was falling asleep, wrapped in a warm cocoon. She could smell his musky sweat drenching her sheets, but she was too tired to care.

Parts of her brain were trying to tell her something, to remind her of something important.

But the distant alarm was no match for the heaviness of sleep, which quickly pulled her under.

***

Dan tipped the Uber driver on his phone and pushed through the rotating doors at his downtown D.C. hotel. The short flight had taken way longer than expected, with slow ground crews delaying their deboarding. Thankfully, he hadn't had to wait for luggage since he was traveling with just his carry-on.

He made his way over to the concierge desk and checked in. The clerk gave him his keycard before Dan rode the elevator to his floor. As he pushed the door to the hotel room open, his phone started ringing.

It was late. No one would be calling at this time unless it was Sarah. Dan fumbled with his carry-on while closing the door and reaching into his pocket for his phone. The way he entered the room, he felt like a bumbling idiot, but he was eager to speak with his wife.

They had left things in a terrible place, and the fact that she was calling meant there was either an emergency or she'd had a change of heart. Dan furrowed his eyebrows when he finally pulled his phone out of his pocket and saw who was calling him.

It was his boss, Walt. Not exactly his favorite person at the moment. Dan double-checked the time. What was Walt doing calling him at this hour? Worried, Dan answered it.

"Hey, Walt, what's going on?" Dan said.

"Dan, thanks for answering. So sorry to call so late. I hope I didn't wake the kids," Walt said.

Dan set his carry-on down on one of the room's two beds. As far as Walt knew, Dan was back in Middleton visiting his family.

Whispering to maintain the illusion, Dan said, "No. Nope. You're good. The girls have been in bed for a while and are pretty solid sleepers. What's up?" He tried to hurry the conversation along, not wanting to linger on the phone.

"Again, sorry for calling so late. It's just that I got some exciting news that will impact you, and I, well, I wanted you to hit the ground running with it tomorrow." Walt was clearly excited about something.

"Well, that's great. You know I'm up for anything. What's the news?" Dan asked.

"Funny enough, it comes from your old protege. You remember Jesse, right? Apparently, he has linked up with a new company and

isn’t holding any grudges against us. He has a client over there who has a sustainability project, and they don’t have anyone with that expertise.

Jesse wants us to subcontract for him and Dan. They are going to pay us quite well for this.

Quite well.”

Dan sat on the bed and hunched over, pinching the bridge of his nose. Walt continued, “It could really turn things around for us. Given your background and experience working with Jesse, it’s a no-brainer for you to lead this. I’ve already contacted some of our senior management team to help you pick up the slack from your other clients, okay? You’ll still be managing most of the day-to-day, but I want you to know we are here to support you. Jesse should be your number one priority going forward, though.”

“Sounds great, Walt. Can’t wait to get started.” Dan gave a curt goodbye, wrapping up the conversation, and hung up the phone. He flopped back onto the bed and sighed, staring at the white stucco ceiling.

He should have seen this coming, but he was surprised Jesse had thought of going around him and engaging with Walt directly. It seemed more calculated than Jesse usually was. Dan thought that his ‘no’ earlier would have ended it.

Hopefully the project with Jesse wouldn’t be too difficult. He checked his watch and, for the third time, confirmed how late it was. He needed to get to bed so he could prep for his meeting with Sentinel Securities in the morning. Dan didn’t need anymore on his plate at the moment, he just prayed that working with Jesse wouldn’t be as bad as he expected.

Dan needed to focus on building up his side business and not get dragged back into workplace games with his old protege.

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 19: Author Note

Hey my friends, I have been editing my butt off today alongside wrapping up the alpha draft of Neighborhood Encounters Chapter 2. Speaking of, I plan to edit it quickly and turn it around to the reader level very soon.

Next on my docket for July are Detestable Liaisons, Tainted Conception, and CH20 of Toxic Attraction.

Now CH19 picks up the next morning after the events of chapter 18. I don't want to say much more than that, but I hope you enjoy this latest installment as much as I enjoyed writing it.

After editing it, I am starting to feel a little bad here for Sarah and Dan and all the trials I have been putting them through. As always, Lester is looking far down the game board while our couple seems to be preoccupied with the immediate moves they need to make in front of them.

Attached a are a couple of photos that will serve as inspo for this chapter. Thank you to Roxy for those. And as always big thanks to Grandeman for the editing lift.

Without further ado, here you are:

Toxic Attraction Ch. 19

Sarah didn’t want to get up. Her body was warm and comfortable, but she felt exhausted. All she wanted to do was keep sleeping. Opening one eye, all she could see was that her bedroom was still dark. It would likely be a long time before her alarm went off. She could just go back to sleep and enjoy the warmth Dan’s body was providing from behind her.

As she started to drift off again, her mind registered a familiar but out-of-place scent. Her brain took a moment to try to place it, which was enough to cause Sarah to just teeter on the edge of consciousness. A groan escaped Dan's mouth behind her ear, but it sounded off.

Then, the memory of the previous night came back to her. Her eyes snapped open, and she stared at the wall. It was Lester behind her. That warm, comforting heat wasn't coming from the trim body of her husband, Dan. It was from Lester's oddly proportioned and sweaty body.

Her brain finally placed the scent invading her nostrils. It was sex and sweat mixed with Lester's musk.

Sarah noticed sunshine barely emanating from around the edges of her black-out curtains.

Crap.

The light seemed brighter than it should be. Sarah reached over to the bedside table next to her and fumbled for her phone. She clicked it on and saw the time.

"Shit!" Sarah sat up and swung her toned legs off the bed. Her alarm for work hadn't gone off, and she was already running late. There was no way she could make it into the office by her usual time. Now, all she could hope for was getting in just before the morning meeting.

She walked over to the curtains, throwing them open. Light streamed into the room, illuminating the ugly mass of Lester's body beneath her Egyptian cotton sheets. Sarah grimaced at the soft white material stretched across his body. Stains dotted her previously pristine sheets from the sweat and other bodily fluids they had drenched the bed with the previous night.

“Lester, get up!” Sarah scrambled across the room to her closet, quickly trying to find something to wear. She settled on a sharp white blouse that didn’t need ironing and a black pencil skirt. Normally, she would take her time and be more considerate of her outfits, but she didn’t have time. She grabbed a black pair of heels to finish the outfit before hurriedly fishing out a comfortable pair of bra and panties.

Sarah threw the clothes on the end of her bed before rushing into the bathroom to quickly shower herself. She couldn’t go to work smelling of sex, especially when she still felt Lester’s cum sloshing around inside of her. She didn’t have time to wash her hair, so she just rinsed her body.

She was done in record time and quickly dried herself off before rushing into the bedroom to get dressed.

“Lester, wake up!” Sarah bent over, pulling on her panties before slipping her arms through the straps of her bra. “We’re going to be late for work.”

Lester didn’t budge. His ugly mouth sat open like a toad’s, waiting for a mosquito. He was oblivious to what was going on and snoring loudly. He really needs a CPAP machine.

“Ughh.” Sarah pulled on her pencil skirt. “I don’t have time for this today!” She walked over to the bed and shook Lester by his shoulders. The fat rolls on his neck jiggled from her effort.

“Lester! Wake up!”

Nothing. He was still deep asleep, probably dreaming about last night. Sarah put on her blouse and tucked it into her skirt before reaching behind her and zipping it up. Frustrated, Sarah bent over and yanked the stained bed sheets off Lester, revealing his obscene naked body to the room. Sarah’s eyes locked onto this large flaccid

cock draped across his thigh, now covered in a crust from the juices she had produced when she came on his cock last night, "LESTER!"

It was no use. The brute wasn't going anywhere.

"Fine," Sarah held her heels in her hands and dashed out of the bedroom and down the stairs.

She quickly dropped her heels by the door before rushing into the kitchen to make herself a coffee. She'd pick up lunch somewhere today. She didn't have time to prep it at home. Lester had better wake up, or else she'd have to leave him here.

All the possible issues with Lester staying at her house ran through her mind. What if someone sees him? Maybe her parents drop by the house for whatever reason? What would Lester do here without her being present? She didn't trust him, even though she felt more comfortable with him lately.

Fuck, she had to try and wake him one last time. She poured her coffee into a stainless steel tumbler and poured another into one of Dan's. She rushed back up the stairs and slammed Dan's tumbler down on the bedside table next to Lester.

The trollish man didn't even flinch at the sound. "Lester! I'm late for work. You need to get up and get moving! Please, Lester, come on. Ugh. Lester!"

Lester just continued snoring away, his body turning away from her. Sarah checked the time on her phone again. She was officially late, "I don't have time for this," Sarah marched out of the room. She would just have to leave him here. She couldn't call out today. There was just too much to do with the new CEO starting soon. She'd call Lester on the way. Maybe his ringtone going off would wake him up.

Sarah grabbed her purse and keys and was about to open the front door when she heard loud plodding footsteps on the hardwood floor

of the hallway upstairs. Lester was up and shambling towards her.

“Lester! Get your clothes on. I need to go. NOW,” Sarah impatiently shouted up the stairs from the doorway. She checked the time again and felt her heart start beating faster. In her entire tenure with the hospital she might have been this late a handful of times. She valued being punctual and having a strict routine for herself. This morning she felt like a complete mess and knew she would be playing catch up all day.

Lester stopped down the stairs, and Sarah’s eyes went wide again. Lester was completely naked, his cock flopping against his thigh with each step.

“Lester! Where are your clothes!” Sarah was horrified and rushed over to the bayview window of the living room to pull the curtains closed. Anyone on the street would be able to see right into their house at this time of day and see Lester’s naked body. “Took you long enough to get up. Get dressed - we need to get out of here!”

“Getting it up has never been a problem when you’re around,” Lester said from behind her.

Sarah rolled her eyes and turned around. Lester was standing between her and the kitchen, stroking his hardening cock. Her breath was hitching as she watched it lengthen before her eyes. Sarah realized she had lost precious seconds staring down at Lester’s cock. She shook her head, trying to shake away the thoughts of last night. She looked back up at Lester’s face and saw that ugly smirk plastered on it as Lester licked his lips.

“No. Not happening,” Sarah said as she skirted to the side and walked past Lester. “We gotta go.”

Lester grabbed her arm and swung their bodies back around until Sarah was back in the same position with her back to the window.

“Come on, just a quickie before work.” Lester moved into her personal space, causing her to back up against the window.

“My alarm didn’t go off, Lester. We’re really fucking late. Maybe if we woke up earlier but now we need to go.” Sarah moved to get past him, but he held a fat arm out, blocking her path.

Sarah sighed, impatient to leave. She didn’t like Lester blocking her path, making her feel trapped by his large body.

“Well, what about just a kiss then? Before we have to pretend like we’re just coworkers all day?” Lester pressed his naked body up against hers. Sarah could feel his gut pressing against her stomach and his cock urgently pressing into her thigh.

‘Fine, but we have to go.” Sarah leaned forward and gave Lester a quick peck on the lips.

Again, she tried to move past him, but this time, Lester’s hands grabbed her waist and put her back in place against the window. He leaned his weight into her, pinning her against it. She felt the curtain shift and could feel the cold glass pressed against the back of her neck.

“C’mon now, that’s barely a kiss at all.” Lester dipped his head down to be less than an inch from hers. Sarah could feel his warm breath on her face. “Give Daddy Lester a real kiss.”

Sarah could feel her body heating up. Knowing that Lester’s cock was just inches from her pussy, feeling the power of the weight of his body against her, immobilizing her. But she needed to get to the hospital. She made up her mind to quickly kiss Lester for a few seconds, get it over with, and get the hell out of her house and into her car.

“Alright, but after we really have to –” Lester’s lips mashed into hers, causing her knees to buckle. His tongue pushed into her mouth,

dragging itself over her tongue.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah's eyes involuntarily closed as she felt herself melt into his body. Her tongue reciprocated the movements of Lester's. She knew she had to stop this, but maybe it

would be okay for just a few seconds. She could enjoy this one quick thing before dealing with the stress of work. He knew how to move his tongue, and she appreciated how sensual his kisses were.

She felt Lester's hands start to explore her body, running over her tailored outfit. One of his hands applied pressure between her shoulder blades, pulling her harder against him. The other grabbed a handful of her ass through her pencil skirt, pulling her tight against his hard naked cock. He took the opportunity to begin grinding his cock against her, rubbing into her thighs and crotch. Poking at her with his cockhead.

She moaned against Lester's lips, afraid that he would take it as a sign to keep going. But she had to go…had to get to work….couldn't stay here….

Lester's hand dropped and started to bunch up the material of her skirt. She cringed at the wrinkles his manhandling was going to cause, but she didn't stop him. She was distracted by the warmth emanating from his body and his cock pressing into her. She forgot how quickly her body acclimated to Lester's touch. It was as if her body took direct instructions from the troll.

Her mind snapped back to reality when she felt Lester's fat fingers reach under the hem of her skirt and tug at her panties. The open-air against her exposed skin made his intent clear to her.

Sarah broke their kiss, putting her hands on Lester's flabby chest, trying to slow things down.

“Hey, whoa,” it came out as a whisper. Sarah tried to get her bearings and find her voice.

Lester’s lips locked onto the side of her neck, his tongue swirling over her skin, causing goosebumps to spread over her body. His hand managed to tug her panties off her hips, dropping them until they stopped on their own around her knees. “We said just a kiss,” Sarah said breathlessly, “Work. Uh. Mhmmm. Lester. We have to….have to…go.”

Lester pulled back and looked at her with that shit-eating grin and an evil look in his eyes,

“That’s not where I wanted to kiss you.” He ran his finger over her mouth, slightly tugging on her lower lip.

Before Sarah could react, Lester dropped to his knees, and his head disappeared beneath her bunched-up skirt. Sarah dropped her hands to his shoulders to push him off, but her arms grew weak as the fat man’s tongue ran over her exposed slit. She took a sharp intake of breath as her hips instinctively pushed up towards his tongue.

“Ah fuck, Lester,” Sarah squealed. Her hands now grasping the back of his head, pulling him towards her. “We can’t….” Sarah breathed, “Work. I have to…go….late…so late.”

“Uhmhmmmm,” Lester’s agreement vibrated her clit as his tongue started to flick it back and forth gently.

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned, throwing her head back against the cool glass. Her ass was perched on the windowsill as Lester’s hands snaked around her legs, pulling her pencil skirt up high, giving him better access to her pussy. Sarah kicked her legs feebly, half putting up a fight she knew was only for show. Her body was calling the shots.

She was stronger than this. She should be able to resist Lester….but why? Why not just give in and enjoy it? Her thighs tightened around his head, Lester alternated between licking her clit and sucking on it. His fingers began to tease the outer lips of her pussy, making her go crazy.

A dog barked from somewhere outside. She heard the faint sounds of a lawn mower starting up somewhere close by, but they might have well as been a millions miles away at that moment. Lester slowly pushed a finger into her. Sarah's pussy offered no resistance to the fat digit.

Anyone walking by might be able to see her pushed up against the window. The idea of being watched, maybe by someone who knew her or Dan. Maybe one of her neighbors who has a thing for her, getting to see her in such a vulnerable position….

"Uhhhh fuck," Sarah moaned. One hand was embedded in Lester's thinning hair, the other gripping one of her curtains, bunching the fabric up in her fist. His tongue was still running up and down her slit, stopping to tease her clit before sucking on it while humming deep notes in the back of his throat, driving her wild.

"Late," Sarah moaned loudly to her empty living room. She opened her eyes and saw the couch where she and Dan would cuddle up and watch movies together. The counter in the kitchen where her girls would sit and eat breakfast. Her eyes rolled back in her head as Lester pushed another sausage finger inside of her, stretching her already-stretched pussy.

He was making a 'come here' gesture with both his fingers, rubbing his fingertips against her sensitive G-spot. The sensation of his fingers pressing there and his tongue licking and sucking her clit was working her up. She could feel the tension in her body building towards an immense orgasm. God, what was she doing? This was stupid and fucked up, but she couldn't stop herself.

Lester's head nodded up and down as he lapped at Sarah's slit. Slowly and deliberately, he pulled his fingers in and out of her, ensuring to stimulate her G-spot. He had her just where he wanted her, and he didn't plan on letting her go to work until she was thoroughly fucked again.

"Ah, mhmmmmm," Sarah's fingers were digging into the back of Lester's head, ensuring he didn't move, "God, Lester, don't stop. Jesus Christ, that ffffeels so, so, ffffffucking good. Don't you dare fffuh-fucking sto-stop."

He didn't. Lester continued to suck and lick her clit while his fingers continued stroking at the same deliberate pace. Sarah's eyes were closed, her head thrown back against the window as her body anticipated each time Lester's fingers would brush those sensitive nerve endings.

She felt like she was on a roller coaster that was going up, building, going higher and higher until that first plunge.

"Oh, shit, mhmmmmm, mymmm," Sarah grunted as she felt the most wonderful feeling begin to overtake her body. Her slender thighs wrapped tighter around Lester's head, her fingers dug into his head and the curtain she was holding. She held her breath as an orgasm racked her body, "LLLLLLESSSSSSTTTTEEEEER. OHHHHH! OOHHH! OH SHIT!"

Her head started to spin as a wave of pleasure seemed to shoot out from Lester's fingers.

Muscles tense, and her jaw flung itself open. A primal groan escaped her lips. She knew it was loud, loud enough for someone on the street to probably hear it, but she didn't care. Sarah just wanted to revel in this feeling. Nothing else mattered.

Finally, the throws of her orgasm started to slow; little aftershocks still rocked her body, but she was able to exhale and take a new

breath for the first time in a minute. She could feel a small headache beginning to take shape from holding her breath for so long.

When Lester felt Sarah's body begin to relax and heard her deep breath, he decided to change tactics. He dropped, pulling his fingers out of her, and grabbed her thighs, pinning her against the windowsill. He licked down her slit until his tongue found her opening. He pushed it right into her and started moving his tongue in circles like a tornado, trying to stimulate every part of her sweet little married pussy.

"Ohhhhh fuuuuuckkkk," Sarah groaned as Lester's fingers were replaced by his thick tongue.

He was lapping at her insides quickly and furiously. She managed to open one of her eyes and saw his balding head disappearing beneath her bunched-up skirt. Her ass was digging into the windowsill. It hurt a bit, but that pain wasn't something her mind was focused on registering.

The only thing it cared about at that moment was what Lester's flicking tongue was doing to her.

The aftershocks of her orgasm weren't subsiding. Instead, they seemed to grow closer and more intense together. Lester stopped swirling his tongue around inside of Sarah and instead started to dart his tongue in and out of her in rapid succession, making sure to let the tip of his

tongue scrape across the top of her pussy when he pulled it back. He was trying to fuck her with his tongue, and her body was responding to it.

Both of Sarah's hands were gripping the curtains on either side of her, pulling on them for leverage. She was lifting her ass off the windowsill, trying to push her pussy onto Lester's face, wanting to take more of his tongue inside of her. She heard the rings of the

curtains protest under the weight she was putting on them, but she needed them to hold. She needed the leverage to make sure she felt all of Lester's tongue as it dug into her vaginal walls.

God, he's going to make me cum again, and it's not even 10am. There was something about the time that was important to her, but right now, all that she was focusing on was Lester's tongue.

Snap.

One of the plastic rings holding up the curtain broke, quickly followed by several others. Sarah lost her leverage, and the weight of her body fell forward, away from the window. Lester was surprised by Sarah suddenly pushing down onto his face, but he didn't let up. He fell backward to the floor, pulling Sarah down with him.

Sarah almost screamed as her body fell forward from the window. She was still holding onto the curtains in her hand as she landed awkwardly on one foot and one knee. Lester's tongue never left her, pushing in deep as she landed. His hand pulled her thigh down until her foot collapsed, and she was on both knees, straddling his face.

Sarah's hands fell to the wood floor as Lester continued to furiously tongue fuck her pussy. But now she was in control. Sarah roughly pushed her pussy down onto his face. She could feel his ugly nose forced up against her slit. Sarah started to ride his mouth, grinding her pussy back and forth over his face.

It felt so fucking good. Too good. She felt hornier than she'd ever felt in her life. She couldn't take it anymore. Sarah needed to feel Lester's huge cock inside of her.

"Leeesteer," Sarah moaned, riding Lester's tongue. It kept darting further into her pussy, causing her to excitedly flex her toes down onto the wood floor. Sarah slowed her pace and looked down at the top of Lester's flush face between her thighs. With one foot, she

pushed off the balls of her feet and raised her hips up. She felt Lester's tongue fight to stay inside of her, but as she raised herself up it slowly slid out. "Put your cock in me. Now."

He didn't need to be told twice. With some effort, Lester twisted his body and flipped himself over as Sarah crawled over to the seat of the couch. She propped herself on her elbows where

Dan would normally sit, her knees on the floor, her ass sticking out, desperately waiting for Lester.

She felt Lester's hands grip her ass cheeks. She braced herself, waiting for the inevitable feeling of his cock pressing against her opening. She closed her eyes and held her breath, imagining the stupid look on Lester's face as he looked down at her, marveling at her bent over in front of him, waiting for him.

Lester shifted behind her. Sarah bit her lip, ready for his giant cock to press into her. Needing to feel it. Her body jolted in surprise when she left something large and wet, lapping at her asshole. Sarah opened her eyes and turned her head to see what was happening, but all she could see was one of Lester's fat legs connected to his chubby hips.

Lester's tongue swirled around the rim of Sarah's asshole, sending a jolt of lightning through her entire body. She shuddered, feeling someone's tongue on her asshole for the first time was electrifying. Dan had never done this before. She'd never let anyone play with her asshole. It wasn't something she had ever been interested in, and she hadn't realized how sensitive it was. She felt a tinge of embarrassment at how dirty it was that Lester was tasting her there, but it was quickly forgotten in the onslaught of this foreign-natured stimulation.

"Oh god," Sarah breathed, her nails digging into the couch. Her body squirmed back onto Lester's tongue as he tickled her asshole with his tongue, swabbing it back and forth playfully.

Sarah's upper body collapsed down onto the couch, giving in to the new sensation Lester was providing, "Mhmmm fuck." She stiffened, surprised as her body let her know she'd rapidly come dangerously close to an orgasm from what Lester was doing to her. There was something else, though, that should have concerned her.

The thought of her white blouse getting wrinkles popped into her mind, but it wasn't strong enough to cause her to stop him. Lester's tongue was dancing around her asshole, sending electric shocks through her body. His hot breath felt amazing back there, and Sarah wondered why she had never tried it before.

It felt like sex for the first time, a completely new experience for her body. She wantonly thrust her ass back towards him, wanting more of what he was doing. Lester never missed a beat and continued running his fat tongue around the rim of her asshole, back across it, making intricate patterns with it, teasing the mother of two. His hand was on her inner thigh, gripping her so that his pointer finger was mashed up against her soaking pussy lips.

Sarah was reveling in the feeling, but she wanted to get fucked immediately. "Lester, fuck me."

Instead, Lester continued to lick around her asshole. Just as Sarah was about to tell Lester to put his cock in, his tongue pushed forward and parted her tight asshole.

"Ohhh fucck," Sarah moaned deeply into the leather seat. She had never felt anything push into her backside, let alone something as large and flexibly articulate as Lester's tongue. She reached out for something to grip onto, but all she could find was leather. Lester held her by her thighs as his tongue continued to push into her virgin asshole, making circles as it did, stimulating the pleasure centers Sarah never knew her own body had.

She couldn't formulate words. All she could do was hold on to herself and experience this new sensation Lester was providing her.

Still, her mouth made sounds on its own,

"Ugggmhmmmmmmmm." Animal noises came from the man behind her, grunts and groans and wet smacking sounds bouncing off her living room walls, where she and Dan greeted their guests.

It was like Lester knew how to manipulate her body better than anyone else. Not even her own husband had touched this area like this, making her feel the way she did when she was with Lester.

It felt like time slowed down as more and more of Lester's tongue entered her asshole. Sarah groaned in response as her tight ring stretched to accommodate the large, probing muscle.

Finally, it felt like there was no more of Lester's large tongue for her to take in. She could feel the warm air from his nose running up her backside and his hot hand pushing into her tender labia.

Breathing heavily, he sealed his lips to her ass and sucked, allowing his tongue to travel even deeper into her butt. Then, just as he had with her pussy earlier, Lester started to fuck her ass with his tongue. He slowly withdrew and pushed his tongue back in. Withdrew and pushed in, swirling it around inside as he did. She could feel the mashing of his stubbly lips in her asscrack. The horny wife was amazed that every sensation ratcheted up her sexual enjoyment a notch higher.

Sarah was on the balls of her feet and felt her eyes roll back in her head. This felt amazing, all these new sensations her body was experiencing as Lester vigorously ate out her asshole and stroked her pussy. Anything to do with her butthole hadn't been something she'd had any interest in, and Dan was on that same page with her, but today she realized how naive she may have been.

"Mhmmmmgodddlester," Sarah groaned. He didn't let up and continued to rim her ass with his tongue, over and over, for what felt

like hours. It felt amazing, but it was like a simmering pleasure that could go on and on. And Sarah wanted to cum.

"Leessster. Stop. Ugh god. Stop. Fuck me. I need it Lester fuck me." Sarah groaned. Lester slowly withdrew his tongue from her. She moaned as he took it out completely and licked her

asshole deeply one final time. She felt his body shift behind her, moving into position. Then the familiar feeling of his cockhead pressing against her vaginal opening, his fat thighs pressing into the back of hers. Lester's coarse hand over her hips while the other was probably holding his shaft.

"Say please," Lester said. She could hear that shit-eating grin forming on his face.

"Please, Lester, fuck me." Sarah pushed herself back up onto her elbows, preparing herself for him. Sarah pushed her ass back against his cock, needing to feel it part her lips and push into her. Lester moved his hips back so she couldn't take his cock into her. Sarah groaned in frustration. Lester placed his grubby hand on her back, between her shoulder blades, and pushed her back down onto the couch, crushing her white blouse in the process. Sarah moaned involuntarily out of submission. Lester's other hand, his left, was palming her ass cheek. He held her firmly, groping and flexing her buttock with his outstretched fingers.

Lester slowly pushed forward, his cockhead separating her outer lips, pushing into her. Sarah groaned at the feeling, the sensitive nerves in her pussy catching fire as Lester's cock slowly, agonizingly slowly, slid over them.

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah licked her lips as her ugly lover continued to push his giant cock deep inside of her. Finally, she felt his balls press against her upper thighs. Lester was fully embedded in her. The feeling was as excruciating as it was perfect.

But then he just held himself there, motionless. He wasn't thrusting into her. Sarah couldn't take it anymore. She needed to get fucked by him. She pushed her hands against the back of the couch and thrust her hips back onto his cock. Lester continued to hold her down, pinning her to the couch, staying still. Sarah decided she could do this on her own. She rocked herself back and forth on his cock, sliding herself up and down his oversized pole.

"Uhhhhmmhmmmmm," Sarah groaned, finally feeling Lester's cock sliding in and out of her.

She was masturbating herself with Lester's cock, and she couldn't get enough of it. His tongue having her explored her pussy, and her asshole was too much for her. Her body felt like it was on fire. She needed his cock more than she ever needed anything in her life. She felt Lester's skin on her lips and unquestioningly opened her mouth, sucking deeply on his thumb. The beautiful mother pulled her head back and whipped her silky tongue around the end of his finger before sucking it into her mouth. Lester adjusted himself behind the wife and grabbed her ass cheek again.

Sarah could feel an explosive orgasm quickly building inside of her. She pumped herself back onto Lester's cock, desperately trying to get it. This was what she had been craving all morning. This sweet release.

She was almost there. It was so close. Sarah kept sliding back and forth on Lester's immobile cock. She was thrusting so hard back onto him that his balls were slapping against her. She didn't care about anything. She was close. So fucking close.

Her phone started ringing from somewhere close by, but she didn't care. She just needed to cum. Lester shifted behind her, changing the angle of his cock. It still felt good, but it wasn't hitting the same place anymore. Her orgasm was still there, though. Tantalizingly

close but it wasn't building anymore, it was just being nurtured in the background, waiting for Lester to get back in position.

"Lester, please," Sarah begged. She opened her eyes and looked desperately back at him.

Lester had grabbed her phone and was looking at the screen. He turned it towards her and grabbed her by her hair and turned her face towards the screen. The phone was still ringing and the display read 'Dad'.

Why was her dad calling right now? Was there something wrong with the girls? She doubted it. Everything was probably fine. She would call him back after her she finished fucking Lester.

Sarah groaned and pushed herself back onto Lester's cock, taking it fully inside of her.

Lester bent forward and held the phone in front of her face. In horror, she watched as his fat finger pressed the answer button and then the speaker button.

"Uh, hello," Sarah managed to squeak out. She stopped thrusting back onto Lester, worried about her dad hearing her fucking.

"Hey, hun, it's just Dad calling, how's it going?" Her dad said.

"Good day, uh, you know, just here at work," Sarah replied. Lester slowly began to withdraw his cock, causing her body to shiver.

"Yeah, I know. Sorry about calling. I just wanted to touch base with ya for a second," Her dad's voice filled the room. Lester gripped her hips with both hands and slowly pushed his cock back into her before bottoming out and withdrawing it again, leaving his cock head for a second at her entrance before pushing all the way back in.

"Uhhh sure. Yeah uhh, okay. What's ah, what's ahup? Girls okay?" Sarah gritted her teeth and tried to contain herself, but finally feeling Lester's cock pushing into her on its own was ecstasy. She tried to mentally block out what was happening to her body and concentrate on the call but she was failing.

"Yeah. Yeah, they're fine, we just dropped them off at school. Your mom and I were talking,"

Her dad said slowly. Painfully slow, drawing out each word like he was hesitant to talk to her about something. But all Sarah wanted was for him to finish his call so she could cum. What

Lester was doing threatened to drive her insane. "We were talking about you actually. About how much pressure you seem to be under lately."

"Ahhhmhmmmmm," Sarah tried to make her groan sound like a response but Lester had started to pick up his pace. He was still going slow enough that the slapping sounds of their flesh weren't audible to her dad but she didn't know for sure if they weren't. She bit down on her lip to keep from squealing aloud.

"Yeah….uh, well your mom and I were talking and it seems like you're having a hard time balancing everything. With Dan gone, I'm sure the girls are a lot of work plus you have all those changes going on at the hospital." Her dad continued. He was still talking in the same slow drawn out manner but his voice had changed. He sounded more inquisitive.

"It's been hard," Sarah said before quickly shutting her mouth. She didn't want to say anything longer and had a moan escape her lips. She could feel that elusive orgasm starting to build back up inside of her. She reached for the phone to try and hit the mute button, but Lester put it out of her grasp and pushed his cock into her harder. God this was so fucked up. Even Dan hadn't tried anything this fucked up before. She couldn't believe how bold Lester was, taking

whatever it was he wanted like this. Making her do these depraved things she never even dreamed about.

"Yeah I know, kid. I know. You're mom and I can tell you are a little off lately." Her dad said.

Sarah was trying not to breathe too hard but she couldn't help it. She felt like she was panting.

She bit her fist to stifle the sound.

"Are you okay hun? You sound out of breath." Her dad asked.

"Yeah, Dad. I ughhh just took the stairs here. More out of shape than I expected." Sarah bit her lip as Lester continued to pump in and out of her, his cock touching deep places inside of her.

She turned around and looked at Lester pleadingly, but all she saw was the lack of mercy in his eyes. That controlling, possessive look seemed to extend beyond just putting her on display for her neighbors. It seemed to even extend beyond her own father.

God, why was this getting her off? Lester putting her in this situation was just too much.

"Heh, I hear ya. Anyways…" Her dad continued his slow manner of speaking.

"Dad, I gotta run to a meeting here soon. What's up?" Sarah desperately wanted this conversation to be over. She didn't want to cum with her dad on the line. She reached for the phone, but Lester was faster and held it away from her.

"Your mom and I, well, we were thinking maybe we can keep the girls for the next couple of days. We'll pick 'em up for school and keep them over the weekend." Her dad said. "Just to give you a break you know? Give you time to sort things out.

“Thats uhhhh,” Sarah could feel her orgasm on the cusp of exploding, “That sounds good.

Sooo goood.”

Lester grinned.

“Uh, okay.” Her dad replied. “Maybe we can talk over the weekend and see if there is anything else your mom and I can help you with. Are you sure you’re okay right now? You sound kind of… off?”

“Just running to a meeting, dad,” Sarah stifled back a moan by biting her knuckles. “I’m a little frazzled this morning, that’s all.”

“Alright honey. Well, if something is off you’d let me know, right?” Her father’s voice sounding serious now..

Fuck. Lester’s double pounding was doing too good of a job. She could feel her orgasm about to hit. Her pussy was gripping Lester’s cock tightly, not wanting to let him go. “Yeah. Yeah. Yes.

I would.” Sarah said before burying her face in the couch.

Lester hit the mute button on the phone, and Sarah came.

“Okay, I’m glad to hear it but like I said –”

“AHHHHMHMMMMMFUUUUCK,” Sarah grunted into the couch, her eyes rolling back in her head. She whimpered as her orgasm crashed down on her body, setting off a cascade of mini fireworks inside of her.

“--we’re here for you, okay? Don’t worry about the girls, we’ll take care –”

“Uhmmmhmmhmmmmmmm,” Sarah groaned as her orgasm didn’t stop, it just kept running over her body. Pulsating over and over

across all of her nerves. She quivered and shook on the troll's cock, wailing in her living room.

"--come over Saturday for dinner so we can talk —"

"Ahhhhshiiiiittt!" All that teasing by Lester's tongue was finally exploding inside of her, and it wasn't stopping. It just continued to wash over her tense body.

"---your mom and I will help you figure things out–"

Sarah finally let out her breath and felt her body go limp on the couch. Lester stayed still inside of her, her pussy gripping him, holding him in place. So that he would stop for just a second.

"--Well I love you kid, I hope your day isn't too crazy today," Her dad said.

Sarah reached out to unmute herself. Lester held the phone firmly out of her grip. She looked back at him in defiance. Lester grinned and brought the phone up to her face, his finger hovering over the unmute button.

"Tell him 'Thank you Daddy,'" Lester sneered.

Sarah didn't break eye contact with Lester. The fat man's hand pressed the unmute button.

"Thhank you….daddy," Sarah closed her eyes, trying to detach herself from those words. "I love you too dad. Thanks again. Talk soon."

"Bye," Her dad said as Sarah pressed the button to hang up.

"Lester you are such an asshole. Why did you—ughhhhh"

Lester grabbed both sides of her hips and started to power fuck her, cutting her off. He grunted and grinned at himself as his cock slid in

and out of this gorgeous woman. This wife and mother. Who was all his as he fucked her on her knees in her own living room. Sweat ran down his face and onto Sarah's work clothes as he plundered the bride.

Sarah's mouth hung limply open as her anger disappeared, replaced by a total need to let what was happening to her continue. She loved the feeling of Lester's cock as it pushed deep into her, deeper than anyone else had ever been. She let her head fall forward, focusing on pushing her own ass back against Lester's cock.

Wet slapping sounds filled the room as Lester's thighs connected with Sarah's. Her ass bounced and jiggled with each thrust delighting the perverted man. Sarah's black pencil skirt was bunched up roughly around her hips. Her shirt had come untucked at some point.

Suddenly Lester pulled out of her, causing her to groan in disappointment. She turned her head around with an upset look, wondering what the hell he was doing.

"Get up," Lester said, pulling her arm upwards. Sarah rolled her eyes and complied. Lester led her towards her kitchen. On the way, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Her hair was a mess, her skirt was still partially bunched up around her waist, and her white blouse was loose and wrinkled. She wanted to stop and take her clothes off but Lester pulled her into the kitchen and pinned her against her granite counters. Before she could process what was happening, his lips were on her neck, licking and biting her. His thigh pushed her legs apart, and his hard cock, dripping with her juices, was pressing hard against her leg.

Her phone started to ring again in the other room, but this time, Lester didn't make any move to answer it. Instead, he grabbed her by her thighs and hefted her up onto the countertop.

The effort seemed to wind him a bit, but it didn't stop him from mauling her chest through her blouse.

The granite counter felt cold on Sarah's bare ass but she could feel the heat from Lester's cock.

The troll-like man was positioned between her legs, his cock just inches away from soaking wet pussy. Lester inched his cock forward, pressing the hot length against her opening. Sarah's arms wrapped around him, and she braced herself for the inevitable. His back felt sweaty, and she hoped that his sweat wouldn't stain her blouse.

"Think it worked last night?" Lester said as she shoved himself inside of her with one hard thrust.

"Ahhhfuuuckkmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's large hot cock slide into her so quickly. "What did we do? What worked?" She spoke with her eyes shut, all attention on the cock inside of her.

"Did I knock you up last night? Do you think it worked?" Lester grunted into her chest, his head not quite matching with hers. His hands fumbled and he started to undo the buttons on her blouse. Underneath, her heaving bra clad chest was exposed to him. His face disappeared between her breasts as his tongue began lapping at her bare skin.

"Uhhhhh fuckk. I don't know, Lester," Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's large waist, locking her heels behind him. She wasn't going to let him go now. No more changing positions or trying something else. She wanted him to make her cum, "Sometimes it takes a few tries."

Her hips tilted towards him, submitting to his thrusts.

"How long did it take Dan to get the job done?" Lester grunted.

Sarah squeezed her eyes shut, focusing on the feeling of Lester's large cock sliding in and out of her. Trying to squeeze his girth tightly with her pussy, milking him, "It took us a couple of months each time."

She thought of those months fondly. While she had been worried at the time that something was wrong with them, she had loved the unprotected sex and the act of making a child. The sex had always been explosive then, knowing that they were doing something so biologically primal.

"I don't think it'll take me that long to put a baby in you," Lester grunted breathily from between her tits, "Whose cock goes deeper inside of you, me or Dan?"

It felt like a betrayal to admit the truth but as her mind was reconciling the comparison to her husband, her lips spoke on their own. "Yours."

"Mine what?" Lester grunted, "Say it."

"Your cock goes deeper. So, ah, mhmm, fucking deep." Sarah closed her eyes and wrapped her body around Lester tightly locking him in place. Part of her knew that Lester was fixed, that pregnancy was an impossibility, but the primal part of her was taking over, rutting herself off the counter to meet his upward thrusts into her. Pushing her body to return, his pounding slams with equal fervor.

"Whose cock makes more cum, huh? Which of our sperm would have the better chance of flooding inside of you?" Lester was holding onto her ass as he rapidly pistoned himself in and out of her shaking them both. He was standing on the balls of his feet to hit the right angle inside of her.

And he was doing a damn good job. He'd found a frenetic tempo that caused her to begin to lose a grip on reality. Sarah could feel her orgasm beginning to work itself back up inside of her. The

disappointment about being dragged into the kitchen was forgotten as her body started to work her up to another mind-shattering explosion. Her fucked up mind was now comparing Lester and her husband. Their prowess at sex, their virility, and who ultimately would do a better job at knocking her up.

"Ugh god, Lester, this is so fucked up," Sarah moaned into his ear, "You do. Your balls make more cum than I even knew was possible."

"Back then, when you were trying to make a baby. If I had fucked you right after your husband, whose cum do you think would've won? Who would have knocked you up?" Lester grunted, holding his cock deep inside the mother as he awaited his answer.

The image of Dan between her legs, then moving to the side only to be replaced by Lester, filled her mind. The idea of lowly Lester joining in on her baby making sessions with her husband in their marital bed. She knew the answer that Lester wanted to hear. She knew what the truth would have been.

"You." Sarah's body began to quake, her toes flexed and she felt her muscles tense up. Saying the words was like a match that lit the flame of her orgasm and set her body on fire, an illicit admission that put her over the edge, "YOU WOULD! FUCKKK. Don't fucccckkkking stop Lester!OH, OH OHHHHHOH FUCK! FUUUUUCK!"

Sarah's nails bit into Lester's skin as she came on her countertop. Pleasure washed over her body like cascading dominoes that just kept going around and around, never stopping.

"Mhmmmmm fuuck," Sarah moaned as her body seemed to tingle everywhere at once. Her mind reeled from the sensations coming in from all over her body. It felt like a wave of pleasure dipping and then peaking over and over.

Lester was breathing hard against her chest. He knew it wouldn't be long before he came, too.

The way Sarah's pussy was gripping his cock was too much. Thankfully he could get a breather for a moment and settle himself while her orgasm made her body thrash against him.

He wanted to give her another one. As she started to come down, Lester pulled himself completely out of her and rammed his cock back into her, causing her ass to jump off the counter in response.

"Mhmmhmmhmmm," Sarah grunted in reply, the sharp pain of his cock pushing in so quickly seemed to reignite her fading orgasm, "Fuck Lester, I'm gonna uhhh, cuumm again. Don't STOP!"

"I'm going to do something Dan never could," Lester grunted, getting breathless. "I'm going to fuck a baby boy into you right now. I'm going to knock you up and make you a mother again.

You're gonna take my cum. Get pregnant all over again!"

Dan had always wanted a boy. So had she. Lester's words struck something inside of her.

Sorrow and longing for a what if. Her body responded by thrusting her ass back and forth on the counter, eagerly trying to meet Lester's incoming thrusts. Sarah's hips moved of their own accord, frantically trying to keep up with the fat man.

"I want you to make a baby boy with me," Lester whispered, raising his head up from his chest, planting wet, sloppy kisses on her bare neck, "Do you want that?" He held his mouth at her ear, his breathing resounding in her ear.

"Yess," Sarah said without thinking. She wasn't sure if she was just playing along with their roleplay from last night or if that came from somewhere deeper inside of her. It was the only answer that made sense at the moment. The only one that mattered, "Do it, Lester. Fuck me.

Knock me up."

Lester slowed his speed but kept pushing his cock deep into her. He grabbed Sarah on each side of her face and stared deep into her eyes, "Say it, say it again."

"Fuck me," Sarah bit her lip, looking into Lester's ugly beady eyes. She couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of desire for him. "Put a baby in me, Lester. I want to carry your child."

Lester felt his balls begin to tighten at her words, "Call me daddy then. Moan it for me."

"Uhhmmmmhmmmm, daddy," Sarah moaned, puzzle pieces clinking together in her mind at associating that word with Lester. The father of her children, kind and affectionate being replaced with a repulsive sex fiend. The word was taking on new meaning for her as her neurons seemed to rewire on the fly, "Fuck me, daddy. Let's make a baby boy Lester. Don't fucking stop."

Sarah's mouth hung agape but she never broke eye contact with Lester. He stared back at her, seemingly peering into her soul, seeing all her desires and vulnerabilities. She felt connected to him in that moment, not just because his cock was buried inside of her. It was something else she couldn't quite articulate. Her face was alarmingly close to his but not touching. They were challenging each other to be the first to feel the other's tongue in their mouths.

"Here it cums, Sarah," Lester licked his lips as he felt his balls begin to release the torrent of cum stored there. "I'm going to do it. We're going to do it."

"Mhmmmmmhmmmshhiiiit," Sarah felt Lester's cock begin to expand and contract inside of her. She knew he was about to flood her distended pussy with loads of his illicit cum, "Cum for me daddy fucking cum oh my god Lester cum ahh uuhhm for me dadddddyyy!

FFFFFFFUUUHHH!!”

Lester exploded inside of her, his hot, thick, sticky cum blasting, thoroughly coating the walls of her quivering pussy. Each extended hit was a seismic pleasuring throb to Sarah’s body. She quickly responded by cumming herself. The muscles of her pussy clenched down on Lester’s cock, holding him in place, milking every last drop out of him.

“OHMYGODFUCCCUKK,” Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as she came. Her heels dug into Lester’s fat ass, pulling him hard towards her. His knees smacked against her cupboards, and the sound of ceramic plates jostled together, ringing out. The skewered wife’s nails dug into the back of his head, piercing his skin through his thinning hair. Lester’s hot cum flooding into her felt like a drug she couldn’t get enough of and would do anything for. Knowing that another’s man seed was pouring into her had sent her over the edge, pushing her body beyond the limits of her exhaustion into another dimension of pleasure that seemed to envelop her very being. She wanted to stay here forever, wrapped in the warm embrace of her orgasm as her insides were flooded with Lester’s hot cum,

“MHMMHHMMMMMMHMMMMMMMM.”

Suddenly, Lester’s lips were on hers, both of them closing their eyes and kissing each other passionately. Their tongues danced together as both of them rode their mutual orgasm together. Rode them to a place where they were the only things that mattered.

Lester’s thrusts slowed, and Sarah’s ass came to rest on the counter. Exhausted, they both stayed still, breathing into each other’s mouths as they tried to catch their breaths. Lester planted a soft, tender kiss on Sarah’s lips, and she immediately felt butterflies in her stomach.

She wasn’t sure what she felt but wanted more of it.

Sarah relaxed her legs and let her arms drop to Lester's chest, releasing him from her hold. On shaky feet, Lester stepped back, his cock sliding out of her pussy with a pop. She immediately

felt his cum begin to leak out of her, dropping onto the counter before overflowing onto the floor.

"Shit," Sarah said, pulling herself down and hurrying over to the roll of paper towels next to the sink. She could feel more of Lester inside of her but moved quickly to clean up the expansive mess of the pools of his cum on the counter where her children would eat breakfast. Sarah quickly bent over and cleaned the rest on the floor before grabbing more paper towels and holding them against her naked pussy, trying to catch more of Lester's large load that was seething out of her.

Lester was leaning against the opposite counter, breathing hard, looking over the sexy wife's body, proud of what he had just done. He felt unstoppable. Powerful. Invincible.

Sarah looked up at Lester, catching his eye. An amused smile appeared on her face at what had just transpired between them. Her expression shifted as she looked past Lester to the microwave behind him. The time on the clock couldn't be right.

With a sense of dread, Sarah pulled down her skirt, hurried back into the living room, and found her phone.

"Shit. Shit. Shit!" Sarah exclaimed, looking at the time on her phone. She was so fucking late for work. She found her discarded panties and pulled them back on before tucking her blouse into her skirt and fumbling to do the buttons up, "I'm so fucking late Lester."

Lester continued to lean against the kitchen counter, not caring, fluid slowly dripping from his cock onto the kitchen floor. He had done what he set out to do this morning.

Sarah hurried over to the mirror in her entryway. She was a mess, but she didn't have time to change. She tried to smooth out the wrinkles in her shirt, but her hair was wild and screamed her sex. There was a brush in her glove box. She would try to tame it down before she got into the office.

With a split second of hesitation, Sarah opened the front door and darted across her driveway to her car. As she began to back out, she realized that she was leaving Lester alone in her home.

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"Hi, this is Sarah Williams. I can't take your call at the moment, but please leave me a message, and I'll get back to you," the voice from Dan's phone said. He hung up and walked across his hotel room to the ironing board to assess his blazer.

His phone buzzed in his hand, and he looked down, hoping it was his wife returning his call. He sighed. It was just a work email from Walt. He quickly read over the contents and felt an

impending sense of dread. It was a briefing on the project for Jesse's company and a request for Dan to visit Jesse's office for a kickoff meeting ASAP.

Dan began to type up a response and stopped himself. He felt rattled and it occurred to him that if he responded now, it might be too full of his raw emotions. He needed to park the email for a little while and clear his head. Figure out the best way to tackle this new problem and then write a draft.

He shoved the phone into the inside pocket of his blazer, gathered his things, and left for the meeting with Sentinel Securities.

***

She was so late. So incredibly, stupidly late. Maybe she should have just called in sick, but doing that never felt right to her, not when so many people depended on her. She should be above calling out unless she was really sick. She prided herself on her work ethic, But then again, she should be above letting a degenerate like Lester fuck her senseless in her own home and make her late for work. Sarah pulled her car into the hospital's parking lot and quickly found a parking spot.

She checked the time on her phone again. The daily meeting with department heads was already well underway. Should she try to get to her office first or just go right to the meeting?

She didn't want to miss this meeting, especially with the new CEO starting on Monday. She'd have to figure out an excuse before she got to the meeting.

Would anyone fault her for being late due to mind-blowing sex with her husband's disgusting roommate? She shuddered at the thought of revealing that information to her professional colleagues. Sarah turned off the car, quickly gathered her things, and hurried across the parking lot toward the hospital.

As she quickened her pace, she could tell how sore her pussy was from getting back-to-back poundings from Lester. She dreaded how uncomfortable she was going to be for the rest of the day.

The hospital always had people in it, day and night. But when Sarah opened the doors, she felt overwhelmed by the teeming rush of humanity. She knew it was just a typical day, but it compounded her unease over being late. She was already feeling behind the eight ball, but knowing her colleagues were over an hour ahead of her in their workdays made her stomach turn with anxiety.

Her heels clicked too loud on the tile floor of the large atrium as she made a beeline for the elevators. Thankfully no one stopped her, and she made it into the elevator without any small

talk or emergency issues that needed her attention. Sarah finally breathed as the elevator doors closed and she punched in the floor for the meeting.

These last few days had felt like she was drowning in a sea of problems, struggling to come up for air. She didn't feel like herself, so out of control. Sarah caught a glimpse of herself in the reflective panel of the elevator and straightened out her wrinkled skirt, and tried to tame her hair that seemed to scream that she'd been fucked less than an hour ago.

The elevator door opened, and she stepped out. She didn't like this version of herself, the one who seemed to be behind on everything. Everything except for sex with Lester. He had taken her several times over the past few days. Each instance seemed to blur together. All she knew was that the moral excuse of having dates with the ogre seemed to be out the window lately.

He hadn't even brought up the fact that he was covering Dan's rent. Lester just seemed to storm into her life and take what he wanted.

Dan. She had totally forgotten that he was supposed to call this morning. Maybe he was busy or maybe he was still angry over their blow-up yesterday. She still couldn't believe that he would just abandon their plans to come home to fly out and meet a new client. She loved her husband's tenacity, but all the work he was putting in hadn't yielded any results yet. Lately, she just wished he would abandon Chicago and move back with or without having anything lined up. Her husband belonged at home.

As she neared the meeting room, she could hear animated voices from behind the door.

Gently, she turned the doorknob and, eased the door open a crack and quietly slid into the room. The conversation abruptly stopped, and all heads swiveled in her direction. At that moment, Sarah felt a

gush of Lester's cum leak out of her dampening her panties. She regretted wearing her pencil skirt.

"Richard, this is Sarah Williams, our head administrator," John wasn't seated at the head of the table as he usually was. In his place was an older man in his late fifties who did not look as distinguished as his LinkedIn profile had made him appear. His thinning hair was a mixture of gray and white and needed a trim. Despite his expensive-looking suit, the shirt he wore beneath looked old and discolored, its collar frayed. Wrinkle lines adorned his face and his eyes looked steely and hard. He presented a cultivated and professional exterior, but Sarah picked up on obvious neglect under the surface. She wondered whether anyone else picked up on it.

Richard Thornhill, the hospital's incoming CEO, was staring at her with an amused and impatient look on his face. "The one I was telling you about that helped us navigate the recent security breach." John finished.

Richard's expression shifted to a flat, nondescript smile. He gave Sarah a silent nod and then turned back to the rest of the table, "Like I was saying earlier, one of the things I'd implemented at my last post were measures to ensure that the hospital was operating on every cylinder. Which means the whole hospital is only as strong as its weakest link. We are dealing with lives here. We can't afford to give ourselves any slack in any area. Tardiness is a slippery slope to cutting other corners. Once we start normalizing things like that, that's where we fall off our metrics and decline as an organization."

"Sorry," Sarah interjected as she took her seat next to Jerry, "I had an issue with my girls I had to take care of this morning. It isn't something that typically happens."

Richard made a steeple with his hands and said, "Sarah, being late affects the team's productivity and how well this hospital runs.

Maybe you need to reconsider how you manage your time outside of work."

Sarah was taken aback by Richard's comment. She felt uneasy sitting there in front of her peers getting a dressing down by this new man who didn't know anything about her or how the hospital ran. A fire started to turn in her stomach and she wanted to lash out but her professionalism overruled that instinct, "Of course. It won't happen again."

Richard smiled at her and then turned, raising his eyebrows to John in a knowing way that seemed to be misogynistic.

Her panties felt soaked as more of Lester's cum oozed insistently out of her pussy. Now that she was seated, she could feel its flow dripping down towards her asshole. Great, not only did she have to worry about this new boss, but she had to fret over whether her colleagues might notice cum dripping down her legs or a stain in her pencil skirt on her ass or crotch.

John swiftly interjected and moved on to other agenda items. Sarah could feel Jerry's eyes on her, likely wanting to share a knowing look of disapproval over Richard's stern comments, but Sarah kept her eyes trained on John. She didn't want to get caught making a sour face.

Why that hell was Richard here early? He was supposed to be here on Monday. She cringed internally, knowing that she had already gotten off on the wrong foot with her new boss. Now, it would be an uphill battle trying to prove herself to him, something she shouldn't have done after the years of her life that she had dedicated to this hospital.

***

Lester was enjoying a bowl of lucky charms while flipping through the channels on the Williams' TV. It was nostalgic actually watching

cable. He couldn’t remember the last time he

hadn’t just streamed something. He liked to sit through the commercials, enjoying every last one.

Movement out of the corner of his eye caused him to tear his eyes away from the TV. He looked out the window, past the curtain that was only being held up by a few rings, and saw a man walking his dog out on the street. The man didn’t look in Lester’s direction.

If he had, he would have seen Lester’s naked body sitting comfortably on the Williams' leather couch. The family probably had family movie nights, and they were all sitting together here with popcorn and drinks. Lester pushed his naked buttocks further down into the imitation leather cushion.

Lester smirked at the idea, knowing that he had just fucked the mother of the family senseless here a couple of hours ago. Sarah had been panicked as she left the house. It was almost funny how late he had made her. How easy it had been.

When he turned off her alarm in the middle of the night, he had hoped she would sleep in, but her body seemed to have woken itself up earlier than he had expected. Still, he couldn’t argue with the results of the morning.

He was slowly making Sarah his. His calculated efforts were bearing fruit. That strong woman he first met in his apartment was now screaming for him to knock her up while he fucked her in her own living room. Things were going great.

The wedge had been driven in between Sarah and Dan. Now, Lester needed to find a way to nail it in harder to widen the divide between them. Today was likely one of the rare instances someone so professional like Sarah had been late for work. But he had already given her a lot of firsts at work. He intended to keep pushing her boundaries at work. Worst case, Lester got to fuck her all over that

hospital. Best case scenario, he'd find a way for Sarah to get reprimanded. He'd need to figure out a way to make that happen, where she couldn't blame him. If she happened to get fired, well, that would make her more dependent on Lester's money to survive.

Now, he needed to figure out a way to deal with her children. He didn't want them in the picture. But how best to break a mother's love for her children? They were too young to develop a rebellious nature. Sarah's father seemed happy enough to look after them.

Lester took another spoonful of her lucky charms. Maybe there was a boarding school he could ship the brats off to once Dan was out of the picture. Or maybe he could saddle Dan with the kids entirely. Was there a way for Dan to lose the girls while out in public? Two birds with one stone. Girls are gone. Sarah hates Dan. I would be her only comfort.

That was an interesting idea that Lester needed to think about more. Surely it wouldn't be impossible to arrange.

Done with his lucky charms, Lester raised the bowl to his lips and loudly slurped down the rest of the milk. He noticed an Xbox under the TV. Intrigued, he turned it on and started to look through it. Dan was the only one with a profile, which only required a button press to sign into. Lester looked through the games Dan had played. At some, Lester respectively nodded his head in respect, but at others, he just shook his head. It looked like Dan was in the middle of playing through the Mass Effect trilogy, a sprawling Sci-Fi RPG that Lester had completed years ago. Dan appeared to have dozens of hours logged into the game based on his game save. With a wicked smile, Lester erased the save file.

Lester turned the TV and Xbox off and dropped the bowl into the sink before heading upstairs to explore the rest of the Williams' home unimpeded.

He passed by the girl’s bedroom. That room would be investigated later. Likely no leverage he could find in there, but perhaps he could learn about the girl’s interests and see if there was some way to exploit that knowledge.

Instead, he found himself in the Williams' home office, thumbing through their filing cabinet.

Lester found a pad and a pencil and took notes on the families' mortgage payments, social security numbers, their debts, car loans, and other pieces of information that he might use in the future. Smiling, he left the filing cabinet with a complete picture of Williams' financial situation and how indebted they were.

Lester hummed a tune to himself as he walked naked through the Williams’ home. In the couple’s bedroom, he took his time going through Dan’s things before wandering into the walk-in closet and thumbing through Sarah’s underwear. He plopped himself down on the bed and wrapped a white pair of Sarah’s panties around his cock as he jerked himself off. He made sure to take several pictures of his hardened cock to send to Sarah later on.

In the bedroom’s ensuite bathroom, Lester found Sarah’s toothbrush and absently brushed his teeth with it while he took a piss. This was a new experience for him, roaming free in a family’s home, degrading it however he pleased. He was reveling in the power he felt. This was a new high he didn’t want to let go of.

A wicked idea entered Lester’s mind. He made his way back downstairs, past the large bay window and into the kitchen. For the next few minutes, he rummaged through drawers until he found what he was looking for.

A spare key to the Williams' home. Grinning, Lester went back upstairs to get dressed. He had an errand to run before Sarah returned home.

***

“Here is where I think a mistake was made on the original designs for this data center. The big thing I’ve noticed is the lack of a water recycling system. You’re going to need to keep all those servers cooled. Presumably, with the current plan, it looks like you’re going to be running off municipal water.” Dan had only had a few minutes to look at the plans laid out on the table in front of him. Sentinel Securities building wasn’t hard to find, but it was a pretty bland, nondescript building in downtown D.C.

Dan wasn’t too familiar with the capital city, but he probably would have missed this building entirely if he hadn’t been looking for it. Still, his mind was elsewhere, thinking about Sarah.

“You’re going to be spending a ton on your water intake, which, from a sustainability perspective, isn’t great. We can add a recycled water tanker here,” Dan pointed at a distinct area of the blueprint on the table. All that water running down Sarah’s body while she is in the shower.

“Which can have the added benefit of cooling the water before we reintroduce it into the building’s ecosystem. There are several other ways we can look at making the entire thing more efficient using best practices that have been developed in the last few years,” Dan said, visually his wife staring at him seductively from their shower, eyes wide with desire.

Dan sat back in his chair, feeling confident about his assessment and explanation. He still didn’t understand what all the secrecy was about or why he had to fly out here to look at blueprints. For that matter, it was strange that they gave him printouts instead of presenting him with them electronically.

Martin, his main point of contact at Sentinel, looked up the table at a man with bushy eyebrows who simply nodded back to him before

standing up and leaving the room. Several other people followed until it was just Martin and Dan alone in the meeting room.

"Dan," Martin stated, "Thanks again for flying out here and looking over this for us. I know we haven't been as upfront with things as you are probably used to, but we appreciate your patience with us."

"It's not a problem," Dan lied, thinking about how his marriage seemed to be taking a serious hit because of this trip. The image of Lester approaching Sarah in the shower in his place. Her arms opening, welcoming him in. "I am curious, though. We could have done all of this over Zoom. I'm happy to be out here, and I'll happily come again, but is it the best use of your resources to fly me out?"

"For this project, it is," Martin said. "You may have noticed on your way in that we have some pretty strict policies around security.

Dan nodded. Just getting into the building he had to pass through two security checkpoints and another to get to the floor he was currently on.

"There are a couple of reasons we needed you here in person," Martin said. "A few of the others here still wanted to assess you." Martin motioned towards where the guy with the bushy eyebrows had been sitting.

"And now that you are here, we can get you cleared with security and assign you a secure laptop to work on," Martin leaned forward and lowered his voice, "We work very closely with a certain three letter government agency. This datacenter project is one of theirs. Thus the extra security measures. I hope you'll understand."

I should have quoted a higher rate. It all made sense now. He was aware that the government had put in new sustainability building requirements with a recent bill. Whatever this data center was for, it would fall under those new provisions once complete.

“Okay,” Dan said, laying his hands flat on the table. “What’s next?”

“Next, I’m going to take you downstairs to get your photo taken and I’ll have a have temporary badge created. We’ve already done an extensive background check to get you cleared as a contractor. I have a secure laptop and phone waiting for you at my desk. Then there’s a meeting for you tomorrow with our IT security specialists to show you how to use the laptop and phone to tunnel in securely here to your workstation.”

“That sounds great,” Dan was still a little taken aback by how serious this client was shaping up to be. “Could I ask a favor? There is a minor issue at home I’d like to take care of. Would it be possible to squeeze in the meeting with the security specialists today so that I can fly back early?”

Martin rubbed his eyes and gave Dan a flat smile, “I’ll see what I can do. Let’s head downstairs and get you your badge.”

Dan followed Martin out of the meeting room and into the labyrinth of hallways beyond.

***

Sarah held her face in her hands as she leaned against the door to her office. Of all the days to be late, it had to be the day when her new boss was in the building. After the meeting Jerry had told her that the board wanted a quick transition, so Richard was in for just a few hours for the rest of the week to get his feet wet before starting full time on Monday.

In her entire tenure at the hospital, she had never felt more embarrassed than she had this morning. She was already starting off on the wrong foot with her new boss. Even if she kicked ass for the remainder of the year, he would be starting off with the assumption that she was regularly late and couldn’t balance her personal life with her professional one.

It felt like her life was spinning out of control. Why, of all days, did she have to be late today?

She should have walked out that door when she had the chance this morning instead of trying to wake Lester up. She still would have been late, but it wouldn't have been as noticeable.

At least the cum that had leaked out of her hadn't stained her skirt. Well, she was fairly certain it hadn't. She hadn't caught anyone staring at her and didn't notice anything in the bathroom mirror earlier. Even though there wasn't a stain, her pussy was still aching from Lester's overzealous fucking.

God, this morning was such a colossal fuck up. It felt amazing at the moment, but Sarah was horrified at her inability to say no to Lester. It was like her body just couldn't resist him. She was a strong, independent, professional woman. Why did she just seem to crumple so easily when it came to Lester?

It wasn't just his cock. There was something else about him that just seemed to strike a nerve inside of her. It was like he pushed all these buttons inside of her she didn't know were there.

Sarah dropped her hands and let out a long breath. She needed to figure a way out of this. She needed to take a break from Lester so she could breathe and clear her head. Otherwise, she was worried that her job might go the same way Dan's had.

Her heels clicked on the tile floor of her office as she walked over to her desk. As much as she hated being the first to reach out and apologize, she needed to vent to Dan. She desperately wanted to hear his reassuring voice telling her everything was going to be okay. Once she heard it, maybe she could start believing that herself and stop herself from spiraling into despair.

Sitting down in her chair, Sarah opened her phone and dialed Dan's number. She shoved the nervousness and dread in the bit of her

stomach down. She was the one that bit his head off yesterday on the phone, he would be happy she was trying to patch things up. Grateful probably, to be done with their argument.

Her heart dropped when the ringing on the other end changed to his voicemail message.

"Dan…" Sarah started, unsure how to say everything she wanted to say in a short voicemail,

"Look, I'm sorry about yesterday. There has been some stuff going on that I really want to talk to you about. Call me back, okay?"

Sarah put the phone down on her desk, her eyes shifting to her monitor. There was a flurry of new emails awaiting her attention but her eyes seemed to glaze over, unable to figure out how to tackle them all. She felt paralyzed by indecision. She wasn't sure how long she just sat there staring at the screen, her eyes unfocused.

Her trance was broken by her cell phone vibrating on her desk. Happy with the distraction, she grabbed it, eager to talk to her husband. But it wasn't Dan calling. Lester had sent her a picture of himself stroking his cock.

Sarah squinted and looked at the picture more closely. That was her room. Lester was jerking off in her room, on her bed. Another picture appeared under the first one. This time a pair of her panties were wrapped around Lester's cock as he appeared to stroke himself.

Sarah could feel her panties getting damp, but she wasn't sure if it was cum from this morning or her body's involuntary response to seeing Lester's cock. Some kind of fucked up Pavlovian reaction.

> Lester, what are you still doing in my house? You should be here at work.

Sarah hit send on the message, angry at herself for leaving Lester alone in her home. Her phone vibrated with another message from Lester.

>I couldn't help myself. I had unfinished business.

Another picture appeared below his message of her panties wrapped around his cock, drenched in his cum.

> Cum back here and help me clean up.

Sarah tried to shake off her arousal and tried to think straight. She ignored the picture and sent her husband's roommate several messages:

> Lester- get out of my house.

> You should be here at the hospital

> It's going to reflect poorly on me, and I don't need that right now Three dots appeared, indicating Lester was typing up a response before disappearing. A new email with a red exclamation mark slid into her inbox. Sarah read the contents of it quickly.

"Shit," she stood up and quickly grabbed her things. There was an urgent issue downstairs she needed to help with, even though she wasn't feeling at all capable at the moment. She rushed across her office, flung open the door, and almost collided with the janitor and his cart on the other side.

"Sorry!" Sarah said as she tried to steady the cart briefly. She looked up at the man apologetically and recognized his worn face. It was Otis, the janitor, who had helped clean up her office—the one who probably cleaned her body's smudges off the window. Sarah winced at the idea. "So sorry, emergency downstairs."

Sarah turned and hurried to the elevator. As the doors closed, she realized it was odd for a janitor to be on the administrative floor at this time of the day. He wasn't deliberately waiting outside her door, was he?

***

Lester finished pulling on his oversized shorts and checked his phone again. The Uber Eats driver was getting close, and he knew from experience that it was better to be clothed for these kinds of encounters.

He made his way down the Williams' stairs and waited anxiously at their front door. He wanted the timing on this to be perfect; otherwise, it might not work. He would have preferred to stay naked for when Sarah arrived home, but his plan demanded he be clothed.

The sacrifices he made for this woman. He was tempted to check his Discord and see what was going on with his group, but the driver had just turned onto Williams Street. Lester opened the door and waited impatiently for the driver to arrive. He didn't care if any of Sarah's neighbors saw him. If they noticed a strange man at the Williams' house, who knows, maybe it would put outside pressure on the couple that could cause them to crack a little more.

The driver finally arrived and handed the bag of food over to Lester. Without waiting, Lester took the food back into the house, closing the door behind him. The app prompted him to add a tip, but Lester giddily declined.

With the bag of food in hand, Lester brought it into the kitchen and started to unpack it. He figured that pasta would be the easiest type of food he could passably appear to have made without catching Sarah's suspicion. He riffled through cupboards, pulling out saucepans, ladles, and other items.

He promptly dropped all of them into the sink, sprayed in some dish soap and let the water fill up. He found one of Sarah's serving dishes and put the take out pasta on it, then grabbed all of the packaging and put it in the Williams' large garbage can in the garage. He made sure to cover it with some other refuse so Sarah wouldn't discover it.

Back inside, Lester laid out plates and cutlery on the dining table. In one of the drawers, he found a lighter and some candles, which he set up and lit on the table. As a finishing touch, he

stuck his fingers in the pasta's tomato sauce and rubbed a couple of splotches onto his shirt and around the stovetop to add evidence of his cooking efforts.

He opened up a bottle of Sarah's favorite red wine that he'd picked up earlier and waited for his prey to return.

***

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as she neared her house. Lester's vehicle was still parked in the driveway. Did he even leave to go to work today? Jerry hadn't said anything to her about Lester, but he just couldn't ghost her colleagues.

After the embarrassing day she'd had, all Sarah wanted to do was take a long hot shower and relax. Maybe find some kind of alcohol in her house to take the edge off a bit and try not to replay that terribly embarrassing meeting from this morning.

But now she had to deal with Lester. It's not that she hated him, in fact she found that lately she was surprised how easy he was to tolerate. That was the issue - she just wanted time alone to herself, to collect her thoughts and recenter herself.

She pulled into her driveway next to Lester's car and glanced around, hoping none of her neighbors would try to talk to her on the short trip from the car to her door. She took a deep breath and

made up her mind. She'd go inside and kick Lester out, kindly, of course. She just wanted to be alone.

Sarah opened the car door and hurried inside. The smell was the first thing she noticed.

Something smelled delicious.

"Oh, hey, perfect timing," Lester stepped out from the kitchen and rubbed his hands on his chest. Red sauce smudged Dan's barbecuing apron that Lester had on, "Dinner is ready. Come take a seat. You look great, by the way." He moved quickly and with purpose, setting her place for her.

Sarah went down the list of things she had to say to Lester in her head. Ways to reason with him to make him go back to his hotel room, but his comments caught her off guard. He disappeared back into the kitchen before she could respond. Did he really think she looked good? She'd felt like a hot mess all day. And what had he done? He'd actually cooked them dinner without burning the house down? She didn't realize that was a skill set he had. The only things she had ever seen him eat came from a restaurant or from a box of some kind.

Part of her felt relief at not having to figure out dinner. She hated cooking just for herself and would have probably opted for a frozen pizza. She couldn't remember the last time someone had made dinner just for her. It would have had to have been at least before Dan moved to

Chicago, but even before that, it was usually one of the unspoken duties she'd always taken care of.

Sarah followed Lester into the kitchen and looked around. The sink was full of soapy dishes but there were splotches of red sauce near her stove that Lester must have missed. He was carrying a serving

tray with a bowl full of pasta over to the dining room table with a set of tongs stuck in it.

She found two glasses of wine that Lester had poured on the counter alongside a bottle of her favorite label.

"You made spaghetti bolognese?" Sarah asked skeptically.

"Yeah," Lester set the tray with the pasta down before turning around and wiping his hands on the apron he still wore. "I figured you might need some energy after last night and this morning. I'm not much of a cook but I looked up the recipe on YouTube and ran out and got the ingredients. I think it's good, but I'll let you be the judge of that."

"I hope it's okay that I did this," Lester walked over with a spoon filled with red tomato sauce,

"I just wanted to do something nice for you."

"After what happened this morning, you still have a lot of work to do to redeem yourself. Do you know what kind of shitty day I had? I was so late because of you and got in shit with my new boss."

Ignoring her comment, Lester held the spoon up in front of her, waiting patiently for her to taste it. Intrigued, Sarah leaned forward and tasted the sauce.

"It's good. You made this?" Sarah asked, her eyebrow raised.

Lester beamed. "I did. You know it wasn't too hard, actually. I really think you bring out the best in me. Come on, let's sit and eat it while it's still hot."

He made his way over to the table and pulled her chair out further for her. Sarah stood still for a second. Maybe she could kick him out after dinner. He did go through all this effort to make something for

her. And it did taste good. The least she could do was eat it with him.

"Okay," Sarah said, walking over and taking a seat. Lester pushed her chair in and sat opposite her. Sarah looked down at her plate and then back up at Lester doubtfully, "You really made this?"

"Yeah. I mean, I made some mistakes since I don't cook all the time, but I just tried to follow along with the recipe and instructions on the video." Lester twirled his fork around the

noodles and put a heaping portion in his mouth. Several strands hung down his chin, which he promptly slurped up.

"I'm still not happy about earlier. I tried waking you up, and it was impossible. YOU were impossible. It was like trying to wake one of my kids. And then you came down naked and, well….you know the rest. I was running late as it was, and you made me so fucking late, Lester.

I've never been so embarrassed in my life." Sarah interjected; the matter wasn't settled for her, and she felt like she was gearing up for a fight similar to the one she had with Dan.

As she prepared her next several lines of arguments to pepper Lester with he said, "You're right. I'm sorry. I didn't know what time it was and when I saw you, how attractive you looked in your professional outfit. I just couldn't help myself. I'm sorry." He cast his eyes down in apology.

Sarah wasn't used to an apology so quickly. It took her off guard. She was still upset, mainly over what happened at work today, but her anger towards Lester softened slightly. She looked down at her plate, at the meal he'd prepared. Prepared for her. The effort he'd put in. She could still be mad but she didn't want to be a total bitch and ruin this rare gift.

Sarah raised an eyebrow, shrugged her shoulders, and tasted Lester's cooking. It wasn't bad.

Sarah made a better dish herself but she was impressed Lester had put dinner together, "So tell me again, why did you make dinner?"

Lester raised his shoulders, "After hearing your dad on the phone today, I realized how hard things must be for you right now, with everything going on here and at work. I just figured I'd try to make it a bit easier for you."

Sarah took in another bite and thought his comment over. It was nice, for a change, to not have to make dinner and to have someone else take care of things. Take care of her. Sarah misjudged her next fork full of pasta, and a long strand hung out of her mouth. Instead of embarrassingly covering her face, she smiled and slurped it up like Lester had.

Lester smiled and they both shared a small chuckle. Lester didn't go into work today, instead he made her dinner. Chosing her over his work.

"So, how was your day at the hospital? Challenging?" Lester asked. Before Sarah knew what she was doing, she'd started talking about her day. Telling him how late she'd been, how her new boss had surprised her, and the work emergencies she'd had to deal with. It felt nice just unloading and talking about the things that stressed her out. The more she talked, the more the weight of the stress she had been carrying around all day seemed to lighten.

As Sarah was nearing the end of her plate she looked up at Lester, "Lester I want you to know I appreciate the dinner. And I appreciate the effort you put into making this for me. It means a lot. Thank you."

Lester nodded.

"After the day I've had," Sarah continued, "I really was hoping just to have a bit of time to myself. I hope you understand. Maybe have a quiet night, take a bath, and turn in early. I hope that's okay."

"Whatever you need," Lester said, standing up and beginning to clear the dishes, "I'm here for you, whatever it is."

Sarah finished her food, and Lester promptly picked up her plate and brought it over to the sink, "I'll just wash these dishes, and then I'll get out of your hair. Why don't you go change out of those work clothes?"

That was a good idea. Sarah hated wearing her hospital clothes around her clean house. She looked at Lester, who had his back to her, as he began scrubbing the dishes in the sink. He seemed like he was growing into a different person. Maybe it was her influence on him, but lately, he had been doing little things that made it seem like he was evolving.

Sarah headed up stairs and changed into a comfy pair of sweatpants and a loose t-shirt. Before heading back downstairs, Sarah checked her phone and noticed that Dan had tried calling earlier in the morning. She wanted to call him back but not while Lester was here. Once he left she would pour herself another glass of wine and hash things out with her husband.

She headed back downstairs with her phone in hand. Lester had just finished washing the dishes and was drying his hands on a towel. Dan's barbecue apron was folded on the countertop. She made a mental note to throw it in the wash.

"Alright, I'm heading out," Lester said, gathering his keys.

"Thanks again for dinner, Lester. It was good. But I'm still not happy that you made me late this morning," Sarah said as Lester walked up and stood right in front of her.

“Hey, it takes two to tango,” Lester chuckled, “I guess we both got a little carried away huh?”

Sarah shrugged her shoulders and gestured towards the door.

“Come on,” Lester said, taking a step in the door’s direction, “It was good. You enjoyed yourself. I know it.”

“Oh yeah? Are you so sure?” Sarah challenged him, “How do you know I wasn’t just faking it.”

Lester stopped and turned towards her, “Because if you were faking it, you would have faked it earlier and made it to work on time.”

Sarah stared daggers at him, “Fair point.”

Lester stepped up to Sarah. She had her arms crossed and didn’t step back, resolved to hold her ground.

“Kiss goodbye for the road?” Lester asked.

Sarah rolled her eyes, “Fine, but a kiss on the lips only. Got it?” She pointed to her mouth.

“Got it,” Lester smirked as his lips slid over hers. He planted a small peck on her lips, and Sarah felt a jolt of electricity run through her body. Then, Lester did what Lester usually did. He dropped his arms to her waist and pulled her body into his, pressing himself against her.

Sarah futilely pushed against his chest but felt her body automatically responding to Lester’s advances. She could feel the growing bulge of his crotch pushing into her again, just like it had this morning. Lester’s hand started firmly massaging her ass cheeks while the other snaked up her back and gently gripped the back of her neck, holding her tight.

His fingers expanded, running up the base of her skull and digging under her hair. Sarah moaned into his mouth. She loved having the hair at the base of her neck played with. She felt her body starting to heat up, responding to Lester's expert manipulations.

Soon, Lester was grinding his crotch against her as his tongue started to press apart her lips.

Sarah had stopped pressing against Lester's flabby chest and just held her hand there, feeling his heart beating through her palm. Her tongue reciprocated and ran against Lester's. Her mouth sucked back on his tongue.

Sarah felt her knees start to weaken as Lester held her tight, pressing his hardening cock against her body. She knew what her body wanted. It was the same thing Lester wanted at the moment. But what did she want?

She felt herself move her hips back and forth, grinding against Lester's cock. God it feels good.

It's right there.

Sarah felt the familiar sensation of getting lost in this. Getting lost in Lester, giving in to the demands of her body and letting everything else slip away. A small, quiet voice inside of her was trying to scream, to tell her that all her issues today were because she gave into this.

But how could something that feels so good, feels this right, be so bad? Sarah's mind tried to make sense of things, but she could feel her body taking over. Clinically, she knew that endorphins were flooding into her brain, making good judgment hazy.

With some strength, Sarah pushed against Lester's chest and broke their kiss. Lester stumbled back and caught himself on the back of the couch. His cock made an impressive tent in his pants.

Sarah stood there staring at it, breathing hard. She alternated between looking at Lester's cock and up into that ugly, beady face of his. Her mind had rebelled for a second but now her body was trying to reassert control. There was a battle raging inside of her, but she knew what the best decision was.

Then Lester shuffled out of his pants, letting them drop to the floor alongside his boxers. His large, girthy cock, with its unkempt public hair, jutted out at her. Sarah couldn't help but look at it admiringly. Look at this thing that gave her immense pleasure and seemed to have become a regular fixture in her life.

But she couldn't fuck Lester again. Her pussy radiated a dull ache and was still so sore from their back-to-back sessions. Also, she had experienced the most humiliating day of her career because she had fucked Lester this morning. Still though…..

"Go sit on the couch," Sarah ordered Lester with a pointed finger.

Lester smirked, "I was thinking we should go back upstairs."

No way. If she did fuck Lester again, she wouldn't be able to walk right for some time. And what would happen after? She would probably fall asleep from exhaustion and repeat this whole process again tomorrow.

"I said get on the couch Lester," Sarah pointed again towards the couch as she walked past Lester. She noted the curtain still hanging askew, only being held up by a few rings, "That wasn't a request. Get over here now."

The only way that Sarah could get what she wanted was to assert herself. Just like she did in the workplace. Even if her body wanted something else, Sarah could control a situation and make the better decision.

Lester looked intrigued at Sarah's attitude change and quickly complied, walking over and sitting down on one side of the leather couch.

"No, move into the middle," Sarah said. Lester had been sitting in Dan's place, and Sarah wanted complete control over what was happening.

"Here's what's going to happen," Sarah said as she grabbed a hair tie off the table and pulled her hair back into a ponytail. "I'm going to thank you properly for that dinner. In fact, I'm still a little hungry and want some dessert," she smirked. "Afterwards, you're going to go back to your hotel and jerk off while thinking about me. Got it?"

"Listen, Sarah, I know what you want, and we both know only I can –" Lester started.

"Stop," Sarah said sternly, "I didn't ask you to speak. Nod your head if you understand."

Lester slowly nodded his head. Sarah smiled mischievously and lowered herself to her knees,

"Good."

Sarah took her hands and ran them over Lester's legs, slowly parting them as she moved in between them. Her manicured nails ran up Lester's bare, pasty white skin. She stared down at his cock and bit her lip before looking back up at Lester.

"You have a beautiful cock, Lester. I couldn't let you leave here without giving me my dessert."

Her fingers traced up his upper thigh until they made contact with the base of his cock. Sarah gripped his meaty pole firmly with both hands and started to stroke it.

Lester sunk into the couch, throwing his head back, and his arms went wide, reveling in what was about to happen. He flexed his cock. She could tell by now when he was making it throb for her.

Sarah could feel how hard it was to stroke Lester's cock with her bare hands. Skin on skin. It needed some lubrication. Eagerly Sarah lowered her head and kissed the head of Lester's cock gently. She planted several gentle, small kisses against it before her tongue slowly added to her kisses. As she french kissed Lester's cock she tasted his precum start to ooze out of his cock slit. The heat and smell from Lester's crotch had an effect on the young mother, enhancing her lust.

"Mhmmm you taste good Lester," Sarah said, twirling her tongue and whipping it gently all around his cockhead, "Are you going to fill my belly up?"

Lester kept his eyes closed and nodded.

"Good boy," Sarah said as she lowered her tongue to the underside of his cockhead, letting it swirl around there before venturing further down his shaft, "Momma's hungry."

Sarah's tongue drew a line down the underside of Lester's cock as her hand held his cock head straight up. As Sarah's tongue reached the base of his cock, she turned her head and licked back up the side of his shaft until her tongue was once again swirling around the head of his cock.

Sarah's left hand gripped his shaft and started stroking it. She added her right hand to it and twisted her wrists in opposite directions as she stroked him, making a similar motion to revving the gas on a motorcycle. Sarah's tongue continued to play with and around the head of his cock until she opened her mouth wide and took the meaty head of Lester's cock into her mouth.

Lester moaned at the sensation.

“Mhmmmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned. She loved sucking cock, especially Lester’s. Her body was getting what she wanted, worshiping this powerful cock and making it cum for her.

Sarah took more of Lester’s cock into her mouth, her hands still stroking his shaft up and down. Lester moved one of his hands to the back of her head, to try and push her down further on his cock. Sarah batted his hand away and took her mouth off of him, “No. This is my time, Lester. I’m doing this how I want to. You just sit there.”

“Just sit here?” Lester opened his beady eyes and looked down at her, his member extending up between them.

“Just sit there and shut the fuck up,” Sarah said. “It’s not you I want right now. I just want your cock. Your big beautiful cock. You just, unfortunately, happen to be attached to it. Be a good boy and sit there and let me prepare my dessert.”

With that, Sarah dived back down and engulfed Lester's cock in her mouth, sucking on it while her hands continued to stroke the exposed shaft up and down. Sarah loved having Lester’s big cock in her mouth. Knowing she was in control of it gave her a similar rush as when she was commanding at work. She felt powerful because she had power over someone else,

“Mhmmhmmhmmmmmm.” His grayed hairs tickled her nose.

Sarah licked down under Lester’s shaft, going further to explore his balls. His thick salt and pepper pubic hair was wild and unkempt. It disgusted her but also gave her a thrill of depravity. Lowering herself and submitting to a cock that was so unlike what she preferred.

Maybe this was what she preferred now.

Her tongue swirled around the patches of his public hair, pressing in firmly to stimulate the sensitive, thin, wrinkly skin of Lester’s balls.

She heard Lester groan from above her, her one hand still stroking his cock up and down. Her face was buried in his balls now, his matted public hair pressing against her cheeks and up into her nostrils. She closed her eyes and reveled in how hard his cock was for her. It shook and throbbed in her grasp.

Sarah's tongue lapped up Lester's balls. She had to pause and pull a string of public hair out of her mouth, but she dove right back in, licking and sucking every inch of his hefty balls. Sarah lowered herself and tried to lick the rough bottom side of his sack, not wanting to let anything go to waste today.

As she started to lick the bottom of his balls, she felt like she was stimulating the cum inside of them to get active. To understand that she was there, to tease them into releasing themselves

for her. She could feel all the workings of his nutsack with her probing tongue. Feeling how alive with activity it was.

Lester's body jolted as Sarah's tongue accidentally swabbed at the area behind his balls. Sarah smiled wickedly, knowing that she could cause such a reaction in him. This time, she did it again on purpose, darting her tongue out to lick the sensitive area slowly, savoring the taste.

Lester groaned, and his body seemed to quake.

Sarah continued to stroke Lester with one hand enthusiastically. With the other, she held his balls up and to the left, giving her better access to the area where she was working. Sarah ran her tongue up and down the area between Lester's thighs. Lester's thighs pushed together, holding her head in place.

Sarah responded by twirling her tongue around in a deliberate motion on his taint. Lester groaned again, and she felt his hand on the back of her head, pushing her face further into his undercarriage. Sarah felt her nose and face pressing deep into the

area near his ass, his massive balls resting against her eyes, and she licked and sucked Lester's taint.

She knew that Lester's asshole was only a few inches away from her, but she wasn't ready to do that. Not yet. That was something she might try with Dan first. The pleasure it elicited from her when Lester did it this morning wasn't forgotten.

Lester continued to hold her head in place, but Sarah needed to catch her breath. She pulled back from his balls and slapped his hand away, "You're supposed to sit still, remember?"

"Sorry, I couldn't help myself," Lester sneered.

"You better get control, or else I'll stop right now," Sarah said.

"You're lying," Lester said.

"I'm not," Sarah slowed her strokes on his cock, "I'm hungry for my dessert, but you aren't the only one I can get it from."

"Oh yeah?" Lester challenged her, "And who do you have in mind? Dan isn't here. It's just me."

Sarah raised an eyebrow and looked at him seductively. Then she pulled her t-shirt off over her head, revealing a sexy purple bra, "Look at me, Lester."

Lester's eyes glazed over as he stared at the rising and falling of Sarah's ample chest.

"I can have any guy I want," Sarah teased flatly, "I can kick you out now and have another guy here within the hour. I'll install Tinder and tell the first guy I match with to come over. Hell, I could probably pull in one of my neighbors off the street to get my dessert. Is that what you want?"

Lester shook his head.

"Then sit back and let me get my cream," Sarah dropped her mouth back to his cock and continued to stroke and suck him.

Lester didn't argue. This new side of Sarah was something else, something that felt wild. He laid his head back and let Dan's wife go to work on his cock, his mouth open in awe at her skill.

They sat there in silence for several minutes. The only sounds filling the room were the wet slurping sounds of Sarah's mouth on Lester's cock.

From somewhere close by, Sarah's phone started to ring.

Lester opened his eyes and looked down at Sarah. She was staring back up at him intently as she sucked his cock feverishly.

"Your phone's ringing," Lester breathed.

Sarah removed her mouth from his cock, both of her hands still slowly, sensually stroking his large shaft.

"I know. I hear it," Sarah didn't make a move to even look and see who it was. She licked him slowly.

"You're not gonna get it?" Lester said playfully.

Sarah shook her head, "I have everything I want right here in my hands. Besides, if I take my hands off this thing and answer that phone, it might break the spell you have over me. And we don't want that, do we?"

"No way," Lester smiled. "It's probably Dan calling. Your husband."

"I have voicemail," Sarah teased.

“God, you are such a good little slut,” Lester moaned as Sarah’s mouth returned to his cock.

She stared up at him and watched that ugly smirk appear on his face. She could see the contempt in his eyes for her husband. The way he said his name. She knew Dan hated Lester and that the feeling was likely mutual. But that possessive look mixed with raw hatred between them just got her off. Especially now since she had been frustrated with Dan, knowing that they were in a fight. Letting someone her husband hates use her at a time like this….

“God, Lester, I want your cum,” Sarah said between breaths. She was licking and sucking and stroking his cock, letting the heated muscle run up and down against her face, feeling his powerful organ all over her. She felt her control slipping. She needed to make him cum soon,

“You’re going to give it to me, right? Fill my mouth up with your hot cum?”

“Fuck yeah,” Lester said, “Maybe we should finish this upstairs. Your window is open here, and any of your neighbors could get a look and see what you’re doing.”

Sarah knew that if she brought Lester upstairs, he would fuck her. And she would love every second of it. She was determined to stay strong and finish him like this and not give in to the feeling that had fucked up her day earlier, “Let them watch. Let them be jealous of you, and they’ll see what a real wife is supposed to be like.”

“God, you’re hot,” Lester grunted, his hips rising off the couch. “I’ve turned you into such a little slut. I love it.”

“That’s what you would think,” Sarah moaned against the side of his cock as she licked and stroked it before moving back up and swirling her tongue over his cockhead, kissing it deeply,

“But you didn’t turn me into anything. I’ve always been a slutty little housewife.”

“Ugh, I, I love it when you talk dirty like this,” Lester grunted, his hips pushing off the couch frantically. Sarah matched his pace, stroke for stroke, as his cockhead kept hitting the back of her throat, “Tell me how dirty you fucking are. Hhh. Tel-Tell Daddy.”

“I’m the dirtiest hot wife you’ve ever met, big boy,” Sarah moaned before diving back onto his cock.

Lester pushed himself up off the couch until he was standing, staring down at her. Sarah never let go of his cock. She stroked him with both hands as she vigorously sucked him off.

“There, that’s better. Now your whole neighborhood can see me. Now they’ll know about the dirty slut wife that lives here. They’ll see the real you.” Lester grunted, pushing his cock forward, fucking Sarah’s mouth. He held the back of her head as he fucked her face, “Is that what you want?”

“MhmmmhmmHMMMMhmmmm,” Sarah moaned excitedly around his cock.

“Dan’s not going to recognize you the next time he sees you. You know that?” Lester sneered down as he powerfully face fucked Sarah. She tried to keep stroking him, to match his pace, but found herself struggling to hold on, let alone keep up with him.

She needed to breathe and pulled her head back. Lester’s grip on the back of her head immediately pulled her back towards him. She turned her face just in time so that his cock pressed against her cheek and her ear. She struggled to catch her breath.

“I’m going to do anything I want with you, you know that, right?” Lester said.

Sarah opened her mouth to speak, but Lester cut her off, "I didn't say speak, just nod your head. Got it?"

Sarah nodded her head and looked up at Lester's ugly face, transfixed on the intensity of his eyes.

"Good," Lester grunted, pulling her mouth back over to his cock and pushing it back into her.

Sarah tried stroking it again, but more and more of it kept disappearing into her mouth. She felt the tip of his cock push down the back of her throat, and she almost gagged on it but somehow pushed past that initial reflex. It hurt, but she couldn't believe how much of Lester's cock she held in her mouth. She lapped at the bottom of it with her tongue, her hands weakly resting on his thighs as Lester fucked her face.

"You're gonna do whatever I want," Lester repeated, "If I invite someone else to watch us, will you do that?"

"Mhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned in agreement as her mouth was full of Lester's cock.

"Good! Good. What if I let someone else join us? Let someone else fuck you," Lester said loudly to the empty room.

"Mhmmhmmmmm," Sarah agreed again. She didn't entirely comprehend what she was agreeing to; she just knew that deep down, she wanted to please Lester and do whatever he wanted. Let him do whatever he wanted to her. Her knees resettled, spreading her thighs further apart.

"Maybe I'll even arrange a gangbang and let a bunch of guys from the internet fuck you raw.

How does that sound?" Lester grunted as he fucked her face. He could feel his balls begin to tingle. Having this power over such a

strong woman felt amazing. There had never been another woman like Sarah Williams in his life.

"Mhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned into his cock. All she could think about was making Lester cum. The dull ache from between her legs was changing, becoming a more welcome and welcoming feeling.

"Fuck yeah," Lester grunted, his hand making a fist with the hair at the base of Sarah's skull as he face fucked her. His balls tingled, and he knew he was about to cum, "I'm gonna fucking cum Sarah. Get ready to take it all."

"Mhmmmmmmhmmmmmmmhmmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned in anticipation.

Just as the first spasms of Lester's cock started, he pulled back hard on her hair and ripped his cock from her mouth. Desperate, Sarah leaned forward, searching for it. Frustrated, she opened her eyes to figure out where it had gone.

The ogrish man stood before her naked, his face red, and his whole body shook. Lester's massive cock was clamped in his brutish fist, the large purple head sticking out angrily. As soon

as she opened her eyes, Lester released his grip, groaning with release. The first rope of Lester's cum blasted her in the face, hitting her in the eye. It strung, and she closed her eyes immediately as another rope of thick, hot cum hit her in the face, this time roping her across the nose and down over her lips.

Sarah stuck out her tongue and licked the cum off her lips as another blast of cum hit her again, directly on the nose.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's hot sticky cum hit her. Painting her face, creating some kind of modern art masterpiece using her body as the canvas.

Lester shuddered and shot a load that hit her in the chin and chest. Sarah's body seemed to twitch as she felt hit after hit of hot cum land on her breasts. Before she knew it, both hands were on her chest, massaging her breasts hard as another rope of Lester's cum landed there.

The hot, sticky substance dappled the naked flesh of her chest, her fingers quickly massaging it into her skin, assimilating it into her pores.

Lester grunted one last time, and another rope of cum dribbled out onto the floor between them. He stumbled back, his body exhausted with effort. He sat down on the edge of the leather couch to rest his breath, watching as Sarah sat there on her knees, her tongue licking her lips as her hands continued to massage his cum into her breasts, spreading it lasciviously.

Sarah's hands slowed at the same time. She was confident that she had licked all the cum off her face that her tongue could reach. She tried to open her eyes but felt the heavy ooze holding them shut. She let go of her breasts and wiped at her face until she could peek open her eyelids. She stood up and walked to the sink in the kitchen and quickly washed her face.

Sarah turned off the water and turned to the living room. Lester was sitting there, looking like a fat frog on a lilypad, slouched over, his gut pressing against his thighs, spent cock hanging down as he watched her. She smiled a knowing smile at him and quickly found her shirt and put it back on. She grabbed his pants and threw them at him.

Lester didn't even lift his hands to catch it, seemingly exhausted.

"Get your pants on, Romeo, time to go," Sarah said.

Lester didn't even utter a response. He just did as she said. He pulled his pants on and followed her over to the door.

“Thanks again for dinner and my dessert,” Sarah said, opening the door. Lester nodded and walked outside. Sarah closed the door behind him and then lay back against it, knowing this was the right decision.

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“Hi, this is Sarah Williams, I can’t take your call at the moment but please –” Dan sighed and hung up his phone. He looked up at the screen next to his gate. His flight should be boarding any minute now. It hadn’t been too hard to persuade Martin and the rest of the team at Sentinel to bend their timeline a bit and allow him to do things back to back today instead of over the course of two days.

Things started to make a bit more sense now that he knew that Sentinel primarily worked for one government agency. He wasn’t exactly sure which one but just the way they acted made him think it must be an arm of one of the law enforcement ones. They seemed obsessed with security, and at the same time, they seemed to grind to a bureaucratic halt over certain things, which aligned with his government experience. It was a good opportunity for Dan, something he thought he could perhaps build on to get other work within the Federal government if getting through the red tape allowed him to.

But he couldn’t shake the feeling that something was wrong. This sense of foreboding was making him anxious to get on his flight and get back to Chicago. He couldn’t place what it was.

His day with Sentinel went fine. Yes, he wanted to connect with Sarah and resolve things, but that wasn’t the case.

He couldn’t quite place what it was that was bugging him. It was just this general unease he felt. Like something dark was circling him waiting for an opportunity.

Her voice had sounded shakey on the message she left for him. The fact that she called at all surprised him. He just wished they could stop playing telephone tag with each other and hash thing out.

To distract himself, he checked his real work email and saw more emails from Walt about Jesse's company. He still hadn't figured out what the hell he was going to do there. When he got back to Chicago, he would get into the office and figure out the best way to attack this….

Sarah's words from yesterday echoed in his head about having chosen work before her, before their family. He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. The effort of balancing everything was starting to get to him. It felt impossible to show up one hundred percent in each area of his life, and he was beginning to question how much he had over-indexed on work lately and how much he was trying to build up his side business.

It made logical sense. He needed to do this for himself and for his family. But Sarah's words kept ringing in his ears.

Dan powered down his phone and tucked it in his pocket. He put Walt, Jesse and everything else work related into a tiny little box in his mind and locked the key. He would open it up soon, but for now, he needed to focus on Sarah and his family.

The flight attendant came on the PA system and started boarding the initial loyalty groups for Dan's flight. He stood up and started for the line that was forming for the have-nots to board.

Things began to coalesce in his mind, and he decided on a plan of action.

When his flight touched down in Chicago, Dan wasn't going back to his apartment. He needed to get back to Middleton and see his family. Nothing else mattered. He'd rent a car or take a train.

Whatever sense of dread was following him around needed to be dealt with and addressed head-on.

After thirty minutes, the flight attendant began boarding Dan’s group. He strode forward with purpose, intent on getting home to his family and setting things right with Sarah.

***

Lester sat behind the wheel of his car not moving. He was still parked in the Williams'

driveway, absorbing everything that had happened that day. He felt marvelous. Complete. His body was tired from all the cum he had just generously dispersed onto Sarah Williams, but in his mind, he felt a serene sense of satisfaction.

He had fully conquered Dan’s wife and couldn’t get enough of her. All he wanted was to have her with him all the time.

Lester lost track of time. He wasn’t sure how long he’d been sitting there. It could have been minutes or hours. He wasn’t sure. All he knew was that he seemed to be enveloped in this euphoria and wanted it to last forever.

Sarah was a completely different species. There were women, and then there was Sarah Williams. He wanted more of her. Needed more of her. Needed her to moan and squirm under him.

One of the windows upstairs in the Williams' home lit up. She was up there. Doing what, he didn’t know. But he wanted to. His prize. His possession was moving around, wearing who knows what, doing something just up there.

Lester felt his cock begin to stir again in his grungy sweatpants. He ran his hands over the steering wheel, not wanting to start his car and drive back to his hotel. Sarah had wanted him to go back there

and jerk off to her. While he had ample material to do so, everything else paled in comparison to the real live thing, which was upstairs right now.

He dropped his hand to his keys to turn on the car's ignition but stopped himself. His fingers danced over his keychain as a wicked smile appeared on his face. He caught a glance of himself in the rearview mirror, his eyes narrowing.

Lester pulled his keys from the ignition and got out of the car. The sun was beginning to set on the Williams' quiet neighborhood, Lester couldn't see a soul in sight. Not that he would have gotten back in his car if he did. An ambulance wailed somewhere off in the distance.

With purpose, Lester strode back up the driveway, his cock growing hard in his pants with each step. He found himself at the Williams' front door, his hands shaking with excitement as he thumbed through his keychain until he found it. The new key he had made earlier. An exact duplicate of the one he had found in the Williams' kitchen drawer.

Lester inserted the key into the lock and turned it. The lock clicked and Lester pushed open the door to the Williams home. He quickly closed the door behind him and locked it. He stood there, still, unmoving for almost a full minute, waiting to be discovered.

The sounds of the shower running upstairs told him all he needed to know. With the biggest shit-eating grin he had ever worn, Lester ascended the stairs and made his way to Dan's bedroom.

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 20: Author Note

Hey friends, here is Chapter 20 of Toxic Attraction. There is a lot happening here and several different threads are starting to weave together as we progress. Lots happening on both Dan and Sarah's job's front with Lester taking full advantage of the situation.

We pick up right after where we left off last chapter. Sarah going to take a shower or bath with Lester had just been kicked out of the house. With Dan on his way home.

I'm almost done editing Detestable Liaisons 4, should be out tomorrow or Friday so keep any eye out for it.

Thank you again to Grandeman for the edits and the Insiders for all of their feedback here. I need to do a word count and see where we are at with this story now that we've cross the mark of 20 chapters.

Side note: I have been feeling bad about the corner Sarah has been put into. Dan, not so much. I've also been out for a couple days so I will catch up on messages and comments here soon!

Without further ado, here we are:

Toxic Attraction Ch. 20

The warm water felt so good on her skin, a rejuvenating comfort. She'd felt dirty, even a little disgusted with herself and what she'd done (and allowed to be done to her) over the past couple of days. She wanted to wash herself off and try to purify her skin of Lester's touch, but right now, she only wanted to lie back in the tub and let the warm bubbly water overtake her body. Her original plan had been a shower, but the tub had just called to her.

The warmth felt so good, enveloping her, caressing every nerve in her body, and making her clean. She planned to sit here all night and get a nice buzz from her wine before bed. The girls weren't here, and she had the whole house to herself. Lester was gone. It was just her alone.

Alone with her thoughts.

Her mind started drifting back to the day at work. Richard's comments. How small she felt. The way it was like she couldn't do anything right lately. No matter how much of herself she'd put into that hospital, she was just a fraud, an imposter. A joke. That's probably what the board thought when she submitted her application for the CEO position. Just a joke of a woman, small and insignificant. How she'd even gotten her current job was probably baffling to them.

Sarah desperately reached out, grasping her wine glass. The alcohol slid down her throat, smooth and red. It would help her zone out and stop thinking like a maniac. Her mind started to wander. She tried desperately not to think about work, and her thoughts settled on what had just happened. Lester enthusiastically fucking her throat in her living room.

God. That had been electric. Just the distraction she needed from the shit day she'd been having. Part of her wished she hadn't been so pragmatic about getting Lester out of the house.

She should have just dragged him upstairs and let him fuck the shit out of her. That's what she needed. Now, she was worked up and frustrated, spinning out of control in the bath.

Sarah took another long sip of her wine. It tasted perfect; it was not too sweet or heavy, but it had a satisfying, full-bodied taste. Sarah closed her eyes and settled into the bath, the bubbles towering over the water. Underneath the surface, her hand gently caressed her

breast before sliding down her stomach until the tips of her fingers found her sensitive clit.

A small moan escaped her lips at the contact. Maybe she didn't need any man to help her get off. Sarah bit her lip as her fingers began to trace light circles over her clit. She needed this now—a release from all that pent-up frustration.

Sarah started playing with herself, letting her hands and hips move together. They knew what they were doing. She kept her eyes shut and let them dance together, explore one another, and feel out the right way to set her off. Her mind went to Dan.

Gentle love-making in their bed. His hands tightly intertwined with hers, his soft lips on her neck. Sweet whispers in her ear. His body pressing down over hers. Pushing her down onto the mattress, her legs open. Her fingers running over his skin, running under the curls of hair on his chest, that sneering smirk on his face as she moaned under him. The way his cock seemed to open her up widely and split her in two. His fat, flabby stomach pressing down onto hers.

The dirty thoughts he'd make come out of her mouth. The way she would scream his name.

LESTER!

She hadn't realized her mind had shifted to the other man in her life until that moment. She had been thinking of Dan, but her subconscious had served up Lester instead. Is that what her body was telling her it needed right now? To think of Lester to get off?

The smarmy way he walked into her office. His surprising strength pinning her up, naked against the window of her office. Breaking her desk. Pinning her to her bed and making her beg to be knocked up.

Part of Sarah was conscious of her fingers now moving over her clit faster. Her other hand had found her slit and was gently teasing the

nerves around her opening. Lester licking her

asshole, swirling his tongue around. Sticking it inside of her. Her body shivered at the thought.

The way Lester licked his lips.

Sarah licked her own lips, repeating the fat man's gesture. She wanted to sink further into the warm bath and get lost in her thoughts. She could feel herself getting close. Working herself up to a small orgasm that would cap off this delightful bath. Her body was getting ready for it, her back arching. Her breath was growing shallow. Sarah worked her fingers, pressing, delving, and caressing her most sensitive areas. The water was only lukewarm, but her body felt like it was on fire. She was so close. So close. Almost there. Almost ready to cum thinking about her husband's roommate.

"Need a hand?"

Sarah's eyes flew open, her splashing hands going to the tub's sides, pulling herself up into a seated position. Her head whipped around to look for the source of that voice.

Lester's troll-like body was standing in her bathroom, disturbing her sanctuary. Sarah's eyes went wide like saucers. Lester was standing here on her tile floor, as naked as the day he was born.

"Lester, what the hell?" Sarah's eyes couldn't help but lock onto his jutting cock. It was already fully rock-hard. Again. So soon after, he had just cum. She raised her eyes to his ugly face where that sneer seemed permanently affixed. "What…how did you get in here?"

"Forgot my phone," Lester said, stepping closer to her, "Your door was unlocked."

Sarah could have sworn that she had locked the door after Lester had left. But she wasn't sure now with Lester before her. When

leaving the house for the day, she'd often run back to the door to double-check that she had locked it. And over the past few days, she felt like she was forgetting and slipping everywhere. Maybe she hadn't locked it. But she remembered backing up against the door. She had sworn she had locked it.

"Okay," Sarah didn't know what to say. Had Lester heard her touching herself? Did he know?

Why didn't he just take his phone and go? She knew the answer but didn't want to form the words. "Did you find your phone? I need to relax here, Lester. I was serious earlier."

"I know," Lester said, taking another step forward. "I didn't want to disturb you, but I couldn't find it downstairs. I thought it might be up here in the bedroom, but it's not there either."

"Lester…" Sarah's voice trailed off as Lester stepped closer to the tub. It was almost a warning, but she wasn't sure if she meant it was for her or him.

"There's just one place I haven't checked," Lester was standing right next to the tub, staring down at her, his erect cock pointing angrily at her. Sarah knew where this was going. What he

talking about. But she couldn't just let it happen. She had worked so hard to get him out the door earlier. Out the door, locked, safe for her.

"Lester…" Sarah started, "You're supposed to be back in your hotel room. You should go."

"I will, I will," Lester grinned, "There's just one last place I need to check."

Lester lowered his hand into the bubbles. Sarah's breath caught in the back of her throat,

“Lester….” His cock now lay on the edge of the tub. She could feel its warmth by her cheek.

“Almost done,” Lester’s hand breached the water below the bubbles. Sarah could feel the water’s rippling surface on her body. “I think it could be in here.”

Sarah closed her eyes and braced herself for what she knew was coming. Even with her eyes shut, she could see Lester’s ugly smirk on his face. Lester’s fingertips brushed her hand above her pussy. She could feel the temperature of the water heating up as heat radiated out from her pussy.

“Hmmm, I think I’m getting warmer,” Lester murmured as his fingers ran over Sarah’s digits.

She wanted to scream out, to tell him off, tell him to fuck her, but her voice stayed trapped in her throat. Earlier, she had been so strong, but now she felt like she was regressing back into the familiar pattern of letting Lester do whatever he wanted –

Lester brushed her fingers aside and replaced his in their place. He rubbed lightly, brushing up against her clit in an irregular circle.

Sarah’s hips lurched off the bottom of the tub, her fingers still gripping the sides. She opened her eyes and saw Lester’s dark eyes staring down at her, his mouth agape like some kind of mutated frog. She couldn’t have been more turned on.

Maybe it was being unsatisfied from earlier, or maybe it was because she had just been working herself up to an orgasm, but his hands felt electric on her, “Lester..” she breathed. Not sure what to say. Maybe she just wanted to say his name. Part of her wanted him to do more and touch her more. Another part of her wanted him to pull back. She wanted to be back in control.

“Yes?” Lester said.

As Sarah opened her mouth to answer, Lester's index finger ran down her slit and pushed inside her entrance. Sarah gripped the tub harder and sucked in another breath. She closed her eyes and threw her head back, feeling Lester's fat finger enter her. Her fingers had been good, she would have gotten off. But feeling someone else touch her down there always pushed her closer to the edge. Lester's large pointer finger stretched her open in the way he knew she loved.

Lester smiled and pulled his finger back out until just the tip remained inside before pushing it back in as far as he could. When he withdrew it again he made sure to curl his finger and rub it against her G-Spot on its way out.

"Lester," Sarah whined as her body betrayed her or gave in to what she really wanted. Sarah wasn't sure what that was anymore, "You should really -"

Lester pulled his finger back and pushed two fingers back into her. Sarah gripped the edges of the bathtub harder. "Ah fuck," Sarah groaned as her hips writhed around Lester's fingers.

Sarah rested her head against the bathtub and just let Lester finger fuck her, all resistance dying on her lips. She needed this, maybe just for a little while. Lester continued to grin down at her, looking elated that her body was responding to him. He was like a musician playing an instrument, making sweet, sweet music. His other hand snaked around behind her neck and lifted her face to his. Her mouth opened, accepting Lester's large tongue. His finger and his tongue moved together, probing into her mouth and pussy with the same movements.

"Touch yourself," Lester growled, breaking the kiss, "Touch your breasts and tweak your nipples."

It was a great suggestion. Sarah let go of the edge of the bathtub. Her body shifted down a bit until her feet touched the other end of

the bath, her chin touched the water, and bubbles surrounded her face. Her hands ran over her breasts, caressing them. Making love to them, each nipple slid between her fingertips as she applied delicate pressure. Sarah arched her back, feeling crazy. She couldn't help herself.

Lester slid another of his fat fingers inside of her.

"Ohmyfuck," Sarah groaned. Her legs spread further apart as the ogre worked the beautiful wife.

Sarah withered in the tub, snaking one hand down to tease her clit. For what felt like several minutes, they both played with her body. She could feel herself speeding towards an orgasm of epic proportions.

"Fuck Lester," She moaned. She could hear his labored breathing. Lester had broken her bath and her sanctuary, and she loved every minute of it. "Don't stop. So close. So fucking close, fuckk, don't stop."

Lester immediately slid his fingers out of her, eliciting a disappointed groan from Sarah. Her eyes flung open, "Wha-why?"

A shadow moved over, and she felt something press against the sides of her legs. Lester was standing above her in the tub. He sank to his knees, his mass causing the water level to rise.

Sarah had to adjust herself, sitting up as water rose up to her nose. She heard splashing on the tile floor outside the tub.

With an intense look on his face, he roughly grabbed her hips and rolled her body to the side.

Sarah let go of her breast and clit and braced herself as Lester turned her body another time until she was on her knees in the tub.

There wasn’t anywhere to brace herself, nothing to hold onto, but she had to find something.

She gripped the tub's edge, her hands soapy, as more water spilled out onto the floor. Lester lined himself up with her pussy, and before she could voice anything, she felt him begin to push inside of her.

“Lester,” Sarah hissed as he pushed his immense pole inside of her body. The fat man only grunted in response behind her. His cock continued to burrow its way into her. How had she ever felt full and satisfied with his three fingers? She held on for dear life as he continued to push more of his meaty cockhead deeper into her.

Lester bottomed out, his entire length stretching out the young mother. He held himself still inside of her for several seconds. Sarah wiggled her ass back onto his cock. Lester pulled out to his cock head and slammed his entire length back inside of her, “Ugh.”

Then he did it again. And again. And again. Sarah’s soapy hands desperately tried to hold on to the tub. Water sloshed out of the tub around her. Part of her brain screamed about the water on the tile, the need to clean it, to keep the floor dry. Water damage and mold, but her body was in control, and it didn’t fucking care.

The only words that escaped her lips were, “Uh, mhmmm, ahh, gaadd, mhmmmm, fucckk.”

“That’s it, Sarah,” Lester said, “Let it go.”

Lester slowed his pace, but Sarah kept thrusting her body back on his cock. She had been close before. So close. And she wouldn’t be denied again. She needed this. He was always so goddamn huge.

“Fuck my cock, Sarah,” Lester said. She could hear the sneer even though she couldn’t see it.

“Fuck yourself on it. Cum all over my cock.”

Sarah's forehead touched the cold rim of the tub, her breasts dragging back and forth against it. Lester's words started to push her over the edge. Everything that had been building seemed to bubble up to the surface where it breached inside of her.

"Oh FUCK," Sarah screamed, her words seemingly echoing back to her from the walls of her bathroom, "LLLEEEEESSSSTTTERR."

"Mhm I love when you scream my name," Lester said as he picked up his pace back up, slamming his cock all the way into her. He didn't stop. He wasn't stopping. His fat hands gripped her slender hips as he started to fuck her with complete abandon.

She gripped his cock with her pussy, savoring every inch of it. Her orgasm was still rolling through her body but it seemed like Lester was intent on giving her another. At least one more at this rate.

"Cum again for me," Lester bellowed into the empty room, "Moan my name again."

"LLLEEESSSTER," Sarah moaned, her lip touching the tub as bubbles flowed past her onto the floor. She could do that. She could multitask. Her pussy continued to grab onto him, trying to hold on as he pounded her. As her orgasm receded, another began to rise up in its place,

"Ohhhmhmmmmyyyyylessster."

Each thrust was followed by the sounds of water splattering onto the floor, her bathmat was probably soaked by this point. He continued to fuck her as she held on for dear life.

"Ah, uh, mhmm, uhhh," Sarah moaned as her body was rocked forward and back, forward and back. Her hands slipped off the edge of the tub and just desperately reached out, clinging to it again. "Lester. Lester. Lester don't stop. Oh my god Lester. Your cock, your giant fucking cock!"

The nerves in her body exploded in to a million beautiful directions. Her entire body tingled, going taut all at once. She dug her heels into the bottom of the tub, her fingers desperately gripping at its edge. Water splashed by her face.

"That's it," Lester smiled, "Cum for Daddy."

"Ughhhhhhhhhdaddddddyy," Sarah moaned, reveling in her orgasm as it washed over her body.

Lester held himself still, catching his breath. It was hot in here. The water was hot, the fucking was making him sweat. He never had sex in a sauna, but he bet it would feel like this. He was breathing hard, feeling short of breath. Sarah's ass was slamming back against him. He just knelt there, enjoying the feeling of her pussy firmly gripping his cock, clenching him, milking him. He felt lightheaded as if he might pass out. There was a real chance that Sarah might fuck him into exhaustion.

She was slamming back into him so hard he was having trouble keeping his upright position.

His knees kept sliding back, and he was worried he might topple over. Water sloshed around him, and most of the bubbles had run out onto the flood, though some stuck to Sarah's back and his chest. He looked down at her ass, covered in bubbles as it pushed back against his fat body.

"You and Dan ever have sex in the tub?" Lester smacked her ass hard, leaving an angry red impression on his hand.

"No," Sarah breathed, "Never." She pushed back against him and held herself there, rotating her hips.

"Mhmmmm that's what I like to hear," Lester laughed, "I've fucked you in almost every area of this house. His office is next."

"Ugh, do it, Lester. You can have me wherever you want. I'm yours." Sarah moaned.

"I know," Lester said, running a hand over her body. His fingers danced along her back, sliding down her ass cheeks. He grabbed a handful before his thumb ran down her ass crack and started stroking it up and down, sliding over her puckered anus. Sarah's body quivered but she kept thrusting back onto him.

"Yeah, baby, keep doing that. Keep pushing on my cock," Lester grunted.

"Uhhhh, Lesssterr," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's thumb twirl around her asshole. She couldn't stop herself from pushing back. She needed to keep feeling him inside of her. Her breath caught in her throat. On a thrust back, she felt him push his thumb forward, and the tip of his thumb stimulated the nerves directly inside her asshole.

"Ohfuck," Sarah grunted. Feeling his tongue inside of her yesterday had lit a fire in her. But now his cock was already in her pussy, and she was feeling this. Feeling new nerves that she hadn't known existed being stimulated at the same time as her pussy. It was shocking, sexually electric.

Lester pushed his thumb forward again as Sarah thrust back. More of his finger entered her.

Lester pushed again, and Sarah groaned as what felt like Lester's entire thumb moved inside her ass. Her body quaked as he started to play with her, moving it deeper inside of her and side to side as she thrust back onto him.

Sarah pushed her body back harder, dropping her head, water splashing up to her face as she withered back and forth onto his cock and thumb. It felt so good. Never knew it could be like this. Feel this exhilarating. While her mind still processed what was

happening, her body was already responding, quickly taking advantage of these new sensations to climb the peak towards yet another incredible orgasm.

The young mother wiggled about in front of him, responding to his thumb's thrusting movements. Lester grinned at how far he was making this proud mother fall into depravity before him. He wondered if there was any limit to what she would do for him. Not that he cared. Either way, he would find that limit and push her past it.

"When our child asks where they were conceived, we can tell them the bathtub," Lester grinned. He knew she was working herself up and would be cumming for him again soon. His dirty talk would push her over the edge.

"You can tell them that Daddy knocked you up while you were a slut with a thumb in your ass, loving every fucking second of it." Lester sneered.

"You like it, Sarah? Like my thumb in your ass?" Lester asked, wiggling the finger inside of the quaking woman.

"Ugh fuck, shut up," Sarah said.

"Say it. Tell me you like it," Lester barked.

"Mhmmm I do. I do. I do," Sarah whispered, "Feels good."

"Dan, ever do this?" Lester asked, again shaking the digit he held inside her.

"No," Sarah breathed, "Never."

"How about his tongue," Lester stifled a laugh, "Has he ever swirled his tongue inside your ass like I did?"

“No,” Sarah managed to say between the moans.

“So I’ve fucked you all over your house, cum in you multiple times, and given you new pleasure your husband never has,” Lester sneered, “It sounds like you’re my woman now.”

“Uhghhhmmmmmmhmmm, ah, muh, ah, uh, uh, uh, mhmhmmm,” Sarah could only moan in response.

Lester wiped the sweat from his forehead. His lower back was getting tight. He wasn’t sure how much longer he could keep this up. His breath was getting ragged. Steam had covered the mirror, making it look like it was sweating.

“You’re mine, Sarah. All fucking mine. Dan doesn’t get the right to fuck you anymore, got it?”

Lester said.

Sarah felt delirious. She couldn’t think straight. She would agree to anything right now to keep feeling this way, “Whatever you want, Lester. I’m yours, just. Don’t. Stop. Fucking me.”

“Aye-aye,” Lester grinned, “Not until I’m sure you’re knocked up.”

“Ugh, do it, you bastard,” Sarah grunted, throwing herself back hard on his cock and thumb.

Another inevitable orgasm was right there. So close. So fucking close. “Make me your bitch.”

“Fuck,” Lester said, surprised, “You’re so dirty. Uh, what if I never got that surgery? Would you still let me fuck you raw like this?”

“Yes. Fuck,” Sarah moaned, “I’d still let you cum in me.”

“No condoms?” Lester asked.

“Never. Not again, you’re too… I, I feel” Sarah trailed off.

“I’m going to cum in you tonight, raw, and flood your pussy with my cum. Over and over until your stomach swells with my child, or, oh fuck, with my children,” Lester grunted, his one knee slipping. He caught himself with his other hand. Panic flashed in his face about hitting his head on the side of the tub while his thumb was stuck in Sarah’s ass.

“Ohhmhmmmmm do it Lester,” Sarah moaned. She curled her toes and gripped the side of the tub as her body started to tense up. The orgasm built inside of her like a tidal wave. She held her breath as it slammed down on her, washing over her, washing away everything.

Swallowing her up completely. Sarah gritted her teeth and fucked herself through it, not daring to breathe, not wanting to do anything that could take away this feeling,

“Mhmmmhmmhmmh, ahh, muhhhh, uhhhhhh, ah, shiiiiit.”

Lester felt Sarah’s pussy clamp down on his cock. Her ass seemed to clench around his thumb.

He held on as best he could as she rode his cock through her orgasm. He needed to get out of the bathroom, or he was going to pass out.

Instead of thrusting into her while she was cumming, he remained still. She was holding her breath, and her body was still tense. Eventually, the muscles in her back relaxed, and he heard her let out a long, hoarse breath. He stayed connected to her as her body seemed to slump forward. When he pulled his thumb out of her asshole, Sarah’s body jerked.

Lester slid his cock out of her next, and Sarah moaned in disappointment, clearly wanting more. But Lester felt like he was possibly going to die. The heat was too much. He tried standing up,

but his legs protested. His back felt locked up. He pushed on the side of the tub and eventually rolled himself out onto the tiled bathroom floor like some kind of beached whale.

Sarah's body slithered back into the tub, not having anything else to tether her to her position.

Lester bent over, his stomach pushing on his thighs as he tried in vain to pull Sarah up and out of the tub. Thankfully, she got the hint and groggily got to her feet.

She stepped out of the tub with a splattering sound. Water covered the bathroom floor, running out towards the bedroom. There wasn't any time to freak out as Lester dragged her

by her wrist to the bedroom, their feet sloshing with each step. Lester's long cock hung hard between his legs, bouncing up with each labored step.

He led her over to the bed. Their wet feet marked the carpet, slapping wetly as they made their way. Sarah still felt dazed from her orgasms. The heat of the bathroom and the headiness of her wine made her see the room start spinning. Her bed felt like a perfect respite.

Sarah crawled onto the bed, and Lester followed, his gaze tracing up her perfect legs to her tight ass and muscular back as Sarah laid down on her stomach, "Fuck me like this," she said.

Sarah pushed her shapely ass up into the air, and Lester sucked in a breath, "My pussy. I want to feel you on top of me."

Lester needed a breather. He wanted Sarah to ride him, but the sight of her ass sticking up like that was impossible to pass up. He climbed up on top of her, his cock sliding against the back of her thighs.

A combination of water and sweat dripped off their bodies, soaking the sheets.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned, wiggling her hips back, searching for his cock. Lester settled his stomach on top of the top of her ass as the weight of his body started to crush her. Sarah couldn't move. She felt fully engulfed by his nasty, overweight body and loved the sensation of his weight. Feeling like there was no way out from under him. From under his influence. Lester braced his arm against her shoulder blades, holding her in place, and thrust forward.

His cock glanced off the bottom of her ass cheek, missing its target. Sarah had her hands under her, already playing with her clit. His cock shed considerable heat, resting in the crack of her ass. She gingerly reached back and found the tip of his cock and deliberately guided it home towards her soaking wet entrance.

With a grunt and a plunge forward, Lester was mostly inside Sarah Williams again.

***

It didn't matter how tired he felt. Dan was determined to get back to Middleton tonight. Walt, Jesse, Lester, and all of his other problems would still be waiting for him in Chicago. Tonight, he needed to get back home to one of the only things in his life that still mattered.

It seemed stupid now to fixate so much on work. But he did it for his family. He did it to take care of them, but what was the point if he ended up pushing away those he cared about?

Sarah was rightfully pissed at him for not communicating with her and for heading out to Washington without talking it through with her first.

Things were just happening so fast, and Dan was reacting to them. That was the problem. He was just letting life happen to him instead

of being proactive. He was slowly making the changes he needed to. Momentum was slowly building, but Dan could feel its push at his back, propelling him forward. He just needed a little more time. If only Sarah could understand that.

Understand his sacrifices, if she could just see the long-term plan….

Dan shook his head, and his right hand fumbled around in the center console of the car looking for the small bottle of Five Hour Energy. Keeping one eye on the road, Dan brought the bottle to his lips and tried to pour the remaining liquid into his mouth. There wasn't any left to be had.

He tossed the bottle back into the center console and blinked his eyes, trying to keep them open. Dan needed to quiet the voice in his head that blamed Sarah. It was so satisfying to blame her, but in reality, she was holding down a lot of responsibility at home and that wasn't easy.

He decided to go back through his plan one last time. Get home and give his wife a real apology. Dan took his eyes off the road for a moment to glance at the bouquet of tulips he'd placed in the front passenger seat. Give her the flowers and try to repair things before figuring out what his next move…what their next move would be.

Dan closed his eyes for several seconds before struggling to open them. It was late and he felt depleted, like he was running on fumes. He changed the radio station and turned up the volume, trying to find anything to keep him awake. Something to distract him from the monotony of the road at this lonely hour.

As he focused on keeping his eyes open and on the road in front of him, his mind began to wander. The same way it did before he would fall asleep at night. His subconscious bringing ideas and thoughts to the forefront of his mind. Like Lester bending Sarah over the couch in his apartment and having his way with her. The way that she knelt in front of him that first time, talking dirty to him.

Watching them together through the peephole as his gamer buddies were in the next room. Her lips forming an O as she-Dan pushed the button to roll down the rented car's windows. The wind hit his face but drowned out the radio's music. He turned the volume up higher. He didn't know what the song was, and he didn't care. He just didn't want to drift off to sleep thinking about Lester and Sarah together. He should probably park somewhere for the night and get a hotel room.

But he was so close to home. So close to his own bed.

Thankfully, a few minutes later, Dan saw the familiar 'Welcome to Middleton' sign. The sight seemed to energize him and help him shake off the lure of sleep that had been plaguing him.

He navigated his way into town, driving through the familiar streets until he found himself stopping on the side of the road, up the street from his own home.

He checked the time on the car's dashboard. It was late, and an SUV was parked in his driveway. It didn't take him long to recognize whose vehicle it was. Lester.

Dan gripped the steering wheel tightly, thinking through all the possible scenarios that would necessitate Lester being at his home. He thought of that fucker being in his house with his girls there. What the fuck was Sarah thinking? This… thing had gotten too far out of hand. How the hell had this happened?

Maybe Sarah had been right. He had been so focused on work and straightening things out that he hadn't noticed the weeds growing in his backyard. He had tried to put his blinders on, to try and go cold turkey from watching his fantasy play out in front of him, but he had forgotten that it just didn't stop when he closed his eyes or turned them away. Sarah was still intertwined in the shit he'd let happen, and it looked like Lester was all too eager to exploit that for all he could.

Dan found himself marching across his lawn, tightly gripping the bouquet of flowers in one hand. He had to see what was on the other side of his front door. He felt his cock swelling in his pants, eager for the same thing. He didn't know how he was going to react to what he saw.

The only thing he knew was that he needed to see it.

Dan quietly unlocked his front door and stepped inside. The lights on the main floor were off and the house was quiet. He just stood there, not moving, assessing his surroundings until he heard the familiar sound of Sarah's soft moans emanating from upstairs. He didn't even bother to take off his shoes as he quietly scaled the carpeted stairs and stepped into the upstairs hallway. He took a quick look into his daughters' room.

Not home. Good.

He passed by his office. The door was ajar, and the chair was turned around and looked a few inches too low, which was weird.

With each step he took, his wife's moans grew louder and louder. It wasn't until he was standing at the threshold of his bedroom that he realized he was still holding onto the tulips.

He gripped them tighter as he heard the slapping sounds accompanying Sarah's moans.

He stood there, out of sight, paralyzed by the carnal reality of what was happening just beyond his sight. His cock was rock hard, tenting in his pants. Maybe she was just pleasuring herself, maybe the SUV in the driveway had some other explanation…."Mhmmhmmmfuuucckkk Lester," his wife's low voice shook him to his core.

There was no denying what was happening right then in his bedroom, on his marital bed. He had forbidden Lester from returning

to his home, but Sarah seemed to have broken that rule.

The sounds of a man grunting rang in his ears. Dan had to see what was happening but felt that same familiar sense of paralysis that seemed to plague him. He tried to focus on his breathing and slow down his heartbeat.

"Lester," Sarah whined from the other side of the ajar door, "Don't fucking stop."

Through labored breaths, Lester said, "I'm not stopping until I make your belly swell. Until you're knocked up. Give you that boy like Dan never could."

Dan felt pain in his heart at Lester's words. The admission of not being able to have a boy like they had hoped for. His failure to deliver in that regard. He'd thought that was private, and it stung that Lester knew about it.

"Do it, Lester," Sarah seemed to moan in excitement, "Put that baby boy in me. Fuck me till I'm pregnant!"

What the fuck

Where was this coming from? What the fuck was Dan walking in on? How far had Sarah fallen in with Lester? What did he miss in trying to go cold turkey? Dan felt like his world was spinning, but he finally managed to shuffle his feet and push open the door.

The first thing he saw was Lester's disgusting body. Pale skin matted by thick hair, loose fat skin flailing and shaking as his hips pounded away. His body glistened with sweat as his vicious gaze focused down on Sarah's prone body, face down below him.

His wife's tanned, toned body was laying on the bed, her ass pushing up off the bed to meet Lester's thrust. Her head was turned to the side, away from the door, one arm outstretched, gripping the

bed sheets, the other wedged beneath her, likely playing with her clit,

"Mhmmmmgod LLLLLeeesstter, I can't wait for you to fill me." Dan could tell his wife was well on her way to cumming on his roommate's cock.

Dan realized his hand was gently stroking his own hardened cock through his pants, staring at the wanton scene playing out in front of him. This isn't how he pictured coming home. The apology, the reconnection. It appeared Lester had already beaten him to reconnecting with Sarah. The round man pushed forward furiously, driving the ecstatic wife into her own mattress.

Dan felt that familiar sense of just wanting to watch, to let things happen, even though his chest was burning from rage. He backed up until his shoulder blades pressed against the wall,

not able to break his eyes from the lewd coupling in front of him. The bouquet shook in his hand.

Lester's head turned, catching a glimpse of Dan back home for the first time. His expression looked shocked but quickly changed to a sneer. His roommate had no intention of disconnecting from Dan's wife. The fat man stared at him, his mouth open, breathing heavily, as he slowly pushed himself into her open pussy. It was clear that he took Dan's silence as consent, consent to dominate and humiliate him. Lester placed his hand on Sarah's lower back, pushing her into the bed as he started thrusting harder.

"What would you tell Dan if he was here?" Lester said through gritted teeth, "Watching what a slut you are, begging for me to breed you?"

"Ughhhhhhh," Sarah moaned into the bed sheets, "I'd tell him I'm sorry. I can't help it. I just need to feel you inside me. Feel your cum."

“What about the baby?” Lester sneered, “Do you think he’d be okay with you carrying my seed?”

“No…no he wouldn’t,” Sarah breathed hard as her ass slammed back against Lester’s crotch.

“What would you tell him? Say it like he’s here in the room,” Lester said. “Like he brought you flowers and found us here. Like this!” Lester pounded her furiously, awaiting her answer.

“Dan,” Sarah gasped, starting her roleplay “I, I want Lester to knock me up. I need him to put ah baby…mhmmm in me. To fuck me, fuck me pregnant. Give me that baby boy you never could.” Lester felt her pussy lips gripping him tightly. He knew she would cum again shortly.

Sarah started thrusting back harder against Lester, her body reacting to her words or her admission. Dan wasn’t sure what was true and what wasn’t. His world felt like it was spinning out of control. He was stroking himself through his pants with abandon. He half remembered the tulips he still held in his other hand.

Lester looked at him with an ugly smile, ecstatic to be taking such liberties with Sarah and doing it right in front of him. Dan felt himself slipping back into that familiar trance of just wanting to watch Sarah behave badly. The flowers tumbled out of his hand - he heard a soft thud as they hit the floor. His vision seemed to narrow, focusing solely on her as she writhed and bounced. His mouth was dry, and the walls felt like they were closing in.

Rage still swelled in his chest, his arousal doing whatever it could to smother it, trying to keep it from bursting out. Dan’s hand absently continued to stroke himself through his pants aimlessly, but his other hand was balled into a fist. His nails dug into the palm of his hand, the only outward expression of his rage.

Lester turned his attention back to Sarah, confident that Dan was marginalized to being the cuck on the wall, nothing more. No obstacle, just nothing. He would have to stand there and watch his wife being defiled and bred.

Dan focused on the pain in his palm. He clenched his fist tighter, concentrating on the pain, letting it overtake his senses to try to drown out the arousal threatening to put it out.

"Pineapple," Dan finally managed to whisper. Neither Lester nor Sarah heard him. His mouth was as dry as a desert, and it took some real effort to utter that one word. He wasn't sure he would be able to do it again. Dan licked his lips and focused on the pain in his hand, thinking about all the shit he was in right now, how he needed to handle it in order to move forward, and how he planned to take control of everything and get through this sea of crap.

Dan closed his eyes and relaxed his hand. It felt warm like his nails had drawn blood from his palm. His other hand slowed its strokes over his pants. Dan opened his eyes and focused on the coupling in front of him. Sarah's soft mews and Lester's labored breathing. His hands were now both at his sides, both curled into fists.

The sight shook him to his core, and he felt his cock twitch, but he held onto the rage in his chest. Let it spread.

"Pineapple," He said loudly, causing Sarah to whip her head around. Her eyes opened like saucers, finally registering his presence in the room.

"Dan!" Sarah grunted, "When did you? What? This isn't.."

Lester palmed Sarah's head and pushed her down into the mattress, the sheets obscuring her face.

"Don't worry, Sarah," Lester chuckled, "Dan wants to watch. He loves it. Craves it. Let him watch as I knock you up." His ass rose into the

air, poised to thrust into the waiting woman.

Lester's words made Dan sway on his heels. They made him want to slink back into the hallway and not bother the two of them. "Mhmmmhmmmmm," Sarah moaned. The words made him just want to watch, but instead, he stepped forward, willing himself to move with every fiber of his being.

"Get the fuck off her, Lester," Dan said, clenching his fists again. His right palm was sore, but he pushed through the pain, "Now."

Sarah stopped moving, she tried to lift her head to look at Dan, but Lester held her down firmly.

"Don't worry, Sarah," Lester said, picking up the enthusiastic pace of his thrusts. Dan could hear Sarah involuntarily moan at the action, even as she still tried to raise her head, "That's not what he really wants. He wants to watch me breed you."

Fuck this. Dan let the anger out.

All the rage he had been suppressing for months bubbled to the surface, and it felt like an inferno had erupted in his chest. Dan quickly marched the distance to the bed and grabbed Lester by his throat. Lester's eyes went wide, surprised and terrified by Dan's actions. He released his grip on Sarah's head, both his hands closing by instinct around Dan's wrists.

"I said," Dan sneered and put pressure on Lester's throat as he pushed him backward, "Get.

The. Fuck. OFF!" The blood from Dan's palm made his grip warm and slippery in the folds of Lester's neck.

Dan pushed Lester by his throat, and Lester quickly complied, stumbling off the bed and out of Sarah. Dan didn't lighten his grip as he shoved Lester against the wall. He felt the urge to increase his

grip on Lester's throat and crush his windpipe. A trickle of blood ran down Lester's chest, dripping from underneath Dan's hand.

Anger swelled in him, and Dan wanted nothing more than to beat Lester senseless. Dan let go of his throat and balled his right hand into a fist, pulling it back, readying to strike Lester between his beady little eyes.

"Dan! No!" Sarah said from somewhere behind him. She sounded scared, but it barely registered with Dan. Lester winced, bracing for the hit to come. Dan was about to knock Lester's lights out but suddenly pulled back. Part of him was screaming not to. If Dan hit Lester, what could Lester do with that? What kind of story could he spin? He would clearly look like the aggressor to the police in this situation. Did Dan really want them to investigate this situation?

Instead of punching him in his fat, stupid nose, Dan grabbed Lester by the nape of his neck and pushed him out of the bedroom with his bloody hand. Lester tripped over his own feet, stumbling down the hallway. When they reached the top of the stairs, Dan kicked Lester in the ass, not hard enough for him to go tumbling down but hard enough to deliver a message, 'Go'.

Lester shakily descended the stairs. Dan didn't give him an inch of breathing room, and he stomped down behind him. When Lester reached the front door, Dan threw Lester's clothes at him. He'd picked them up off the floor on the way out of the bedroom.

"Jesus," Lester snarled, "Give me a second to get dressed."

"No," Dan said, "You're leaving. Now!" Dan threw open the door and pushed Lester through the threshold. "Go."

"Your neighbors might see," Lester threw back with venom, his sneering now tinged with fear.

Dan squared his shoulders and marched after Lester, who quickly retreated down the driveway. His pale skin looked even more pathetic in the moonlight as he hunched over, holding his clothes to cover his flabby nudity.

"I don't give a shit, Lester," Dan said as Lester fumbled with his keys and unlocked his SUV. Dan pulled open the driver's side door much harder than was needed until Lester climbed in, still naked and clutching his clothes. "Get the fuck out of my driveway. Now. Before I really beat the shit out of you."

Anger flashed behind Lester's eyes at having been humiliated and paraded outside down the driveway naked. The engine started, and Lester floored it out of the driveway and peeled it off down the street.

Dan marched back into his house and flung the door closed behind him, not bothering to lock it or check if it stayed shut. His anger swelled in his chest, and Kicking Lester out hadn't made it subside.

Sarah was standing at the top of the stairs waiting for him, their bedsheet held firmly in front of her, "Dan, we need to talk about this. I don't know what's happening–ugh, I didn't want him here. He found a key."

Dan didn't hear the rest of what Sarah said. He quickly climbed up the stairs, grabbed her by the wrist, and pulled her back to the bedroom. In his determination, Dan trampled the tulips on the floor.

"Dan, wait," Sarah said, but all he could think about, all the rage inside of him, wanted was to reclaim what was his. Dan led Sarah back to the bed and quickly yanked off his pants and boxers.

"Dan…." Sarah was surprised and turned on by how aggressive her husband was. The way he manhandled Lester and threw him out. The fire in his eyes as he laid her down on the bed and crawled on

top of her. She lay on the bed and immediately her legs opened for her husband.

"Uhhhhh," Sarah moaned as Dan roughly pushed his cock inside of her. He had thrown Lester off too soon for her to have cum again. Her body craved that third orgasm and didn't care who was going to deliver it to her.

Dan's face looked more intense than she could ever remember. He felt so good inside of her.

She was a mess of emotions. Shame. Lust. Arousal. Guilt. Longing. Loneliness. Frustration.

Arousal. Anger. Excitement. She didn't know which way was up, but she tightened her pussy's grip on her husband's cock, holding onto him and the feeling he was giving her. Dan made a growling noise at the back of his throat as he slammed into his wife.

"God, Dan," Sarah moaned, running her hands up Dan's biceps, feeling his tight muscles. Dan didn't respond. He just stared down at her face as he continued to rapidly fuck her.

That look in his eyes. She couldn't explain how intense they were. Something beyond possessive and lust. Maybe anger and an intense desire for her. Her body kept squeezing his cock as she stared back at him. She couldn't help it. Her body was responding so quickly to her husband, "Don't stop, Dan. I'm right there. So close."

Dan just gritted his teeth and pressed on, powerfully thrusting into Sarah at his own pace.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck," Sarah's legs shot out straight as she came on her husband's cock. Dan grunted and released himself inside Sarah, his hot cum shooting intensely inside of her.

Dan collapsed onto his wife and they lay there entwined for a few minutes, both breathing hard, their bodies covered in sweat. Sarah planted soft kisses on his cheek. Her body felt exhausted, and the pull of sleep became overwhelming.

Dan rolled off his wife and sat up in the bed, looking down at her. She reached a hand out to caress him, but he was already walking out of the room. He turned off the lights and shut the door behind him before grabbing a pillow and pillowcase out of the hallway linen closet.

He couldn't sleep in that bed tonight. The sheets were dirty. And he needed a drink before he went to sleep.

***

The dark SUV sped through Middleton's empty streets, running stop signs and red lights.

Eventually, it pulled off into an unlit parking lot. Lester punched the steering wheel over and over, letting out a guttural scream. He hadn't felt like this in a long time. Not since he was in high school.

That fucking idiot. Ruining his night and his carefully cultivated plans. Why the fuck was he even there? Sarah should have left with him. How many times did he have to show her how worthless her husband was and how superior Lester was? How many more orgasms did he need to give her?

Lester reclined his seat and started to jack off to the recording he'd made the other night. His balls were still full of cum, unreleased because of Dan's arrogance.

"Fuck," Lester said, tossing his phone into the passenger seat. His cock only got half hard. All he could think about was Dan's interruption, "Arghhh!"

He needed to get back to his command center. Reluctantly, he got dressed, awkwardly bent himself in his car, and drove back to his hotel room to spend the night alone, stewing in his impotent rage.

***

The sound of her alarm made Sarah sit straight up in her bed. She grabbed her phone to silence the alarm and saw several messages from Lester. The events of the previous night came flooding back to her groggy mind.

Sarah turned to glance at the other side of the bed. Dan wasn't there. His bloody handprint stained the fitted sheet next to her. Holding her bed sheets against herself, Sarah went to the window and looked at the driveway. Dan's car was still there. He was still at home.

Excitement filled her heart at the prospect of having Dan home, but it quickly became muddled with the frustration she felt toward his recent choices and the guilt that stained the ones she'd made. She checked the time on her phone. It was early—earlier than usual. She had set multiple alarms so she wouldn't be late for work again.

She didn't want her reputation at work to drop further in the eyes of her new boss. Just thinking about him made her skin crawl. The familiar frustrated feelings rose inside her. But Dan was here and probably really angry at finding her in their bed with Lester. She sat down on the bed and put her face into the palms of her hands.

How did we get here? What the hell was I thinking? The last few weeks seemed like a whirlwind of bad decisions. As much as she wanted to go to work to save face, she needed to hash things out with Dan. She grabbed her phone to call the hospital and took a personal day.

She wasn't sure how long it would take to figure things out with Dan but it was more important than everything else going on.

Another message from Lester appeared. Sarah didn't open it; instead, she put her phone face down on her bedside table, found some comfortable clothes, and got dressed.

Sarah took a deep breath before opening her bedroom door and heading down into her house to find her husband. It didn't take her long. As she came down the stairs, she saw Dan kneeling next to the open front door. He had his tools laid out and was doing something with the door.

Hesitant to initiate the conversation, Sarah held her arms to herself as she came up behind her husband, "What are you doing?"

Dan didn't turn to greet her, keeping his eyes focused on the doorknob he appeared to be working on: "Replacing the locks. I already did the garage and backdoor."

Sarah wanted to ask why but thought better of it. Not wanting to seem critical. It was probably because Lester had been here last night. She couldn't remember whether she'd locked the door or not after she'd sucked him off in the living room, but he did say he had found a key.

Maybe Dan was being paranoid, but regardless, she wasn't going to stop him.

"I'm going to make a coffee," Sarah said, hovering a few feet behind Dan. "Do you want one? I was hoping we could talk."

Dan sighed, "Sure. When I'm done with this."

Sarah turned and walked back into the kitchen, past the spot where she had taken Lester's cock in her mouth. Dan's voice didn't have any of the warmth it usually had when he spoke with her. She felt like she was walking on eggshells, and maybe she was right to feel that way.

Dan's coffee was cold by the time he finally finished with the front door and took a look at a new leak in the ceiling. He took a sip, winced, and turned, putting it in the microwave for twenty seconds. The silence between them was killing Sarah. She couldn't take it anymore and was about to say something when Dan finally broke his silence.

"Don't you have to leave for work soon?" He asked, still facing the microwave.

"I took a personal day," Sarah said.

"When did you do that? Yesterday?" The microwave beeped and Dan retrieved his coffee and took a sip before turning in her direction. He didn't look at her, but he looked at the wall behind her.

"I called in this morning when I woke up. I wanted to talk to you before you left for Chicago.

Are you working from home today?" Sarah was doing a balancing act, trying to choose her words carefully.

"No. I called in too. I wasn't sure who would stop by if I left," Dan met her gaze for a second before looking away. His comment stung but she knew she deserved it. Sarah bit her bottom lip, searching for a response.

"Dan, I'm sorry, okay?" Sarah pleaded, feeling tears at the corner of her eyes. "I don't even know what to say to explain things."

Dan furrowed his eyebrows and looked exhausted, "I don't get it, Sarah. You're pissed at me on the phone, so what? You invite Lester over? Or just want to fuck with me while you're fucking Lester behind my back?"

"It's not like that, Dan," Sarah stood up, "Not at all."

“Then tell me what it’s like because from where I’m standing that’s exactly what it looks like,”

Dan set his coffee mug down on the counter and crossed his arms. Sarah opened her mouth to answer, but Dan continued, “You know what, no. First, tell me. How many times have you been with Lester, Hm? Tell me what happened that I don’t know about.”

“Dan,” Sarah said, “We’ve never hidden things from each other, but things have gone off the rails these last few weeks. With the whole Eugene thing and then –”

“Don’t bring that shit up right now,” Dan said, “Don’t try to share the blame here. I never fucked around with Eugene, Sarah.”

“I know that,” Sarah crossed her arms, mimicking Dan’s pose. “But if you’ll let me finish it’s all kind of connected.”

Dan rolled his eyes, “Let me guess; you were so pissed at me for lying, so that justified fucking Lester? Is that it?”

“No!” Sarah paced around the kitchen, running her hands through her hair. “It’s not that simple. Just let me try to explain it, okay?”

Dan leaned against the counter, his face impatient, “Go ahead then.”

Sarah stared at him hard. She didn’t like her husband’s condescending tone, but she held her tongue. Lashing out now would only make things worse here. “I was upset about the Eugene thing. About the lie...” Dan opened his mouth, but Sarah quickly added, “...the admission.

Whatever. I get it. It upset me, and I couldn’t stop stewing about it. You know I don’t like lying, being lied to, especially in our relationship. But things have been going on at work. Things we haven’t had time to talk about that compounded our problems and just added to all this stress I’ve been carrying around for months.

Taking care of the girls, being like a single parent, paying our bills, and all this new work crap on top of it had me wound up tight and ready to explode."

Dan stayed silent, intently listening to his wife. He'd been so angry that he'd forgotten how beautiful she was doing something as simple as explaining herself.

"Then Lester cornered me in my office, and he pushed the right buttons. I don't know Dan. I don't know why, and I don't know what's wrong with me, but like I said before, it's like my body just gives into him, and I can't help but go along with it." Sarah said.

"Did Lester fuck you in your office?" Dan breathed, his face getting red. He and Sarah had talked about that being a fantasy of his. One she'd never entertained because of the serious implications it could have for her professionally.

"Yes," Sarah whispered, "I wanted just to give him a blowjob to get him to get out of my office, but things escalated, and he kept pushing, and I guess I gave in, in the worst way possible."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose. A million questions ran through his head. Which way did Lester fuck her? Where in the office? How did it happen? How did she just give in like that?

How loud were they? What did he say? One question arose above the others, "Was that the night you were late picking up the girls? When the school called me?"

"Yes," Sarah admitted out loud for the first time, "We…I lost track of time. It was at the end of the day, and I didn't think we went on for as long as we did."

The image of Lester taking his time power fucking Sarah in her office flooded his mind. A marathon fuck session where Sarah got pounded over and over, screaming Lester's name. In the grand scheme of

things, being late to pick up the girls wasn't the end of the world, but it was a major behavioral departure for Sarah, which worried him.

"And then what happened?" Dan looked down at his coffee, suddenly not wanting to taste it.

Sarah sighed, ran her hands through her air, and looked out the back window, "And then the next day at work…." Sarah started, "I had, I guess a bit of a meltdown. We were told that the board had picked a new CEO, and the guy accepted the offer. I forgot to mention that the day before they announced they had a pick, they didn't even bother to interview me. It made me feel tiny and worthless and like a complete fraud. And we were fighting, but then you mentioned you were already on a plane heading for D.C."

Dan stared hard at her, seemingly waiting for her to blame him. She continued, "And I just felt alone I guess. Alone with my problems and then Lester mentioned it was his birthday and I just didn't want to be alone at that moment. That weak moment. He came over and I made us dinner and then…"

"Then you fucked him," Dan said, "And you fucked him again last night too."

Sarah cast her eyes down to Dan's feet, feeling small. Part of her felt guilty, while another part of her still held onto the anger around Dan's lies and his trip. "Yes," she breathed, "More than once last night. And he also stopped me from leaving the house yesterday morning…we had another encounter in the morning, and I was late for work."

"So, just so I got everything straight," Dan placed his coffee mug on the counter and stared up at the ceiling. "Not only did Lester get to fuck you in your office, but you also invited him to our home for dinner. Our home, which, after the last time I said, was off-limits to him. You invited him into our home, against my expressed wishes,

cooked him dinner, and he thanked you by fucking you not just once but again the next morning. And then he came over after

work yesterday, and you blew him and drank his cum before he somehow got back in the house and fucked you again in our bed. Is that right? I got it all in order now?"

"Yeah, Dan, that, that's all of it," Sarah said. She knew she was guilty, but this fucked up situation was born of their fantasies, and the lines were getting blurring, and he wasn't entirely blameless here. When she'd needed her husband, he hadn't been there for her.

"And what the fuck was up with you asking him to knock you up? To put a baby inside of you?

What the fuck Sarah?" Dan's eyes widened, looking bewildered.

"It's just some dumb thing Lester wanted. Something about him not being able to do it now and wanting to live out the experience. It's just sex talk, Dan. It's not real, you know that. He's fixed, and besides, I'm not an idiot, okay? I'm not just going to have sex with someone and not take precautions." Sarah added.

"I hope it was good," Dan said. He wanted to dig more into the precautions she mentioned but wanted to jab at her first, "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Dan, that's not.." Sarah started.

"No. I want to know. How many times did that bastard make you cum, huh?" Dan said, "It must have been pretty good for you to fuck him so much that you were late picking up our daughter and late for work. Jesus Christ, Sarah, you even fucked him in your office! What if someone caught you and you got fired, huh? We would be fucked right now."

"I can handle my own career, Dan," Sarah spat, her eyes full of rage.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Dan challenged.

“Me fucking Lester in my office is the only interest you’ve shown in my work life these past few weeks. You know how hard I was working for that promotion and yet you never followed up. Never cared to ask about it. Sure, you thought I would be good for it, but that was that!”

Sarah said, “When you got laid off, I figured out a place for you to stay while you got settled in Chicago, hell I even came with you on work trips to Minnesota of all places.”

“Okay, don’t try to make this into something it isn’t to shift the blame, okay?” Dan said.

“I’m not…” Sarah balled her hands into fists at her side and let out a long exhale, “That’s not what I wanted to do. Okay? What I’m trying to say is don’t try to use my work as leverage in this fight.”

“Why not? It seems like a perfectly reasonable conclusion!” Dan continued “If you got caught we’d be fucked, we’d lose the house if you got fired. Can you not see that?”

“I see it fine, Dan. What pisses me off is that somehow this is all on me to figure out and resolve,” she gestured to the room around her, “What about your job? What about all the shit you’ve been doing in Chicago? Going on trips without even telling me, none of it has gotten us more money, but somehow my job choices are the ones putting us in jeopardy.”

“It’s not even the fucking same thing, and you know it!” Dan said, “I’m not out fucking people at my workplaces and risking getting fired.”

“No, but you’ve made choices that have fucked us just the same.” Sarah said, “Remember you got Jesse fired and then they cut

everyone's pay? Did you forget that? You are also choosing to stay in Chicago and stay in your profession instead of being here with us?"

"He was trying to blackmail me to get to you, or did you forget that?" Dan said.

"And there were a million other ways you could have handled it. We could have handled it, but you unilaterally decided what was best for us!" Sarah steamed and started pacing. Making a quick decision, she grabbed a bottle of wine off the shelf and poured herself a glass.

Dan stood there silently, leaning against the counter, his brow furrowed. Eventually he broke the silence, "Look. This- all of this has spun out far more than I wanted it to okay? I know recently I've chosen work over you and the girls? But I've really been trying to build a better future for us."

Sarah opened her mouth to reply but Dan held up his hand silencing her, "Just please let me finish. I heard you loud and clear the last time we talked on the phone. I forced my new client to wrap things up sooner so I could get done there. I got on the first plane and drove straight here, and I'm calling out with work even though Walt is up my ass about starting on a new project with Jesse again."

"Jesse?" Sarah raised her eyebrows.

"It's not important, right now," Dan said, "The point is I'm ignoring all of that and I came home to you. Literally with flowers in my hand and then I walked in on..."

Sarah stayed silent, thinking about what Dan had said. She hadn't told him about Lester. Not that they'd much of a chance to talk about the Eugene stuff, but then he'd left for Washington.

Be calm, Sarah.

Dan was here. Dan was trying. Her husband had listened to her and had pushed everything aside for her. The Lester stuff had blindsided him, and she got it. And she shouldn't have let herself go so far with him, either. She knew that she was spinning out at work. Maybe Lester took advantage, or maybe she just wanted a convenient distraction. Maybe both.

She looked up at her husband, "You are here. I know it probably wasn't easy, isn't easy pushing all the stuff aside to get home. It probably really hurt for you to walk in on me being with Lester. I'm sorry that you found out about it like that. I wanted to tell you on the phone but I was just so mad and I didn't know where to turn with everything else going on."

Sarah felt tears welling up in the corners of her eyes, "I've just felt like I've been spinning. Like my life is spinning out of control, and I had nothing to anchor me down and there was Lester. I don't know Dan. Lester was just constantly present, and I think to me he kind of blurs the lines on things because we, you and I, started this together, and Lester seems like a safe extension of our fantasy or maybe just like a regular part of it. I know it was fucked up and wrong to do all the things I did with him. Part of me knew that, but another part of me felt like it was almost normal, given how things have gone lately. Almost like the wrong was right. And when I wanted that out, that distraction, he was just here. I know that doesn't excuse it, and it's stupid and shitty and immature."

"I feel like we've both been lost lately," Dan sighed, "I knew that this fantasy was getting to me. Overpowering me in a lot of ways. So, I tried cutting it out cold turkey. Cutting myself off from the lure of it. I knew something like this might be a possibility or just that you might be affected in the same way I am but I always told myself I could pull us back, I just needed to get a handle on it first but I should have paid more attention to what was going on with you."

“No, no, you shouldn’t have to, Dan, I should have been able to keep my shit together,” Sarah said.

“Yeah you should’ve but I should’ve too,” Dan stepped closer to his wife, “Even looking at the whole Eugene peephole thing. It’s like my body just had a mind of its own and just moved me aside. I can kind of get how your body betrayed you in those moments, too. And then I lied. I lied right to you about it. You didn’t tell me what was going on but I didn’t really give us much of a chance to hash things out, either. Lies of omission I guess.”

“I don’t like that feeling,” Sarah whispered as Dan got closer. “Losing control like that. I mean, there is a thrill to it, but now it feels like we are on shaky ground, and I’m scared to take a step, not knowing if the ground is going to fall apart under me.”

“It’s fucked up. Even part of my brain is screaming at me, dying to know what happened between you and Lester, wanting to see it. But I need to get control over it. That’s why I brought us out to that parking lot that one night when that guy watched us. Trying and failing, I guess, to detox my brain from this and separate Lester from the fantasy before he takes it, takes us over, you know?”

“Yeah,” Sarah said, “Before it was just about these sexy situations, ‘what if’ scenarios with other strangers, characters, or other guys, but now it’s all about Lester.”

“Yeah,” Dan agreed, encircling his arms around his wife, holding her head against his chest.

Her wet cheeks dampened his shirt, “I don’t know where we go from here. But we’ll figure it out together.”

“Maybe we need to take a break from Lester,” Sarah’s head was pressed against Dan’s chest, her eyes open, staring out into her kitchen.

“We do,” Dan replied, “Maybe we can change the deal or look for a different apartment.”

“That’s probably a good idea.” Sarah said, “And I want to help you with your side work.

However I can. I don’t want you to have to carry that burden all by yourself.”

“You don’t have to do that,” Dan kissed the top of her head, “You have enough on your plate right now. I should be helping you figure out your work stuff.”

“Maybe we can help each other,” Sarah said, “We’re a good team… when we work together.”

“We are,” Dan felt a tear roll down his cheek. “We are,” he whispered.

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Monday morning, Sarah arrived at work early, feeling refreshed and on track to conquer her day. Dan had thankfully spent the entire weekend at home reconnecting with her and the girls. Sarah’s heart felt full. She’d desperately needed that time with him.

He was her rock, keeping her grounded, and being without him made her feel untethered.

Things were good between them—not great, but she felt that they were in a good spot now.

Both of them still felt the bruises from their recent fights, and certain subjects were still very tender. But the corner had been turned. Healing could begin.

Sarah checked her watch. It was time to head down to the morning meeting. Gathering her things and locking the door behind her, Sarah made her way to the elevator. While reconnecting with Dan, she'd completely disconnected from work. They'd both had. She had no idea what she was about to walk into, but she knew that she could handle whatever it was.

Talking over her recent work issues with Dan had given her some perspective. She was still smart and capable, even if she hadn't felt that way lately. Dan believed this of her so she could too. He had been pissed about how John had treated her, not even interviewing her for the position. Almost as pissed as he had been about Lester fucking her all over their house.

It hadn't been easy, but after the girls went to bed on Friday, Sarah and Dan drank a couple of bottles of wine and went over everything that happened in detail. He needed to hear it, not

just from some fantasy perspective but from a place that needed to heal and rebuild things between them.

She wasn't sure how he was processing it. Frankly, she expected him to be more upset by what had happened in their home without him. But she suspected he felt just as intertwined in this weird fantasy life they had created with Lester, even though he was taking strides to free himself of it. Sarah knew she should do the same, but part of her still wanted to revel in it for a little longer. When she'd told her husband that his roommate had stuck his tongue up her ass, Dan's eyes nearly bugged out of his head. She knew the whole situation still pushed buttons for him as well.

Dan and the girls were her world, but Lester was like this dark cloud hovering over her, obscuring everything else from view. She couldn't stand him, couldn't stand his shitty attitude or his gross body, but even just thinking about him made her body wake up with attention.

Sarah stepped off the elevator and headed down the hall towards the meeting room. It was time to get her head in the game. She pushed thoughts of Dan and Lester aside for now. She'd chew on those later. She needed to be the kickass administrator she was and handle her shit.

Otherwise, she would spiral and get lost again.

You got this!

Sarah pushed open the door to the conference room. She was five minutes early, but it looked like she was the last to show up. She cringed inwardly but held her head up high as she walked towards her seat, her heels clicking conspicuously on the floor. Jerry and Marcie were seated in their respective seats. At the head of the table sat the hospital's new CEO, Richard Thornhill.

It looked like he had gotten a haircut and a new suit since Sarah had seen him last. He looked more respectable, but Sarah still felt an underlying slovenly impression about him.

"Nice of you to join us," Richard said. John was nowhere in sight. Maybe he was running late, too. She wasn't going to show Richard the satisfaction of getting upset.

Sarah feigned, checking her watch, and then looked at the new CEO. His eyes roamed up her body until he met her eyes, realizing he had been caught. A sly smile spread across his face like a boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Sarah didn't let him see her squirm. "Sorry, am I the last one? I could have sworn I was five minutes early."

Richard eyed her like a lion eyeing a gazelle while she took her seat. He made his fingers into a steeple as he rocked back in his chair. "You weren't here on Friday, and you missed it, so I'll give you a pass." He added extra emphasis on her not being here on Friday, "As I told your colleagues, if you're not early, you're late."

“Well, I am early,” Sarah said, “It just looks like you all were earlier.”

A flat smile spread across Richard’s face, “Fair enough. Next time, let’s all try to get here ten minutes early so that we can start on schedule.”

He flipped through the paper in front of him before sighing and settling back into his chair.

Richard’s eyes looked around the room at everyone seated before him, “I could use a coffee.

Anyone else want one?”

A few people murmured in agreement.

“Great,” Richard said, clasping his hands together. “Sarah, would you mind getting us a pot of coffee from the cafeteria?”

Really? Sarah wanted to say. But she still didn’t have a good read on her new CEO. Her first impression wasn’t positive, but she didn’t want to judge him too quickly. Everyone had a different style, and Drew had been a pushover and pretty incompetent in a pinch. She steeled herself and stood up, not wanting to refuse her boss’ first request.

“Sure,” Sarah said, moving back towards the door. As she left the conference room, she heard Richard say, “Okay, first order of business: I want to do a top-to-bottom review of every department and how it operates.”

Sarah balled her hands into fists and sighed as she walked down the hallway towards the elevators again. She should be in there, helping to facilitate his transition and getting him up to speed on how everything ran. Each department would present itself, but none of them would aptly explain how different things are tied together.

They were focused on their own operations, not the greater operations of the hospital.

A few minutes later, Sarah returned to the conference room, pushing a cart filled with a couple of pots of the cafeteria's shitty coffee and paper cups for the group. She added upgrading their coffee machine to her long list of nice-to-haves for the hospital. Everyone except for Richard looked her way as she entered the room with the cart. He was still animatedly making a speech.

Sarah briefly thought about pouring individual coffee for everyone in the room but decided against it. She slid back into her seat and tried to catch up on the conversation. Richard was talking about improving synergies between departments.

"Uh, Sarah," Richard interrupted his speech and looked at her. He motioned towards the coffee sitting on the side of the room, "Would you mind?" He turned back to the rest of the group and continued his speech.

Seething but with a neutral expression, Sarah got up and poured him a cup of coffee. She set it down in front of him and returned to her seat.

His eyes met hers, and he said, "Thanks for the coffee, honey," before continuing. Sarah bit her lip and stayed quiet.

When the meeting ended, Sarah was the first one out of the room. She had managed to survive the hour without taking on any other humiliating tasks. Back in her office, she was stewing because Richard had asked her to get coffee and had called her 'honey.' He hadn't asked any of the men to go and do it. Her impression of him was souring. Now she thought he was simply a misogynistic prick.

Her phone buzzed. It was another message from Lester. Her finger hovered over the button to check it but she thought better of it. She had been ignoring his messages all weekend. Dan had been there

with her so it was easier, but she couldn't break now. She was stronger than that. At least she hoped she was.

***

Lester sat in his command center, staring at his phone. Waiting for those three little dots to appear, showing that Sarah was typing a message back.

He snarled and pushed his phone across his desk. Just like the last messages he'd sent, she hadn't responded.

Fucking Dan.

Things were going so well, why did that motherfucker have to come back and ruin everything.

Everything had been going to plan and had been moving along so well. Sarah had been his, begging for his seed. It had been glorious.

It was glorious. IS glorious. No need for past tense. Who the fuck did Dan think he was interrupting them? Even having the nerve to put his bloody hands on Lester's throat.

Lester should have crushed Dan. Beat him to a pulp, but then Sarah would have cowered over him. Trying to protect her weak husband. He wished he could go back and change how things had happened.

Lester pushed himself up from his desk, sending his chair flying back and hitting the bed. He couldn't just sit there anymore, ignored and feeling small. He wanted to shout, wanted to hit something. Stomping into the hallway, he punched the center of Dan's door.

Pain shot through his knuckles and his wrist making him wince. He checked the door for a dent but it looked unscathed. Lester marched back to his room and grabbed a pair of shorts and a ratty old t-shirt from the floor.

Collecting his cell phone and wallet, he headed towards the door. Lester couldn't sit in the apartment anymore. He needed to get out and push someone around. Ned's store seemed like a good destination for what he needed.

***

Dan gritted his teeth as he rode the immaculate elevator to the twelfth floor. The elevator was full of people; it stopped at almost every floor, with people getting on and off. This building was bustling with activity; Dan could feel the buzz, the momentum of the place. It was such a stark contrast to his office and its dour mood.

Walt had given him shit about taking a Friday off. Dan handled it, but he wasn't fond of the extra pressure. Still,l he wouldn't change a thing. He needed to get his house in order and settle things with Sarah. Too much had gone on without him being aware of it, being blissfully ignorant while he tried to figure his own shit out.

The elevator dinged, and the screen read twelve. Dan politely pushed his way past the throngs of people in front of him and lowered his shoulders a bit as a group tried to get on the elevator before he got off. He wedged through them and scanned the floor he had just stepped onto.

The office was busy. People flowed through the reception area into waiting offices beyond numerous glass walls. Polished marble covered the floor, and a very attractive brunette sat behind a large, imposing wooden desk. Dan couldn't help but feel immense envy toward Jessie for landing this plum position. It seemed like the little shit had somehow leapfrogged over Dan in his career progress.

As impressive as the office was, Dan didn't want to be there. It felt humiliating to walk into a place like this and sit across a desk from Jesse. Dan had so much other shit to do for Sentinel Security and Elevate Engagement in addition to his other clients. He really didn't have time for this.

Dan squared his jaw and exhaled, closing his eyes for a second to compose himself. He crossed the polished marble floor to the receptionist and, with a smile, introduced himself. She greeted him warmly and told him to take a seat.

After half an hour of waiting, the receptionist finally led Dan to Jessie's office. Interns and other young professionals were seated in a farm of cubicles while intimidating men and women sat in their offices and conference rooms. Dan started to guess at each person's salary, slowly calculating this company's human resource costs.

The receptionist led Dan to a corner office, where Jesse was seated behind a wide desk, looking intently at something on his laptop screen. His eyes flashed up at Dan, and a wicked smile swiftly spread across his face.

"Thanks, Trisha," he said, flicking his wrist to dismiss the receptionist. Dan, how are you? You look better than the last time I saw you."

Dan quieted his rage at the memory of getting thrown out of that nightclub. And the memory of Jesse grinding himself up against Sarah and dancing with her, "Jesse."

Jesse stood up and walked around his desk, his hand extended, expecting Dan to shake it. Dan looked at it briefly before reluctantly reaching out and shaking it. Jesse seemed pleased at the handshake and gestured for Dan to sit at one of the chairs in front of the desk. The chairs looked notably lower than Jesse's.

With a roll of his eyes, Dan sat down and waited for this humiliating experience to be over.

Jesse walked behind his desk with a stupid smile and sat down, "How's Sarah doing?"

He knew Jesse was trying to get a rise out of him, but Dan wasn't about to take the bait. "She's fine. Can we please get down to business now, Jesse?"

"Hey, I'm just being polite," Jesse said, holding his hands up defensively. Jesse seemed different somehow—odd, pretending to be more confident. Dan wouldn't have minded the delay tactics, but he wasn't getting paid extra to sit here making nice. While Walt's firm could charge hourly, Dan still made the same reduced pittance of a salary.

"So, how are things back at the old stomping ground?" Jesse leaned back in his chair, clearly eager to discuss the situation. "I hear things have gotten a little rough over there. It was funny.

After firing me, Walt seemed so desperate when I called him to offer him this project."

"Is that right?" Dan sat back in his chair, trying to keep his face neutral.

Jesse stared at him for several seconds as if he was waiting for Dan to say something else.

"You'll have to treat me with respect now, Dan. I'm your client. Understand?" Jesse gestured to his office. "I'm here while you're still stuck at the dump under Walt."

"Jesse," Dan said looking around at the impressive office, "You have a knack for stating the obvious. We're both professionals and we both know how respect works. Now tell me about this project and this client you are out of your depth with."

Dan swore he could see a vein throbbing on the side of Jesse's forehead. Jesse looked pissed, but Dan kept his composure, trying not to smile and betray his joy. Jesse seemed to deflate a bit in his chair as he said, "It's a large, complex project. A state-of-the-art

subdivision. We don't know where it's located, but our client wants help ensuring it's sustainable and self-sufficient once online."

"A subdivision?" Dan said skeptically. It didn't sound all that impressive or like something that would warrant his skillset, or frankly, that of the firm Jessie worked for, "Why do they need us?"

"Because they need help, obviously," Jesse said. He was the same old Jessie, out of his depth and not understanding even the basics of the project he was working on.

"How exactly do they need our help?" Dan asked flatly, wanting to be done with this conversation and done with Jessie overall.

"Well," Jesse said, fidgeting with his keyboard, "I think our client wants to speak with you about it directly," Jesse smirked as he grabbed the side of his laptop and turned it around on his desk. A man's face was on the screen, sitting in an office in a Zoom window.

Dan felt himself falter. He recognized the face.

"Hey there, Danny boy," Byron said, grinning, "Long time no see."

Fuck.

"What's wrong, Danny?" Byron was leaning back in his chair, both hands behind his head. He was clearly enjoying this moment. "It looks like you've seen a ghost."

"Byron," Dan said, hoping he nodded when speaking.

"That's it? That's all I get? After all those drinks we'd shared, I thought you would have a warmer greeting for me than that." Byron chuckled.

This wasn't what Dan needed. He felt his momentum slipping away. All that he was working toward and now this. Lester was enough of

a distraction, and now he'd have to deal with this shit too?

"Nice to see you again, Byron," Dan lied through his clenched teeth.

"That's more like it," Byron said, leaning forward into the camera. "Now, let's get down to brass tacks. We're working on a subdivision, but beyond that, I can't tell you much. Don't ask

where it is because that's above your pay grade. We need your help to make sure it's sustainable. As in 'efficient' and 'self-sustaining.' We want to run it off the grid, treat our own wastewater, make sure the buildings are energy efficient, and do the whole she-bang. Our own little slice of paradise away from prying eyes. You got me?"

"Sounds interesting," Dan said. It definitely sounded more interesting than a simple subdivision. If they were building this from the ground up, it would be an opportunity to not just construct a building but getting a say in how an entire community operated. A self-sustaining community. That was interesting, but to Dan it sounded weird coming out of Byron's mouth, almost like they were going out into the woods to start a cult. "Well, what's next here? Can I see the project specs and look at where things stand?"

"Great question!" Byron said sarcastically, "Well, as it happens we are at the beginning stages of planning this project. We have people on site clear cutting the land but before we really break ground we need to firm up our plans here. That's where you come in, Dan. I need you to come out here to Minnesota and look over our plans and identify the gaps in where we are versus what we want and make your expert recommendations. Got it?"

"I can do that from here, Byron," Dan said, "Just send me over the plans, and I'll review them this week."

"Not gonna happen," Byron said, "This project is a top priority for the Lincoln Group. There is a lot involved that we don't want to get out there. There are some things you and Jesse can work out from

there but at some point soon I'm going to need you to come out for a friendly little visit."

"Fine," Dan said. At least this time Walt couldn't make him share a room with a coworker.

"Great bud," Byron said, "And just one more thing. When you do come out, make sure to bring that pretty little wife of yours, too."

"What?" Dan said, looking between Jesse and Byron. Both of them were smirking, "Why?"

Byron didn't answer at first, taking his time to turn the screws with Dan. He lazily leaned back in his chair and propped his feet up on his desk. "Because. A little birdie has told me a lot about what you and the missus get up to. That you guys get kind of freaky, and I like that shit and want a front row to it."

"Fuck that," Dan said, "I don't have to do shit for you."

"Mmm-hmmm," Byron wiggled his finger at the screen. I wouldn't be so quick to decline my offer, Danny boy. Jessie, if Dan doesn't play nice, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to have to file a complaint with Walt about his behavior and insist he be removed from the project and fired," Jesse said smartly.

"And then I'm going to reach out to Walt and dangle a nice little lucrative project in front of him to ensure it happens," Byron said, "And before you start thinking about all those nice little freelance clients and trying to do the math and see whether you can swing going solo, just know that the Lincoln Group has a deep network and we can fuck up things for you real fast.

So just nod and say yes."

Dan felt himself stewing. His face was going red. Now it was him who had a throbbing vein in the middle of his forehead. He slowly nodded once.

"You're trapped, Dan," Byron said. "You played yourself and lost. Suck it up, buttercup."

The screen went black, and Dan felt his shoulders slump forward.

"Oh, and Dan?" Jesse said, grinning from ear to ear, "As far as my office here is concerned, you're just an old colleague looking for a reference. I'm taking full credit for this work, and Byron is going to give us a nice bonus that will give me a promotion. So keep your mouth shut."

Dan felt numb as he left Jesse's office and rode the elevator down. The crowd of bodies jostling about the elevator pressed him into the back corner, his mind still trying to process what was happening.

***

Dan hunkered down in a comfortable chair in the apartment's living room. He made sure to pick the one that would face the hallway so Lester couldn't sneak up behind him. The meeting with Jessie completely blindsided him, and he wasn't sure what to do next.

He felt like a trapped animal in a cage. Dan wanted to call Sarah and talk it through, but he felt that he needed to develop a functioning plan first. Working with Jessie had been bad enough, but now, Byron had returned, and he knew more about Sarah than Dan was comfortable with.

That guy was bad news. And he liked to hold grudges. This is according to that Peter guy who'd propositioned him at Starbucks a few weeks back.

The plodding of footsteps dashed Dan's thoughts—more bad news. Lester's fat feet were smacking against the hardwood floor. Dan hoped Lester was just going to the bathroom, but his stomach dropped when the footsteps got closer.

Dan's eyes stayed focused on the laptop screen in front of him. He tried to ignore Lester's gelatinous blob-like body out of the corner of his eye, hovering in the doorway to the hallway.

Finally, Dan raised his eyes to look at him.

"God, man, put on some clothes," Dan said, averting his eyes away from Lester's obese naked body. He had seen the man naked way more often than he was comfortable with. Lester smirked and strolled into the living room.

"Just getting a coke," Lester said, "Need to quench my thirst here. Battling a legion of orcs will do that to a guy. No need to try and choke me out again."

"You deserved it after the shit you pulled. Get your coke and go." Dan kept his eyes focused on his laptop, browsing other apartment listings. He was procrastinating in coming up with a plan to deal with Byron. A few apartments looked good, but rent had gone way up since the last time he'd looked. It seemed like every landlord had just decided to get greedy. Dan didn't like the monthly rents he was looking at, but he needed to get out of here and away from Lester.

For his marriage's sake. But how the hell was he going to swing this?

"Whose laptop is that?" Lester asked. Dan looked up at him. Lester's eyes were trained on Dan's other laptop sitting on the coffee table. It looked sharp in a black pelican case. It was the one Sentinel Securities had given him, the only one he was supposed to use for their project or for communicating with them. Dan had been working on it before switching gears and looking at apartments.

“It’s mine,” Dan said, “For work.”

“Huh,” Lester said, not taking his eyes from it. “Can I take a look at it?”

Lester moved around the couch, his flaccid cock slapping against his thighs as he did. He made a move to bend over and grab the laptop. Dan was quicker, sitting up and, putting his personal laptop to the side and grabbing his work one right before Lester could grasp it.

“No, it’s just for work, my eyes only,” Dan said. Lester scowled like Dan had taken away a new toy he could play with. Lester gave him a dirty look, “And what about that?”

He was pointing to Dan’s other laptop, with the screen displaying the different apartment listings Dan was looking at, “Are you planning on moving out?”

Dan really didn’t want to have this conversation. He wanted to just slink out in the night, never to talk to Lester again, “Look. This isn’t working, Lester. You crossed a line. Too many of our lines lately. I, we, Sarah and I think it’s time for a change. We’ve had some fun and all but it’s probably best if we move on.”

Rage seemed to flash across Lester’s features; his brow furrowed, and his cheeks darkened,

“What about our deal? We have a deal, Dan.”

“Well, Lester,” Dan said patiently in a condescending voice, “Once I find a new place, we won’t need that deal anymore, will we?”

Dan picked up his laptop and sat it back up on his lap. He went back to scrolling through listings as Lester just stood there gawking at him, dumbfounded. “You mind putting that thing away, Lester?”

Lester snapped out of his trance and stomped to the kitchen. The fridge door opened and quickly slammed shut. The sounds of fat plodding feet hit the hardwood floor, and Dan could see Lester's quivering mass shamble through the living room out of the corner of his eye. It disappeared down the hallway before he slammed his door shut.

Dan smirked. It felt good getting a small win over that asshole. He needed any win today after what had happened with Jesse and Byron. Scrolling through the listings was getting depressing. For an activity that he was using to procrastinate, it sure wasn't helping him. It was making him feel like he had yet another thing to put on the backburner. How the hell was he going to get them off his back without blowing things up with Walt? Maybe he could get a new job and just extricate himself from this mess. That would be awesome. Get a new place and a new job. A completely fresh start.

He closed the laptop and mulled the situation around in his head. Finding a way out of this mess wasn't getting any clearer. It was late, and he couldn't think. He needed to get up early in the morning and get a call in with Bill at Starbucks before he headed into the office.

Starbucks. That's where that Peter guy approached him about spying on the Lincoln Group. At the time, that wouldn't fly. He thought he had burned that bridge, but now….Dan grabbed his laptops and carried them to his bedroom. He shut the door and locked it behind him. That guy had given him a card. It was here in his room somewhere. If he found it, maybe it could help him get out of this.

***

Lester slammed his bedroom door shut and kicked a stack of dirty clothes lying on the floor.

They couldn't leave. Not like that. No. No. Lester wouldn't let that happen. He wouldn't allow it.

The two of them thought they were just playing a game. That they could use him for their own fantasies and cast him aside when they were done, but they didn't know anything. They didn't know who Lester truly was or what he was capable of. He still had an ace up his sleeve that they weren't even aware of.

But it wasn't time for that. Not just yet. He knew he still had a hold on Sarah.

Lester sat down at his command center and exited his game. Several pings came through his speaker, the familiar sound of a discord notification. Probably, Ned and the others wondered where he had gone.

He muted them and opened up his browser, navigating to Facebook. He opened up all of the landlord groups he was a part of and posted a warning about Dan Williams, including some basic information and a picture of Dan he had grabbed from Facebook. Then, he did the same on other private landlord websites. He'd joined a hub of these sites for the Chicago region, and they kept an extensive database of problem tenants.

It was a familiar tactic that Lester had deployed countless times in the past to help isolate his roommates and cut down their options. Lester opened the page for his router and went through the Wi-Fi's traffic, copying each listing Dan had shown interest in. Nothing jumped out at him. Most were more expensive than this place.

He'd keep an eye on Dan's traffic and see if any worrisome listings were catching his attention.

Lester navigated over to another tab to monitor the devices connected to the network. Sure enough, Dan's new laptop was listed there.

Lester frowned. It wasn't showing traffic the same way that Dan's other laptop did. All of the traffic seemed to be encrypted, and he

suspected the laptop used some kind of VPN or tunneling software. What the hell is Dan doing with that?

Dan wasn't that technical. He could barely navigate his phone. Where the hell did he get a laptop like that? Lester pulled up the camera feeds from earlier in the living room and looked at the laptop better. That wasn't an off-the-shelf computer. It was an unknown variable. Lester did not like unknown variables. He'd have to get a crack at opening that laptop and see what was on there.

Dan hadn't gotten a new job and as far as Lester knew, his current employer wasn't doing too well. What was Dan up to now?

The laptop is just a distraction. Focus. Lester reached out for his phone and dialed the building's manager.

"Uh, hello, Lester," Frank, the building manager, said.

"Tsk. Tsk. Frank. Is that how you are supposed to greet me?" Lester smiled at the silence, knowing the power he had over this man.

"I'm sorry. Mr Marshall.," Frank corrected himself, "What can I do for you today?"

"Why, thank you for asking, Franklin," Lester said while opening up his TOR browser and navigating to the internet's underbelly. "I need you to contact Dan Williams, my roommate."

"What for sir?" Frank even sounded like he was sweating from this brief conversation.

"Come by and put us on notice for a rent increase. Market correction or something. Leave a note in our mailbox or come by the apartment. I don't care. Just do it." Lester snapped as his eyes searched the screen for the right board.

“But Les…Mr. Marshall,” Frank stammered, “You’re not paying any rent right now. Not after our agreement.”

“I know that, Franklin, I’m not an idiot. But Dan doesn’t need to know that. See, he doesn’t find out.” Lester rolled his eyes. “And just make it happen. Got it?”

“Yeah, sure Mr. Marshall, I understand, I’ll –”

“Good,” Lester hung up the phone, “Idiot.”

It felt good to put someone in their place like that. Now he just needed to do the same to Dan.

Lester scrolled through the listings, looking for someone who could help him take Dan down a few notches. Maybe he would even get lucky and find someone willing to take those two brats out of the equation as well.

Lester heard Dan shuffling into his room. He pulled up the camera feed to see Dan rummaging around in his bag. Finding someone to help him could wait. Right now, he wanted to look at something else.

He pulled up the video he’d made of the other night at the Williams’ home. With his headphones on, he started the video and shuffled out of his sweatpants. Lester started stroking his fat cock, ready to listen and watch as Sarah Williams repeatedly begged him to cum inside of her, to knock her up. He grinned and opened the camera feed of Dan in his room, oblivious to his wife’s cries of pleasure and her growing corruption.

***

“Oh god, god, please, please, PLEASE,” Sarah moaned as the video started. The camera was shaky at first as Lester started recording. His dumb face appeared for half a second before the angle flipped,

showing Sarah face down in her marital bed, Lester's hand gripping the back of her neck. This was just after he had dragged her out of the bathtub, but before her idiot husband came home and ruined things.

The camera shifted down and showed her luscious bubbly ass cheeks bouncing back against his cock.

"Please, what?" Lester grinned.

"Uhhhh, justttt, right there Lester. Keep it up. Keep going," Sarah moaned into the bed. She was like a bitch in heat, and Lester didn't have any intentions of stopping. He reveled in the feeling of his swollen cock embedded deep, deep inside the young mother.

"Mhmm you know I love it when you beg," Lester said.

"Please, Lester. Please….daddy, just don't stop baby," Sarah moaned into the mattress.

"I'm not stopping until I fill you with my cum Sarah," Lester upped his pace and kept continuing to stuff his cock into her. Sarah's tight body continued to squirm under him, pushing back against the mattress to angle her hips and take more and more of his cock into her. Lester's fingers slid up her body and pushed their way into her mouth.

"Gaaahmhmmm," Sarah moaned around his fingers before she quickly started to suck them.

She continued to moan around them as the bucking back of her hips grew wilder and wilder.

"That's it, Sarah," Lester said through clenched teeth. "Suck it. Those aren't fingers in your mouth. That's a cock."

“Mhmm-hmmmm,” Sarah moaned in agreement, her tongue running up and down the underside of his fingers. With her eyes shut, she could picture a real cock actually in her mouth. Lester’s other hand mauled her ass cheeks.

Finally, Sarah needed to come up for breath, so she pulled her head back slightly. With his fingers partially in her mouth, she sucked in a breath and turned her head back to him.

“You like the way I suck your cock, Lester?” She moaned and started licking his fingers again.

“That ain’t my cock Sarah,” Lester moaned, feeling her tongue dance over his fingerpads, “If it was my cock, you’d be choking on it.”

“Then whose cock is it?” Sarah moaned, “Dan’s? Do you want to take turns with Dan?”

Lester laughed at the thought. It was actually a good idea—to force Dan to confront all of his inadequacies in bed up close and personal. Maybe he’d do that. But for now, he wanted to continue to plant another seed in her mind.

“Not Dan’s,” Lester felt Sarah’s pussy contracting around his cock. It felt like heaven. After their sloppy fuck in the bathtub, he already felt extra sensitive.

“Whose?” Sarah moaned, “Whose cock am I sucking?”

Lester grinned, “Whoever I want. Anyone, I say.”

Sarah grabbed the back of Lester’s hand and brought her mouth deep around it, sucking him, picturing a real cock. Lester’s other hand left her ass and pushed down on her shoulder blades, pinning her to the bed.

“Maybe I’ll find someone, some random guy, and share you with him,” Lester leaned forward, pressing his weight down onto her, whispering in her ear, “We’ll take turns with you all night, filling you up with both of our cum.”

“Gaaamhmmmm,” Sarah just moaned around his fingers. Her body rhythmically thrusting back against him with abandon now. Her other hand reached under herself, playing with her clit as Lester hammered her G-spot from on top of her.

“Would you like that? Like being shared and passed around like a cheap whore?” Lester sneered.

Sarah tried to pull his fingers out of her mouth to answer but he held them in. Letting more of his weight drop onto her, pinning her other hand underneath, leaving it nothing to do but play with herself.

“Uhhh-Hmmmm,” Sarah nodded in agreement, trying to articulate meaningful sounds with his dirty fingers in her mouth.

“What about the guy from the car that one night? What if I want you to suck him while I fuck you?” Lester said as he upped his pace, eliciting more uncontrollable moans from the young mother, “Uh, Ah, Uh, Uh, UHHHH, GAAHMMM.”

Sarah nodded in agreement. She’d do whatever he wanted. Accede to anything in this moment.

Lester smiled at how far he had corrupted his once proud wife and mother, “Maybe I’ll have my D&D friends over again and let them take turns with you. Let each of them fill your mouth up while I fuck you from behind.”

“AHHGGMMNNFFFGMM,” Sarah’s body went rigid as she came. Lester could feel her snug pussy squeezing his cock tightly. Every nerve in her body seemed to light on fire as cascading pleasure

washed over her. It had happened so fast. So fast she couldn't even process what had happened. Just the idea of being degraded and used like a slut by people so beneath her.

More than just Lester. Letting others have her like that.

Lester grinned. That idea seemed to push her over the edge. He pulled his fingers out of her mouth, her teeth scraping against his skin as Sarah's body clenched up from that orgasm.

"Uhhhhh, mhmmhmmmmm Lester," She moaned between breaths. She felt winded, only surviving on short breaths through her nose while Lester's fingers had been tickling the back of her throat.

Lester stayed silent, letting her ride out the rest of her orgasm, withering below him. He felt his balls tightening and knew he would cum soon. As she milked his cock with her pussy he was afraid that he might cum early.

Sarah's breathing seemed to normalize, and Lester pressed his weight back down onto her back. He licked his lips and then her ears as he said, "What about that fucking homeless man, huh? I bet he'd like to get you alone without that fence between us. Would you suck him?"

"Fuck Lester," Sarah pushed up onto her elbows for leverage as she felt another orgasm quickly approaching. "Whatever you want. Whoever you want. Uhhh, fucck as long as they feel good like this. Oh my god, oh my god, oh my fuck, fuck, fuck."

"Mhmm, and let him fuck you?" Lester whispered. He lunged forward just as she forced her body back, his cock bottoming out in the crazed wife.

Sarah's body started thrashing, throwing itself back at Lester repeatedly, seemingly eager at the thought of degrading herself so low, "Uhhhhhhmhmmmm YES. YES. FUCKING YES.

Whatever. I'll do it. I WANT IT."

"That's my girl," Lester sneered, "Cum for me. Cum on my cock. I'm going to fill you up. Picture that homeless guy taking you like this, filling you with his dirty fucking come, you whore."

"AH FUCK," Sarah breathed as her whole world lit on fire. All her other senses dimmed. The only one that was heightened was the one connected to her pussy as another orgasm exploded out of her. The muscles in her pussy wrapped themselves around Lester's cock, desperate for his cum, "AHHHYEESSSS, YESSSS, MHMHMHMM, Ah, UH, Uhhhhhh."

"Here it comes slut," Lester roared, "Take it. Take all my cum, Sarah."

A hoarse groan left his throat as Lester's balls twitched ominously as he emptied all the cum he had built up deep into Sarah's womb. She shuddered as his cum spattered inside of her, covering every inch of her insides. Sarah just moaned into the bed, her hair a mess. She felt Lester's hot cum spurting inside of her, dancing on top of the orgasm that had already wracked her body.

She lay there unmoving, catching her breath as Lester's sweat dripped off his brow onto her back. Lester felt red in the face, panting, on his elbows. With another groan, he pulled his hips back, sliding his cock out of Sarah. She didn't move, just lay there, reveling in the aftershocks of their fucking.

Lester quickly grabbed his phone and held the camera up to Sarah's ass and pussy, some of his cum already leaking out in a steady stream. The video went to black.

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Lester still hadn't cum yet. Watching the video hadn't been enough. He glanced at his monitor and saw Dan typing on his cell phone. It

would have been good to check and see what Dan was doing, but Lester needed to finish right now.

He loaded up another video he had taken later that night: The video started in vertical view. Part of the screen was obscured by something but the room was easy to identify. It was Dan's home office, just down the hallway from their bedroom.

Lester's big head filled the rest of the screen as he positioned the camera.

Lester moved out of frame. For almost five minutes, the video just showed an empty room.

Then Lester's naked body appeared as he plopped himself down on Dan's computer chair, twirling around to face the camera.

"Come here, sexy," He said, gesturing with his hands. Sarah's naked back came into the frame, and then her naked bubble butt. She was clutching their bed sheets to herself as she stepped forward.

Lester grabbed his cock and waved it at her, "He needs some attention, don't you think?"

"Already?" Sarah said, "We just had sex."

"That was almost an hour ago." Lester grinned, "Little Lester is ready for more."

Sarah dropped the bedsheets, presenting her naked body to Lester, "How dare you. He is anything but little." Watching the video, Lester gasped, marveling at how shapely Sarah's nude body looked. She could still get to him every time.

Sarah dropped to her knees and ran her hands up and down Lester's thighs. Her eyes alternated between looking at his cock and looking at Lester's ugly lust filled face.

“Tell me what you want me to do,” Sarah breathed, “I want to hear you say it.”

“I want you to suck my cock like you did earlier,” Lester said.

“Mhmmmmm,” Sarah rocked back and forth, looking at his cock, “You mean like when you were supposed to leave?”

“You knew that wasn’t going to be the end of it,” Lester said, “You knew I’d come back in and take some more.”

“I did. I know you want more. That’s why I made sure to lock the door,” Sarah stared into his eyes as her hands took his cock in her hands. She sat there kneeling in front of him, cock in her hand. Waiting for Lester to say something. Something to confirm what she thought.

“What can I say?” Lester said, “I found a spare key. With Dan out of the picture here, I figure you wouldn’t mind having a man around the house.”

“You don’t just do that. That's fucked up, Lester,” Sarah said as she started to stroke Lester’s cock, “This is my home, you can’t just come in anytime you like.”

Lester reached forward and gripped the back of Sarah’s head, his fat stomach pressing against his thighs, “That’s what you said about your pussy, too, but here I am taking whatever I want.”

Then he pulled her face down onto his cock. Her lips spread, and she took him into her mouth.

Sarah moaned around his fat cock. Lester put his leg between her legs, pushing his shin against her pussy. Like they’d done back in the Chicago apartment. Lester held her head with both hands, his fingers lacing through her hair. He guided her head up and down on his cock.

After a few minutes he slouched back in the chair as Sarah sucked his cock as hard as she could making gagging sounds as she did, "Gagrrr, gaggrrr, garrgg, mhmmm gggmmmmm, gmmmm gmmmmm."

"That's it, Sarah. Suck my cock," Lester put both his hands behind his head and ran his shin up and down Sarah's pussy. She started to move her hips, rubbing herself against him, "You suck my dick with your entire body. Jesus."

Sarah came up for breath, looking into Lester's beady eyes but never took her hands off his cock. Both hands continued to stroke him. "You think you can just come into my house whenever you want and fuck me? Is that what you think?"

"Yeah, I own you. You're mine now," Lester sneered.

"I don't think Dan would agree with that," Sarah breathed, her breasts rising and falling as she stroked Lester's cock.

"Who gives a shit what Dan thinks?" Lester fired back, "He's never here, and I fucked his wife's brains out, and now she's sucking my cock."

"You're such an asshole sometimes," Sarah said, "Ughhh, but this cock is too good."

"I know you love it," Lester said, "How much bigger is it than Dan's?"

Sarah bit her lip and looked up at Lester, "Much bigger."

"Mhmmm, I knew you'd say that," Lester chuckled. Sarah leaned forward and licked the underside of his cock before working herself back to the top and licking around his cock head.

Her tongue explored every inch of his shaft before dropping down and finding his hairy balls.

Lester held her head in place as she twirled her tongue around his nutsack, her face pressing against the wrinkled tender skin, causing it to splay out across her face.

"Who's a better fuck?" Lester asked.

"Ughhh, you are," Sarah moaned from underneath his balls. "You fuck me better. You fuck me best."

An ugly grin spread across Lester's features, "You get wet just thinking about me. I know your body craves me now. Have you ever felt like that about your husband?"

"No…not like this," Sarah moaned, her tongue traveling around his sagging scrotum back up to his shaft. She wanted to have all of him in her mouth, feel her mouth full of his beautiful cock.

Sarah lowered her face down onto his cock, opening her mouth and taking in as much as she could.

Sarah's body was withering against his shin. His hairy leg stimulated her clit. She could work herself up like this. It was only a matter of time until she built up another fiery orgasm. God, this disgusting man had complete control of her body. Of her.

"You're my good little slut now, aren't you?" Lester moaned.

She thought back to the blowjob she had given him earlier. The way she had tried to take control. The power she felt in those moments. It had felt good, intoxicating. The control she'd had over him. Over his big cock. It made her feel powerful. She knew her looks always gave her an edge over men, but until this moment, she didn't realize the degree of control she had.

Sarah pulled her mouth off of Lester and stared up defiantly into his eyes.

“Mhmmm,” She chuckled, “I’ll admit. You’ve unlocked something in me. Something that might, mhmmm, have always been there but that I kept hidden.” She planted kisses alongside the bottom of his cock girthy shaft before continuing, “Now I know just how fun it is to be a little slut.”

“My slut,” Lester corrected her.

“Mhmmmhmmm,” Sarah kissed the head of his cock lovingly, “I didn’t say that.”

“Now you are talking about sharing me. Sharing me with other men we’ve encountered. I don’t know Lester….” Sarah trailed off, biting her lip. She continued to rub her pussy against his shin. It felt good. It was feeling really good, but she couldn’t get enough of it. Couldn’t stop herself from talking like this.

“The idea of being bad,” She ran her manicured fingers up and down his shaft, “Just turns me on. So much. Whether it’s with you or someone else, I think you might have created a monster.”

“Ughhhh,” Lester groaned, her words twisting inside his head. He had corrupted her, but what if he lost control of her? Lost control of the little monster he had created.

“You wouldn’t,” Lester breathed, feeling his cock twitching in her grasp, “You wouldn’t fuck those guys. What would your husband say seeing you behave like that?”

“Mhmmhmmm,” Sarah purred, her lips vibrating against his cock, “I thought we weren’t supposed to care what Dan thinks?”

She smiled devilishly, her hips continuing to grind against his shin. She could feel an orgasm starting to build as her clit rubbed up and down his hairy leg, “Besides,” she whispered, “I think he’d like to watch.”

With that, Sarah dived back down and brought Lester's cock back into her mouth. She lowered herself down as far as she could, her mouth opening wide to take as much of Lester in as she could. She felt his cockhead nudge against the back of her throat. Her gag reflex kicked in but she held still, pushing past it as the tip of his cock touched the top of her throat. Tears leaked from her eyes, streaming down her face. Then she pulled off and did it again. And again, "

Aaaggghhck, ggmhmmmmm, ghughhck, ghmmmm, hhh, gaaaggckggmgmmm, oogghhgagmhmggmm, gaamgggmm"

Lester's body shuddered as Sarah repeatedly devoured his cock. Wet slurping and gurgled moaning sounds filled the room as Lester's cock bottomed out in the back of Sarah's throat again and again. Finally, with a flourish, she pulled her mouth off his cock, a long strand of saliva connecting her lips and his trembling cock.

Precum oozed out of his cockslit, and Sarah leaned forward and licked it off.

"Are you going to cum for me, daddy?" Sarah said.

Lester groaned, "Would you really do that? Fuck those guys?"

"I'm not a liar," Sarah said, keeping eye contact with Lester as she lowered herself back down to his balls. Her eyes closed as she started to tongue his nuts, swirling her tongue around the bumps of his ballsack. His unkempt, wild public hair pushed into her nose and tickled her eyelids.

Lester's hands came up to the back of her head and ground her against him. Craving more of this feeling of her worshiping his cock and balls. Sarah slid her tongue down the underside of

his balls until she found the top of the area under them, between his thighs. She started to twirl and lick his taint, causing his body to

shudder.

Lester grabbed her head and pulled her against him, lifting his hips and pushing her head down. The movement caught Sarah off guard, and her tongue brushed against something with a coppery taste.

Lester held her head still, trying and demanding more of it, but Sarah pushed the desk chair back with her hands. It collided with Dan's desk, and Lester almost toppled out of his chair, losing his balance.

Earlier, he had taken over her blowjob, and she didn't want that. Not right now.

She stared at him hard, challenging his stare. She had been so close to another orgasm just then, and he had tried to take advantage. Give himself what he wanted. But what about her?

She needed to cum.

His disgusting body sat before her, covered in hair, lacking any definition. His beady eyes peered back at her, shocked by her sudden movement. Her eyes locked with his cock, and she knew what she wanted.

Sarah stood up and quickly closed the distance between them.

"What the fuck Sarah?" Lester said before she shoved his chair back against the desk again and slid her legs over him, the balls of her feet touching the floor, and she lined up his dick with her pussy.

"I'm going to fuck you," Sarah said as she lowered herself down onto Lester's cock, her mouth hanging agape, and she felt his wonderful cock spreading her apart. Lester seemed shocked by her actions, which made it all the sweeter for her.

Inch after inch of Lester's spit-soaked cock disappeared inside the young mother until it was fully embedded inside of her. She looked down at Lester's ugly face with contempt in her eyes and then kissed him. Hard. As she started to work her hips back and forth around his dick.

Lester just moaned into her mouth as Sarah fucked him in Dan's office chair.

His hands found her ass and gripped her cheeks hard. He bit her lip and pulled on her ass while thrusting up, trying to set the pace. Sarah pushed down on his shoulder and ground her hips down, trying to set her own pace.

They struggled back and forth, keeping each other's stares as each jostled for dominance.

Sarah pushed her body up and then slammed it down, taking his cock inside of her. Lester thrust up off the chair, pulling her down with his hands.

Lester felt a full loss of control. His mouth started slobbering all over her breasts as he tried to grip her shoulders and get better leverage to fuck her. Sarah grabbed the back of his head and guided his mouth to her nipple as she bent her back forward, ensuring her hips were in control.

They battled back and forth as they fucked. Suddenly they were fucking in unison. Lester gasped up at Sarah, who looked down at him with lust-filled eyes.

"Fuck Lester," She moaned. "I'm gonna cum."

"Uhhghhhh," Lester groaned in response.

"Aren't you going to cum for me too, daddy?" Sarah bit her lip, "Knock me up? Fill me? Isn't that what you want? To claim me from

Dan? Well, do it, Lester. Cum for me."

"Fuck," Lester growled, "I'm going to fill you up until it leaks out of you."

"Do it," Sarah said as she ground her hips down onto Lester. His hands were running all over her body. The chair dropped two inches, the gasket blowing out from their combined weight.

Neither of them stopped as both felt their rapidly approaching orgasms on the cusp of explosion.

"Arghghh fuckk, I'm gonna blow," Lester grunted through his teeth as he felt his balls beginning to swell.

"Cum for me daddy," Sarah groaned. His words were sweet in her ear. Knowing he was going to cum. Him trying to knock her up. His bare cock inside of her. She felt his cock begin to swell and knew any moment Lester was going to unleash a torrent of cum into her. Feel his hot, sticky cum, covering her insides. "I, I love your cock."

The thought was too much and sent her over the edge. She clamped her eyes shut and saw stars as she felt an explosion inside of her. It washed over her body, causing her to clench her jaw and drive her hips down, taking all of Lester's cock. The balls of her feet dug into the ground as she let out a primal screaming moan, "AMMGHMMMFUUUUUCCCKCKKK."

"Fuck, fuck —UHHHHHH," Lester grunted as he unloaded deep inside Sarah for the fourth time that day. She was so utterly full of his cum now.

Both of them slowly fucked the other as they continued to experience lust-filled orgasms.

Sarah breathed and kissed Lester as he slumped back into the chair. They stayed connected, lightly kissing, each feeling lightheaded from

the powerful orgasms that just wracked their bodies.

Slowly, Sarah tried to stand, disengaging herself from Lester. With a ‘plop,’ she was off his cock, and it slapped back down on his thigh. Cum started to leak out of her, running down her leg. Sarah rushed out of the room, and Lester heard the bathroom door shut.

He sat there, some cum covering his thighs, mixed with Sarah’s juices covering his crotch. Still trying to process what had just happened. Eventually, he lifted his head and checked the time.

It was getting late, but it wasn’t that late. He thought if he had a few more minutes to recover, he could still fuck her one more time. Maybe after a quick nap. He wanted to fuck her prone again where she was stuck under him, milking his cock with her pussy.

Lester stumbled to his feet, gripping the arm of the chair for support. It spun around as he pushed off it, grabbed his phone from the bookcase, and shut off the recording.

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 21: Author Note

Hello, my friends. Summer is about to close but I couldn't let August end without another chapter of Toxic Attraction.

This is a hefty chapter, so carve out some time to read it. Things are changing for our couple in Chicago, and much more is on the horizon.

I want to give a big shoutout to Grandeman for his help punching up the chapter and all the feedback I've received so far. There are lots of different ideas being put forward, I'm going to spend some time over the weekend digesting them and seeing how I might be able to incorporate them going forward.

I'll also be editing Tainted Conception 4 over the weekend to get that out to you all before diving into more Toxic and Neighborhood Encounters.

One outfit attached - but in this story it is purple.

Anyways, here it is. Enjoy!

Toxic Attraction Ch. 21

Sarah exhaled and looked around the board room. After her rough first impression with her new boss, Richard Thornhill, a few weeks ago, Sarah had made it her mission to rectify things. She was determined to put her best foot forward and show him and everyone else at the hospital how much of an asset she could be.

She had arrived early to every group meeting since that last week when Lester had visited, and today was no exception. Dan had given

her the wake-up call she needed, reminding her how capable and driven she was.

Having him back in her corner helped ground her and put her back on the right path. She still felt embarrassed and somewhat disgusted about how she had just fallen to pieces and run into Lester's arms. The things she'd done with him at the hospital and in their home mortified her.

Sarah realized her thighs were pressing together at the thought. It wasn't that she regretted what happened with Lester. She'd enjoyed it all immensely. She just didn't like or recognize the person she became around him. Like some buried part of herself had been unearthed and had taken control. But now she had to put that part of herself away again, at least for a while. Work demanded her focus, especially given how difficult things were going for Dan.

Her colleagues started to filter into the room, taking their respective seats. Sarah smiled and greeted them while rearranging her laptop, pen, and notepad in front of her. She tried to place everything just right, demonstrating her professionalism and readiness to dig in and get to work.

The best strategy she could think of was to put her thoughts of Lester and her fantasy play with her husband on hold for the time being, at least until she left the hospital. She needed to focus on the here and now and get back to dominating the work day like she used to.

Most of her colleagues had taken their places around the table. All, like her, were early as Richard had demanded punctuality. A lesson she'd awkwardly learned after he'd criticized her in front of her colleagues.

Sarah let out a breath. She hadn't realized she had been holding it in, so she relaxed her legs. They'd been clamped together since her mind had drifted to Lester.

She moved the touchpad on her computer to wake it up and checked the time. The meeting should have started already. So much for Mr. Punctual.

Hypocrite.

Everyone else in the room was busy doing work on their laptops or checking their phones, though Sarah had caught a few glancing around, likely to see if anyone else noticed their boss's lateness. Usually, Sarah had a five-minute rule. She would wait five minutes for a meeting, and if the other person didn't show up within that time, she'd leave.

Easier said than done at the moment, though. She couldn't leave in front of all her peers and the new boss, who seemed extra critical of her.

She'd stay planted in this seat until someone else made the call.

Besides, she had her laptop, and she needed to catch up on dozens of emails.

After ten minutes of striving towards inbox zero, the door to the room flung open, and Richard sauntered in. He didn't seem to care that he was late. Sarah had done the math and roughly calculated how much his delay had cost the company in lost productivity.

"Hello everyone," Richard said, taking his seat, "How's everyone doing, anyone watch the game last night?"

Sarah smiled but wanted to roll her eyes. For the last few meetings, the first twenty minutes always seemed to be occupied by a subject that didn't matter to the running of the hospital. It irked her to no end, whether it was sports or some movie that he had just seen. Much of her anger was still directed at the board, who hadn't even interviewed her for the role.

Sarah looked around the room to see if anyone had an expression of disdain on their face. That's when she noticed two of her colleagues were missing. Marcie from HR and Jerry from IT. Both were usually just as punctual as she was, if not more so.

"Alright," Richard said, holding his hands up after a lengthy discussion about the Chicago Blackhawks. Let's get down to business. We need to go over some housekeeping. This morning, we made some personnel changes." He gestured towards the table.

"As you all know, we had that embarrassing IT breach before I came on board. Terrible and really preventable if you ask me," Richard said.

Sarah felt a tingling feeling at the base of her neck. "We rely on our IT

team to prevent such things. It should never have happened. That's why this morning we let Jerry go. I have someone in mind that could fill the role. We'd be lucky to have him join us."

Sarah felt her stomach drop. Jerry was one of her closest allies and he was not at all responsible for what had happened. That had been the old CEO, Drew who had made some corrupt deal with Swan Systems. Jerry had been shut out of that decision entirely.

Her colleagues shifted nervously in their chairs. They all knew the truth, but they were keeping quiet. No one was going to stand up for

Jerry now that he was gone, and no one wanted to be in Richard's crosshairs.

"So we're going to replace Jerry and overhaul the IT team, get a new head who's going to rebuild the department from the ground up and bring it into this century," Richard said. "Another strategic move is looking at our HR department. We need to be more nimble, hire

faster, fire faster, and be willing to examine old, outdated policies to make this hospital run like a tech company. Marcie wasn't cut out for that and was unwilling to make these hard changes, so we decided to part ways."

His use of the word 'we' made Sarah's stomach twist into knots. As if the rest of the group had any kind of input on the decision. Like they were also responsible for the dismissal. That was the heads of two departments gone. Both Jerry and Marcie had worked at the hospital for years. She was witnessing a paradigm shift happening right before her eyes.

Richard stood up and walked around the table. Like a lion stalking a group of zebras, trying to figure out which one would be his next prey.

His next victim.

"I expect," he said as he moved behind Sarah's colleagues on the other side of the table, "That we won't need to make any more personnel changes at this level. Sure, we're going to figure out where the fat is in each department and trim it. That's just good business, ensuring each role gives this place a positive ROI. We can't let leeches suck off our teats anymore."

He rounded the table in Sarah's direction, "But we also need to transform the hospital and how we do business. We need to look at slashing down how long we keep patients in our beds, look for better alignment with our drug partners to see new paths of revenue and honestly, really examine what sort of things we admit patients for."

"But that's going to start at the top," He was just a few chairs away from her. Sarah steeled herself for him to disappear from her peripheral vision. "So we need new eyes and blood to help guide us there. That's why we are going to have a new IT leader, who will be a direct report to me.

And for the time being, we're going to streamline the HR team. We won't have a head of HR but more of a managerial role who also reports to my team. It'll just streamline things and ensure I have a much better idea of everything that goes on in this hospital."

So he was consolidating power and eliminating any potential challengers.

Sarah was impressed and horrified at how easily and quickly he'd done it.

Richard disappeared from her view and she held her breath as he walked behind her.

"By this time next year, you won't even recognize this hospital," Richard said. Sarah slowly exhaled, realizing that Richard had stopped behind her. Her chair swiveled as she felt his hands come to rest on the top of her chair.

"We're going to make this place into an extremely profitable business and erase the memories of the IT nightmare you've all just endured." His hands dropped down her chair until they came to rest on Sarah's shoulders. His fingers started to push into the material of her blouse.

"Why so tense, Sarah?" Richard chuckled from behind her, eliciting similar nervous chuckles from around the room, "I swear I can feel the knots in your shoulders. You need to relax. This is all good news."

Richard's fingers started massaging her shoulders through her blouse. His unwanted fingers exploring her shoulders as he feigned kneading them.

Sarah had never felt so uncomfortable in front of her peers. And she had no one to turn to. Normally she would have gone to Marcie in

HR but she was gone and it seemed like Richard was getting ready to stack the hospital with yes men who reported only to him.

"You're so tense, Sarah," Richard said, his hands leaving her shoulders as he continued walking around the table. "You don't need to worry about anything anymore. All of our problems are in the past, and we're on a bright new course here. I'm sure you'll enjoy it just as much as I will."

"Now, let's dig into this week's priorities," Richard said, taking his chair at the head of the table. Hmmmm, let's start with cardiology. Go."

The head of cardiology began to speak, but Sarah didn't listen. All she wanted to do was get out of there. She couldn't wait to go back to Chicago and visit Dan.

***

Dan couldn't help but admire Jesse's office's well-put-together appearance. His company clearly didn't pull any punches when decorating its offices. He loved the wood desk and small couch, along with a tasteful coffee table and wall art. But it was the view from the windows that made the office. The sprawling view of downtown Chicago was impressive.

It was everything Dan had wanted when he moved to the city, but now it was beginning to feel like a pipedream.

"Are we boring you, Dan?" Byron's voice said from the computer monitor.

Dan turned his attention back to the screen. Jesse sat beside him, looking at the monitor.

"Just admiring Jesse's office," Dan shrugged, "Sorry, what did I miss?"

Bryon rolled his eyes, “You know how I threatened to get you fired and burn you with my network if you refused to help? Well, I’ll do the same thing if you just phone this in Dan. Got it?”

“Understood,” Dan said, “It won’t happen again.”

“Sir,” Byron grinned, “Say ‘it won’t happen again, sir.’”

“It won’t happen again…sir,” Dan clenched his fist.

“Good,” Byron said, “I’ve sent over some specs for you to look at.

Nothing sensitive, more of a laundry list of things we’ll need. Get on sourcing them at competitive bids.”

Dan opened up Byron’s email on his phone and looked over the list, “This is great and all Byron but it’s like pieces of the puzzle without seeing the entire picture. I won’t know how everything works together unless I get the full context.”

“Later,” Byron said, “For now, this is what I need you to do. When you come to Minneapolis, we’ll go over things in more detail.”

“Let me ask one question,” Dan said.

“Shoot,” Byron said, checking his watch. He grabbed a glass from off-screen containing a dark liquid and took a savoring sip. It wasn’t even lunch yet.

“So this suburb that you have planned. You want self-generating power, its own water reclamation, and for it to be self sustaining? Is it going to be near a water source or hooked up to a municipal line? Do you want some kind of redundant backup power or will you have it switch over to the grid in case something goes wrong? Besides building it, what about things like waste collection and –”

“That wasn’t one question, Dan,” Byron held up a hand, “Just do your job.”

“This is me doing my job,” Dan said, “These are things you are going to need to think through and figure out before you can build this new subdivision.”

“Obviously. What I’m telling you is to focus on the work I give you.

Right now, it’s to look over the specs. Save the questions for later. I have to run to another meeting,” Byron said.

Dan felt his face flush with anger. He didn’t like the way Byron was talking to him, and he sure as hell didn’t like being kept in the dark.

An amused look spread across Byron’s face.

“Dan,” he started, “Clearly, you’re upset. And I get it. You’re boxed in and trapped. You got outplayed. I would hate to be you right now. But that’s just it, isn’t it? I’m not you. I’m on the other side of this mess you’ve found yourself in. So, a word of advice.”

Byron took another long drink from his glass, making Dan wait.

“Ah, that’s good,” He said, looking at the glass before putting it down,

“Now here’s the thing. And I’ve seen it a hundred times before with people shit out of luck like yourself. This is the part where you’re going to try to find a way out of this arrangement and do something stupid. Maybe it’s that you quit your job and try to move back home.

Maybe this is where you try to change industries and start over. I’m sure there are plenty of dumb ideas cooking in, your busy brain, but here’s the advice.”

“Don’t,” Bryon said, “Just sit back and take it. It’ll be easier that way. You don’t want to try to get out of this and fuck with us.”

Byron leaned back in his chair, “For example, this next meeting I’m going to. We’re there to discuss a hostile takeover of a leading accounting software company. They have a better product, better team and are all around better than what this arm of our business offers. But we’ve been attacking them and dismembering them for months, slowly bleeding them dry. My colleague found a really interesting opportunity and took full advantage of it. Now we’re going to take them over, integrate their operations, fire some of their employees and the ones we want to keep, and they won’t be going anywhere anytime soon.”

“Sounds pretty cutthroat,” Dan said.

“We are,” Byron said, “Which is why you should be careful. Get on our bad side again, and you may just find that the real estate division here buys up all the homes around yours, and we’ll rent them out to crackheads.

We’ll tank your neighborhood and then buy out the rest of the homes for pennies on the dollar. It wouldn’t be the first time.”

“But,” Bryon said, “I’m sure it won’t come to that. You’re a smart guy.

You’ll do what’s best for your family. Ta-ta.”

Byron pressed a button, and the video call ended.

“You can see yourself out, right?” Jesse moved around the desk and took his normal seat.

Dan left Jesse’s office and made a beeline for the elevator. It was time to do something that Byron would consider dumb. Dan wasn’t sure how much of what Byron said was true and how much of it was

just him trying to be intimidating. Either way, Dan wasn't just about to roll over and take it.

Not when this asshole threatened his family and already had alluded to his interest in Sarah.

As the elevator doors opened in the building's lobby, Dan checked his watch. He was still early.

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"Hello Dan," a non-descript man wearing a sharp suit took the seat across from Dan. The Starbucks was busy and no one looked in their direction.

Even though there were plenty of business types sitting around them or getting their orders, he couldn't help but think that the man across from him looked out of place. It wasn't the way he dressed but rather his mannerisms and the way he carried himself.

"Peter," Dan extended his hand, and the man shook it. Peter had been the man who approached Dan with an offer to spy on Byron and the Lincoln Group. An offer that Dan had turned down at the time, thinking that the Lincoln Group was behind him. But now that Byron had re-entered his life, Dan needed to see what options Peter might present.

"So, you said something had changed in your email?" Peter said, getting right down to business. He hadn't even ordered a coffee.

"I'm back in with the Lincoln Group," Dan said, "Working with Byron. Just talked to him less than an hour ago. Working on a secret project of theirs."

"Secret project, huh?" Peter leaned back, looking disinterested, "Sounds interesting."

“It is,” Dan looked at him. Peter was looking around the coffee shop, seemingly uninterested in Dan.

“What’s going on, Peter?” Dan said, “Last time, you seemed quite eager to get me to work with you, but now you’re acting like you aren’t interested. What gives?”

Peter chuckled. Dan guessed that most people didn’t talk to him so bluntly. Either the guy wasn’t interested, or he was putting on a ruse.

The fact that he even took the meeting meant he was interested.

“Well, after our last chat, I was disappointed that you couldn’t see your way to work with me,” Peter said, “So I found someone else who could help me accomplish my goal with the Lincoln Group. Quite frankly, I don’t need you anymore, Dan.”

Dan felt his plan falling apart below him. He thought that this Peter guy might be able to offer him the lifeline he needed to get out of this mess with Byron. But if Peter had already found somebody else, that meant he wasn’t needed at all. He was alone and stuck doing whatever Byron and Jesse wanted….

Dan could feel himself smiling. Peter noticed and shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Then Dan laughed hard. Peter looked around, clearly not happy that Dan was attracting the attention of others around him.

“You recruited Jesse, didn’t you?” Dan said as he tried to stifle his laughter. “You have Jesse as your spy.”

“Quiet,” Peter hushed, “When you said no, I had to look at other options.”

“Alright,” Dan calmed himself, “Well, I want back in on the deal we discussed last time.”

“Like I said, Dan, I don’t need you anymore,” Peter leaned in and said quietly.

Dan leaned in and said, “I think you do. I think you have started to realize just how unintellectual Jesse is. And you wouldn’t have even taken this meeting if you weren’t looking for other options.”

Peter’s shoulders slumped before he recomposed himself and spread his hands open on the table, “I’m always open to taking meetings, Dan.”

“Well, how about this then?” Dan said, “I don’t think you give a shit that you have Jesse in play. The only thing you care about is results. If I get you what you’re looking for, you pay me. Simple as that.”

“And why do you think you’ll get results over Jesse?” Peter said.

“Because Jesse doesn’t know his ass from his nose. You need someone to understand what they are building over there.” Dan said.

“Actually, I don’t,” Peter said. “I have much greater ambitions than just one project of theirs.”

“So what is it you want then?” Dan asked.

“I need you to plant something in Byron’s office. That’s all.” Peter said.

“Plant what?” Dan asked.

“That depends,” Peter said, “Are you committing to this path?”

“For two hundred thousand dollars, I am,” Dan said.

“Two hundred thousand?” Peter said.

“Yes, I thought corporate espionage was supposed to pay well. Besides, I know that two hundred K is a drop in the bucket of the

Lincoln Group's operation. I heard a little about all the verticals they are in today. If you're going up against them, your backers must have some serious cash, too."

"Fine," Peter said, sighing, "Well played."

The man reached into the breast pocket of his jacket and pulled out a small envelope. He slid it across the table to Dan.

"Don't open it here," Peter said. "Just put it away."

Dan put the envelope in his briefcase, "What is it?"

"It's a simple keylogger. Looks like a normal USB with Lincoln Group branding. I need you to stick it in Byron's computer in his office. The back of his computer so that he doesn't see it. I'll get someone else to retrieve it after a few weeks."

"So this keylogger," Dan said, "It'll record Byron's passwords and stuff?

I would've thought it was a virus or something."

"It'll record everything he types. So I'll know not only his passwords but everything he writes. All those secret projects and beyond will be ours. The Lincoln Group's IT team would likely catch a virus like that.

We've tried in the past. This USB is much less nefarious and shouldn't raise any alarms."

"Besides," Peter continued, "As much fun as it would be to cripple them with a virus, it will be just as much fun doing the other things we have planned for them."

"Like what?" Dan asked.

"That's not for you to know, Dan," Peter said, standing up, "Just do your job and get it installed."

“You know,” Dan said, “That’s the second time someone has said that to me today, and I’m getting tired of it.”

“Oh well,” Peter said, turning to leave.

“Just one more thing,” Dan said. Peter, looking tired of the conversation, turned around.

“What do you have Jesse doing? Is he supposed to do the same thing?” Dan asked.

Peter let out a long breath. “Yes, that was what Jesse was supposed to do, as well as report on Byron. Unfortunately, your colleague has yet to visit Byron’s offices despite his pleading to do so. I hope you have better results.”

With that, Peter turned and walked out of the coffee shop, leaving Dan to mull over his next course of action. As much as he hated the idea, he may

have to travel back to Minnesota and meet with Bryon sooner rather than later.

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Dan slung his backpack over his shoulder and locked his bedroom door behind him. He didn’t want Lester looking through his things while he was gone. He hadn’t seen Lester since his roommate had caught him looking at apartments. But he still heard him shuffling around in his bedroom and noted that the dishes were steadily piling up in the sink.

Dan was heading home for a few days before returning to Chicago with Sarah. He still wasn’t sure what to expect having her back in the apartment. Lester had been suspiciously quiet since their last interaction. Sarah had even said that Lester had stopped messaging her.

Still, parts of Dan's mind stirred at the possibilities. While he had forced Lester off Sarah and threatened him, he couldn't help but still picture them together. This fantasy felt like a drug that Dan's body still wanted, even though he was trying to cold-turkey his way out of it.

He wondered how hard Lester would try to fuck Sarah after Dan had put him in his place. If he were Lester, that would make it all the more rewarding to get with her. He shook his head, trying to dislodge the thoughts of them moving together as he went to open the apartment door.

A knock from the other side stopped him in his tracks. Dan gripped the doorknob and opened the door, "Hello?"

"Hey there, is Lester around?" An older man was standing at the door. Dan couldn't place his age but ballparked it at somewhere above fifty and somewhere below sixty five. He had a slim build with a small pouch of a gut. His wispy salt and pepper beard connected with slim sideburns into his hair of the same shade. Dark glasses covered his brown eyes and he was a head shorter than Dan. There was a nervous energy about the man.

"Uh, I don't know," Dan said, "Can I help you?"

"I'm Frank, the building manager. Just here to deliver this," Frank held out an envelope. His hand was shaking slightly. Maybe nerves or some kind of condition. Dan eyed him suspiciously but took the envelope.

"I'll make sure it gets to him," Dan said.

"Good. Rent's going up a bit. Not my fault. Building owners said it's a market correction," Frank turned, seemingly in a hurry to depart. Dan noticed that he wasn't carrying any other envelopes and wondered why he hadn't just left them in the mailbox.

Dan shut the door behind him and opened the envelope. His eyes bulged when he saw the rent increase. It went up by much more than he had expected. Even though he only paid half the rent, it was still a steep surprise. Then he remembered Lester was still covering his portion of the rent. They hadn't discussed whether the deal was fully off or not. After their last encounter, it seemed kind of up in the air.

This letter will likely prompt Lester to broach the conversation. Dan left the letter open on the kitchen table before leaving the apartment and heading home to Middleton.

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Lester scoffed from his command center, watching on the camera as Dan shut the door on their building manager. An evil grin spread across his face as he watched Dan's eyes bulge at the letter's contents.

He reached out and grabbed a new bag of Cheetos and pulled it open. With a look of lust, he lowered his nose into the bag and inhaled. The artificial cheese scent filled his nostrils. Lester leaned back and exhaled, sticking his fingers into the bag, retrieving a handful of the delicious snack, and shoveling it into his waiting mouth.

Lester groaned as his teeth munched the Cheetos, and their heavenly cheesy flavor danced over his taste buds. From a video feed on his screen, Dan left the apartment. He was on his way back home to his nice little family. From the calls Lester had overheard, Dan would return in a couple of days with Sarah in tow. It had been too long since Lester had taken her in his bed.

He itched his hardening cock through his basketball shorts, spreading Cheeto dust onto them. Dan was becoming an increasing pain in the ass.

Lester thought back to the way that Dan had grabbed him by the throat and thrown him out of the house. The disrespect of it. Lester shoveled another handful of Cheetos into his mouth as his mind went back to the pathetic way that he had acted afterward in his car.

He didn't want to think about that. He leaned forward, grabbed the mouse, and navigated to his browser. He had reacted like a child. The same way he did back when he was in school. How could he come so far only to regress to that state? To that weakling, he'd left behind? No. That wasn't who he was anymore. And he would show Dan just what he was capable of.

Lester navigated to the fake email account he had set up. After months of searching, he finally found someone who checked all the boxes he was looking for: pliable, motivated by money, in a desperate position, easily manipulated, rough around the edges, and not as well endowed as Lester.

Initially, Lester had considered bringing in one of the members of his DND guild to assist him. Ultimately, the others lacked what he was looking for. They would all crumble under Sarah. The only one that might work was Eugene, but he wasn't about to let him near his prize. He had already beaten the man and put him in his place—no need to give him false confidence or anything else, for that matter.

If Dan was still going to put up a fight, it was time for Lester to advance his plans. Sarah and Dan both had their pressure points, and Lester planned to exploit them—Sarah's weakness about being exposed to others and Dan's desire to see his wife exposed. While Sarah seemed under his thumb, Dan appeared to have grown acclimated to Lester's presence. It was time to change the variables.

Lester smiled when he saw that his new friend had answered his email. He clicked on Vernon's unread email.

It read: Hell yeah, I'm in. I want half up front. She looks sexy as fuck.

When?

Lester suppressed a smile. It was almost too easy. Having attached a few pictures of Sarah sealed the deal. Nothing too risque, just a couple of pictures Sarah had left behind for Dan when he moved into the apartment.

The ones that Lester rightfully made copies of. The juicier ones were for him alone. But Dan wouldn't have approved, which made it all the better for Lester. He typed a response.

You'll get paid when the job is done. She'll be back in the next few days. I want to meet tomorrow and go over a few things. And just remember. No touching. Your job is just to watch.

He fired off the response. The pawns were moving into place. They would collide upon Sarah's return to the apartment.

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"Anything?" Dan asked as he sat on the couch looking at his laptop.

"Not in your price range," Sarah said from the loveseat, scrolling through her phone, "Everything is so much more expensive than it was the last time we looked for apartments."

"I know," Dan said, scrolling through more listings. "I'm just so tired of looking through these same places, hoping for a unicorn apartment to pop up."

"There are some that fit the price range, but they aren't in the city center like you are now. They are out far and look a little sketchy."

Sarah said.

Dan looked over at his wife. Even in her sweatpants and a hoodie, she looked sexy as hell. The loose-fitted clothing didn't do anything

to hide the tantalizing curves of her body. His eyes trailed up her legs, which were propped up on the arm of the couch. He looked at her fingers scrolling on the phone and then her lips. It had been some time since he had relieved himself, and he was having difficulty concentrating on anything but his wife.

The kids were tucked into bed after a fantastic dinner Sarah had put together. Tomorrow, they'd be dropped off at their grandparents' house before Sarah joined him on a drive back up to Chicago.

"What?" Sarah asked, catching him looking at her.

"Just appreciating how sexy of a wife I have," Dan smiled.

"Pshhh I'm in sweatpants and my hair is a mess," Sarah said.

"Sexy is sexy," Dan replied.

"Well, maybe if you play your cards right, we can go upstairs for some alone time after we find you a place." Sarah smiled mischievously at him before returning her attention to her phone.

"It's pointless," Dan said, "I've been looking for days. There just isn't anything available. We should just give up and go upstairs I think."

"Nice try, Romeo," Sarah said, "Give me a few more minutes. If we can't find anything, maybe we can at least reach out and try a lower offer. You never know."

"Doubt it," Dan replied, "I think a lot of these landlords are just bumping up their rates to match everyone else. Market correction."

"That's what your building manager said, right?" Sarah asked, "The bastard."

"He's just doing his job," Dan said, "But it was weird. He seemed to have a jittery kind of energy."

“Maybe he just hates delivering bad news or he’s bad with people. Who knows?” Sarah continued focusing on her phone.

That could be the case. Just a socially anxious guy. But Dan couldn’t help shake the feeling the timing seemed too convenient. He’d never met the building manager before. Sure, maybe they never crossed paths and Lester usually dealt with him. But having him just come by like that so soon after Dan had spoken to Lester about moving. It could be a coincidence or could be something else.

It didn’t make sense that Lester would try to get rent increased would it?

“Sarah, what about Lester? Do you think he could have had anything to do with the rent increase?” Dan asked.

“Lester?” Sarah said, “I don’t think so. I mean, he’s paying all the rent now. Why would he want to pay more? He’s definitely manipulative but I don’t see what he gains from it. Why?”

“The timing seems awfully convenient,” Dan said.

“Well, maybe he is trying to get rid of you so some hot young blonde could move in instead.” Sarah suppressed a smile from behind her phone.

“Oh yeah?” Dan laughed, “And where would he find one of those? If only he knew one.”

“Dick,” Sarah said, finally looking up from her phone.

“I win,” Dan pumped a fist into the air. “If only I could win at finding an apartment. Maybe we should think about a different approach.”

“What do you mean?” Sarah asked.

“I’m tired,” Dan said, “Tired of hustling at work for peanuts. Tired of this new bullshit with Jesse and Byron. Just tired of living in Chicago and being away from you guys. What if we just forget about Chicago, and I move back home? See if I can find something else here or a remote job.”

Sarah set down her phone, “Dan, you know that is all I want, right? To have you back? Me and the girls would love that. It’s just that... I don’t know about right now. Things at work feel so, delicate right now for me I don’t know, I’d be worried about you moving back and trying to find something only for me to get fired.”

“It’s that bad right now?” Dan asked.

“It’s looking pretty bleak,” Sarah said, “Not only did they fire Jerry and Marcie but they’ve been releasing lower-level people across all departments. Asking every department head to find deeper cost savings.

I’m worried administrative staff will be next. I haven’t really been able to show my value to the new CEO.”

“You will though,” Dan said, “I know you will. That place wouldn’t run without you.”

“I’m just worried I won’t have time to show that. I’m just trying to keep my head down right now,” Sarah sighed and put her phone down.

“Are you that worried?” Dan asked.

“I am. I don’t know. I don’t know what’s going to happen.” Sarah said.

“Well maybe it’s time you start looking around. At least see what’s out there.” Dan said, “Maybe we both should be.”

“You may be right.” Sarah said, “As much as I want one of us to have a secure job, it is kind of nice knowing I’m not in this alone – you know?”

A slight grin lit up her face.

“I get it,” Dan said, “No matter what, we’re both in this together. That goes for everything we face. Whether it’s shitty bosses or shitty roommates like Lester, we’ll figure it out together.”

“You seem to keep working Lester into the conversation,” Sarah was staring at him intensely.

“Not on purpose. Just some of the frustrations and stress that keeps rolling around in my mind.” Dan said.

“Mhmmmm really?” Sarah put her phone on the couch and swung her legs onto the floor. She stood up and slowly walked towards Dan until she stood just before him. “Tell me what’s frustrating you.”

She took his laptop and placed it on the table next to her. Then she moved onto the couch with him, straddling his legs. She pushed herself down onto his crotch and her sweatshirt-clad breasts were dangerously close to Dan’s face, “What’s stressing you out?”

“God,” Dan said, his hands running up to her ass, kneading it, “You feel so good on me.”

Sarah grabbed his hands and removed them from her ass, “Not yet. Tell me what it is that has you so stressed out.”

Dan sighed, and he rested his head back on the couch. Sarah’s body started to move back and forth over his crotch slowly. He could feel himself getting hard, “Work.”

“Mhmm, come on Dan, tell me,” Sarah leaned forward and whispered in his ear. Her hot breath caused goosebumps to raise

across his neck, “What about work is stressing you out? Or should I say, who is causing my baby stress?”

God, she felt good, and he loved when she teased him like this. Her voice sounded so sultry and dripping with sex. He mumbled, “Jesse and Byron, I need to figure a way out of that.”

“Mhmmm, yes, you do,” Sarah said, “Do you remember what you said a second ago?”

“No, what?” Dan asked, his eyes closed.

“That we’re in this together. No matter what. We’ll tackle our problems together?” Sarah asked.

“Yesss,” Dan breathed. He had an idea of where Sarah’s mind was going.

“Mhmmm, well, what if I help you with your work problem? Maybe I’ll fly to Minnesota and help pacify them for you? Do you think that would work?

Do you think there is anything I could do to make them back off?” Sarah asked and then glanced down at her own body, her suggestion clear.

“Uhhhhhh,” Dan’s mind wasn’t working correctly.

She leaned forward and licked his ear, “I’ve seen how they look at me, Dan. I know what they want. And I know you do, too. Do you want me to solve your problems for you?” She let her weight fully press down on her husband, grinding herself against him.

“Fuck,” Dan moaned as his cock grew rock hard, pressing against Sarah.

“I can feel your dick under me, I’ll take that as a ‘yes.’” Sarah said,

“What else is stressing my baby out? What else can I help you take care of?”

“Lester….” Dan breathed, “We need to figure out the Lester situation.”

“Mhmmm, I’m surprised you brought him up. Especially after how things went last time. I didn’t think you’d want me playing with him again.”

Sarah breathed and gave him a light peck on the cheek.

“I don’t. I – don’t,” Dan leaned back, trying to push his hardening cock against his wife. “Fuck Sarah, I’ve been trying to be good with this, but you’re not making it easy.”

Sarah smiled mischievously, “I’m sorry it’s so hard. I know, I’m being a bad girl.”

“I don’t like losing control. The way I do when you’re with Lester. It’s like I just freeze up and watch you getting...” Dan groaned, feeling his wife grind herself on his cock. His mind was reeling with memories, unable to focus on a specific moment of his wife and roommate enjoying each other.

“Is that just with Lester, or do you think it would be that way with someone else?” Sarah asked.

“I don’t know,” Dan said, “I want to explore other things besides stuff with Lester. I feel like our fantasy is starting to center only around him.”

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned, her eyes closed. She seemed lost in the feeling of rubbing herself up against Dan’s dick. “Well, he has been the only one you’ve let me play with. And he has done a very good job at it. A very thorough job.”

Dan groaned at her admission. The way she talked about this fantasy and toyed with him always got his heart beating faster as more and more blood needed to be directed to his dick. “Well, what should we do about Lester?”

Dan pushed his hips up again, his dick pressing against his wife’s sweatpant-covered pussy. She drew in a sharp breath in response.

“Mhmmm, no,” Sarah purred, “You tell me, what does my husband want me to do? I’ll do whatever you want.”

Dan just sat there staring at his wife. Unsure how to respond. He didn’t know what he wanted. His brain was a mixture of guilt, arousal, anger, and a deep desire to see his wife with someone else. Someone so below her, like Lester. Someone he couldn’t stand. That combination made it all the sweeter.

“I can’t move home yet. Your job is precarious,” Dan breathed.

“Uh-huh,” Sarah said, reaching down to grab the bottom of her sweatshirt and peeling it off over her head. Dan sucked in a breath. A lacy purple bra came into view. He hadn’t realized that was all she was wearing under it. His eyes danced over her exposed skin, watching her magnificent breasts rise and fall in time with her breathing.

“I can’t find a new place. Rent anywhere else is too high, and my rent is about to go up. I’m stuck with Lester,” Dan said. “And we have our deal.”

“What deal is that?” Sarah breathed, staring down at her husband. The way her lips were slightly parted as she waited for Dan’s response was incredibly sexy. He didn’t know how she did it. How she made her face look so sexy. Her ‘fuck me’ eyes bore into his soul, lust painted across her features.

“You know the deal,” Dan breathed.

“Tell me,” Sarah said.

“Lester pays my half of the rent,” Dan finally managed to say, “And, uh, fuck.” Sarah had increased the pace of her grinding on his lap.

“And what?” Sarah said.

“In return,” Dan said, “He gets to take you out on dates.”

“Is that all?” Sarah said, “Just dates?”

“That’s all we agreed to,” Dan said. “But it usually ends up with him between your legs.”

“Mhmm, he does manage to find a way to get me every time,” Sarah bit her lip, “And for all his faults, he does a really, really good job.”

Sarah abruptly got off her husband. Her hands found the waistband of his pants and yanked them down to his ankles. His cock was making a tent in his boxers. Sarah pulled off her pants and panties in one swift motion.

Dan awkwardly pulled off his boxers just in time for Sarah to climb on top of him.

She grabbed his cock and positioned it at her opening as she slowly lowered herself down on it.

“Ahhhhhh mhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as Dan’s cock disappeared inside of her.

When his cock was fully embedded inside of her, she said, “What do you

want, Dan? Do you want to keep going with Lester’s deal? Do you think he’ll still honor it after how you treated him last time?”

“Fuck, I don’t know what I want,” Dan breathed, “But I know he’d still honor it.”

“Why? Why should he after the way my husband manhandled him and threw him out on his ass?” Sarah breathed, staring deep into Dan’s eyes.

“Because,” Dan said, bucking his hips up in time to meet Sarah’s, “Any man would be an idiot to turn down a woman like you.”

“Damn right,” Sarah’s hands felt herself up, moving over her stomach, grabbing her breasts until she found her head. Her manicured nails pushed into her hair, cradling the back of her head. She pushed her breasts forward towards Dan. He leaned forward and licked at her exposed skin, his tongue dancing over the swell of her breasts. Whatever wasn’t covered by her bra.

“So what’s your final decision? Do we keep going with Lester?” Sarah said. “Maybe now that you threw him on his ass, he’ll know who’s in charge.”

“Fuck,” Dan breathed, “Maybe.”

“Maybe?” Sarah said as she moved up and down Dan’s cock. Her pussy was gripping his cock hard.

“I..I….fuck Sarah, you feel good,” Dan’s hand grabbed her hips and pulled her down onto his cock.

“Mhmmaahhhhh Dan!” Sarah moaned.

“Fucking Lester,” Dan said, “I don’t know what I want. Fuck. I hate seeing his stupid face, but I feel addicted to seeing you with him. I don’t know if it would be different with someone else. Maybe it would be the same. Maybe it isn’t about him. I don’t know.”

“Even when I saw you in our bedroom. And what you told me from before.

All those times I didn’t know about. Fuck, it’s dirty to say, but all of that still got to me, as much as I’m still pissed over it.” Dan said as he started to fuck Sarah faster.

“Mhmm fuck baby, don’t stop. Keep going. Punish me for being a bad wife.”

Sarah said, “I deserve it. I’ve been so bad.”

“God,” Dan said, “I love it when you’re bad.”

“Mhmm I don’t want to be bad without you. Not again,” Sarah said, “This is all for you. For us. Lester is just a toy.”

“Fuck that’s hot,” Dan moved his hands to her ass and gripped both of her ass cheeks, pulling her towards him. Sarah fell forward, dropping her hands onto the top of the couch on either side of Dan’s head. Her hair fell forward onto him. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at her husband.

“I love you so much,” Sarah said.

“I love you too,” Dan breathed, “Fuck Sarah, I’m getting close.”

“God Dan,” Sarah moaned as she started to buck her hips, faster and faster, “Cum for me baby. I want to feel it. Cum for me, Dan.”

“Are you close?” Dan said breathlessly.

“Just don’t stop. I’m almost there,” Sarah was bucking her hips wildly on Dan’s cock. He thought his hips might be bruised tomorrow because of how hard she was slamming down onto him,” Mhmmm, Dan, fuck me. Fuck you feel so good. Almost there. So close. Don’t stop.”

“Say it again,” Dan said, “What is Lester to you?”

“Just a toy. A stupid fucking toy.” Sarah said, “He’s my fuck toy.”

“Ah fuck,” Dan felt his balls tighten, “I’m gonna cum.”

“Cum for me, daddy!” Sarah roared as her nails dug into the couch.

“FUCK DAN!” Sarah wailed as her body tensed on top of him. Her pussy had his dick in an iron grip as he felt himself explode inside of her.

“MHMM FUCK,” Sarah moaned as Dan emptied his balls inside of her. Her legs had his body in a vise grip as she came on top of him. Dan closed his eyes and disconnected from all his senses, except for the feeling of his cock buried deep inside of his wife, feeling her body tense up as she came with him.

They didn’t move for a long time. Finally, Sarah rolled off of him, cupping her pussy so that his cum wouldn’t spill out. She grabbed a handful of Kleenex from the living room table and held it to herself, hoping to prevent his cum from staining the rug.

“Jesus,” Dan muttered to himself.

“I’ve missed you too,” Sarah said, leaning back down to kiss him. Dan pulled her back down to the couch and kissed her gently for a few minutes, both enjoying being in each other’s arms.

Sarah broke the kiss and nestled against his chest. They stayed like that for some time. Just listening to the other breathe, feeling each other’s body against their own. Finally, Dan broke the silence.

“I think,” he started, “For right now, we still need Lester. Just for a short time.”

“Are you saying we should continue with him?” Sarah asked, “Even after everything that happened here and at the hospital?”

“I’m still not happy about that, even though it did turn me on,” Dan said, “I think Lester got a wake-up call when I threw him out. And you and I are in a better place. I’ll be there to stop you from spinning, whether it’s work or other stuff. I know you won’t play with the fantasy without me.”

“I won’t,” Sarah said. “You know I won’t. Not after everything we’ve been through.”

“We need to stay in control of what’s happening,” Dan said, “We call the shots. I know you enjoy what Lester does to you. I love watching you go wild with it too. But like you said, he’s just a toy.”

“We should keep working,” Sarah said, “On looking for a new apartment for you and figuring out your work situation. Fixing it. Lester should only be a temporary thing until we get the rest of our life back in order.”

“Yeah,” Dan said, “He’ll keep paying the rent in exchange for dates, which fuels our fantasy, and we will control. Then we figure out the next steps to get out of there and put this all behind us.”

“And get you back home.” Sarah said, “Or me and the girls come and live with you. Either way, I just want us all to be together.”

“That’s all I want, too,” Dan said.

Sarah turned her head to Dan and kissed him again, “I love you, Dan Williams.”

“I love you too, baby,” Dan said, closing his eyes. He felt himself starting to drift off.

“We’re in this together,” Sarah said, “You’ll help me figure out my work stuff, and I’ll help you figure out yours.”

“Yeah,” Dan said, trying to stay awake, “We just need to buy some time.”

Part of Dan’s brain tickled him awake, “Did you call me Daddy?”

“Maybe,” Sarah snorted, “I think so. Did you like it?”

“I did,” Dan said as he started to drift off to sleep.

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“I mean, it sounds like something from a spy movie, Dan,” Sarah said as she stretched her arms and legs in the passenger seat. “Who does this Peter guy work for?”

Sarah curled up in the passenger seat of their car as Dan drove them up the 80 into Chicago. The kids were staying with her parents again. Sarah was nervous. Her nerves weren’t a result of their conversation but of what might lie ahead for them in Chicago. She felt like she was walking into the lion’s den, but she couldn’t figure out whether that excited her or not.

“I have no idea. He’s been pretty cagey about it. But it doesn’t seem too difficult. Just need to plug something into the back of Byron’s computer.”

“And he’s gonna pay you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for that?”

Sarah said, “It seems almost too good to be true.”

“I don’t want to put all my eggs in one basket here,” Dan said, “But we should at least consider it.”

“Is corporate espionage illegal?” Sarah asked, “Can you get in real trouble for this?”

“That’s…,” Dan started, “Probably a smart thing for us to look into.”

“Okay well let’s at least explore it a bit,” Sarah said, “Have you ever been in Byron’s office before?”

“Never,” Dan said.

“Okay so if you don’t get invited in, you need to do some kind of spy moves or something to get in there unnoticed and plant the bug. It sounds risky.” Sarah said.

“It might be,” Dan said, “I just haven’t been able to think of another way out of this. I keep applying to new jobs but I’m not hearing anything back.”

“How are your freelance clients?” Sarah asked.

“All of them are doing good, actually,” Dan said, “I’m just so fricking exhausted. I wake up early and work on freelance stuff, then head to work and put in a few more hours each night for the freelance clients. I try to get some time during the day, too, but I don’t like to do it at the office.”

“That makes sense. Probably good not to,” Sarah looked over at her husband. He looked incredibly sexy, the way the muscles in his arms were tight as he gripped the steering wheel. “Do you think you’re getting to a point with that work where you can quit working for Walt?”

“Maybe,” Dan said, “Sentinel is paying well. I think I would be more comfortable making that leap if I had a couple more like that.”

“Well, let’s see if we can get you some more clients. Maybe this weekend I can look on LinkedIn and find companies that might be a

good fit?”

Sarah asked, watching the traffic stream into the city ahead of them.

“I’d like that,” Dan said, turning his head to look at her. It’s nice not being in this alone, having you watching my back, helping me out.”

“I like being part of it too,” Sarah said, “Just seeing another industry and how other companies operate.”

“What about you then?” Dan asked, “What will we do about your creepy boss?”

“Pfft,” Sarah laughed, “Don’t pretend that him creeping on me doesn’t turn you on. But thank you. I don’t know. I really don’t. I underestimated him at first, but he quickly took power and pushed out people who might possibly be obstacles to him. No one can question him now”

“Hey, it’s one thing to creep on my wife with my permission. It’s an entirely different thing if he tries to do it on his own,” Dan said.

Sarah laughed and shook her head.

“But seriously,” Dan’s tone became somber, “We’ll figure out how to fix it. Even if that means looking elsewhere.”

“I know,” Sarah said, “I just put so much of myself into that place. I’d hate to leave it. But it is changing into something else.”

They drove in silence for the next few minutes, both of them staring out the windshield. The busy highway was filled with vehicles and healthy

traffic in both directions. It was a warm day, and it seemed like plenty of tourists were heading into the city, while the urban dwellers were heading in the opposite direction.

“When do you think you’ll have to go to Minnesota?” Sarah asked.

“Not sure. Probably soonish,” Dan said.

“Want me to come with you?” Sarah asked.

Dan sighed, “Well, your presence has been requested.”

“Oh yeah,” Sarah said, “Speaking of creeps. Well maybe while you’re busy dazzling them with your business stuff I’ll sneak in and plant the bug.”

“Just don’t let Byron catch you,” Dan said, looking at the road.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Sarah’s voice grew mischievous, “If he does, I’m sure I can handle him.”

Dan turned his head to look at his wife and saw her staring at him. She looked like she was ready to pounce on him and straddle him while he was driving.

“I’m sure you could,” he finally said.

He looked back at her one more time before turning his attention back to the road. “We’re almost there,” he said.

Dan turned on his blinker and took an exit off the highway. The couple drew closer to Dan’s apartment building with every passing second.

“What do you think Lester will say when we get there?” Sarah said quietly, “Do you think he’s still going to push to continue the deal?”

“100%,” Dan said, “You’re smoking hot, and you’re the best thing that ever happened to his sad little life. I wouldn’t be surprised if he pushes for a date tonight.”

Sarah squeezed her thighs together, hoping Dan wouldn't notice—the thought of Lester taking her tonight. The thought had crossed her mind many times today, but hearing Dan say it out loud made it feel much more real.

"We'll figure this out too, Dan," Sarah said, "It's just temporary."

"I know," Dan said as he turned into the apartment's parking lot. He found an empty spot and turned off the engine, "I'll grab our bags."

The elevator doors opened, and they walked out into the hallway, heading toward Dan's apartment. Sarah felt her breath grow short and her heart felt like it was beating out of her chest. They both knew what they were walking into when they crossed the threshold of that apartment.

Dan pulled the carry-on suitcases behind him, trailing slightly behind Sarah. He couldn't help but stare at her gorgeous ass as it swayed back and forth, pushing against the material of her tight jeans as she moved.

There was no way Lester wouldn't try to pounce on her the second they got into the apartment. And Dan wasn't entirely sure how he felt about that.

He talked through a lot of things with Sarah. He felt that they were in a good, secure place to move forward confidently with their fantasies, but part of him still felt uneasy about everything. It was a constant tug of war inside himself. The last time, he felt like he had finally slain the dragon by taking control. Was he just deluding himself into thinking he still had control if it happened again?

Sarah unlocked the door to the apartment and stepped through, holding the door open for Dan. Once more unto the breach. Dan stepped into the dimly lit apartment. He switched on the light, and the familiar furniture and decor came into view.

“Let’s get unpacked,” Sarah said, taking her carry-on suitcase from Dan and heading towards his bedroom.

After the couple finished settling in, they both took seats on the living room couch. Both had their phones out while talking, and they looked up different restaurants and activities they could do while Sarah was visiting.

As much as the apartment represented her wanton fantasies coming to life, Sarah was more interested in just getting away from her job for a bit. A different location with new things to keep her busy was just what she needed.

“What about Chinese?” Dan said.

“We always pick that same place,” Sarah said, “I want to try something new that I can’t get back home.”

“Alright,” Dan said, “Let’s keep looking.”

“Have you had a Chicago deep-dish pizza yet?” A male voice said from behind them.

Sarah and Dan’s heads turned around towards the hallway where Lester was standing. He was wearing his oversized basketball shorts with orange stains on them. He had no socks, but his oversized shirt hung off his body, tightening around his stomach. There was a picture of a vintage joystick from the 80s with text that read ‘Come play with my joystick.”

The rest of Lester didn’t look much better. His face was unshaven and mangy. Coarse pube-like hair covered his neck and face. It met his thinning, greasy hair. Dan could only guess how many days it had been since he washed it. His beady eyes looked over the couple.

“Lester,” Dan said flatly, then shifted his attention to his wife. You know, I don’t know if Sarah ever had that.”

“I can’t remember ever having it,” Sarah said, “It always sounded kind of gross, to be honest. Way too much dough.”

“Don’t knock it ‘til you’ve tried it,” Lester said with a wry smile,

“There’s plenty of things I’m sure you didn’t think twice about, but once you had a taste, you couldn’t stop.”

Dan rolled his eyes, and Sarah blushed. Sarah turned back to Lester, “Is there something specific you’re referring to?”

“I think you both know what I’m talking about,” Lester said.

“Well, then say it,” Sarah challenged.

Lester narrowed his eyes at Sarah and walked into the room. He moved around the side of the couch, past Sarah, until he stood before them.

“This,” he said gesturing to the three of them, “I’ll admit, at first even I wasn’t sure about it. I was happy to bed you Sarah but I was worried Dan was going to try some of that gay shit.”

“What the fuck,” Dan scoffed. “At no point did I ever say anything about that.”

“Well, when I read online about it, that’s what I thought it was about.”

Lester said, “But I think we’ve all gotten something out of this that we enjoy. Me getting to fuck a beauty like Sarah. Bonus points that it’s your wife, Dan.”

“And you like seeing her have sex,” he said, looking at Dan, “Seeing her pleasured beyond anything you could possibly give her.”

“That’s a little much buddy,” Dan stood up to meet Lester’s eyes, “Don’t push your luck. The only reason you’re involved in this at all is

because we allow you to be. After the shit you pulled last time, you're lucky I didn't push you out of the house harder."

"I may have gotten carried away, but can you blame me," Lester said, gesturing to Sarah, "How could I pass up the opportunity to crawl up between those legs."

"That's enough," Sarah said, standing up to join the posturing men, "I'm right here, okay? I don't need you talking about me like I'm some kind of object. Lester, I wasn't in the best headspace the last few times, okay?

What we did shouldn't have happened. Those times were a mistake."

"Were they?" Lester said, "You had a need and I was there to fulfill it.

Simple as that. You can dress it up however you want but that's what happened."

"It was a mistake," Dan said, "Leave it alone. We're moving past it. I suggest you do, too."

Lester chuckled, "It'll be hard to forget. But I'll try my best."

The three of them stood there awkwardly, not knowing what to say to one another. Dan could feel the sexual tension in the air. Sarah tried not to look directly at Lester, but it was hard not to. She felt her nipples pressing against the material of her bra, her body responding to just being in his presence. Once, he was just Dan's awkward roommate, but somehow, now she just associated him with sex.

"So," Lester finally broke the silence, "I saw the letter from the landlord. Rent's going up. You find a new place to live yet?"

"Not yet," Dan said, "And yeah, that rent's going up by a bit."

“More than a bit,” Lester’s eyes looked Sarah over.

“Are you still good with the deal, Lester?” Sarah asked.

Lester raised an eyebrow and looked at both of them, “Maybe. I’m surprised you’re still interested.”

“For now,” Dan said, “It’ll still work for now.”

“I don’t know,” Lester said, “I was worried you would change your mind,”

Lester said, looking at Dan. He added, “That you would get upset at seeing me tangled up with your wife and get violent. You just did that the last time. I don’t want it happening again.”

“That’s because you went behind my back,” Dan said, “If we continue down this road I need to be there and be in control.”

“I don’t know,” Lester looked at Sarah, “I’m always going to be waiting for a punch to the back of the head. I’m not sure I’ll be able to give you what you need if Dan’s always hovering over our shoulders.”

“This is what we want,” Sarah said, “We need to be in control of this. It isn’t negotiable.”

“Everything is negotiable,” Lester said, “You’re also forgetting the fact that rent has gone up. The deal has changed. I need to pay more out of my pocket now. You’re getting a free place to live in exchange for a few dates. I don’t think it’s fair anymore.”

“What are you getting at Lester?” Sarah asked.

“I want us to drop the illusion,” Lester said, “Let’s put our cards out on the table and call it like it is. It’s not just dates. It’s sex. Mind-

blowing orgasms for Sarah and you want to watch it. So where I'm sitting, you're getting a bonus from the deal."

"Have you seen Sarah?" Dan said, "The fact that you're even negotiating terms is absurd."

"Sarah doesn't help my bank account," Lester said. Not yet at least.

"If we keep going with this deal, I want to spice things up a bit,"

Lester said.

"What do you mean by spice things up?" Sarah asked. She could already feel herself growing wet at the idea of an unknown element Lester was talking about.

"I haven't thought it all through," Lester lied, "But I want to make suggestions about how the 'date' nights could go. Maybe you agree to do a dare while we are out."

"I can't promise I'll agree to everything," Sarah said. She looked at Dan, "But we can at least consider them. What do you think?"

"Sure," Dan said, "But we still get veto rights to anything we don't like."

"Fine," Lester said, holding out his palm to Dan. Dan looked at it with disgust but reluctantly reached out and shook it. Lester's palm felt sweaty and Dan winced in disgust. Lester let go of Dan's hand and turned to Sarah. He extended his hand out to her.

Sarah's manicured hand reached out and met his. She felt an electric jolt run through her body as their skin touched. Lester gave her hand a couple of pumps before a grin spread over his face. He pulled her arm forward.

Sarah stumbled as her body crashed into his. While she was still getting her bearings, Lester's mouth pressed against hers, his tongue sliding in.

Sarah felt her body melt against his, and she opened her mouth up wider, accepting his tongue as it danced with hers. It was only when she heard herself moaning into his mouth that her brain seemed to catch up with her body. She pushed herself off of Lester and spun to look at Dan. He was standing there, clearly shocked.

"What the hell?" Dan said.

"Didn't I make that clear?" Lester said, "That we drop all the pretense.

We all know this is about sex. From now on, I'm not going to rein myself in."

"That's not what we agreed to," Sarah said, "We said more spice, that's what we said."

"Well nobody told me to stop," Lester grinned, "So is tonight or tomorrow going to be our date night? I could really go for some pizza after all of this. I'll order it."

Dan and Sarah exchanged a look.

"Tonight," Dan said, "Let's get this over with."

"Alrighty," Lester smiled wide, "I'll order a pizza in a bit. One thing, though, is that I do have a friend stopping over later on. We can continue our date night after he leaves, okay?"

"I didn't think you had any friends," Dan said.

"I do," Lester, "Don't you remember? You let one of them watch me fuck your wife."

“Okay,” Sarah interrupted, “There’s enough testosterone in here. Sure Lester. Whatever. Later works.”

“Great, what do you want on your pizza?” Lester said.

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Sarah resisted touching her lips where Lester had kissed her. Lester had left them alone, retreating back to his bedroom. She wondered what he did by himself in there all the time. She knew he played video games, but there must be more. She thought of his bed and shook her head, trying not to let her mind go down that path.

“Did we just make a big mistake?” Dan said looking at where she was sitting on the couch. He was across from her in one of the large comfy, leather side chairs. “I still can’t believe we’re doing this. With him. I don’t like how vague that word ‘spice’ is.”

“We can handle him,” Sarah said. She wasn’t sure if she believed it, but it felt right to say. “Whatever the spice is, we’ll figure it out.”

She licked her lips, tasting where Lester’s lips had been, “Besides…”

Sarah started, her eyes shifting to give her husband that sexual expression she knew drove him wild, “We might just have fun with whatever this spice is.”

Dan shifted uncomfortably in his seat, clearly struggling with a growing erection. Sarah scooted down the couch until she was close to him. She leaned forward and looked at him, “Didn’t you say you wanted us to keep exploring this together?”

“I do,” Dan breathed, “I just don’t want Lester trying to push us towards our limits.”

Sarah eyed him mischievously, “Who said I have any limits?”

“Fuck,” Dan said, “Stop, you’re too bad. I can’t handle it.”

Sarah laughed and leaned back, clasping her hands together, “You’re too easy!”

“I know,” Dan said.

“We’re in this together, honey,” Sarah said, “We’re in control, remember?

We can always stop things from happening.”

“You’re right,” Dan said, “I guess we should figure out what we’re going to be doing tomorrow. I don’t want to think about what’s going to happen the rest of tonight.”

“Mhmm, I do,” Sarah smiled, leaving Dan breathing hard.

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“I don’t want to lose control again,” Dan said to Sarah as he poured himself a coffee. Sarah was leaning against the counter next to him. “I just don’t want to feel that way.”

“I know. I get it,” Sarah said, “But that doesn’t mean you should stop yourself from enjoying this part of yourself. You just need to get a better handle on it.”

“Maybe…” Dan started before he trailed off, hearing Lester’s door close.

His fat, unkempt roommate’s plodding feet smacked against the wood floor.

Dan peeked out into the living room, and sure enough, Lester was heading in their direction.

“Ordered the pizza a while ago,” Lester said, his hungry eyes locking on Sarah’s body, “App says it’ll be here in fifteen minutes.”

“Good,” Dan said, “I’m starving.”

“Me too,” Sarah said.

“I made sure to order you extra sausage,” Lester raised his eyebrows at Sarah.

“Smooth,” Sarah rolled her eyes. Lester just shrugged his shoulders and walked into the kitchen. He opened the fridge and pulled out a can of Coke.

Cracking the lid open, he took a long sip before turning to the couple,

“Time for the spice.”

“What do you mean?” Dan put his coffee on the counter and crossed his arms, “You said the date wasn’t starting until after your friend leaves.”

“Oh, Dan,” Lester shook his head, “You have so much to learn about women.

This is all part of the foreplay. You should really learn about it sometime if you ever want to satisfy your wife.”

“I know what foreplay is,” Dan said, turning his body towards Lester.

“Well, clearly you don’t – ” Lester started before Sarah interrupted them.

“What spice are you talking about for tonight?” Sarah said.

Lester turned his gaze towards her, “I bought you something. I want you to put it on.”

“See,” he said, looking back at Dan, “Nothing too spicy.”

As Dan opened his mouth to speak, Sarah said, “What is it?”

“It’s a surprise,” Lester said, “I left it for you on my bed. Come on, I’ll show you.”

He gestured towards the hallway and started walking. Sarah began to follow him before Dan said, “Wait.”

Lester and Sarah both turned to look at him. Dan stepped into the living room and sipped his coffee, “Sarah can get changed on her own, Lester.

You stay here with me. Let’s sit down.”

“You really don’t trust me?” Lester feigned hurt.

“Nope,” Dan said. “I’m sure Sarah can find whatever you left for her.”

“Whatever,” Lester dismissed as he took a seat on the couch. Sarah turned and headed towards the hallway. As she passed the threshold, Lester added, “Oh, and put on what I left there. Nothing else.”

“Nothing else?” Sarah asked, “What about my –”

“Nothing else,” Lester looked at Dan, raising an eyebrow, “Take it all off and put on my gift.”

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Sarah closed Lester’s door behind her. It had been some time since she had been here, and it looked like Lester had been letting himself go. The room smelt musty as she tip-toed in to look around. The room was a mess.

Dirty clothes covered the floor, plates piled on Lester's desk, and even an open family-sized bag of Cheetos.

She cast a gaze around the room and shook her head. How could I let someone who lives like this fuck me?

Everything about the room screamed nerd. From the posters about video games to the miniature painted figures that seemed to decorate his desk

and dressers. How someone like this managed to fuck so good, she had no idea.

The more she looked around, the more the room matched Lester's troll-like appearance. Her gaze finally landed on the messy, unmade bed, and Sarah found herself glued in place, staring at it. Lester might have a lot of nerdy hobbies, but there was one hobby he was exceptional at. The one single thing that he and Sarah shared in common.

Her eyes scanned the pillows and sheets, memories flooding into her brain, bending over the side of the bed or Lester crawling over her, putting on a performance for Eugene in front of the peephole.

Sarah's gaze finally settled on the present Lester had left for her. She stepped over a pile of dirty clothes to the bed and ran her hand over the lacy material. Dan was going to lose her mind when he saw her in this.

She shook her head at the lack of resistance she seemed to have to Lester's commands. Before, this would have been something she considered; now, though, she just agreed without a second.

Sarah peeled off her top before unclasping her bra. Her nipples already felt hard, knowing she was doing exactly what Lester had commanded. Sarah let her bra drop onto the floor alongside Lester's

dirty clothes. Then, she lowered her pants and panties in one fluid motion, stepping out of them.

Once again, she was naked in Lester's room. Her body heated up at the thought. Sarah held up the clothing Lester had left for her and looked it over. Dan really was going to drop dead when he saw her in this.

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The two men sat in silence, neither looking at the other. Lester sat on the couch, staring at the ceiling impatiently. Dan sat on a nearby chair, scrolling through his phone while sipping coffee. After a few minutes, they both perked up when they heard the door to Lester's bedroom open.

Dan could hear her soft footsteps on the floor as she approached. He first noticed purple when she stepped into the living room. A deep, sexy purple covered her figure. Purple and her tan skin. He felt his heartbeat pick up as he looked over the sexual goddess in front of him.

Sarah was draped in a purple babydoll-style robe. It hung loosely at the wrists, running up her shoulder before dropping into a deep v down between her breasts. Thicker lace trim adorned the edges. The two sides are connected with the flimsiest pieces of purple lace string in a knot.

From there, the robe flared out to the sides, running down to her hips and exposing matching purple lace panties that only had thin pieces of material running between the front and back. The rest of the robe ran down to just about her ankles.

But the most captivating part of it was that it was made of sheer lacey purple material. It left nothing to the imagination. Dan could see her skin underneath the robe, and his eyes felt like they were

going to pop out of his sockets when he saw her naked breasts on display through the translucent material.

“Jesus Christ,” Dan muttered, not taking his eyes off his wife.

“What do you think?” Sarah walked into the room, ignoring Lester, and approached her husband. She turned to the side, flashing him her ass. The panties were more of a thong, and he had a great view of the sides of her breasts. “Too much?”

“Too much?” Dan said, “There’s barely anything to it.”

“That’s the point,” Lester said from the other end of the couch, “I knew you’d look great in it.”

“It feels sexy,” Sarah said, looking at herself in the mirror, “Do you like it, Dan?”

“I do,” Dan finally said, “I’m just wondering why Lester had it on hand.”

“Oh, I spend a lot of time thinking about your wife,” Lester grinned, “I couldn’t help but buy it for her.”

“It’s a little cold in here,” Sarah said, crossing her arms over her chest. “I’m gonna go change back into my sweats.”

“No, you aren’t,” Lester said, “You’re going to wear that all night.”

“No way,” Sarah said. “It’s too cold, and besides, your friend is coming over.”

“Yeah, Lester,” Dan added, “Not going to happen. Remember who’s in control, right?”

Lester looked at his phone and grinned, “This is the spice I was talking about. That you agreed to.”

Dan opened his mouth to say something, but a knock at the door stopped him.

"Pizza's here," Lester smiled, "Sarah, why don't you get it? Here's some cash." He handed her a few bills, "You choose what kind of tip he gets."

A shocked expression passed over Dan and Sarah's faces. Both of them stayed frozen in place, Dan in the chair and Sarah standing there with her arms crossed.

"Don't keep the guy waiting," Lester said.

Sarah and Dan exchanged a look. Another series of impatient knocks hit the door.

"I'll get it," Dan said, pushing on the arms of the chair to stand up.

"No," Sarah said, shooting Lester a look. Like she had accepted his challenge, "I'll get it."

"Are you sure?" Dan said as he was bent over awkwardly, somewhere between getting up and sitting back down.

"I got this," Sarah said to Dan, "You just sit back down and enjoy."

Sarah met Lester's gaze again before turning her attention to the door.

She sauntered over to it as the person on the other side knocked again.

She ran her hand up the door frame above her head until she was leaning against it seductively. Then she slowly unlocked the door and opened it.

A man who had to be in his fifties stood on the other side, looking impatient. His expression quickly changed when he caught sight of

Sarah.

They locked eyes, and then his gaze immediately dropped, slowly scanning over her body. He let out a long, appreciative whistle.

Sarah had never felt so exposed. The sheer material of the robe let this strange man see everything. Any neighbors passing by would get quite the look too. The man looked exactly like someone who would creep her out.

He had a disheveled and dirty appearance. Bags under his eyes immediately said 'heavy drinker' in her mind. His frame was thin, and he had gray shoulder-length greasy hair with bushy eyebrows. His piercing blue eyes were also bloodshot.

"Heya," he said leaning against the same door frame as Sarah, "Name's Vernon. Has anyone ever told you how sexy you look?"

His eyes stayed glued to her breasts like there was some magic spell preventing him from looking anywhere else. He bit his lower lip, raised his eyebrows, and nodded to himself, "Uhmhmmmmmm."

"Where's the pizza?" Sarah asked, confused.

Vernon's gaze finally broke from her breasts, and he looked up at her face, "Pizza?"

Sarah could smell alcohol on his breath, "Aren't you the pizza delivery guy?"

Vernon leaned back and looked over Sarah's body again, his gaze trailing up her legs, to her panty-clad crotch before settling again on her naked breasts under the sheer material, "Honey, I can be whatever you want me to be."

Sarah heard Lester's fat feet on the wood floor behind her, getting closer.

He smiled, “Is this the part where you say you don’t have any money and have another way to pay me? Cause I’m ready.”

“Vernon,” Lester said, looking over her shoulder, “You’re early.”

Lester stepped up behind Sarah, and she felt his gut pushing into her back. She barely resisted wiggling her ass back onto his crotch.

“Well, you know what they say,” Vernon threw up his hands in a shrug.

Sarah and Lester both waited for him to finish his thought, but he never did. Lester grabbed the door and opened it wider.

“Come in,” Lester gestured towards the open room. Vernon stepped inside and looked the place over. He turned and looked hungrily at Sarah, his eyes feasting on her nudity beneath the robe.

His eyes continued to dart around the room, and he finally noticed Dan sitting in the chair, “Heh, some kind of party going on, huh?” He nodded to Dan in a knowing way.

“We thought you were the pizza guy,” Lester said as he closed the door,

“He should be here any minute.”

“I could eat,” Vernon said before beelining into the kitchen, “You got anything to drink?”

“Help yourself,” Lester said.

“I thought your friend was coming after!” Sarah said, crossing her arms over her chest and leaning against the wall by the door.

Lester shrugged, “Early, I guess.” He rechecked his phone, “The pizza guy should be here any minute now.”

Dan stood up and moved into the kitchen to keep an eye on this new guy.

Vernon was on his knees looking through one of the lower cupboards. The doors to the upper cabinets were all ajar.

“Ah,” Vernon said, “Tequila!”

He stood back up, holding a full bottle of tequila and several shot glasses. He turned around and saw Dan staring at him. Vernon flashed him a smile and walked past him, making himself at home on the couch. He started pouring tequila in all the shot glasses before throwing one back.

Dan turned to look at Lester, “This guy’s your friend? He doesn’t seem like the guys we met before.”

“Vernon and I -” Lester started.

“Oh yeah,” Vernon interrupted, “Lester and I go way, way back. Don’t we, buddy? Before all of this…” Vernon gestured to the apartment around them before settling in for another drink.

Lester shot Vernon a piercing glare, “Right.”

Vernon continued to kick back like he owned the place, quickly downing another shot of tequila. He noticed Dan looking at him. Vernon grinned, leaned forward and poured another shot befor sliding it down the coffee table towards Dan.

The shot glass slid right off the table. It clattered to the floor and splattered tequila everywhere. Vernon didn’t notice as he grabbed the remote control off the coffee table and turned on the TV. Dan just stared at him before getting up and going into the kitchen to find some paper towels.

“Lester,” Sarah said quietly, “I’m not doing anything with your friend here.”

Lester turned to her and licked his lips. He stepped up to her, pinning her against the wall as his hand started to play with her panty line,

“But you’ve already started. You answered the door, and he’s already seen so much of you. You played nice when my D&D group was here.”

“That was different,” Sarah said quietly, “I wasn’t dressed like this.”

“That doesn’t matter,” Lester said.

“It does,” Sarah disagreed. “Don’t forget, Dan and I are in control of this. I’m going to my room to change.”

Sarah made to move past Lester, but he held her in place, his fingers dipping into her panties. “It’s cute that you are pretending to be such a good girl for your husband,” Lester whispered, “But we both know it’s just an act. I’ve seen how you looked at me today. I know you’ve been craving me. You haven’t forgotten what we’ve done together, how we fit together. We both know who’s really in charge here. I let Dan think it’s him, but you and I both know that your body belongs to me. So I’ll play along nicely but when it comes down to it, you’ll do what I want.”

Nodding slowly, Lester stepped away from Sarah, moving over to the couch.

Sarah stood frozen in place. She felt the wetness between her legs. The way that Lester talked to her. Commanded her. It was like he took her arousal and dialed it up to a level unreached before. She couldn’t help how turned on she was and felt herself falling back into the familiar hazy sexual euphoria that came when dealing with

Lester. She licked her lips, feeling like the game had started, and she couldn't help but embrace it and play her part.

Dan returned to the room with a beer and a roll of paper towels under his arm. He mouthed "Are you okay?" to Sarah. She nodded languidly and smiled at him reassuringly. Dan gave her a second look, as if to ask "are you sure?" Sarah winked back. Dan nodded, went to the floor, and quickly cleaned up the spilled tequila.

He turned back into the kitchen to throw out the soiled paper towel and Sarah followed him. Dan could see her nipples were erect underneath her sheer robe.

"You okay?" Dan said.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just a little caught off guard." Sarah shook her head.

Her breasts swayed under the material as she did. "I didn't expect his friend to see me like this."

"His friend's a fucking loser," Dan said, "Let's call this off. Do it on a different day. Let's go to the bedroom, and you can get changed."

"No," Sarah said, touching Dan's chest. She lowered her voice, and a sultry look appeared on her face, "I thought you liked seeing me exposed.

Especially to men who aren't worthy of me." Dan looked down and saw his wife's thighs pressing together.

"You know I do," Dan hissed back, "But this…"

Sarah's hand ran down his chest to his crotch. She rubbed it and could feel her husband's hardening cock beneath. "Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned softly,

"I like what I feel, baby. Is that for me?"

“There’s no one else here,” Dan said.

“Do you like seeing me dressed this way? Letting the other men see everything?” Sarah leaned in and whispered, “I thought you wanted to expand this fantasy beyond Lester. Get around him. That’s what we can experiment with tonight. I’ll tease Lester and his friend for you. You can show off your sexy wife. This’ll be like dipping our a toe into other waters. What do you think?”

“I think you’re sexy as hell and I can’t believe I’m married to you,” Dan breathed, leaning against the table and pushing his cock into his wife’s teasing hands. “We’re still in control,” Dan added.

“Oh, baby, not quite,” Sarah whispered, her green eyes meeting his gaze,

“I’m in control.” She squeezed him for emphasis.

Another knock came from the front door. Sarah went up on her tippy toes and kissed Dan hard before pulling away, her teeth gently biting and pulling his bottom lip before she released it. She turned around and walked out of the kitchen, with an exaggerated sway to her hips.

Dan followed, watching her perfect ass under the purple sheer material of her robe as it moved back and forth. Back and forth. He walked back into the living room as Sarah made a beeline for the door.

Lester was sitting casually in one of the living room chairs, but watching her intently. Even Vernon stopped drinking for a second and turned to watch Sarah move through the room. The wife put a hand on the doorknob and turned to look at her husband. She flashed him a sexy smile before returning to the door and pulling it open.

“Hey there,” Sarah said in a sensual voice. She looked the pizza delivery driver up and down, “What do you have for me?”

“Uhhh, your pizza,” the perplexed delivery guy said. He was somewhere in his twenties, dark-skinned, and couldn’t meet Sarah’s eyes. He kept staring down at the pizza box while occasionally darting his eyes to look at Sarah through his peripheral vision.

“Are you sure it’s mine?” Sarah asked, “What’s on it? Did I order extra sausage?”

The delivery guy gulped. ‘Uhhh,” he fumbled to look at the accompanying piece of paper, “Sausage, green onions, bacon, mushroom.”

“That sounds right,” Sarah leaned against the door and bit her lip.

Seeing how nervous she was making this poor delivery driver excited her.

She had always enjoyed the effect she had on men, but lately, she’d grown to like it more. Using the voice she usually reserved for Dan or Lester, putting herself on display like this and seeing him squirm. There was something powerful about it. She was beginning to want to explore it more. The eyes of the three men in the living room were completely focused on her ass, which Sarah pushed out seductively, seemingly aware of the attention.

The pizza delivery guy stood there, clutching the box, trying to keep his gaze from Sarah’s body.

“I have a question,” Sarah said stepping off the door frame and sliding her hands onto the pizza box to grasp it. As she did the guy’s hands retracted to the edge of the box, as if he was afraid of her.

Sarah looked over the man’s dark skin. “If I order chicken on my pizza next time,” she was staring at his face, while he stared down at

the box,

“Do you use white meat or dark meat?”

“I, uh, I don’t know,” the man said.

“That’s a shame,” Sarah said, “Because I only want dark meat. Do you think that’s possible? To deliver me some dark meat?” She kept a questioning look on her face - as if she expected nothing but an answer to her question.

The man’s knees seemed to buckle at her comment, and Sarah’s smile widened, breaking the ruse. “This is the part where you give me the pizza.”

He let go of his grip on the box, and Sarah smiled, turned around with her back to the door, and bent over, placing the pizza down on the floor inside the apartment. The man’s eyes feasted on her thong-clad ass through the sheer material. As Sarah stood back up, he averted his gaze, searching for something else to stare out. Without the pizza box in his hand, he didn’t know where to look.

Sarah turned around with a predatory smile, “What do I owe you?”

“Thirty-five, seventy-five,” he mumbled.

“Okay,” Sarah said, counting out the bills Lester had given her. “And how do you want your tip?”

The man stayed silent, paralyzed at speaking out a response. Sarah waited patiently, but the man couldn’t respond. Sarah stepped up to him, just inches away from his body. He had been staring down at the ground around the bottom of the door, but Sarah had stepped into his gaze. His eyes had no choice but to look at her body in front of him.

Sarah looked left and right, feeling excitement course through her body.

She was standing, exposed in the hallway, wearing nothing but a sheer robe. Any neighbors that poked their heads out would be able to see her practically naked body.

Opening her hand she took out the bills Lester had given her. She slowly counted them, “Ten, twenty, forty, sixty. Sixty. Is that enough?”

The man didn’t move, he was staring at her chest through the robe, mesmerized.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah faked a little moan, “I’ll take that as a yes.”

She folded the bills up neatly and then reached down to the guy’s jeans.

She found one of his front pockets and slowly tucked the bills into it.

The delivery driver shuddered at her touch, and Sarah smiled at the outline of his cock jutting against his pants.

Sarah stepped back and turned to go into the apartment. As she did, she looked over her shoulder at the stunned delivery driver whose eyes were glued to her ass. “Have a great night,” she said, “I know I will.”

Then she disappeared behind the door, leaving the driver standing there alone with an arching boner, wondering if what had just happened had really occurred.

“I shoulda been a pizza guy,” Vernon was staring over the couch at Sarah, who was bending over to grab the pizza. She looked at her husband standing just outside the kitchen, clearly turned on by her

flirtation with the delivery driver. But Sarah wasn't done teasing, far from it.

Holding the pizza box, she walked over to the couch area where Vernon and Lester were sitting. "And why's that?" Sarah said to Vernon.

"To fuck hot girls like you who ask what I want for a tip," Vernon said, looking her up and down.

Sarah chuckled, "That's all just part of the game, dear. I wouldn't have touched him. He was cute, though..." She shot Dan a wide-eyed, lustful look. Sarah then strolled around the couch, passing Lester whose eyes were glued to her, and Vernon who, while staring, seemed to adjust himself. She placed the pizza down on the table and opened it up, saying,

"Dinner is served, boys."

"Dan," Sarah looked at her husband, "Could you please grab us some plates, honey?" Dan gulped and nodded his head, turning back to the kitchen.

"No need," Vernon said, driving into the pizza with his hands and pulling out a slice. A stream of orange oil dripped from it and landed on his shirt as he took a bite. Lester followed suit, grabbing his own slice.

Sarah waited as the two men ate, pretending not to notice their eyes on her.

Dan returned with some plates. Sarah took them and set them down on the table. She put a pizza wedge on one and gave it to Dan before getting one for herself. The four of them ate in silence. Dan felt like the apartment was filled with tension under the sound of Lester and Vernon's chewing.

Even though no one spoke, he knew exactly what the men were thinking.

He hadn't expected this. Any of this. When he and Sarah were driving up, he'd expected something might happen with Lester, but the whole thing with the delivery driver and with this random friend of Lester's was not something he'd imagined. The way Vernon was looking at Sarah and that she seemed to be playing into it. Dan really wanted to see what she might do next. It reminded him of the Dungeons and Dragons night when his wife was on display to other men. She seemed to be enjoying herself and Dan couldn't help but get turned on when she acted like this.

He was still in control, he told himself. He could indulge this desire without letting it get out of hand.

"I like your outfit," Vernon said to Sarah, looking her up and down.

Sarah pretended to miss a lot of subtext to that comment.

"Oh, thank you," Sarah gestured to her robe, "Lester bought it for me.

What do you like about it?"

"I like the color purple," Vernon said, "And I like the way your breasts look under it. They're perfect."

"Why thank you?" Sarah beamed at him and set down her plate, finishing her pizza. She turned and looked at Dan, 'What about you, Dan? Do you like the way my breasts look in this robe? Didn't Lester choose well?'

She smoothed the garment with both hands and pushed her chest out.

Dan gulped and looked his wife over, "They look great."

Lester was still hungry, but he didn't go back for another slice. He dirtily smeared his hands on his shirt and watched what was unfolding in front of him.

"So Lester did good?" Sarah asked.

"He did," Dan said.

"Maybe he needs to be rewarded," Sarah said, shifting her gaze to Lester.

She looked back at her husband for any objection but saw none. Just the silent look of extreme arousal painted on his face. She knew he enjoyed this. They'd had their bumps in the road lately, but she wanted to find a way forward and have everything she wanted.

Sarah slowly stood up, not breaking eye contact with Dan. Then she turned and slowly started to move towards Lester. She wanted to dial up the tension in the room even more and slowly pass by Lester's friend. Then she intended to grab Lester by the hand and take him back to his bedroom where Dan could watch through his peephole.

Sarah made her way past the table with the open pizza box on it. She ignored Vernon and kept her focus on Lester. As she moved past Vernon and was just about to round the corner of the table, she felt rough hands on her hips, pulling her backward.

Sarah landed on Vernon's lap. Her succulent naked ass pressed into the thin, flimsy material of her robe as her weight settled on Vernon's crotch. Sarah was momentarily caught off guard, squirming against the man's calloused hands and lap. Then she felt it.

All of her squirming had awakened something within the man's pants. Sarah stopped moving as she felt his bulge press directly against the opening of her pussy. Vernon quickly capitalized on Sarah staying still, his hands running up her body until he grabbed

both of her sizable breasts through the wispy robe. Then he used his right hand to find the edge of the robe's sheer material. His furtive paw dug d beneath the see-through screen, snaking around to cup Sarah's bare breast.

Sarah's breath sounded a sharp intake at the unexpected intimate touch.

Her hard nipples pressed themselves into the man's calloused hand. She turned her head to look at Dan, a startled and aroused expression on her face. Her husband shot to his feet.

"Vernon," Lester hissed.

"Oops," Vernon said, pulling his hand out of Sarah's robe and holding it up innocently, "Be more careful whose lap you fall into, dear." He patted her shoulders gingerly as if he hadn't just groped the gorgeous young mother.

Sarah watched the arousal spread over Dan's features. She'd momentarily lost her bearings but had now regained them. Dan was still hesitant about all of what was occurring, even though she knew he wanted to keep exploring it. It was her job to walk the tightrope and make sure everyone got what they wanted.

Without breaking eye contact with her husband, Sarah shifted her ass on Vernon's lap and sensually leaned forward, rising up so that her ass was on perfect display for the grungy older man. As he was just about to reach out and grab a handful of her luscious ass, Sarah stood up completely straight and moved around the corner of the table out of his grasp.

She moved behind Lester's chair and put his arms around the fat man's shoulders. She stared at Dan, "Hmmmm, now, just how should Lester be rewarded, I wonder," Sarah mused, "This robe is beautiful. And I haven't received a gift like this from my husband in a long time. What do you think Dan? How should I reward your

roommate?" She gently rested her chin on Lester's head, betraying her deepening need to be in contact with his ugly body.

Dan just sat still, watching the scene unfold in front of him. His hand was in a fist, trying to stay in control like he had the last time in his bedroom. But he felt his grip on his own control slipping. First seeing Sarah wearing the sheer robe his roommate had gotten her, basically walking around the apartment naked, had gotten his mind thinking in overdrive. Then she'd answered the door for this weird stranger who was now sitting on the couch. And then flirting with the pizza guy. Now she had just toyed with him, sitting on this stranger's lap before moving behind Lester's chair and putting her hands on him. It was like an arousal overload in his brain. He didn't know how he wanted it to play out here but even more enticing was not knowing what his wife was about to do. He needed to see what she did and had no intention of stopping it.

"How about a kiss?" Sarah said, looking intently at Dan. She held his gaze until she lowered her head and kissed Lester on the cheek. Lester, too late, turned his head to kiss her on the lips, but she pulled away, standing back up and staring at Dan. Her hands moved down from Lester's shoulder's to his chest, stroking his coarse hair with a promise of more to come, and then she stood back up, her hands returning to his slumped shoulders.

"I think I know just how to reward you," Sarah said, stepping beside the chair and taking Lester's hand. She kept her eyes locked on Dan's as she spoke to Lester, "Let's go back to your room where I can reward you properly."

Sarah tugged on Lester's arm, expecting him to get up and follow her, but he continued to sit in the chair. Lester looked between Dan and Sarah and then slowly pulled himself up to stand. He grabbed Sarah by the hand and pulled her back towards his girth. Sarah's body crashed into his and Lester held her there against him for

several seconds while he looked at Dan, his massive gut pushing into her, her firm breasts pushing into him.

Then he turned his attention to Sarah, his hands grabbing the hair on the nape of her neck, causing her to open her mouth in protest.

Lester's tongue rolled out of his mouth and he slowly lowered it towards Sarah's, giving her ample time to not reciprocate it.

Dan watched in fascinated horror as Sarah's taut body was pulled against Lester's. His disgusting tongue slowly plunged towards his wife's face.

Sarah seemed to have given up on keeping eye contact with him as Lester firmly tilted her head back. She was breathing hard, judging by how her crushed breasts were rising and falling.

He watched intently as Lester's tongue drew closer and closer to her lips. With a mix of arousal and disgust, Dan watched as his wife's perfect lips parted, letting Lester's large tongue invade her mouth.

Immediately, her body seemed to react to the sloppy kiss. Her body came alive and turned more towards Lester, her hands reaching out to caress his upper body. Dan could hear her moan into Lester's mouth, even as his roommate's large mass turned and shielded her from his view.

He could only see his wife's hands on Lester's back as she struggled to stay upright. Then he watched as her leg inched up and curled around Lester's thigh.

"I'm taking my reward," Dan heard Lester's gravelly whisper to Sarah, and then it sounded as if his tongue continued to maul her mouth. Sarah only moaned back in agreement, seemingly capitulating to whatever Lester wanted. Lester's hands assumed free reign to roam all over Sarah's tight body.

Vernon looked entranced at what was happening. Dan swore the man was drooling from the way his mouth hung open. Part of Dan wished that Sarah and Lester would return to his dingy room, away from this guy's prying eyes. But the same part of him that had let Eugene watch through the peephole was excited by the prospect of the new guest seeing his wife on display like this. Becoming a wanton slut for someone like Lester.

Lester turned Sarah around, his lips still hungrily locked onto hers.

Sloppy, wet kissing sounds filled the room, and both men could see the wife actively thrusting her tongue back into the short man's mouth.

Lester had Sarah's robe undone, his hands squeezing her bared ass and breasts voraciously.

Vernon, eyebrows raised, looked over his shoulder at Dan, "That's your wife?"

Dan showed no hint that he'd heard the man, not wanting to take his eyes off the obscene coupling in front of him. Lester turned Sarah around so that her knees pressed uncomfortably into the comfy leather chair he had been occupying. He kissed the back of her exposed neck, an area Dan knew always got his wife going. He saw it working, and she briefly rubbed a hand across her breasts, showing him her fire again.

Then Lester applied pressure. As his lips descended down her robe-covered body, he pushed her shoulders down until Sarah's hands were pressing into the seat of the couch. Lester kept kissing, and Sarah's breathing got ragged. Dan knew from experience that this meant she badly wanted to be fucked.

Lester hiked up the bottom of her robe over her waist, exposing her naked legs and ass to the room. Everything had been visible under

the robe, but seeing her unobstructed skin made Vernon gasp and reach down to touch himself through his pants.

"Lester?" Sarah asked as she felt his thumbs hook into her panties and slowly begin to lower them. This hadn't been her plan at all. Now, she felt her dampened panties sliding down her thighs. She gulped, knowing she was about to be exposed to some complete stranger and her husband, sitting there watching her. She felt so fucking wet. She didn't know what was turning her on more: the fact that Dan was watching and completely aroused by what was happening or that some unknown stranger was in the room with them, watching as Lester stripped her and readied her for whatever he was going to do next.

She couldn't lie to herself. She knew that was turning her on the most.

It was these two men about to watch Lester do whatever the fuck he wanted with her. Take her however he pleased.

Sarah felt her breasts heaving as her panties dropped to her ankles. She waited, knowing that Lester was about to shove himself into her and fuck

her right here in front of her husband and a stranger. She felt movement behind her and a hand on her ass but couldn't tell what else Lester was doing.

Dan watched as Lester dropped to his knees, his fat gut spilling out of the bottom of his shirt, his face level with his wife's crotch. The ogre turned to both of them and flashed an ugly, lopsided grin. Then Lester turned back and licked his lips pressing his face in between Sarah's waiting legs, his tongue snaking into the trembling wife, his audible slurping filling the room.

Butterflies filled Sarah's stomach, and her whole body lurched in response. First from shock and then a full push backward towards

Lester's tongue. She seemed to ground herself into the couch, knees rubbing raw against the fabric, her hands firmly pressing into the cushion as she suddenly received the full delivery of Lester's tongue.

Something was different, Dan couldn't tell what but he wasn't sure he could ever remember Lester's head ever having been in that particular spot on his wife. His mouth was too high. Higher than where her pussy would be bent over in this position but then…..he was licking her asshole. Devouring it, really.

Dan was floored as his wife energetically wiggled her ass back and forth on Lester's tongue. Seemingly enjoying having his troll-like roommate's tongue tickle the place that Dan had never dreamed of touching, much less tasting. It was just… it seemed like such a disgusting thing to do, to want to do. Sarah had said the same thing in the past, agreeing with him, but here she was, her body withering and shaking as Lester's tongue danced around the rim of her asshole.

"Mhmmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, dropping her head onto the seat of the couch and using the leverage to press herself back. Her ass was still high in the air, bent over the arm of the chair as Lester feasted on her ass. His tongue swirling around her asshole. The taste was driving him mad. He stopped and licked her up and down her crevice, his stubble chafing her buttcheeks.

"Tell Dan what I'm doing," Lester breathed hot air on her ass that cooled against the slickness of his saliva.

"Uhhhhh," Sarah bit her lip while her brain processed what Lester had just said. Finally, Sarah found her voice and said, "Dan, he, he's got his tongue in my assho—---"

Lester stuck his full tongue inside of her quivering ass. His fat sinewy tongue pried her asshole open as his tongue darted in, wiggling deeply inside. With an unrelenting fury, he began twirling his tongue

around inside of her, alternating to quickly dart in and out like he was fucking her ass with his swollen tongue.

The effect was immediate. Sarah's eyes shot wide open, and she lost the ability to speak for several seconds, writhing and shuddering as if having had an electric current surge through her body. All she could hope to do was moan loudly at Lester's oral manipulation,

"Mhmmmmmmmmmgaaaaammmmmmm." Sarah's back arched as her weight pressed down on her hands, trying to force herself back onto Lester's face, trying desperately to take more of his agile tongue inside of her opened ass.

Dan felt shell-shocked. He had never seen Sarah like this, nor anyone else. That she was responding to someone doing something so unspeakably vile to her. His hands were no longer in fists at his side. His right hand was conspicuously touching himself over his pants. It felt like one of the first times he had exposed his wife to Lester. Just rolling the dice and seeing how Sarah responded. He felt himself falling backward, ceding control to the debauchery. A small part of him whispered insistently, trying to get him to regain some semblance of control, but the ecstatic sounds coming from Sarah and the mask of blissful pleasure on her face silenced the inner voice. Nothing about this, his roommate consuming his demure wife's asshole, had ever turned him on before, but seeing her react to something he hadn't done or really even considered….

knowing she enjoyed it... and that Lester had done it before he could….

"Ah fuck," Sarah breathed deeply, "God, Lester." It was clear to the room that she'd been holding her breath for some time.

Unwilling to cease his dining, Lester smugly mumbled something behind her, the vibration of his lips on her asshole tickling her and furthering her excitement. She turned her head and saw Dan sitting there in the other chair, staring at her, mouth open, mesmerized by

what was happening before him. She saw his hand gingerly touching his crotch over his pants.

Her husband's eyes bore into her body, and she knew he was beginning to get lost in this. Losing control. Sarah knew she should do something. She should stop Lester and help keep Dan from losing his grip. Another wave of pleasure buffeted her body as Lester affixed his mouth to her anus and inhaled. Maybe, maybe she would stop him after Lester finished with her ass. Just a bit more of this, and she would stop what was happening.

There was a movement just out of the corner of her eye. Sarah glanced over and saw Vernon on the couch. His pants and ratty boxers were around his ankles, and he was stroking a fat, veiny-looking cock poking from a nest of graying pubic hairs. Sarah gulped at the sight.

Lester's slick fingers pushed themselves into her wet pussy from behind as he continued tonguing her ass. Palm facing down, two of Lester's fat fingers were able to rake across her sensitive g-spot, teasing it as his tongue continued to flick and pound away at her stimulated asshole.

Sarah's head swam in pleasure, forgetting everything else, including any thought of stopping this. Lester's massive fingers were causing her pussy to feel as if it were lit on fire as his tongue swirled and fucked her asshole. His wife-fucking tongue, spreading her tight little hole apart.

Her heavy-lidded eyes were still locked on Vernon's vile erect cock as he continued to stroke it. He was watching her. Watching her with Lester and his athletic tongue. Watching her body enjoy something so unthinkably depraved. She licked her lips as she stared at Vernon's thick unkempt cock. Her body was responding to him, knowing that he was hard for her.

Getting off to what she was doing.

She shifted her eyes to look up at his face and found him staring back intently at her. With a lazy, knowing smile. Sarah was entranced by his beady brown eyes. The crows feet at the corners narrowed as he stared back at her. She felt so exposed, some random stranger seeing her for who she truly was, what she really wanted. Beyond the shield of professionalism she usually wore.

"MHMMM FUCK," Sarah groaned as an orgasm hit her body out of nowhere. The usual build-up nowhere to be found, just an explosion of pure pleasure

radiating out from the most intimate part of her body, "YEEEESS. YESSS.

OH, OHHHH, FFFUH, FFFUH, FUUUUCK YEEESSS."

Sarah's asshole clamped down on Lester's tongue as her pussy did the same on his fingers. Lester championed his way through her clenching, continuing to work his tongue inside of the young mother's imploding asshole while his fingers continued to toy with her sensitive G-spot.

Sarah dropped her head and just moaned in response, her trembling body still tense as waves of electric pleasure washed over her senses.

"Uhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, "God."

The round man pulled his face from her backside for the first time in a while, smacking and licking his lips, "Heh." Lester chuckled, "God has nothing to do with this."

As Sarah's body came down from her first orgasm of the night, Lester felt her pussy relax and saw her asshole unclench. Grinning, he took the opportunity to pull his fingers out of Sarah's body and quickly removed his unwashed shorts. His large, intimidating cock stretched out before him for a moment as he lined himself up with

his target. From across the room, her husband and a stranger watched as her body wantonly moved back again towards the fat man as he effortlessly pushed the head of his cock into Sarah's wet and waiting pussy.

"Ah fuck, fuck," Sarah breathed, her body easing back, trying to take more of Lester's cock, "Mhmmmmmgrmmmmm."

"Fuck," she moaned throatily, "Give it to me, Lester."

Lester took off his shirt, his large stomach dropping on Sarah's ass with a thud. The rest of his pasty, white, and hairy body came into view. Dan grimaced, seeing the contrast between his lovely, fit wife and the sloth-like beast behind her, once again driving her into a lust-fueled panic.

"Not so fast," Lester sneered as he directed the head of his cock back and forth inside of her. "Look at Vernon over there and tell him you want him to watch you get fucked." Lester had always punctuated his orders with a deep rattling thrust while fucking her, this time was no different.

Sarah brushed the hair from her face and turned to Vernon, her eyes pleading, "I, I want you to watch me get fucked. I want you to see it."

Vernon's mouth hung agape, and he started to pump his cock harder. He kicked off his pants and boxers and put his feet up on the table. He was naked except for white white tube socks and his shirt. His right big toe poked through a hole.

"Now look at Dan," Lester said. Sarah's eyes shifted to her husband.

"Ask his permission. Ask if you can fuck the guy who he threw out of his own house," Lester said. Lester repeated his final thrust, training her to know when he'd finished speaking.

“Dan….” Sarah started, “Can I fuck the guy –”

Lester suddenly grabbed her asscheeks and roughly slid his entire length into Sarah.

“OHHMGFUUCK!” Sarah screamed, her fingernails digging into the leather couch, “OHGOD, OHMYFUCKINGGOD!”

Lester didn’t give a shit about Dan’s permission. In fact, he wanted to demonstrate to his roommate that he had no power here and Lester could simply fuck Dan’s wife whenever he wanted to. The dumb, gawking look on Dan’s face told Lester his plans were working. Just like foreplay with a woman, he knew that the skimpy robe, the pizza guy, and even having this stranger from the internet here would act as an elixir to overpower his lightweight defenses. Sarah’s white knight was no match for Lester, the barbarian tonight.

“Squeeze me,” Lester spat, “Show Dan what he missed on his business trip.” Sarah flexed the muscles in her pussy, and grabbed hard on the base of Lester’s cock where it was widest.

“Mhmmmm that's right,” Lester said, taking a deep breath, “Keep it up.”

Vernon got to his feet and shuffled towards where Sarah and Lester were coupled together.

“Sit back down, Vernon,” Lester said impatiently, gesturing to the couch with his finger. The scraggly looking older man sat back down. Still laser-focused on Sarah’s body. Vernon was just a pawn to dial up Dan’s fantasy and make him more pliable. He needed Dan to see him take Sarah fully again and have her beg for him to do it. Her husband needed to be put in his place like a good little dog and forget these delusions of grandeur that he seemed to have been having lately.

“Dan,” Lester said, “Your wife feels so good around my cock. So tight.

I’ve been missing this.”

Lester slapped Sarah’s ass cheek leaving a bright red hand-shaped imprint. He slapped the other cheek even harder. Sarah grunted from the force yet kept pushing back onto Lester’s cock.

“Uhh, yes, ah, mhmmm, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, yes, yes, fuck me,” Sarah said.

“How good does it feel, Sarah?” Lester gripped her hips tightly and started to Move his cock within her faster, fucking her harder. “Tell me how my cock feels inside of you.”

“GOOD,” Sarah moaned loudly, “So, oh, so so fucking good, Lester. Don’t stop. Don’t.”

“Did you like it when I fucked you in your office, and we broke the desk?” Lester said, “What about when we fucked in your living room? Tell me. Tell us.”

“Yes,” Sarah said, lost in the feeling of Lester between her legs. “I loved it.”

“You’re my good little slut aren’t you?” Lester said, “How about in your tub? That was fun, wasn’t it? And the times in your bed? Dan’s office.

You loved it then, too, right?”

“GOD, YES!” Sarah panted, turning her head and meeting his stare, “I love it whenever you fuck me, Daddy.”

Lester smiled, “Good girl.” Dan, deep in his lust-induced haze, wasn’t entirely sure of what he’d just heard, but he knew it made his cock

harder. He was only touching himself every few seconds now, the show before him repeatedly bringing him dangerously close to shooting.

It was then that Lester grabbed Sarah by the back of her hair and pulled her up off the chair as his cock kept sliding in and out of her, fucking her relentlessly, her breasts flopping in time with his vicious thrusts.

Sarah gasped, barely able to touch the chair with her hands. The pain in the back of her neck hurt but it was a good hurt. A dominating, necessary kind of hurt.

"Do you regret it?" Lester asked. Each word was punctuated with a rhythmic thrust of his cock. The head bottomed out inside of her, touching places no one else ever had, places that only Lester could reach. "Do you, you regret all the times we've, UNGGG, fucked recently?"

"NO," Sarah said quickly, "No, no. Just keep fucking me, Lester."

"Moan my name for me," Lester said, "I want to hear those sweet lips say my name." He stroked the skin down her back as his other hand clutched her hair in a fist.

"Lester,' Sarah moaned, "Oh, Lester, baby. Lester. Fuck. Lester. Lester."

"Keep saying it," Lester said looking at Dan.

Dan just sat there watching the sordid scene unfold before him. It felt like he was drowning. There was a weight on his chest that was pinning him in place. His breath was shallow, and he could hear his own heartbeat. A distant part of him remembered once angrily throwing Lester off his wife but that seemed like a faraway dream of a different person.

All he could do now was watch and listen as Sarah moaned for his vile roommate.

“Lester,” Sarah moaned, “Oh, fuck. Lester.”

“Who fucks you the best?” Lester asked

“Lester,” Sarah said, still moaning his name, “Lester.”

“Whose cock do you crave?” Lester said.

“Lester,” Sarah moaned, “Uhhh, mhmmm, ohhh, ah, ah, ah, Lester!”

“Sit back down, Vernon,” Lester said. Without looking back, he removed a hand from Sarah to point at the chair again, having heard the stranger shuffling forward towards them. Without taking his hand off his leaking cock, the older man sat back down on the couch. Lester then turned and glared at him, trying to make the man remember the rules. No touching. He had already violated that rule once today.

“Cum for me, Sarah,” Lester encouraged, “Cum again on my cock. I want to feel your body tense up around me. I want to feel you cumming for me.

It’ll help me cum too.”

Like hearing a magic spell, hearing Lester say the word “cum” began a process in her brain, and Sarah’s body started to heat up. She could feel herself building to another explosive orgasm, even judged by her Lester standards. Lester’s words seemed to unlock something deep within her. A desire to earnestly please him. Do whatever it was he wanted. Submit to him. If Lester wanted her to cum, her body wanted to give it to him. It was a great idea.

“Ah, fuck,” Sarah moaned, her head dropping to the couch. “I’m gonna- OH, OH, yeah, I’m gonna cum. Daddy, don’t stop. Lester.

Please. Don’t.

FFFFucking. Stop.”

Dan was spellbound, watching Sarah moan huskily for Lester, seeing her body thrust back and impact against his roommate’s oddly proportioned body. He hated himself for being so aroused at what he was seeing, but he couldn’t look away. He had tried to cold turkey quit this, but was that what he really wanted?

Sarah felt like a storm of fireworks started exploding inside her as she came. Her body tensed and pulled everything in, her hands balled into fists and her feet bent curving her arches. Her creaming pussy gripped Lester’s cock tightly as he continued to thrust his massive tool wholly inside of her, his cock dragging across all her sensitive areas, continuing to fan the intense fire of her orgasm.

“MHMMMMMMMMM,” Sarah’s moaned, echoing off the walls of the room,

“FUUUUUUUCCCKKKK!”

Lester gritted his teeth, his hands holding tight onto Sarah’s hips as her body squeezed his cock, “Nobody, NNNG, nobody makes you cum like I do.” His cock bottomed out inside the writhing wife again, her tight slit squeezing every inch of him.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhhfuuuuucckkkk,” Sarah’s intense orgasm continued to wash over her entire body. She needed to breathe but couldn’t bring herself to do it. She didn’t want to do anything to ruin this feeling. To put an end to this orgasm, this stream of incredible heights. She needed it. As it rippled across her body, it seemed to wash away all the stress that Sarah had been holding on to for days. This was her therapy. “OhFUCKLESTER,”

Sarah finally breathed as her orgasm started to subside, replaced with the intense feeling of Lester’s cock inside of her.

Lester felt a lone bead of sweat drip down the center of his back. He was sweating profusely from the extended exertion of fucking Sarah standing up like this. He felt partway hunched over her. He needed to switch things up.

WHAP.

He slapped her ass hard and grasped her cheek roughly before pulling his cock out of her. Sarah groaned in disappointment.

"Stand up," Lester said.

Sarah's back felt tight, and she noticed that her knees were sore from repeatedly banging them onto the bottom of the couch. She was still reeling from her last orgasm but lazily found her way to her feet, suddenly feeling exhausted. Lester's hands were on her shoulders, abruptly turning her around to face him.

"Look at Vernon," Lester whispered to her, "he's our guest. Take off your robe for him."

A shudder ran through Sarah's body at Lester's commands. Never would she have put herself on display for a man like this but amazingly she felt herself get even wetter, at Lester's words. She hadn't thought she could get any more aroused. She felt so exposed already. It was intoxicating.

To this stranger. This older, unkempt man who shouldn't even be in the same room with her. Exposing himself.

Sarah's eyes scanned the room, briefly stopping on Dan. He looked like he had succumbed to his vices and Sarah loved the deranged and aroused look on her husband's face. He looked like a man possessed and ready to fuck her brains out. Sarah's gaze continued around the room until it landed on the ugly, bedraggled face of this stranger, Vernon.

Was he really a friend of Lester's? Besides his Dungeons and Dragons group and Lizzie, she had never seen another one of his friends. She shuddered, seeing the way this man was looking at her. Maybe it didn't matter. The way his eyes roamed over her body as she stroked his thick cock for her. The deviant things he was probably thinking about as he looked at her.

"Take it off," Lester whispered behind her, his hot, fetid breath on her neck. He was breathing hard, and Sarah heard the wheeze in his chest.

Sarah's hands were shaking as she lightly grabbed the edges of her robe near her breasts and pulled them further apart. Vernon's eyes traveled between her naked breasts across her taut midsection to her trimmed exposed sex. Sarah felt herself growing more and more aroused at what was happening, at what Lester told her to do. Letting herself be seen by a man like this. She pulled the robe's opening to her shoulders and let go; it slid silently down her body until it was in a pile by her feet.

"What's he doing, Sarah?" Lester spoke in a low whisper in her ear.

"He's jerking off," Sarah said, feeling Lester's hard breath on her now naked shoulder.

"What's he jerking off to?" Lester said, moving up behind her, his enlarged and hardened cock pressing up against her perfect ass. His fat stomach resting on the top of her buttocks.

"Me," Sarah closed her eyes as Lester's hands came up to her breasts, fondling them hard, groping at them without any love. His lips were again on her neck.

"Have you ever seen a woman like this before," Lester said to Vernon loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Never," he said, not taking his eyes off her body.

“What do you want to do to her?” Lester said.

Vernon went to stand up, but Lester shook his head. The stranger sat back down. “I want those juicy lips wrapped around my cock. I’d fuck those nice tits until I blew all over them. Then I’d fuck her all night and make her moan my name, forgetting about you and her husband. Then I’d turn her over and fuck her ass. Then I’d do it all over again and again and again.”

“Do you hear that, Sarah?” Lester whispered, “He wants you. He wants to fuck you.”

Dan couldn’t hear what Lester was whispering but he watched as Sarah’s body was swaying back and forth against his roommate, seemingly responding to whatever it was. She padded her feet in place, eager to do whatever came next. He didn’t know what the hell was happening, but he wouldn’t just sit by and let this random stranger fuck his wife, would he? Is that where Lester was going with this?

“Remember what you said last time?” Lester whispered. “That you’d fuck anyone I told you to?”

Sarah’s body shuddered visibly at Lester’s words. She remembered alright.

And in the moment that she’d said them, she had meant them. But now it seemed too real like it could actually happen. Right now. But she also didn’t want to disappoint Lester. She wanted to please him. She opened her eyes and looked over Vernon again. He wasn’t her type at all. Or maybe….he was. In her fucked up beauty and the beast fantasy, he was exactly the kind of guy that would never, should never be able to get with the princess.

“Yes,” Sarah whispered back, closing her eyes again.

“You weren’t lying, were you?” Lester planted soft kisses on her neck.

After what felt like an eternity, Sarah finally breathed, “No.”

Lester’s mouth curved into a wicked smile. His plan was working perfectly. Dan was hindered by his feeble weaknesses, and Sarah had just admitted how far she’d fallen, how she would do anything for him. He wasn’t going to let Vernon touch Sarah. He was just a tool to engineer results in this situation. Maybe he’d share her with someone else if it benefitted him.

“What are you whispering!?” Vernon stood up, stroking cock in hand as he approached Sarah. Dan watched wide-eyed as it looked like Sarah was about to be sandwiched between the two men. He wanted to intervene, but his body didn’t move.

“Shut up and sit back down,” Lester said to Vernon. Vernon gave Lester a look of disdain but moved back onto the couch.

Lester held Sarah’s hand as he sat down in the comfy leather chair. Sarah stopped a moment, radiant in the afterglow of what the odd man continued to do to her. She stared at the prize cock attached to his slovenly body.

Her attention shifted when he pulled her roughly on top of him, and then Sarah wasted no time, straddling his lap. She gripped his heated cock in her hands and directed it to her supple entrance, and began to impale herself on his outsized cock.

“Fffffffffuuuuuuu,” Sarah moaned, throwing her head back, her blonde hair cascading down her back. Lester poked his head out from behind her and looked at Dan.

“See how well-trained your wife is now?” Lester sneered. His eyes danced with illicit pleasure.

Dan felt trapped in his own body. Immobile. Horrified that he was slipping back into his old behavior but enjoying every second of it. The toned muscles in Sarah's back tensed as she lowered herself onto Lester's engorged cock. Dan watched as her beautiful bubble butt lowered and Lester's cock gradually disappeared inside of her. Finally, Sarah was sitting firmly on Lester's lap, breathing hard, just staring down at his disgusting roommate.

Dan was thankful that Lester hadn't let Vernon get involved. He wasn't sure how the hell he would react to seeing that. Sure, he'd thought about it in the past. Even fantasized about it. But he wasn't sure he was ready for it.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah moaned, feeling the full length of Lester fully inside of her again. Her body had been craving him since he'd pulled out a few minutes ago. His heavy hand clutched the back of her head, pulling her face to his. Their two tongues met and wrapped around each other in a savage primal kiss, sucking and flicking between them, their mouths pressed tightly in their passion. Lester broke the enthusiastic kiss, peering into his lover's eyes. He nodded wordlessly, flexing his cock inside the young mother gazing back at him. He leaned back, knowing she was his. Sarah started to ride Lester's cock. The fat man just leaned further back into the chair, his hands languidly going up behind his head as he watched Sarah athletically ride him.

Sarah kept her eyes closed, focusing on the sensation of Lester's girthy cock moving inside of her. Feeling it trace urgently across the extremely sensitive nerve endings of her pussy. Pushing against her, expanding her insides, making room for more. Making her feel complete.

"Touch your tits," Lester said, the sound piercing her haze. Sarah's delicate hands ran up her body until they found her breasts bathed in a sheen of sweat. She began lewdly massaging them and

tweaking her own erect nipples. Lester's hands seized her ass in a firm grip, harshly kneading her ass cheeks.

"How's it feel?" Lester croaked.

"Good. So good. Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned.

"Tell Dan. Tell your husband how much you like fucking his roommate,"

Lester breathlessly commanded.

"Uhhhhhhhhfuuuu. Dan…..it's so good. Lester. Feels," Sarah's breathing was getting ragged and erratic, "So, so good. His cock fffeels so good inside me, inside my pussy. So fffuuucking good. OH, oh fuck"

"Tell him who fucks you the best," Lester said.

"You do," Sarah moaned in ecstasy, "You fuck me the best Lester. No question. I love your cock. It's so fucking good."

"Who owns your pussy, nnngg, this pussy?" Lester said, accentuating his thrusts.

"You do!" Sarah erupted, the verbal admission pushing her closer and closer towards another massive orgasm. A new wave was starting to creep up, but she didn't want to rush it. She wanted to tease it out, enjoy every single fucking second of it building up inside of her.

"Who owns you?" Lester said as he forcibly started pushing his hips up off the couch. Sarah quickly adjusted to accommodate his action, not letting it ruin her rhythm and take her off course.

"Ugghhhhhh, you do, Daddy," Sarah moaned, her hands grabbing desperately at her breasts, touching herself with abandon as Lester

mauled her ass.

"You do. You fucking own me. Do whatever you want with me. I'm yours, Lester."

"God, your pussy feels so good wrapped around my cock," Lester said, closing his eyes as Sarah's pussy contracted around his shaft. He'd been inside this woman and had made her cum countless times, but he'd never felt pussy as tight as hers was clutching him now.

"Your cock feels so fucking good," Sarah moaned, "Mhmmmm, ah, uh, I, uh, fucking, ahhhh, love it. Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me."

The quick motion didn't register right away in Dan's brain. It was in his peripheral vision. His eyes were locked on the sordid affair unfolding in front of him. Watching the mother of his children bounce herself up and down on Lester's cock, taking it into her body and admitting, maybe celebrating was closer, how much she enjoyed it. It was like a dagger to his heart, and heroin shot into his veins simultaneously. He couldn't get enough, and he hated that he wanted more.

The movement came from the stranger, Vernon, a flicker in the corner of his eye. He'd stood up and removed his shirt, revealing wrinkly, skinny arms and a slightly round stomach. He looked out of shape but wiry, with some noticeable gnarly scars running across his chest and back.

Dan couldn't see Lester's face from this angle or Sarah's. Neither of them likely saw that Vernon had gotten up. With a quick furtive, practiced movement, Vernon headed towards the chair where Sarah and Lester were joined. Reminding the seated husband of a spider monkey, Vernon was suddenly balanced atop the large chair. One foot was on the arm of the chair, while another was balanced on the top of the chair over Lester's head.

Sarah’s eyes were closed serenely. She was too busy touching herself and reveling in the feeling of Lester’s large cock bulging inside of her.

Even if they’d been open, her bliss made her only aware of a white glow as she focused on the feeling inside of her. Of her orgasm slowly building up. There was a hand on the back of her head, but something was off about it. Distantly, it occurred to her that the grip was coming from a weird angle.

The hand pulled her head forward. Sarah’s eyes snapped open, and she saw herself being pulled towards a thick, foreign cock she didn’t recognize.

On instinct, her mouth opened, and the cock was shoved deep into her mouth. Her tongue ran along the underside of it, tasting the unknown cock. It tasted and felt so different in her mouth than either Dan's or Lester’s. The wide cock hit the back of her throat, and the hips attached to it started to face fuck her.

Sarah dropped a hand from her breasts and reached out, finding a wrinkly, hairy thigh. She steadied herself on it, continuing to suck on this new cock, while her other hand grabbed onto Lester’s shoulders, regaining her balance. She was worried that the eager face fucking she was now receiving might knock her off Lester and his magnificent cock.

Sarah tasted sweet and salty pre-cum on her tongue. She looked up and saw Lester’s unkempt friend standing over her, bouncing in her vision, his eyes boring down onto hers with wild intensity.

“Glaack, gluckkk, glaaack, glluuuucck,” emanated from Sarah’s throat as this rough-looking older man fucked his wife’s open mouth. Dan’s eyes grew wide as this stranger’s cock repeatedly disappeared into Sarah’s drooling mouth. He’d never felt so hard, his dick straining against his tented pants. He passed his hand over his dick, and he already felt ready to burst.

“Ahhh glaack, mmmgluuckckk, mpph, nng” the gurgling sounds continued bubbling from Sarah’s throat. Lester’s eyes shot open at the new presence with them. Vernon had quickly scaled the side of the chair and was energetically face fucking Sarah. His prize.

“Vernon!” Nearly out of breath, Lester chastised the stranger. The asshole was breaking the rules Lester had specifically set out. He definitely wasn’t going to pay him for this. He knew he couldn’t threaten him with consequences right now. He didn’t want his machinations revealed to Sarah and Dan. “Fuck off and sit down. Get back to the couch.”

“No, no, fucking, UH, way,” Vernon chuckled, “Not until I, mm, bust down her throat. Oh, that’s good.” To punctuate his intentions, he grabbed Sarah’s head with both hands and started thrusting his sizable cock into her mouth even faster.

“Glaaacch, glaaach, glaaacch, gluutch, mhmmmhmhmmm,” Sarah couldn’t believe the sounds her mouth was making. Vernon was fucking her mouth like a pussy, and he was unrelenting, uncaring and dominating. Like he was just using her for his own pleasure. He wasn’t loving and sweet like Dan. And he wasn’t trying to corrupt her and dangle her in front of her husband like Lester was. This was pure unrelenting, pent-up sexual desire expressed in raw physical action. She doubted that he cared if she even enjoyed it. He just wanted her to make him cum. Something about that, just being used as a sexual object, turned her on and seemed to open a door inside her.

Sarah took her hand off Vernon’s thigh and gently grabbed the base of his cock, squeezing the section of it that wasn’t disappearing down her throat. Sarah started riding Lester harder, his dick sliding back and forth inside of her as Sarah’s body was setting its own new speed, her desire cranked past all previous levels.

Lester tried to raise his hips off the chair, but Sarah's intensity kept him pinned. Her body was now in charge of the pleasure. It wanted to get off and didn't need Lester trying to impress her. She didn't want him ruining her orgasm by trying to push into her on his own. All she needed was the two cocks inside her. One in her pussy and the other in her mouth.

The new strange cock was like gasoline to the conflagration beginning to flash inside Sarah. She'd never had two cocks in her body at once before.

She'd played with the fantasy, with both Lester and Dan sucking on their fingers as they'd fucked, but having the real thing, the desire of two men's big cocks, was sending her body into overdrive.

Sarah's hand was stroking the base of Vernon's shaft. The older man slowed his face fucking, wanting to see what this slutty wife could possibly do next. Sarah didn't slow down. She kept pace, working her neck

and sucking the new cock as she continued to skillfully take Lester's pole in her pussy. Sarah kept her mouth snugly wrapped around Vernon's shaft. Her mouth spread open inside as she took as much of his thick member into her face as she could.

"Mhmmhmhmmmmmm," She moaned around his cock, feeling it hit the back of her throat as more precum oozed out of it. She felt the beginnings of a deep, new sensation within herself. Welcoming it, she sucked the cock harder, seeking the prize inside.

"Sarah…." Lester said, completely bewildered at what he was witnessing.

He'd hired Vernon to simply help him dial up the tension in the room. He hadn't wanted Sarah to suck the guy off in front of them. "Sarah," he said again, louder.

But Sarah didn't turn to look at him. She stroked the cock in her hand as her pussy firmly gripped Lester's cock. Sarah's hand could barely fit around Vernon's ample shaft as she furiously stroked him. She took him out of her mouth, and her face disappeared into his hairy pubic jungle.

"Uhhhhhhh," Vernon groaned as Sarah's tongue swirled around his hanging nutsack. She licked over matted-down hair, finding the raised follicles on his balls, licking and sucking every inch of the puckered skin.

Tasting his sweat. Vernon almost lost his balance and fell off the couch but quickly steadied himself. Sarah didn't seem to notice.

"Tell me who your daddy is Sarah," Lester said.

Sarah ignored him and licked up the length of Vernon's broad shaft before sucking his full length back into her mouth again. "Mhmmhmhmmmmhmmmm,"

her gurgled moans escaped from the sides of her mouth as it stretched to accommodate Vernon's pistoning member.

"Tell me who owns you," Lester said, feeling more uncomfortable with Vernon standing above him with his cock inside Sarah.

Sarah's nails dug into Lester's shoulder, piercing his skin. She needed his support as she sucked Vernon off. Lester winced in pain, but Sarah didn't seem to notice. Her hips were bucking wildly on top of Lester, pushing him down further into the leather chair.

Two driving cocks at once. Inside me. Right now.

Sarah's mind couldn't manage to hold any other thought. All she wanted, needed to do was hold onto the feeling building inside of her and never let the sensations go. She wanted more of it. Her body was counting down to a nuclear orgasm, and she was tightly

holding onto both cocks for dear life, not wanting anything to stop the explosion.

"Suck my balls again," Vernon said. Sarah's body took the command and shuddered, knowing she wanted to please this man, too.

Sarah didn't immediately look at him. Instead, she took him out of her mouth and moved her head forward, her face disappearing into the mess of public hair below his shaft. Vernon groaned his approval. Sarah's hand kept pumping his trunkish shaft as her tongue licked Vernon's heavy nuts.

The odd man grabbed the back of her head and pulled her closer into his saliva-slicked sack. Prickly pubic hair shot up Sarah's nose, but she held on with her hand and mouth like a woman possessed with a need for cock, determined to make both of the organs inside her shoot their cum.

Vernon steered the back of her head around, his palm supporting it in the curve of her neck, directing which parts of his dangling ballsack to turn her tongue's attention to. Sarah eagerly obeyed, licking and sucking every inch of his crotch he directed her to.

Lester tried thrusting his hips up, but it was of no use. Every time he tried Sarah's body slammed down hard on him, over and over as her pussy clenched onto his cock inside of her. Lester felt her pussy milking his cock. Her wanton abandon taking over. The slutty wife's pussy was now so tight, Lester couldn't push his cock forward. Only Sarah's movement, her bouncing, allowed his cock to move inside her. No woman had ever been this tight. It was the most amazing pussy Lester had ever felt in his life. Lester, in amazement, looked up at Sarah, sucking off this stranger above him, saliva dripping off her lips onto the couch beside him. He really had created a monster.

Lester felt his balls start to tighten before he was ready. He awkwardly put his hands on Sarah's hips to slow her down and fuck her at his own pace. He didn't want to cum yet, it was way too soon.

He wanted to fuck her all night in different positions in front of Dan. This wasn't how it was supposed to happen. Sarah's bouncing torso was too strong. His hands pulling her down onto him barely had any effect. Her hips rolled rapidly above him, coaxing his considerable load out of his overweight balls.

As her agile tongue danced around Vernon's balls and her one hand continued to stroke his shaft furiously, her other hand slapped at Lester's desperate hands. More out of annoyance than anything else, his hands couldn't stop the bomb inside her.

Vernon had handfuls of Sarah's hair in both of his hands as he moved her head all over his balls. "Mhmhmmgaaaamhmmm," Sarah moaned incoherently around his fragrant damp nutsack as she slicked and slurped wherever he put her.

Vernon pushed himself up on his tippy-toes, thrust forward, and guided Sarah's head up underneath where his balls hung down. His hairy scrotum mashed onto her closed eyes and lay partially on her forehead. Sarah never stopped licking and sucking. Her tongue grazed over the tops of his legs and the area under his balls, his taint. Vernon continued to pull her to him, and he pushed himself forward.

Sarah's tongue touched his asshole, but she was too lost to fully realize the enormity of what she was doing. Vernon held her head and swayed it back and forth as Sarah's pristine tongue began to eagerly lick the dirty asshole of his stranger, her tongue swirling around it, eliciting deep moans from the weirdo. She felt dirty, disgusting, and so, so, so fucking wet.

Dan couldn't believe what he was seeing. This guy's balls were on Sarah's face. There was only one thing she should be doing down there, and her body didn't seem to care. She didn't seem to hesitate for a second. She had never done that before with him, and he wasn't aware of her having done so to Lester. This cretin's buttcrack

was being polished by his wife, who was going to town on his open asshole.

Sarah pulled her tongue back. Despite the forcefulness of the man's hands on her head, she pulled herself back up to see him. Her view was of this grinning strange creep, his thick cock right in her face and his asshole, dripping with her spit, all of this right in front of her. She was riding

the greatest cock she'd ever known, and everything that had led to this night was about to combust inside of the horny wife. Sarah looked at Vernon's face, deciding if she wanted to continue with his ass, suck his cock, or kiss him. A moment later the fat cock entered her mouth, and her decision was made. She sucked his whole thick shaft into her throat, once, and then a second time. The firm cock she rode flexed, and she knew she was close. She popped Vernon's cock out along her cheek and told the room, "Fuck. Mhmmmm, fuck, I'm gonna cum."

Her body started to tense, her bouncing slowed down, and she felt a huge, all-encompassing feeling of her body about to unleash an unnatural force of pleasure across her.

"Ughhhh, me too," Lester grunted from somewhere below her. The idea of his cum flooding into her was the straw that broke the camel's back, that detonated the nuke, rushing her orgasm forward throughout her body, flooding her senses with absolute bliss.

Vernon turned and quickly stuck his thick cock down her waiting throat.

The bulbous head surged past her tongue and her tonsils, pushing into her throat.

"MhhmmhmmmGllllaaccck," Sarah moaned and choked on his cock as she felt a tsunami explode inside of her. Her body was rocked dizzily as she came harder than she'd ever experienced. Her toes

and feet curled, her nails dug into Lester's forearm. Her other hand gripped Vernon's cock so hard it would bruise, and he'd discover the dark ring the next morning.

"Glaaach, glaaaack, glacccck," Vernon continued to violently fuck her throat, making her orgasm tremble and reverberate inside of her like a symphony of music cascading off the marbled walls of a concerto theater.

Crescendoing into this next movement, with no intention of letting up.

"AH-FUCK," Lester roared as his balls emptied and his cock exploded, cum shooting out like a geyser inside of Sarah. She felt his hot cum drenching her insides, soaking into every crevice inside of her. Sarah trembled as another orgasm rose up out of nowhere, dwarfing the last one and smothering it. She could hear the blood rushing in her ears and, below that, her heartbeat as her vision went completely white.

"Ahhhmhmmmgglllaaack, mhmmm, glaaaack," came slobbering noises from Sarah's throat as Vernon ruthlessly fucked her face with his thick tool.

"Uhhhhh, here it comes, slut," Vernon growled as he unleashed a torrent of viscous cum down Sarah's opened throat. Sarah eagerly swallowed load after load of the sour and salty ooze. Lester's and Vernon's cocks were expanding inside of her, simultaneously shooting their virile cum into her.

Vernon let go of her head, his spent cock slipping out of her mouth as Sarah squeezed Lester's cock with her taut pussy walls. All three of them were breathing hard. The adrenaline had left all of their bodies. Sarah sat on top of Lester as she came back to earth, his semi-hard cock still embedded inside of her.

Sarah opened her eyes and lazily leaned forward and kissed the head of Vernon's cock. She tasted a bit of aftercum leaking out and eagerly licked it from the slit of his cock before releasing her grip.

Vernon stumbled back and almost fell onto the floor. He climbed down off the chair and flopped himself back onto the couch, weary and drained.

Sarah finally came back to reality and looked down at her exhausted lover below her. Lester looked like a scrunched-up frog stuck on the couch, unable to get up. Sarah smiled at him with pride, knowing she had just fucked him into submission.

Sarah licked her lips, catching a few rogue bits of Vernon's cum. With an audible plop, she pulled herself free from Lester's cock, got off the chair, and stood on weak and shaky legs. Sarah turned and looked at her husband, who still had his pants on, but she could see the massive tent he was sporting. She wasn't sure if he had already cum yet, but she hoped he hadn't. She still wanted more.

Dan looked at his wife incredulously, a weak, approving smile appearing on his face. Sarah returned his smile and blew him a kiss before an alarmed look appeared on her face. She looked down and saw a steady stream of Lester's cum running down her leg. Flashing Dan a panicked smile, she hurried left the room and headed to the bathroom to clean up.

The three exhausted men just sat there in silence. Dan was the first to get up quietly, and after a last look at the room, he somberly walked to his bedroom.

Lester looked over at Vernon, "Get out." Both men's naked bodies were still on display.

"Not gonna pay me?" Vernon said, putting on his pants and pulling his shirt over his head.

“You broke the deal.” Lester sneered.

A knowing smile spread across Vernon’s face, “It was fucking worth it.”

Lester shut his eyes, trying to process everything that happened. He didn’t notice that Vernon had palmed his wallet from the coffee table before hurrying out the door of the apartment.

Exhausted, Lester stood up, trying to appraise what had happened. He had succeeded in minimizing Dan, but he may have pushed Sarah’s buttons too hard or the wrong ones. He hadn’t known she had this in her. He didn’t know how far Sarah would go if the conditions were right. Was this always there, or had he pushed it along, nurturing it until this version of her bloomed?

Lester shuffled back to his bedroom with his fat feet plodding on the wood floors.

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Sarah finished cleaning herself up after receiving both Vernon and Lester’s loads inside her. She looked at herself in the bathroom mirror and chuckled at the familiar yet unfamiliar women staring back at her.

Opening the bathroom door, the lights were out in the living room and she wondered if all of the men had gone to bed. She had heard the apartment door open and close while she was going pee and she assumed it had been Vernon leaving.

I guess he and Lester aren’t hanging out now that I’ve sapped them of their energy.

Tonight had made a few things crystal clear to her. Despite Lester’s protests, Vernon still found a way to get what he wanted. Not that

she was complaining but if a situation like that ever arose again, Sarah would need to be the one to protect herself.

And after all the domination and control Lester had exerted over her, it felt good to finally put him in his place. Ignore his wishes and take what she wanted. Men were like putty in her hands. All the problems she was facing with Dan came down to men and their ideas of power. Byron, Richard – it didn't matter. They were all the same.

The lights were on in Dan's bedroom. Sarah eagerly turned the knob and opened the door to find Dan lying in the bed, stroking himself.

"Stop," Sarah said, staring at his cock, "That's mine."

She walked naked over to the bed and straddled her husband, handily taking her third cock of the night.

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 22: Author Note

Well, it is that time of the month again. No - not the end of the month, time for thousands of erotic words about a prim and proper wife being pulled down into the dirt by some brute and enjoying every second of it.

This chapter picks up right after CH21. I hope you enjoy where it goes. I've updated bits of it from the Insider feedback. Also thanks to Grandeman for the edits and Roxy for the outfits.

I have some lofty writing goals as we head further into the fall. I won't say too much on this yet but suffice to say I have high hopes for future stories. I'm hoping to wrap up Detestable Liaisons very soon as well.

Well, I know you like reading what I write but I'm sure you couldn't care less about these intro messages so here is Chapter 22 of Toxic Attraction.

P.S: Attachments are inspo for Sarah's outfits in this chapter.

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Toxic Attraction Ch. 22

Despite the light snoring from Dan’s side of the bed, Sarah couldn’t sleep. Even though her body felt utterly exhausted from the night’s events, her mind was still racing, processing everything that had happened.

She still couldn’t believe that she had actually taken two cocks into her body at the same time. It had been something she’d always fantasized about doing. It didn’t happen exactly the way she’d thought it might have. She always assumed she and Dan would get wild on vacation somewhere and indulge both their fantasies with a

stranger, preferably a good looking one. She certainly didn't think she would be riding Dan's ugly roommate while another weird stranger fucked her mouth.

The scenario wasn't exactly what she'd expected, but she'd still gotten lost in the moment and had given herself over to its pleasures. She was nervous about what Dan might say about what had happened in the morning, but it hadn't stopped him from eagerly fucking her at the end of the night. She and Dan kept shifting back and forth about embracing this adventure and then stepping back from it.

She wasn't sure where he would land, but Sarah didn't regret it. Not yet, anyway.

Sarah reached out into the dark and found her phone on the nightstand. Through squinting eyes, she checked the time. She guessed it was late or early, depending on how you looked at it. She glanced back over at Dan, who was sound asleep, and slid out of the bed. It looked like she'd fucked him into exhaustion with the contented look on his face. Still, nature called, and she needed to leave that bed.

Not only was she wired, but Dan's bed was also notably uncomfortable. Lumpy in a way that affected her ability to get a good night's sleep.

She tiptoed to the door, opening it before gently shutting it behind her. A small part of her mind warned her about moving about the apartment in just her panties, but that voice was growing more faint as time went on. Trying to keep quiet, Sarah slipped into the bathroom and used the facilities. While washing her hands, she looked at herself in the mirror and shook her head, smiling at herself.

The absurd events of the night before still played in her mind, and she couldn't help but laugh at herself and what her life had become.

If Dan hadn't moved to Chicago, she couldn't have imagined doing the things she'd done, especially with someone other than her loving husband.

With one last discerning look at herself in the mirror, Sarah left the bathroom and headed to the kitchen to get a glass of water.

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A familiar notification popped up in the corner of Lester's screen. If he'd been playing WoW he probably would have just ignored it. He wasn't sure what time it was but he knew it was late. Instead of World of Warcraft, Ichi the Killer, a cult Japanese film from the early 2000s was playing on his monitor.

Lester's sadly unfit body sat slumped over as he stayed at the monitor; the only movement in the room was from his chest in its labored breathing and his hand disappearing into the bottom of a bag of Cheetos. His eyes darted up to the notification. With a groan, he pulled up the camera feed on his second monitor and saw Sarah quietly leaving Dan's bedroom. He could hear the soft sounds of her footsteps padding toward the kitchen from where he sat.

His cock twitched at the sight of her body. He was once again happy that he had sprung for the higher definition cameras as his eyes ran over her bare legs and jiggling naked breasts as she tiptoed into the bathroom. A predatory smile crossed his face as he marveled at Sarah's curves and gorgeous face. He could never get enough of her.

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Sarah took a long sip of water from the glass before heading back towards the bedroom. She hoped that getting up for a bit would let her mind reset so she could fall asleep. Still, she wasn't eager to get back onto Dan's uncomfortable mattress. She wished they'd sprung for something similar to their bed at home when he had moved in, but money had been tight. It was still too tight for them to afford

that kind of extravagance. She resigned herself to a few more hours on the misshapen bed.

As she moved down the hallway towards Dan's bedroom, a faint blue light spread through the hallway.

She felt the frightening thrill of being caught, stopping in her tracks. A dark figure momentarily dampened the bluish glow. Sarah recognized the shadowy silhouette. Lester. He stepped forward, the faint light emanating from a screen in his room behind him.

He stood there watching her, wearing nothing but a pair of ragged boxer shorts, his fat, hairy gut hanging over his fraying waistband. His peculiar face had the same hungry look to which she had grown so accustomed.

"Sarah," he said, not taking his eyes off of her body, "Couldn't sleep?"

"Just getting a glass of water," Sarah said, casually covering her breasts with her right arm. She knew it was risky to walk out of the bedroom like this. There was a point at which it would have been mortifying for her to let a man like Lester see her like this. But now she didn't feel at all uncomfortable around him.

Sarah moved towards Dan's bedroom door. As she did, she saw Lester's hefty foot begin to move, as if he were going to block her path. However, it returned to the floor, and instead, Lester leaned on his doorframe and spoke. She paused at his words.

"So you're just gonna go back to bed?"

"Shhh," Sarah said, still holding the glass of water in her other hand, "Dan's still sleeping."

"I bet," Lester said, looking her up and down. He slowly reached out and smoothly put his hand around the wrist that was covering her

breasts, gently pulling it away from her body, finding no resistance.

Sarah's naked breasts came on full display for Lester, heaving up and down in time with her rapidly quickening breath.

"Lester….." Sarah started.

"You're right," Lester licked his lips. "We don't want to wake him up. Let's go into my room and finish talking." Sarah watched his large tongue disappear back into his mouth.

Lester hefted himself up off the doorframe and plodded back into his room, leaving the door ajar behind him. Indecisive, Sarah stood half-naked in front of Dan's closed bedroom door. She knew that if she followed Lester into his bedroom, much more would happen besides just talking.

Still gripping the cold glass of water, Sarah opened the door to Dan's bedroom. Her handsome husband was still asleep, snoring lightly. She stared at him for a moment. It would be so easy to just get back in bed with him, even though she hated sleeping in his bed.

"Dan?" Sarah whispered. He didn't stir.

Sarah gently closed the door and returned to the hallway, where she walked a few feet to Lester's bedroom door. She cringed as the floorboard creaked beneath her feet. With a deep breath, she pushed open the door and stepped into Lester's bedroom.

It was still just as dirty and dingy as it had been the previous night. The room had a slight stale stench, probably from the unwashed clothes and plates piled around randomly on the floor. Lester was leaning against his bed, arms crossed. The ethereal blue glow of his computer monitor illuminated the sweaty fat rolls on his oddly proportioned body.

Sarah gently closed the door behind her and stood there in her panties, unsure what to do next. Her body knew what it wanted, but her mind still needed some convincing.

"Come here," Lester said gruffly. At the command, Sarah stepped forward into the room, her uncertainty fading. Her daintily manicured toes delicately traversed the piles of refuse covering Lester's floor. She stepped between mounds of clothes and other remnants until she was standing right in front of Lester.

He didn't say anything. He just let his eyes roam over her body. Sarah felt her nipples grow hard under his silent gaze. Eventually, Lester arose and closed the distance between them. He stood just in front of her, staring into her eyes. Sarah could feel his warm breath on her face and smell the tinge of Cheetos wafting in his exhale. It didn't disgust her as much as she thought it would.

Lester reached out and took the glass of water from her hand and held it. They both knew what they were headed toward, yet Lester was tantalizingly slow and torturing her. He dipped two fingers into the glass and then held them up over Sarah's naked breasts. Water slowly dripped from his fingers, landing on her breasts before the beads trickled down her sloping curves. Lester made sure his fingers were placed just right so the water would stream down her breasts over her nipples. The cold water sent a jolt of electricity through her body each time she felt the chilly flow.

"Why are you here, Sarah?" Lester whispered as he continued dappling droplets of cold water onto her breasts.

"You know why, Lester," Sarah whispered back, seductively holding his gaze.

"I want you to say it. To admit it to me." Lester said. His brow furrowed slightly.

Instead, Sarah reached forward, and her hand found Lester's cock through his ragged boxers. She gripped the thickening shaft while running her hand up and down, stroking him through the material.

Lester smiled and shook his head.

"No. Not so fast," He said, "Why are you here?" He put his hand on her wrist, stopping her strokes, but he was still in her grasp.

"For this," Sarah whispered, "I need your cock."

"You want to get fucked again? Didn't get enough before?" Lester said. "I heard you and your husband going at it."

"Did you peek?" Sarah asked, "Through the peephole?"

"No," Lester said, "I couldn't give a shit about seeing you with Dan."

"That's a shame," Sarah said, "I like putting on a show for you." Her nipple felt an icy spike, and her neck spasmed sexily in response.

"You certainly put on a show tonight," Lester said. "That wasn't what I wanted."

"Sometimes you don't get what you want," Sarah said reproachfully, "Sometimes it's about what I want."

She squeezed him then, telling him the truth.

"I think," Lester leaned forward and whispered into her ear, "That you need to be reminded just whose little slut you are." Her perfect breasts mashed against his pale hairy chest as he closed in.

Sarah bit her lip, "Are you going to show me… daddy?" Her left leg bent back at the knee in gleeful anticipation, playing up her role as his slut.

Lester's face was covered in an ugly smile. "First, I want you to tell me what you want."

"I want you to fuck me, Lester," Sarah whispered, staring into his eyes.

"And where's your loving husband going to be?" Lester said.

"He's in the next room. He's asleep," Sarah said.

"My good little slut," Lester set the glass of water on his desk, then grabbed Sarah by the waist and pulled her towards him as he backed up to the bed. He pulled her hips forward until they were pressing against his cock. Sarah immediately started to grind her sex against his.

"Do you feel me?" Lester said, "I'm going to stick that into you until it explodes inside of you."

"Ughhh," Sarah moaned at the thought. She could feel the warmth of Lester's cock pressing against her panty-clad sex. "We, we really shouldn't be doing this." Her body continued to get as much contact with the solid pole as she spoke.

"It's too late for that," Lester said as he deliberately ground his cock back against Sarah's pussy. "You knew what was happening when you followed me into this room. You want to get fucked while your husband is sleeping in the room next door."

Lester's mouth was licking at her neck, tasting her. "You could have woken Dan up for another round, but you didn't. You know only I can give you what you need."

Sarah's eyes were closed as Lester's lips were leaving a wet trail of his drool cooling on her neck. Her body shuddered at his words, and the electricity of his sucking lips pressed into her flawless skin.

She still couldn't believe that she was here, half naked in Lester's room while his hands roamed her body and his lips were on her. It wouldn't make any sense to an outside observer, but only she had experienced the incredible events that led to this moment.

"What is it I need?" Sarah huskily whispered. "Your big cock?"

Lester chuckled and turned both Sarah and him around so that her bubble butt was pressing against the bed. He gently pressed forward, lowering her onto her back. Sarah involuntarily moaned as Lester tugged at her panties, sliding them down her legs.

"It's more than that," Lester said, staring down at Sarah victoriously, watching her beauty sprawled out on the bed before him. Her knees were grinding together in anticipation of what was to come next.

"You like giving yourself up to a guy like me. You love it. Especially because you know your husband and I don't get along. A beautiful princess like you with someone like me. I know how wet that makes you."

Lester sneered.

"You don't know the first thing about me, Les–" Sarah started, but she was cut off by Lester spreading her legs open and pressing two fingers against the entrance to her pussy. Lester's digits easily slid inside, Sarah's pussy already wet with anticipation.

Lester smirked as his fingers entered her, running wildly in and out of her, grazing against her sensitive g-spot with his manipulation. "That's what I thought," Lester said, "Soaking fucking wet. When are you going to give up this game, huh? We both know it's just a front. We both know what you really want. You can play the pretty wife and the capable office worker, but we both know you just want to be on your knees with me pounding away behind you."

“Uhhh,” Sarah moaned as Lester’s fat digits slid in and out of her rapidly, his thumb stuck out and frigging her clit,. He was expertly running the tips of his fingers over her G-spot, over and over, putting a delightful amount of tender pressure on the area, “Mhmmmmmmm.”

Sarah’s eyes were dreamily shut as she lost herself in the moment. When they opened back up to look at Lester, he saw the lust now present in them. The desire. The hunger. He was happy to oblige as he lowered himself down until he was level with her glistening pussy. He inhaled deeply, her scent sending a steady flow of blood to his expanding cock. With a lick of his fat lips, his head leaned forward until his mouth clasped onto her sex, sucking her clit and its hood between his lips, flicking his tongue.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah moaned as her thighs clamped tightly together around Lester’s head, “Mhmmmmmm.”

“I love it when you moan for me,” Lester mumbled as he sucked and flicked at Sarah’s clit with his huge tongue. His fingers continued to stroke inside of her, lightly dragging across her G-spot, simultaneously pleasuring two of her most sensitive erogenous zones.

Lester expertly sucked on Sarah’s clit while his tongue slowly raked across it, over and over again, establishing the rhythm with which he’d take her. Sarah was writhing on the bed, hands clasping Lester’s luxurious bed sheets, balling the fabric in her clenching hands. She squirmed, her hips thrust off the bed, trying to get more and more of the delicious pleasure Lester was delivering to her. Keeping herself wide open for the beastly man.

Lester’s other hand snaked up her body until it grabbed a handful of Sarah’s breasts, mauling each of them as he rolled a nipple between his thumb and index finger.

“Oh god, fuck, ohmmm” Sarah’s eyes alternated between being shut and staring up at the ceiling of Lester’s bedroom. The dark room felt eerily like the lair of some mythological cave troll, which heightened the exhilaration her body was experiencing.

Lester’s suction cup-like mouth detached from her, “Sshhhh, you going to wake up your husband. I wonder what he would think seeing you like this.”

“Uhhhhhhhh,” Sarah moaned. The thought of Dan walking in on her with Lester like this. Catching them together after everything. It was a dangerously hot idea. One that was playing in the back of her head as she quivered and jumped around Lester’s fingers. She looked down her body at Lester and saw half of his fat, balding head peering at her lecherously from between her tanned, toned legs. He was looking up at her with that ugly, sneering smile but she couldn’t help but feel enamored by it. But he wasn’t sucking her anymore.

Sarah let go of Lester’s sheets and grabbed the back of his head, pulling his mouth back down onto her.

“More,” she spoke this openly, not in a whisper. Lester obliged and quickly resumed his feast, sucking and licking her clit while his fingers ran rampant inside of her. Eagerly tasting her juices as they flowed copiously from the ecstatic young wife.

A welcome, familiar electrical buzz was building inside of her. Lester’s fingers and mouth were quickly working her up to a climax that she didn’t intend to let go of, “Fuck, fuuuuck, Lester, don’t stop. Keep doing that. Oh my, fffuck.”

Lester mumbled something, but his mouth was full of her clit. The bassy mumbling sent an electric vibration against her clit that ramped up her orgasm. She could feel it building so quickly it was about to crash down on her.

Sarah was already holding her breath, ready for it to wash over her. She still couldn't believe where she was but none of that mattered. All that mattered was letting Lester do whatever he wanted to her body and to give her the feeling that only he could.

"Oh fuck. Yes. Please. Pleeaase," Sarah begged as she felt the orgasm rock her body, again forgetting to keep herself quiet. Sarah's thighs wrapped tighter around Lester's chubby head as she pushed her hips up off the bed, offering herself to him fully. Lester's nose pressed into her crotch, cutting off his only supply of air.

"OH GOD," Sarah moaned with wild abandon as her back arched off the bed. Her entire body felt like it was on fire as her explosive orgasm washed over her. Sarah's eyes were closed, reveling in the illicit pleasure. She couldn't see Lester's head turning a tomato shade of red as he struggled to breathe. His fingers stopped moving inside of her as her thighs held his head in a vise-like grip, not allowing him to move. Immobilizing him to keep him from potentially ruining her orgasm.

Lester struggled against her, trying desperately to free himself from her grip. With his other hand, he rubbed a finger stroking up the wife's immaculate taint until his middle finger's tip pressed against the clenched wife's asshole. He slowly pushed his finger in, up to the first knuckle.

"OH SHIT! SHIIIT! OHGODOHHH!" the sensation of Lester's sausage digit violating her asshole as the dynamite went off again, heightening her ongoing string of climaxes. The warm, full feeling coming from her ass was amazing, but she needed to catch her breath.

Sarah's body finally came down from her powerful climax; her muscles relaxed, and she laid back into the bed, luxuriating in the pleasure she'd gotten from Lester's mouth. Her thighs let go of Lester's head, and he pulled back, heaving and gulping a deep

breath. Sarah opened her eyes at the noise, looking down at Lester and chuckling at his beet-red face.

"Sorry," she said, closing her eyes again, "You just do that too good." Her mouth curved in a contented smile.

Lester awkwardly and unflatteringly shuffled out of his ragged boxers, revealing his hard cock already dripping. Hearing the fabric move, Sarah's eyes opened to catch the reveal of Lester's giant cock. Sarah eyed it and licked her lips, "Put that in me, big boy."

Lester stood there, his forehead sweaty and his lower face soaked with her juices. His beady eyes roamed over her body, and his tongue rested on his bottom lip as he stood there ogling her. Lester squeezed his large cock in his hand and smiled, then shook his head."

"C'mon, Lester, I need you to fuck me."

Lester's smile widened, but the only move he made was to continue shaking his head and denying her what she wanted.

Sarah was now up on her elbows, her shapely breasts more apparent at this angle, "Doesn't my Chicago boyfriend want me? I need that big dick of yours."

Lester's grin widened, and he looked a little crazy, but again, he stood there, waiting. The shaft and purple head of his cock still held against his gut, trembling slightly with the room's tension.

Sarah smiled, and her green eyes seemed plaintive in the blue glow of the PC monitor. She took her right hand and slowly caressed her breast. She licked her lips and said, "My husband is asleep in the next room. Please fuck a baby into me… Daddy."

Lester's smile broke wide, and he didn't waste any more time, roughly crawling on top of Sarah as her legs opened to welcome the

ugly trollish man between them. Lester's gut pressed down onto Sarah as

he settled his weight on top of her, pushing the air from her lungs. His bare cock, slick with precum, quickly found the drenched entrance to her pussy and began pushing himself in.

Sarah moaned at the feeling of being stretched to accommodate Lester's girth. Her legs instinctively wrapped around his hips as her hands gripped onto his flabby biceps.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah groaned as she felt Lester's turgid member push deeper into her. Every single time, she was surprised by just how good it felt inside her body. Not only to be stretched by a large cock like his but to feel so utterly submissive under the weight of his massive frame. To completely give herself over to an ugly bastard so far below her.

"I'm gonna fuck you slow and hard while Dan sleeps next door," Lester said as his lips pressed hard against hers. "I want you to fucking explode while I dump my cum into you while that idiot snores away, not knowing I'm claiming his wife. Breeding you."

Sarah didn't respond, but she opened her lips, letting Lester's fat tongue slide into her mouth. She tasted the Cheetos he had been eating as her tongue danced over his, her mouth resonating with every taste bud she had.

Lester pushed his monster cock fully into Sarah's tight pussy.

"Ohhhhhhhgod," Sarah moaned at how full she felt. Lester's hairy balls were pressing up against her asshole as his swollen cock was fully embedded in her. "So fucking good, baby."

"That's what I like to hear," Lester said as he gently bit at her lip. As he lowered his lips back to hers, he tilted his head slightly and pushed his sizable tongue deep into her mouth. At the same time,

he pulled his hips back until only the tip of his cock was nestled in the folds of her pussy, then pushed his cock fully back inside of her til their hips slapped together.

Sarah moaned into his mouth, trying and failing to battle him with her tongue. Each time she made any progress, Lester's cock pulled out and thrust back in, causing her to moan and lose the ability to focus on anything else. Lester clasped Sarah's hands and interlaced his fat fingers with hers, holding them gently over her head, pinned to the bed.

Lester kept up his slow routine, slowly pulling his cock out of Sarah before just as slowly pushing it back in. Sarah's hips started thrusting off the bed as the couple made out. Eagerly wanting him to go faster, urging him to fuck her harder.

After what had transpired earlier in the night in the living room, Lester didn't want Sarah taking control again. He needed to reassert that he was the one in charge. He rammed his cock hard into her, pinning her hips to the bed under the weight of his immense frame.

"No," Lester pulled his head back and looked deep into her eyes, "We're making love tonight. It's been too long."

"Uhhhhh," Sarah moaned in disappointment but kept bucking her hips up off the bed. Lester adjusted his hips' angle and sank his knees into the bed. He pulled all the way out of Sarah until just the top of his cock was still inside of her and slowly worked it back in, dragging across her G-Spot. "Mhmmmmm fuck."

Lester repeated the action again, then again. Sarah's hips pushed up to meet his thrusts, the two of them quickly moving their motions into sync with one another. Lester grabbed the back of Sarah's neck and pulled her head up towards his mouth. His lips met with hers as his cock sunk deep into her.

Sarah moaned into his lips as Lester changed tactics with his lips. Instead of pushing his tongue deep inside her mouth, he focused on his lips on hers, sucking and gently kissing them in a slow, sensual manner. His plan was to entice some of those love hormones in her brain to be released by his slow, methodical pace.

Lester kept up his steady tempo, pulling out and pushing his entire length into the married woman. He wanted her to feel every inch of his veiny cock, over and over again. He let go of her hands and dropped more of his weight on top of her.

Sarah felt Lester slightly crushing her petite frame. Thankfully, he kept himself on his elbows. Still, her heavy breasts mashed against Lester's flabby chest. She could feel the wiry hairs on his chest chafing her pristine skin, but that wasn't at the forefront of her mind. She was focused on the marvelous sensations between her legs.

Lester shocked her by suddenly altering his cadence, thrusting himself quickly in and out of her twice in rapid succession. Sarah gripped his arms in response, tugging on them for leverage. Urging him to give more more. He went back to his slow, methodical thrusts making Sarah squirm.

"Fuck Lester, that feels so good," Sarah moaned into his shoulder. Her tongue instinctively reached out, licking circles into his bitter, sweaty skin.

"It's gonna feel even better when I cum inside you," Lester whispered. "I can't fucking wait."

"Uhmhmmmmm," Sarah moaned at the thought of Lester's hot cum exploding inside of her. "I can't wait, Lester. I can't wait for you to cum inside me again. It ffffeels so good."

"That's my girl," Lester grunted, still sliding his cock slowly and steadily. Sarah's body was responding to him in real-time. He could

read her like a sheet of music, the effect of each thrust. Every grunt and moan.

Her body was telling him that she wouldn't be able to hold out long before cumming again herself.

He knew from experience that her mind played a critical part in pushing her over the edge. He chose his words carefully to tug on the strings that he knew would turn her on. Lester wanted to run on a knife's edge between pushing her buttons and trying to deepen her connection to him.

"You feel so good, Sarah. I love being with you," Lester whispered. "I love that you followed me into my room. God, you're so fucking tight. My cock is throbbing. I love this."

"Fuck Lester. You feel so good," Sarah moaned, her hands flung around his sweaty back, pulling him down on top of her. She felt more of his weight on her frame. It was intoxicating, feeling like she was trapped under him, needing to give in to whatever he wanted to do to her. "Don't stop, baby. Please."

Sarah groaned, thrusting her shapely hips up off the bed to meet him.

"Why?" Lester whispered into her ear, "Are you getting close? Are you going to cum on my fat cock while your husband sleeps in the next room? Poor Dan. Doesn't even know his wife is making love to me right this second."

Sarah felt her body start to tingle. Lester's words laced through her ears like a seductive serpent focused on enhancing her pleasure. Sarah closed her eyes and tried to focus on her orgasm, but it was difficult.

Everything was stimulating her body. Lester's words had put her body into overdrive, his warm Cheeto breath on her face, his

disgustingly sweaty back, and the way she felt pinned under him. Everything was adding up to make Sarah want to scream and just let loose.

Lester felt Sarah pushing against him erratically; her breathing grew shallower, and he could hear a tell-tale sighing whine at the back of her throat. He knew she was close to cumming. He just needed to tip the scales in his favor.

"Do it," Lester whispered as his tongue danced wetly on her earlobe, "Cum for me. I want to feel your body squeeze me. Come for Daddy, Sarah. Be my good little slut."

"Uh fuck," Sarah grunted. "Oh my God, Lester, your cock. It's, it's so fucking, fffuhh." Her body was wildly fucking Lester back. Lester had abandoned his slow and methodical pace, responding to the changes in Sarah. Wanting to stoke the fire within her. He kept the same angle but was now thrusting into her faster, ensuring he punctuated each thrust hard to get Sarah to cum for him.

"Do it," Lester growled into her ear. "Cum on my cock, you good little slut. Your husband is sleeping next door while you're pinned under me. Cum for me."

"Uhhmhmmmm fuck. Lester. I – I — Fuuuccccmhhhhmmmmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's shoulder as her body spasmed and her orgasm took hold. She squeezed Lester's cock with her pussy, trying to hold it in place, not wanting anything to stop the onslaught of her chain explosion. Sarah's muscles tightened, and her breath stopped as she came erratically on Lester's cock. It felt like a tsunami engulfing her as electric sensations ran across her body. Every one of her nerves seemed to be on fire and were extra sensitive, sending her to the very edge of consciousness.

"Good girl," Lester grunted, pulling his cock out. It was not an easy feat, as Sarah's pussy had it in a death grip. Lester slammed it back

into her. His cock rocked her orgasm, pushing it to yet even higher levels.

Lester kept slamming into her, ignoring the iron grip her pussy tried to have on his cock. He wanted to push her into another brain-melting orgasm.

In the next moment, Sarah felt that promised explosion rock through her body as Lester started to fuck her harder and faster than he had been doing. She felt him slide long strokes so deep into her. So quickly and so hard, confidently claiming her. All her muscles seemed to tense up again as she felt another, even larger orgasm start to unleash inside of her.

"Ah fuck. Uhhh. God. MHMMHMMM. FUCK. YES. PLEASE. YOUR COCK. PLEASE. YES. FUCK ME LESTER! "

Sarah's body was out of control. Nails dug into Lester's back as she clenched her teeth. Her face grew red as she focused so much energy on fucking back on Lester's raw battering ram of a cock. Her ankles were locked behind his fat ass, and she pulled herself further onto his impaling pole.

"I'm gonna cum in you," Lester declared quietly into her ear. Both of them started bucking against each other in a sexual frenzy.

"Do it. Oh my god. Oh GOD, DO IT LESTER. DO IT! I LOVE YOUR FUCKING COCK!" Sarah screamed, not worried about anything else at that moment. Consequences be damned. She knew her next orgasm was about to crash down on her body. The thought of Lester's hot cum pumping into her was driving her

insane. "FUCK ME LESTER. I LOVE IT! I FUCKING LOVE YOUR COCK! GOD, Don't stop. I, I LOVE YOU!

FUCKKKK. FFFFUUUUHHHCK!"

Lester roared like a lion attacking a fresh kill in the savannah as he came, his eyes fluttering as he pushed into the gorgeous woman. Even though he had cum hours earlier, a torrent of white, hot sticky cum sprayed like a firehose from his cock. It drenched every inch of Sarah's insides, exploring every corner and crevice of her body.

"OH GOD," Sarah shouted as she felt Lester's cock explode inside of her. His hot cum drenching her, filling her up completely in an instant. Rope after rope of cum kept exploding into her in a never-ending loop.

Sarah grunted loudly as her body came again. Another orgasm washed down on Sarah, dwarfing the previous one as it overtook it and took over her entire body.

"MHMMHMMMMMMMMOHH," Sarah wailed as her body enveloped Lester's, holding him tightly to her. Lester's cock continued to pulsate and throb inside of her as more of his illicit seed was emptied into her.

Sarah's pussy continued to clench down on Lester's cock as she came, her body trying to milk every last drop of pleasure out of it. Lester pushed his head down, his lips mauling Sarah's as the contradictory lovers came together. Sarah's tongue pushed into Lester's mouth, barely registering the taste of Cheetos as she found his tongue with hers. They kissed each other hard as both of their bodies continued to go through the bliss of their orgasms, Sarah's arms still clutching Lester's sweaty, hairy, pasty back.

Their bodies continued to press against one another, Lester crushing Sarah's as the sweat on their bodies combined. Finally, the pace of Lester's thrusts slowed in time with Sarah's hips. They lay intertwined, still kissing one another for several more minutes. The kisses changed from oral exploration with their tongues to soft, gentle kisses with just their lips.

Lester broke their kiss. His cock still embedded in Sarah, he pulled back to look at her. She opened her eyes to look back at him. His hand caressed her face, brushing a stray strand of hair away. With his labored breathing, he stared into her eyes. She looked back up at him affectionately as her breasts were still crushed under his chest. After staring at each other for several seconds, Lester leaned down one last time. Sarah raised her head off the bed to meet his lips with one last lingering kiss.

Slowly, Lester pulled himself out of Sarah and flopped onto the bed next to her. Sarah felt even more exhausted than before, but now that her itch had been scratched, she knew she could finally fall asleep.

She looked over at Lester, whose eyes were closed, his breathing growing deeper as sleep overtook him.

Her mind wasn't thinking clearly, but she had thoroughly enjoyed that session. The way Lester had tenderly held her while still driving deep inside of her had been overwhelming.

Sarah knew she had to get up and slide back into Dan's bed. She would do that in a minute. Lester's bed just felt so nice and comfortable. She just needed another minute or two, and she would get up and quickly clean herself up before returning to her husband. With the heat of Lester's body off of her, Sarah could feel the air conditioning run over her body, giving her a slight chill. She pulled the thin covers up over herself, enjoying how soft and luxurious they felt.

A yawn escaped her lips and her eyes started getting heavy. The room suddenly went dark as Lester's computer monitor shut off. Sarah still had her eyes closed, unable to see the darkened silhouette of Lester's form with hers in the monitor.

Just one more minute, then I'll get up.

***

Dan groggily rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he tried to wake himself up. Sunlight was already streaming in from the window, and he knew he needed to get moving. He reached out for Sarah next to him, but his hand felt the empty spot where she was supposed to be.

His eyes snapped open, and he looked around the empty room for any sign of his wife. The door was closed, and her duffel bag was still in the corner of the room, the nightshirt she'd pulled out laid over it.

Dan sat up and quickly threw on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt. Sarah had likely woken up earlier and left the room to shower or get coffee. Being considerate, she shut the door behind her so she wouldn't wake him.

Dan quickly opened the door and stepped out into the hallway. The bathroom door was open, and the light was off. He turned and walked down to the living room, worried when he didn't see Sarah anywhere. He checked his phone, but there was no message saying that she'd run out.

"Sarah?" He said as he walked into the kitchen and looked at the small table in the corner. She wasn't in here either.

The noise of a bedroom door opening came from behind him. Dan whirled around, walked back into the living room, and looked down the hallway. His eyes went wide at what he saw.

Sarah was gently closing the door to Lester's bedroom. Her long, naked legs on display. Dan couldn't tell if she was wearing panties or not. The oversized ugly t-shirt with the Death Star from Star Wars emblazoned on it hung down to her upper thighs. Even from where Dan was standing, the shirt looked wrinkly and unwashed.

She paused and bit her lip as she saw Dan standing in the living room watching her. He tilted his head, and she silently nodded, spreading an impish smile across her face. An understanding seemed to pass between them in that moment.

Sarah walked down the hallway and stopped in front of the bathroom. She gave Dan a sexy look that could cause a lesser man's heart to stop and smiled at him again before disappearing behind the door.

Dan stood there, his mind going into overdrive, putting the pieces into place. At some point in the night, Sarah had somehow ended up in Lester's bedroom. His mind raced while his body reacted, and he felt himself grow stiff. He wasn't sure what he wanted at that moment, and conflicted emotions were clear on his face.

All he knew was that Sarah had gone to see Lester after Dan had fallen asleep. And Dan's cock was rock hard at the thought. He stepped up to the bathroom door and tried the handle. She had left it unlocked.

He couldn't deny that the look she gave him turned him on. And the fact that she had spent the night with Lester….while conflicted, he couldn't deny that his lust for his wife was at an all-time high.

Dan turned the knob and stepped into the bathroom to join his wife in the shower.

***

With Sarah headed back home, Lester sat in his command center, staring at the monitor in front of him.

His hands were clasped together in a steeple before his face as he contemplated his next move.

Things had taken some unexpected turns lately. Even though he'd accounted for all the variables, things had still gone awry with Vernon. He hadn't wanted to share Sarah like that. Not yet. Not unless he was fully in control of making her capitulate to his demands and having her willingly give in to him.

Vernon was just supposed to be an added spice, turning Sarah on at being exposed while further reducing Dan's agency in the heightened situation. Lester would need to improve his vetting process or find some way to better control how he exposed Sarah.

Putting her on display to his D&D friends and strangers behind the windows of his car was one level.

Vernon was quite another. Even fucking her against her office window overlooking the hospital's parking lot had been a tactic he'd used to push her into obedience, succumbing to her own desires.

He wanted to continue down that path, pulling Sarah deeper and deeper into his web. But the events with Vernon gave him pause. He didn't like a plan not going the way he liked, introducing too many outside variables was proving too chaotic.

Still, some variables were worth the gamble. Lester still needed to punish Dan severely for his transgressions, and he had just the idea of how to do that. Lester reached out, grabbed his phone off the desk, and dialed the number for Jesse.

The phone continued to ring as Lester thought through his plans. Dan's reaction to seeing Jesse at the club had been volatile. He wondered just how far he could exploit that. Perhaps push Dan into doing something else stupid, this time falling into a trap with more consequences.

"Hello?" Jesse's voice answered from the phone.

“Jesse. It’s Lester,” Lester said, “I think it’s time we talk. I have an idea that I need your assistance with.”

“Oh yeah?” Jesse fired back in words dripping with venom, “Now you want my help? After shutting me out and ignoring me? Sorry, but I have my own plan now that doesn’t include you.”

Lester frowned. This was not what he had been expecting. A pliable variable like Jesse should be known, waiting and eager for Lester to call on it, “Excuse me?”

“Yeah. I don’t need you anymore, Lester. My friend from The Lincoln Group and I already have things in motion. He promised I’ll get my time alone with Sarah in Minnesota real soon.” Jesse was talking in rapid-fire bursts, “You’re not going to dick me around anymore. I have her all to myself and take her away from you and Dan.”

“Listen here, you little shit,” Lester started, “You don’t know the first thing about me and the lengths I’ll go to ruin your pathetic little life.”

“Whatever,” Jesse said and hung up the phone.

Lester stared at the phone in anger as his fingers clenched it tightly. What the hell was that?

Jesse suddenly growing a backbone was not a factor he had anticipated. Lester scooted his chair forward and opened up a search engine on his computer. He typed in The Lincoln Group while opening another tab to look at Jesse’s LinkedIn page. He needed to assess and figure out what events were in play that he didn’t know about. These guys thought they could take Sarah from Dan for themselves or something?

After his months of scheming and subtle manipulations, they just wanted to reap the fruits of his labor.

No fucking way.

Lester's phone rang. Expecting Jesse, and answered but didn't recognize the number.

"Hello?" He said coldly as his eyes ran over the information on the screen. He opened a word document and began collating information about Jesse, his company and this Lincoln Group he mentioned.

"Hi, Mr. Marshall? This is Jenny with Chase Bank's fraud department. I'm reaching out because several recent transactions were flagged as suspicious. Can you confirm whether you purchased over one thousand dollars of liquor this morning at a convenience store? Or an AirBNB rental?"

"No," Lester fired back, his eyes scanning his desk for his wallet. Holding the phone to his head, he stomped out to the living room to look for it. The last thing he remembered was giving Sarah money for the pizza.

Vernon. "No, I didn't do that. Cancel all my cards and reissue new ones."

"Okay, Mr. Marshall. First, I need to ask you a few questions to confirm your identity."

Lester balled his free hand into a fist, feeling the rage boiling inside of him. Vernon. Dan. The Lincoln Group. Jesse. It was time to burn them all to the ground.

***

"Fuck," Dan muttered, looking down at his phone.

"What is it?" Sarah asked, looking concerned. They were riding in the back of a Uber on the way to their hotel in Minnesota. Their early morning flight ensured Dan could get into his client's office by mid-morning.

“My client at Sentinel Securities is complaining about my responsiveness,” Dan breathed. “I’ve been stretched between them, my other clients, and actual work. I try to respond to them right away, and I’m ahead on our agreed timeline, but they seem to want me to act like a full-time employee. I have to figure out what to do with this. They’re my biggest client and the linchpin for my future plans.”

Dan put his head back on the seat and closed his eyes, “It just never stops.”

Sarah held his arm and leaned in towards him, “We’re going to figure it out together, remember hon?”

She smiled at him and gently bumped him with her shoulder, “This trip isn’t just about work. It’s about getting you out from under these guys, remember? One less thing for you to have to worry about. We

plant that USB, and then you can get out from under them and deal with everything else, one thing at a time.”

“You make it sound so easy,” Dan opened his eyes and looked at Sarah, who was smiling back at him.

“It isn’t, but we just need to focus on what’s in front of us and not get overwhelmed by the bigger picture,” she said. “You’re smart. I know we’ll get through this. Figure out a good response when we get to the hotel room, and then let’s focus on burying these other guys.”

“I’m still not sure how we’ll get that USB into Byron’s office,” Dan said.

“You go there and work like you normally would. See if you can find an opportunity to do it or just scope the place out. Then, we’ll talk

and figure out the best way to approach it. Okay?" Sarah said reassuringly.

"Alright," Dan looked at his wife, smiling back at him. A weird expression crossed his face.

"What?" Sarah asked.

"It's nothing," Dan looked out the window.

"No, tell me," Sarah said, "What is it?"

"Your smile just now. It reminded me of the last time you visited in Chicago. You know when I caught you doing the walk of shame in the morning?" Dan said tentatively, "from, ah, the other bedroom."

"Oh did it?" Sarah asked.

"I know," Dan said, "You just do something to me. I love when you behave badly but I feel like I shouldn't.

Shouldn't love it."

"Don't be embarrassed about anything like that with me," Sarah checked the rearview mirror to see if their Uber driver was listening. He had headphones in but she was sure from his reaction faces that he was eavesdropping. "We're in this together and I'm happy to indulge in both our fantasies."

She ran her hand up his thigh, her eyes still on the rearview mirror. The driver looked back and locked eyes with her for a split second before quickly refocusing on the road. Sarah ran her hand over Dan's crotch before pulling back and giving him a wicked smile, "I think we're here."

The Uber pulled up in front of the same hotel they stayed in last time. After grabbing their luggage, they quickly checked in and

settled into their room. Dan got dressed in his work attire and kissed Sarah on the lips before departing for The Lincoln Group's office.

It didn't take long for Dan to get to The Lincoln Group's office. He checked in at the security desk before riding the elevator up and spoke with their receptionist. After a few minutes, she led Dan through their hallways to a discreet corner office with large windows looking out over the city. Byron was lounging behind his large desk in the middle of a call while Jesse was perched on a couch, looking like he had nothing to do.

Byron ushered Dan in and dismissed the receptionist while he finished his call. Dan wasn't about to sit like a patsy on the couch, instead opting to stand until Byron was done his call. Jesse smirked at him from

the couch, but Dan pretended to ignore it. Byron didn't so much as glance his way as he lowered his voice and spoke into the phone.

Finally, his call ended and Byron got to his feet, walking over to where Dan was with a hand outstretched. Dan noticed the slight receding hairline and deep bags under Byron's bloodshot reddened eyes. Reluctantly, Dan shook Byron's hand who squeezed extra hard and gave him a few extra pumps before disengaging.

Byron looked behind Dan and then around the office, "Where's that lovely wife of yours?"

"Shopping," Dan said, "Ready to start?" He looked over at Jesse who hadn't even opened his laptop yet.

"You brought her along, though, right? Maybe I should have been clearer that she was required to come in today," Byron said, putting his hands in his pants pockets. He narrowed his eyes at Dan.

"Well, she's not getting paid to be here, so, no, she won't be," Dan said coldly.

Byron just stared at Dan for several seconds, sizing him up. A predatory smile broke across his face,

"Fine. Let's get started."

Byron gestured to the couch where Jesse was sitting, with his laptop on the table in front of him. Dan sat down next to his former subordinate while Byron sat in a chair opposite. Byron leaned back in this chair, stretching his arms above his head, "You know, I would gladly compensate your wife for her……services.

She's going to join us for drinks later. I'm not asking."

"Sure," Dan said while opening his bag, ignoring the grins on both the men's faces.

The trio got down to business, discussing some of the finer points of The Lincoln Group's projects that Byron had been unwilling to discuss over the phone. The project was very ambitious and somewhat sketchy. From the sounds of it, it seemed like the company was establishing some off-the-grid community that had energy requirements far exceeding those of a normal subdivision. It made Dan think that they were building some kind of secret commune.

Byron wouldn't reveal any details of the location, but he did say that all of the housing unit's energy, internet, and other services would run through a central monitoring hub. What might occur in that hub still remained a mystery.

Dan led the group through the project's finer requirements, not wanting to waste any time or be required to stay in Minnesota longer than necessary. He also hoped not to have to come back here. He wanted to knock out what he needed to do to complete his part of the project and then try to get off the project entirely.

At lunchtime, Byron escorted Jesse and Dan out of his office so he could make some other calls. Dan had the USB with the keylogger in his pocket. He couldn't see Byron's computer tower, but it must be somewhere under his bulky wooden desk.

When Dan and Jesse were alone, riding the elevator down, Jesse opened his mouth to say something smarmy, but Dan cut him off. He very intentionally hid his mouth in his hand as he spoke, "So what do you think Byron is going to do when he finds out you're spying on him?"

Jesse's face was fearful as he sputtered to respond, "W-what?"

"I know the deal you made," Dan said. "You're getting paid to spy on Bryon and The Lincoln Group's project and give regular reports to Peter. Don't play dumb. He told me. He's getting impatient with you."

"It's not like…I don't know what you're talking about," Jesse said.

"Suit yourself," Dan said, "I'll just talk with Byron after lunch about it and show him what I have. We'll see what he says."

"No, don't," Jesse said too quickly, "Don't."

Dan smiled at Jesse, "Why shouldn't I?"

"I'll split the money with you. How did you even find out? Fuck!" Jesse said.

"It doesn't matter. Call Peter a mutual friend. He told me a lot, particularly that you haven't been giving him the reports he asked for." Dan turned back to the elevator doors as they opened and then walked out.

"Because I don't have anything yet!" Jesse spoke in hushed tones as he followed Dan out into the building's lobby. "Today was the most we've seen. They've been all secretive before this."

Jesse continued to trail Dan as he walked outside. When they were away from the building, Dan turned and said, "So what's the plan tonight with Sarah? What are you guys planning?"

"I, uh, I don't know. Honest," Jess said, "I just know that Byron said at some point I'll have some alone time with her. Without him and without you."

"Well, that isn't happening anymore," Dan said. "Or I'll tell Byron everything, and you'll get fired again."

"Okay," Jesse looked deflated. Dan kept walking, and Jesse was still on his heels. Dan turned around and stared at him, "Why are you still following me? I'm getting lunch. Alone." Dan walked off, leaving Jesse standing by himself on the busy street corner.

After lunch, the trio resumed their work hashing out details of the project. Dan continued to keep them on point, quickly trying to get through all of the items on his checklist so he could go back to Chicago and hammer out the project. Jesse constantly looked uncomfortable but Byron never mentioned it.

"Alright," Byron said, standing up and looking at Dan and Jesse, "It's time to get out of here. Quitting time. I'm going to grab dinner, and then we'll meet up for drinks across the street. Say nine o'clock. He pointed a finger at Dan. Don't forget to bring that sweet wife of yours."

Dan just nodded. Byron gestured to the door and went back behind his desk, where he propped up his feet and dialed a number on his phone. Dan and Jesse left, each going their separate ways.

When Dan got back into the hotel room, Sarah was there waiting for him.

"How'd it go?" She asked anxiously.

“He never left us alone in his office. But I know where it is. I think his computer tower must be under his desk somewhere. He looked like he was getting comfortable but he wants to meet us at the bar across the street at nine.”

“Is his office private? Would it be easy to get in there without anyone seeing?” Sarah asked.

“It’s tucked away. Yeah, I think so.” Dan said, “I still don’t know how we’re going to get in there, though.

Maybe tomorrow, we can bait him out of his office while I’m in there, and I can attach it.” Dan was pacing back and forth now, anxiously visualizing the office.

Sarah walked up to him, stopping his stride. She put her hands on his chest and looked up at him,

“Honey, relax. Okay? We’ll figure it out.”

She patted his muscular chest, smoothing out the wrinkles on his dress shirt, “For right now. Let’s just worry about dinner, okay? I’m starving.”

“Alright, baby,” Dan said, “Let’s go find some grub.”

***

Just after nine, Dan and Sarah entered the loud bar across the street from The Lincoln Group offices.

Several heads turned their way as they made their way across the crowded bar to the lounge area at the back.

Sarah pretended to ignore all the glances she was getting, but she secretly loved the attention. She knew exactly what she’d been doing when she put her outfit together. Long flowing black dress

pants that tapered at her midsection. A very low-cut tank top in faux silver alligator skin with black straps. The top exposed a lot of her chest, sitting low enough that she didn't wear a bra with it. She knew that eye contact would be a problem with any man she talked to tonight.

Her silver heels matched the small silver clutch she carried that contained the USB drive Dan needed to plant in Byron's office. As the couple navigated the bar, they quickly approached a booth with Byron and Jesse.

Byron stood up to greet her while Jesse remained sullen in the booth, his expression blank.

"Dan," Byron said cheerfully, clasping his hand before quickly turning to give Sarah a very obvious up and down ogle. "My, my, my. Sarah, I forgot how sexy you looked. It's been too long. He stepped up and gave Sarah a lingering hug, which she reciprocated before pulling away and gesturing to the booth.

"Dan, why don't you sit on that side next to Jesse," Byron smiled, "I want to catch up with this lovely creature." Byron gestured to the booth, letting Sarah in first before quickly sitting next to her, cutting off any opportunity Dan had to sit next to his wife. He reluctantly slid into the side of the booth next to Jesse.

Sarah was well aware that Byron had purposely pinned her between the wall and himself, with no easy way out of the booth. A server came by and took their drink orders, quickly returning with a wine for Sarah, a light beer for Dan and Jesse, and an 18-year-old scotch for Byron.

"Keep 'em coming," Byron winked at the server. As she walked away, he pointedly checked out her ass before turning to Dan, "You're covering drinks tonight, right?"

“Actually,” Dan said, “I’m just the contractor. You’re Jesse’s client.” Dan gently slapped Jesse on the back and nodded his head, “Drinks are on you.”

“Yeah, sure,” Jesse said, trying not to stare at Sarah’s distractingly low-cut top across from him.

“So….” Byron said, turning towards Sarah, “Where have you been all this time? Dan’s been keeping you from us. You should have come in today so I could show you my office.”

Sarah caught Dan rolling his eyes. Byron turned his body to focus on her, physically blocking Dan and Jesse from engaging in the conversation.

“Well, a girl has to keep her secrets, Byron, you know that,” Sarah said, “Besides, I was too busy to come to your little boys' club.”

“Ha!” Bryon laughed, shaking his head, “Little boy, huh? Is that what you think of me?”

“I haven’t seen any evidence to the contrary,” Sarah kept eye contact but flicked her eyes down to his crotch. With a smooth smile, she turned her body away from him and grabbed her wine glass to take a drink. She leaned forward, out of Byron’s grasp, and looked at Jesse.

“Jesse, I haven’t seen you since that night in Chicago,” Sarah said. Jesse looked at her and then her breasts before his eyes darted to the bar. “How are you?”

“I’m doing good. Yeah, I got a new job. Things are going well,” Jesse squirmed.

“I heard,” Sarah smiled, “That’s really great. Dan said it’s an awesome and really prominent company. I wish that Dan would be able to land something like that.” Sarah eyed her husband and gave

him a wicked smile. Dan hadn't realized it until just that moment, but Sarah was playing her game the second she walked into the bar.

Sarah swirled her wine glass. All the men waited with bated breath to hear what she'd say next. She turned to Byron, "Did you know that Jesse is a really, really good dancer?"

Byron shrugged, "Had no idea."

Sarah cast her gaze to Jesse again, "It's true. Jesse, do you know what they say about men who dance really well?"

Jesse looked like a deer in the headlights, "No…"

"Hmmmm," Sarah said, gazing Jesse up and down, "Too bad."

Despite the unfortunate circumstances, Sarah was enjoying herself, teasing Jesse and Byron in front of Dan and making them think lustful thoughts about her. She loved the power and attention it gave her. All three of them were like putty in her hands. She couldn't wait to get Dan alone later and see his reaction to all of this.

Byron took a large sip and finished his scotch. Sarah eyed it and took another gulp of her wine. The small size pours weren't nearly enough, "Byron, can you get me another?"

"Sure thing," Byron said, raising his hand to catch the server's attention. When he did, he motioned to their drinks and gave her a thumbs up. Sarah was staring at him.

"Is there a wife at home, Byron?" Sarah asked.

Byron chuckled and knocked back his drink, "Not anymore."

"I'm sorry," Sarah said.

"Don't be," Byron eyed her, "It's better this way. I was too much for her to handle."

“What does that mean?” Sarah asked, leaning in.”

“I kept her satisfied and more. But she couldn’t quite ever keep up with me. Which is why I find you so intriguing.”

“How’s that?” Dan asked, cutting in.

Bryon eyed him, and a sly smile spread across his face. He looked at Jesse and then back to the loving couple at the booth. “I know all about your arrangement with your roommate. Now, I’m not one to judge, but it sounds like Sarah here has the same insatiable appetite as I do. That their spouse can’t quite keep up with them. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not sure I would marry you, Sarah, but I do love knowing an insatiable minx like yourself is out there, waiting to pounce.”

Sarah almost choked on her drink.

“Let’s change gears here,” Dan said, coming to the rescue, “We don’t really want to talk about that.”

“Why not?” Byron said, “It’s fucking fascinating. Letting a woman like this get with your schlubby roommate. What are you thinking?”

Dan stared daggers at him. Recognizing the rising tension, Sarah moved to change the conversation's course and proceed with her plan.

“So, Dan tells me you have him working on some exciting project,” Sarah said, “Something about a subdivision?”

“It’s way more than a subdivision,” Byron said dismissively to Dan. It’s a whole new community designed and controlled from the ground up.”

“Really?” Sarah said, feigning interest. The server returned with their drinks, and Sarah immediately asked for another. “Tell me about it.

What makes it so special?”

Byron began talking about the project his company was working on. He kept the details vague but kept overstating how cutting-edge and important it would be. As he talked, Sarah slid her foot out of one of her heels and extended her leg, letting her calf run up and down against Jesse’s leg. Sarah had to stifle a laugh at his reaction. It looked like he was ready to cum right in his seat.

She shared a conspiratorial look with Dan. Despite his anger at the situation, his face betrayed his aroused emotions. Byron continued to talk about his secret project. Sarah nodded along but didn’t really listen to what he was saying. She knew the type of guy Byron was. He loved to hear himself talk so he would feel important and powerful.

“Isn’t that right, Dan?” Byron said, turning to her husband. As he did, his hand disappeared below the table and rested firmly on Sarah’s thigh.

“Sure,” Dan agreed, “We’ll get it all done on the right timetable.”

“That’s what I like to hear,” Bryon finished off his scotch, signaling for another. “Sarah, your husband is great at what he does. I’m sorry, but I’m going to keep him very busy over the next few months.”

“Oh,” Sarah said with a disappointed look, “If my husband is so busy, what ever am I going to do with myself?”

Byron chuckled and turned back to face her, “I can think of a few things.” He ran his hand further up her thigh and smiled at her. Sarah leaned forward and whispered, “You know, I’m disappointed I didn’t get that tour of your office earlier.”

“Really?” He said slyly as his hand massaged her thigh.

“Is it too late for one now?” She asked, “I’d want a private one, without your coworkers hanging around.

Also,” she craned forward to speak into the older man’s ear, “can you dance?”

“Oh. Oh! Yeah. Yes, I can.” Byron sat up and checked his watch. Sarah could tell he was already well on his way to being sloshed. She took another long sip of her wine, finishing it off. “It’s late,” Bryon said,

“Everyone should be gone by now.”

Byron smiled, “You want to go now?” Sarah nodded her head, smiling at him.

Byron turned to Jesse and Dan, “Hey boys, uh, Sarah didn’t get the office tour earlier. I’m just gonna take her across the street and show it to her. You guys stay here, we’ll be right back.”

Byron got out of the booth and held his hand to Sarah, helping her out while his eyes ran up and down her body. She shared a quick, knowing look with Dan, who simply nodded back to her. Sarah hadn’t realized just how much the alcohol had hit her until she stood up. Jesse looked heartbroken as Bryon led Sarah out of the bar.

“Are you really just going to let her go with him?” Jesse said pleadingly to Dan.

“She’s a big girl. She can handle herself,” Dan said, taking a long sip of his drink, “Besides, you didn’t try to stop them.”

Jesse just shook his head, “I…I don’t…”

“So here’s what’s going to happen,” Dan said, turning an angry gaze to Jesse. He gestured a finger back and forth between them, “You and me, we’re going to find a way to get me out of this whole thing.

You’re going to help me, or I’m going to have a nice long chat with Byron about what I know.”

“There is no way out,” Jesse said, “Besides, I’m not scared of him.”

“Oh yeah? He’ll forget all about me and burn your world to the ground. You heard him back in your office, and you heard the threats he made against me. What do you think he’ll come after you with?”

A thought occurred to Dan at that moment. Maybe he should just contact Byron and burn Jesse again.

But there were no guarantees that Byron would let Dan walk or that Jesse’s company wouldn’t still work with him. He needed a cleaner break.

“What do you want me to do?” Jesse was staring down at his drink.

“We’re gonna get your company to fire me,” Dan said.

“They won’t do it,” Jesse muttered, still staring at his beer, “Hiring you is a clause in our contract with The Lincoln Group. They’d have to get that approved by Byron, which, after tonight, I don’t think he is going to do.”

Dan sat back against the booth, trying to think of a way out of this. He still felt trapped, but at least now he had something of an accomplice in Jesse that he could take advantage of. He knew he still couldn’t trust Jesse fully, though.

“We’ll figure something out,” Dan finally said, finishing off his drink. He eyed Jesse, “Tab’s on you, right?”

Jesse nodded as Dan left him alone at the booth and headed out onto the street.

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Across the street from the bar, Byron and Sarah rode up the elevator. Byron had his arm draped around Sarah's shoulders as his eyes feasted on her cleavage. When the elevator doors opened, the dark floor of The Lincoln Group's Minnesota office appeared before them. Byron led Sarah into the open atrium before a glass wall obstructed their path. He reached into his pocket and retrieved a set of keys, quickly unlocking a glass door. He held it open for Sarah, who walked through. Byron's eyes were glued to her ass as he followed, it swayed hypnotically as he walked behind her.

"Which way to your office?" Sarah asked.

"This way," Byron said, sliding up next to her and placing a gentle, guiding hand on her supple ass, leading her further into the depths of the office suite.

"Here it is," Byron said as they walked to the end of a hallway to his corner office. He opened the door and let Sarah inside. She looked around at the decor as Byron started to take off his suit jacket and openly eye fucked Sarah.

"Byron," Sarah turned to face him. The alcohol was starting to take effect as she saw the lust-filled expression on Byron's face. "Do you have a kitchen here? Or, like a pantry?"

"Yeah," Byron said, closing the distance between them, "There's one across the office."

"Could you run and get me a bottle of water so I can get more comfortable?" Sarah smiled as she looked Byron up and down. A shit-eating grin appeared on Byron's face, and he raised his eyebrows.

"Sure thing," He said as he walked over to the door, "I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere."

“Oh, I won’t,” Sarah said, “I’ll be here waiting for you.” A smile played at the corners of her lips.

Byron flung open the door harder than he probably meant to do and disappeared into the hallway. Sarah quickly opened her purse, grabbed the USB, and hurried around the desk, her steps unsteady from the alcohol.

She quickly got on her knees, looking under the desk for Byron’s computer tower. All she needed to do was plug the USB in. To her growing horror, she couldn’t find the tower anywhere. It wasn’t under the desk, not even suspended under it. The cabinets were full of papers. She ran her hands along the monitor, looking for any kind of USB slot, but both were already filled. Sarah’s eyes darted around the room, looking for any wires running from the desk to a hidden tower somewhere, but she couldn’t find

anything. Nothing behind the couch, nothing on the bookshelf. The only wire she could find was the cord to a power strip that powered the monitor.

Her body swayed on dramatically as she looked around, feeling like she was completely out of ideas.

There wasn’t anything to plug the USB into. She hurried back over to the desk to peek under it one last time.

“I’m back,” Byron sauntered back in with a freshwater bottle in his hand. Sarah quickly put her sexy face back on, replacing the worried and frustrated one formed a moment earlier.

“It took you long enough,” Sarah said, standing up straight. “I was starting to get bored.”

Byron set the water bottle down on the desk, “What are you doing down there?”

“Oh,” Sarah stalled for time, trying to think up an excuse that wouldn’t get her caught, “Just wondering if there was room for me down there.”

“And?” Bryon asked as he slumped himself down into his chair, “Is there?”

“I’m not sure,” Sarah said.

“Why don’t you get down on your knees and see?” Byron suggested. Sarah stood staring down at him before slowly lowering herself to her knees. Byron unbuckled his belt and pulled it out of the hoops on his dress pants before unzipping his fly.

Sarah froze, watching as Byron slid off his pants. She was about to do this for no reason. No USB, no corporate espionage. Her entire plan just went out the window.

“What do you think of this,” Byron said as a semi-hard cock sprang into view as he lowered his boxers. It was girthy, longer, and thicker than Dan’s but still not as impressive as Lester's amazing cock. Still, she couldn’t take her eyes off it as she realized kneeling before this piece of shit man was making her wet.

“Still think I’m a little boy?” Byron asked.

“No,” Sarah breathed, her eyes still focused on his cock.

“You know, it’s rude to stare,” Byron said as his hand looped behind Sarah’s head. His fingers ran through her blonde hair as he pulled her head towards his angry-looking cock. “Put that pretty little mouth on it.”

Sarah’s brain was still trying to think of a way to make the most of this situation. A way to get what Dan needed and somehow get access to Byron’s computer. But her body was already responding, her lips opening up, taking Byron’s cock into her wet, warm mouth.

Byron moaned as his cock disappeared into Sarah's eager mouth. Sarah couldn't believe how easily she had just obeyed his request and accepted her fate. She should have maneuvered into something else, going to another office. Looking in a conference room. Instead, her body just gave in to the path of least resistance. What was wrong with her? And why was she enjoying this so much? She felt like her body was running on different programming than her brain.

"Ah, yeah," Byron moaned, "That's it, Sarah. I knew from the moment I saw you that I'd have my cock inside of you. It was only a matter of time."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Byron's cock. She couldn't help but compare it to Lester's in her mind. Byron's cockhead was unusually large, and he seemed to know what he was doing. Byron's dick was pretty hot, but Lester's amazing cock just did something to her that she couldn't quite express in words. Sarah licked up Byron's shaft and kissed its enormous head, "I'm surprised there's room for me down here. I expected the space to be taken up by a computer."

Byron chuckled, "Thank god for the IT nerds then. My computer is just the monitor and the Bluetooth keyboard and mouse. If I need to do any heavy lifting, I just remote into a more powerful workstation.

I'm sure we would have figured out someplace else to get you on your knees."

So, this whole thing was pointless. There was no computer to plug the USB into. She could still just get up and walk away. Get out of the office, saying she changed her mind. The wet cock in her hand throbbed, and Sarah looked down at it, unable to take her eyes off of it. It wasn't Lester's by any means, but she still felt powerful holding it in her hand.

"I would have managed. I'm very skilled," Sarah whispered.

“Show me your skills then. I knew you’d be a good cocksucker,” Byron thrust his hips up, running his cock up Sarah’s hands.

Sarah looked up at him while lowering her tongue to his bulbous throbbing head, “You have no idea.”

Then his cock disappeared into her mouth as Sarah lowered her face onto it. Sarah expertly stroked the shaft of Byron’s cock as she sucked as much of it into her mouth as she could manage.

“Mhhmmmmmm,” She moaned around his cock. Sarah had grown addicted to feeling her mouth stuffed full of cock, the sensation in itself turning her on immensely. All of this seemed so out of character, but it felt so fucking good to give in to the craving.

“Damn,” Byron breathed, staring down into Sarah’s green eyes, “I should have invited Dan up here so he could see this. I bet that little cuck would be hard as a rock seeing you on your knees for me. After all the shit he’s caused, I’d love to see the look on his face. Is this how you dance?”

Sarah slowly licked up Byron’s shaft, causing his body to shudder in response. Her tongue swirled around the head of his cock, licking a drop of precum that had formed there. Byron’s cum tasted different than either Lester’s or Dan’s. It was the most bitter of the three.

“Slow down,” Byron breathed, “Take your top off.”

Sarah begrudgingly let go of Byron’s cock and reached down to pull her form-fitting shirt off. The faux-alligator skin shirt held her breasts up so well that she hadn’t worn a bra. Byron’s eyes lit up as Sarah’s naked breasts were exposed to his sleazy gaze in the dim office.

“Fucking A,” Byron leaned forward and grabbed one of Sarah’s heavy breasts in his hand. He roughly pawed it as Sarah lowered her mouth back down onto his broad cockhead.

Part of her mind was still battling against the suppressive nature of her new instincts and urges. It still wanted her to get out of the office and go back and find Dan. This entire thing was now pointless because there was nothing to install the USB stick onto. Her grip tightened on Byron's shaft, not willing to give full consideration to those thoughts. Maybe she could just suck his dick clean and then make her exit.

"Dan's really been holding out on me," Byron said, "We should have done this the last time you were here."

"Well," Sarah said as she kissed down his shaft and started licking his balls. She alternated between licking, kissing, and sucking on them despite the patchy matted pubic hair. "Before, I was just a happily married woman. But now that you're making Dan work for you, I finally have the excuse I needed to get what I wanted."

"And what's that? What do you want?" Byron was breathing hard as he stared down at Sarah while mauling her naked breasts.

"This," Sarah said, licking over his ballsack and up his shaft, twirling her tongue over the towering head of his cock and then sucking it with abandon, her tongue flicking its oversized ridge. If she sucked hard enough and stroked him off, she knew she could make him cum quickly.

"Uhhhhh, fuck Sarah," Byron moaned, "You're so fucking dirty. I love it. You kiss your children with that mouth too?"

Sarah didn't respond. She didn't want to think about her kids right now. All she was focused on was Byron's hot sleazy cock in her mouth. Byron let go of her tits and slumped down in the chair. Hands behind his head, he just watched Sarah go to town on his cock, amazed at the sensations she was eliciting from his body.

"Goddamn," Byron muttered to himself as he watched Sarah work. He could feel her expert attention already starting to make his balls

begin to tingle and get ready to explode in her. He was torn between letting her suck the life out of him or throwing her off and fucking her.

“Stop,” Byron said. Sarah pretended not to hear and continued to suck his cock with abandon. She knew he was getting close by the rate of his breathing and the shifting of his body. She just wanted to finish sucking his cock and drink his bitter cum.

“Stop it,” Byron said, gripping her hand, stopping it from running up and down his shaft. Sarah gripped his dick harder, making him jump. She kept her mouth firmly attached to his cock, creating a perfect suction-like seal. “Fuck. Sarah, stop,” Byron said loudly. Sarah finally broke her sucking trance and looked up at him.

“What?” Sarah said.

“Stand up,” Byron said, pushing his chair back with his legs. “Take off those pants.”

“You want me to take these off?” Sarah asked as she stood, playing with the hem of her pants.

“Now,” Bryon ordered as he marched over to the couch area of the office. He grabbed one of the plush chairs he’d sat in earlier and pulled it over to the window. He turned and watched as Sarah undid the button on her high-waisted pants and seductively lowered them to the floor. His eyes grew wide like saucers as she revealed the black thong she was wearing and her long, tanned and toned legs.

“Jesus, they really broke the mold when they made you,” Byron said, “Come here.”

Sarah slowly closed the distance between them with swaying steps. She felt completely exposed to this scumbag of a man, wearing nothing but her heels and black thong. But she had to admit to herself that

she felt so fucking wet being on display like this, for someone like that, in front of a view of the city.

Byron had irked her the first time they met. Made her skin crawl, and now she was offering herself up to this creep on a platter.

Byron glanced out the window and chuckled before turning his attention back to Sarah. He bit his lip, grabbed her by the back of the neck, and pulled her in for a sloppy kiss, his tongue immediately pushing its way into her mouth. His other hand grabbed her shapely ass and pulled her body towards him, his cock pressing hard against her thong-covered sex.

At some point, he had ditched his pants, standing naked except for his sloppy shirt and high black socks.

His hand kept roughly massaging her ass as his cock ground up and down her. Sarah couldn't help but feel her body moving in time with cock, reciprocating its insistent attention.

Was she really about to have sex with this sleazeball? This hadn't been their plan. None of her plans had worked out the way it was supposed to. Maybe she could just drop to her knees and finish him off with her mouth. Before Sarah could formulate a concrete plan, Byron pulled back from her and twirled her around. His hand was still on the back of her neck. He pushed her forward. Her knees bumped into the edge of the chair he had placed by the window. He pushed her neck down until she gripped the back of the low chair to brace herself.

His hands were on the sides of her thong, pulling it down faster than her brain could compute. Byron roughly pushed her ass forward with his hands until Sarah put her knees up on the seat of the chair while her hands rested on the top of it.

"Fuck, I'm going to enjoy this," Byron said as he quickly shuffled behind Sarah and ran his cock between the tops of her thighs.

Sarah breathed hard and hung her head in anticipation. She could have walked out of there at any time, but she knew that her body was in the driver's seat, and it got what it wanted. Byron was running his cock up and down her slit, coating it in her wetness. Then he pulled his hips back and put his cock right up to her opening.

"Byron," Sarah breathed, a thought suddenly dawning on her, "Do you have a condo – ughhhhh."

Byron pushed the thick pole of his cock into Sarah's wet entrance. Sarah's hands braced themselves against the chair as she ground her knees into the seat.

"Fuck you're, nnrggn, so tight," Byron grunted from behind her. Sarah froze in place, encapsulated by the feeling of Byron's swollen member pushing into her. "God, that feels fffucking good. Oh yeah."

"Uhhhhhhgmmmmmm," Sarah groaned as inch after inch of Byron's cock pushed into the young wife.

Her mouth contorted in pleasure, and her eyes rolled back as more and more of Byron's large cock pushed into her. The low chair provided the perfect angle for Byron to fuck her, his cock pressing right up to all the perfect places inside of her. "Ohhhhhhhhhh," she moaned as Byron's cock was finally fully embedded inside of her. His balls slapped against the bottom of her asscheeks.

"Holy fuck," Byron said loudly as he grabbed her shapely hips, "I'm finally inside of you. I've been waiting for this. Fuck."

"Open your eyes and look out the window," Byron said. Without hesitating, Sarah did as she was commanded. She opened her eyes and saw the Minnesota skyline outside.

"Lower," Byron sneered, "Look down across the street."

Sarah did as he said, her eyes shifting from the dark night sky to the dimly lit street below. She scanned the street, her eyes stopping on the illuminated sign for the bar they had just been sitting at. Standing outside the door was Dan, leaning against the wall, watching the entrance to Byron's building.

"What do you see?" Byron asked.

"Dan," Sarah breathed back. Byron pulled his cock slowly out of Sarah before quickly ramming it back in.

"Ughhhhh," Sarah grunted as she was rocked against the chair.

"Do you think he knows what's happening up here?" Byron said. Sarah closed her eyes and turned her attention back to what was happening behind her, "Maybe."

"No," Bryon said, "Keep looking at your pathetic husband out the window."

Sarah opened her eyes again and looked down at Dan, who was standing vigilant on the street below, waiting for her return.

"Watch Danny boy while I make his wife my bitch," Byron grunted as he started jackhammering Sarah's pussy. He held her hips in place with an iron grip as he fucked her relentlessly on the office chair. Again, Sarah appreciated how smooth Byron's strokes were. He was more measured in his fucking than, say, her husband Dan was. But Lester was on her mind. The brute wasn't smooth, he set a violent tempo when he fucked her, and whatever speed he set, she knew she'd explode on his glorious organ.

Sarah stared at Dan, several floors below her, as the man who had been stressing him out hammered into her. Sarah wanted to keep looking at Dan and maintain that connection to her husband, but Byron's pistoning cock just felt too fucking good. She closed her eyes and focused on his cock, running back and forth inside of her. Sliding

in and out like a machine, hammering into all her most sensitive places, bouncing her off him. The hot, throbbing feeling of his cock buried inside of her.

“Mhmmmhmmfuuck,” Sarah moaned.

“That’s right, Sarah,” Byron hissed from behind her, “Moan for me. Nobody’s here. Moan as loud as you want. Moan loud enough for Danny boy to hear you down there. Moan for me. Moan as I fuck you!”

“MHMHMMHMHMHMMMMM,” Sarah let out a guttural moan in response. His words made her feel completely unbridled as she dug her knees into the seat and thrust back against his cock, “UUGH, AH, Ah, ah, Ffffuuuu, mhmmhmmm, Yeah.”

“Fuck yeah, baby,” Byron grunted, his death grip leaving handmarks on her hips, “Moan my name, bitch.”

“Byron,” Sarah said loudly into the office, “BYRON. OH FUCK. BYRON. DON’T STOP.”

“That’s right,” Byron chuckled as his hips kept rhythmically thrusting forward, his naked cock sliding in and out of Sarah’s unprotected pussy with abandon, “Shit.”

“Uh god,” Byron said. He leaned forward and licked his tongue up Sarah’s back over her spine, making her shiver at the chill. One of his hands stayed gripped to her hip while his other hand grabbed roughly onto her shoulder. Each time he thrust into her, he grabbed her shoulder hard and pulled her back onto his ramming cock.

“Look at your stupid husband down there,” Bryon said. “He didn’t even try to stop me tonight. He just let you come up here and get fucked. Well, while you’re in Minnesota, you’re my bitch, got it?”

“Mhmmhm, oh, uhhh, ah, ah, ah uhhh, ohh, ooomygod,” Sarah whined.

“Whose bitch are you?” Byron demanded.

“Uhhhh, yours. Yours.” Sarah moaned back.

“Whose bitch?” Byron said.

“YOURS,” Sarah shouted, “I’m Byron’s bitch!”

“Heh, that’s right,” Byron laughed. “Look down at your husband. Do you see him?”

“Mhmm, uhh, ya – yes,” Sarah said, her eyes having trouble staying focused on Dan on the street as Byron’s hammering cock made her body jump with each thrust.

“Tell him,” Byron said, “Tell him whose bitch you are.”

“Dan…,” Sarah started as she felt this new level of humiliation and degradation of Dan start to blossom into an orgasmic flower inside of her. She knew that her next admission was going to send her over the edge. “Dan,” Sarah breathed, “I’m Byron’s bitch now. He fucks me so fucking good. I’m all his. All Byron’s.

All Byron’s bitch.”

Sarah felt her body start to quake as the heat from Byron’s cock seemed to wash over her entire body.

Her nails dug into the fabric of the chair as she ground her teeth together, “Uhhhhh. Oh. Fuck. Please.

Please. Give it to me. Don’t stop. Uhhh, I’m gonna. I’m gonna.”

Byron shouted to the empty office, “Cum for me, Sarah. Cum on my cock. Let your husband see.”

“OHGOD,” Sarah’s body convulsed as she felt Byron’s cock inside of her. Each thrust into her was like another rapid domino that pushed her orgasm higher, searing it into existence, “FUUUCKKKKKK.”

Her muscles grew tense, and her toes flexed out, pointing. Her fingers dug into the couch. She arched her back and thrust her breasts out as she loudly screamed,

“AHHHHUHHHHHHHHHHMMMHMMMMFFUUUAA”

“MMMMHMMHMMHMMHMMMMM,” Sarah groaned as her orgasmic fireworks continued to explode inside of her. She was gasping for air as she came down hard, her body continuing to feel little tremors of pleasure on Byron’s cock.

“Fuck,” Bryon grunted, “I’m gonna cum.”

Sarah pushed herself off Byron’s cock, not wanting to let him cum inside of her. She twirled around and sat down on the chair as Byron thrust his cock towards her face. She eagerly opened her mouth and took his cock into it.

“Uh Fuck,” Byron grunted. The first rope of hot cum blasted against the back of her throat, causing her body to jerk. She thought his cum was going to blast her off the chair.

“Oh yeah,” Byron said, still pumping his spewing cock into her, feeling his balls completely emptying into Dan’s wife. “FUCK THAT FEELS GREAT. TAKE IT ALL SARAH. TAKE ALL MY CUM.”

Byron looked down at Dan’s pretty wife, worshiping his cock. Her throat swallowed his load. Byron looked out the window at Dan standing alone on the street corner, and he chuckled, shifting his attention back to Sarah. Eventually, he stopped ejaculating inside her, his last rope erupting out, accompanied by a long groan.

Byron was breathing hard. His hands still gripped the back of her head. Sarah opened her eyes and looked down at the street where Dan was still waiting patiently for her, checking his phone.

Slowly and with a groan, Byron pulled his cock out of Sarah as he stood up. He stumbled back and just admired the scene before him. Sarah Williams propped back on a chair, thong dangling around one of her silver heels as her heaving chest slumped forward, trying to catch her breath.

Sarah slowly caught her breath and shuffled off the chair. The alcohol in her system was making her dizzy as she fumbled around, looking for her thong. After finding it, she weakly pulled it back up.

Byron had flopped himself onto his office couch. His eyes were shut, and he wore just his dress shirt and socks. Sarah quickly put her pants and shirt back on. Without bothering to say anything to Byron, she left his office. Although she wanted to make a beeline for the stairs, she opened a few doors, hoping to see the glimmer of a computer tower – anything she could plug the USB into. Then, she noticed that some of the hallways had discreet security cameras.

Her face was red from being caught on camera, and she played the part of a drunk woman looking for a bathroom. Playing up her dizziness as she navigated the office halls until she found the bank of elevators.

As powerful as her orgasm had just been, she couldn't help but find herself craving something more.

Someone more. Her mind immediately thought of Lester. He never left her like this. She felt humiliated.

On uneasy feet, she rode the elevators back down to her waiting husband on the street below.

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Lester felt the rage boiling inside of him. This wasn't how things were supposed to go. Sarah and Dan had briefly dropped some things off in the apartment in the morning before heading to the airport to fly to Minnesota for his work.

Was Sarah actually going to fall to such a weak boy like Jesse? What kind of leverage did this company have? Since his call with Jesse, Lester had been extensively researching and digging up dirt on Jesse and his company.

From what he could tell, Jesse's company had The Lincoln Group as their client. And those guys seemed shady as hell, a typical multinational corporation that said all the right things to Congress but had their fingers in all kinds of different pies. Completely vertically integrated, with very little information available about them. For such a large and powerful corporation, they mysteriously weren't publicly traded, which meant there was very little information he could dig up.

He didn't want to get too distracted digging into them, but he had trouble suppressing the urge. They were an unknown variable that he hadn't realized was part of this equation. He couldn't have that. He

didn't like the feeling of not being in control. The unknown entity was a black hole full of baseless ideas that Lester's brain generated.

Fortunately, he would have more answers soon. Then, he would figure out what he was up against and how it would impact his hold on Sarah.

He opened his computer console again and rechecked the validation he had reviewed a few minutes earlier. Jesse's company had been easy to breach access to. They used a common suite of tools with known vulnerabilities. He began downloading all of their communications that mentioned Jesse or The Lincoln Group, and he would soon find out exactly what was going on.

Lester uploaded a package to Jesse's work computer. Once Jesse unknowingly accessed it, the file would worm its way into his computer, allowing Jesse's machine to be a slave to his. Lester could use Jesse's work computer as a relay to push into The Lincoln Group's network without it being traced back to him.

Lester took a calming breath. Patience.

It would all work out in the end. All of these were just momentary setbacks that he would swiftly bring to heel.

***

Dan was exhausted. He pulled their carry-on suitcases down the hall of his apartment building. Sarah was ahead of him with her keys out already. He had managed to escape Minnesota early, leaving the morning after the night of the bar and Sarah running off with Byron.

They hadn't talked much about it, but Sarah had confirmed that Byron had fucked her in his office. He knew she needed time to process everything despite his need to know all the details about what had happened. Byron had sent him some passive-aggressive emails that morning on their way to the airport about how skilled his wife was, but he ignored them, having shut off all of his devices.

While Sarah had crashed early last night, Dan had tossed and turned all night. He couldn't stop thinking about what had happened. His cock had been rock hard until dawn just thinking about Sarah with Byron and the look she'd given him when he caught her leaving Lester's room the last time she'd visited.

The unknown was plaguing his mind. He desperately wanted to see Sarah in action. He gritted his teeth as they grew closer to his apartment door. He knew he shouldn't want to see Sarah with another man. At least, he knew it was bad for him to lose control like that again. But with the events around them lately, the denial of

being party to them and his blue balls from the previous evening had his head swimming with images of Sarah being bad.

Fuck, that look she gave me in the hallway. It implied so many things to him. They really should have talked about it afterwards to ensure they were on the same page buteyes took in the scene. Lester had Sarah's pert ass pinned up against the counter as his hands mauled her body while his large illicit tongue was running up the side of her mouth, leaving a wet trail.

Sarah's perfect behind was pushing against the counter, one of Lester's legs between hers, prying them apart. His hand was roughly grabbing the bottom of her ass cheek while the other held her by the back of her neck.

Dan watched in horrified fascination as Lester turned Sarah's head towards him and pressed his ugly, fat lips against hers.

To his growing horror and reluctant arousal, Sarah's surprised features seemed to relax at the urgent kiss. He watched as she closed her eyes, seemingly giving in to Lester's aggressive pursuit. After a moment, he could see that Sarah had become a full participant in the kiss, moaning back into the undressed man's mouth.

Lester ardently ground his crotch against Dan's wife. This was all so sudden and not something Dan had expected. He recalled the power of marching into his home and holding Lester by the throat, but that power was out of his grasp now.

Maybe it was the past day or so of living in a constant state of denial and arousal, finally bubbling up to overwhelm his carefully managed semblance of control. Whatever it was, in this fleeting moment, Dan felt like he was rapidly regressing to his impotent state of letting Lester do whatever he wanted with his wife.

Dan managed to ball a hand into a fist, and as he did, he noticed his dick bulging against the material of his pants. Lester kept up his savagely aggressive mauling, Sarah's body seemingly capitulating to Lester's desires.

Lester broke their kiss with a snarl, both hands coming up to Sarah's shoulders and throwing off her oversized cardigan. Sarah gasped at the boldness, her arousal going from zero to one hundred within the few seconds of being in Lester's presence. With Dan, she was like a dial that needed to be finely tuned and gradually turned on over time, cranking up until she was ready to go. With Lester, it was just a push of a single button, and she was uncontrollably turned on.

Lester licked his lips, and his head darted forward, licking her neck again while pinning her against the counter. His tongue trailed down her chest, licking all over every inch of exposed skin.

Sarah's eyes locked with Dan's, both of them standing there staring at each other. They'd been here before. She noticed the bulge in her husband's pants, and Dan couldn't help but notice the way Sarah's body seemed to be grinding itself on Lester's thigh.

Sarah bit her lip and looked at Dan, waiting for some sense of direction, asking with her eyes. What did he want her to do? Would he let her continue with this, or did he want her to stop? Dan didn't say their safeword 'pineapple,' nor did he say anything else. He just stood there staring at his troll-like roommate roughly having his way with his wife.

Sarah watched Dan's features for several more seconds, trying to discern what he wanted her to do. In the end, she took his lack of response and clear arousal on his face for consent to give in to his roommate. Something she was more than happy to comply with. Lester's tongue worked down her chest until it met with the fabric of her cream-white tube top. He didn't like his access to her breasts being impeded, and he roughly pulled it up her body awkwardly.

Sarah tried to comply, moving her arms up to allow it to be pulled up over her head. Once Sarah's pendulous breasts were free, Lester abandoned pulling the top off her, letting it pin her arms in the air as his mouth found a breast and sucked it in. Lester twisted the top in his fist, pinning Sarah's hands against the cupboard.

"Ohh," Sarah's hips shot out against Lester's body, her crotch wedged against his pressing thigh as she struggled to free herself from her top. Lester didn't relent, continuing to press himself against Sarah as he held her hands firmly in place over her head.

"Lester…" Dan finally managed to say, his voice wavering. Lester just ignored him and continued mauling Sarah's naked breasts. Lester took Dan's weak tone as almost a green light for him to proceed.

Sarah looked at her husband, her face wanting to communicate, 'It's okay,' but her eyes closed as her head fell back in abject pleasure.

Eventually, she freed her arms, letting her top drop to the floor. It lay next to the discarded Cardigan, the pristine white in sharp contrast to the dirty laminate floor of the kitchen.

Sarah's now freed hands went to the back of Lester's head, pulling him to her chest as he continued to lick and suckle on her breasts, his fat tongue swirling over her exposed nipples. Sarah's body shuddered, and Dan watched as the lower half of his wife's body seemed ready to be exposed by the way it was gyrating and humping against his slobbish roommate.

Lester seemed to notice her signal as well. With a loud grunt, he bent over and picked Sarah up with his arms, catching her completely off guard. On unsteady feet, Lester held Sarah up, her arms encircling his neck, holding on as he plodded out of the kitchen past a stricken Dan.

Lester either couldn't wait to get to his bedroom or just couldn't physically carry Sarah that far. He brought her over to the couch

where Dan had just been sitting and yanked off her sweatpants, revealing Sarah's white lace panties. Sarah sat up and quickly tugged on the waistband of Lester's once-white underwear. The briefs dropped to his ankles as Lester's turgid cock sprang out, smacking Sarah in the face. She didn't waste any time, grabbing it eagerly with both hands and dropping her drooling mouth onto its length.

Lester just stood there, hands on his hips, watching Dan's wife devour his cock. He looked over at Dan, who seemed to be paralyzed by what was clearly happening in front of him. Lester now felt he had the cheat code to override Dan's control. He needed to be gradually introduced to arousing elements to loosen his control. When he discovered Sarah and Lester at his home, it was a sharp introduction, letting him retain his control. Lester wouldn't make that mistake again.

A shit-eating grin spread onto Lester's face as he looked at Dan, now understanding the best way to make him compliant. His gaze shifted to Sarah sitting on the couch before him, eagerly worshiping his cock. It was time to teach Dan another lesson and see how far he could warp his image of his perfect wife and the mother of his children.

Lester made sure to keep Sarah connected to his cock as he moved beside her and laid down on the couch. Sarah followed him, never taking her mouth or hands off his cock. She was on her knees on the couch, bent over licking and sucking Lester's cock with hearty abandon.

From the doorway to the kitchen, Dan watched as Sarah's bouncing head disappeared below the back of the couch. He could still hear her light, muffled moans and the wet, unmistakable slurping sounds of his wife's mouth on another man's cock.

This was the do-or-die moment for Dan. The back of the couch blocked his view of what was happening, but the sounds left no

doubt in his mind. Dan usually missed out on the full view of what was happening, whether through the peephole or just being denied. Dan stood there, staring at the back of the couch and listening.

Dan's uncontrollable arousal propelled him forward. First, one step, then another as he made his way to the side of the couch. Sarah's white panties and her fantastic bubbly ass were pointed out towards him as her head bobbed up and down on Lester's crotch. Dan couldn't take his eyes off the illicit affair, his hand absently reaching out to find the plush leather chair as he tried to sit down. Lester saw Dan sitting down out of the corner of his eye and smiled.

Time to twist the fucking knife.

"You miss this?" Lester said to Sarah. She looked up at him with her piercing green eyes and nodded before licking up his shaft.

"Mhmmm, I did. I missed it. I missed this cock. I missed you," Sarah's mouth returned to Lester's thick cock, and he watched as she went lower and lower down onto it.

"Good girl," Lester said as his hand went to the back of her head, guiding her up and down on his cock. "Uhhhhh, oh that feels great, Sarah baby, suck my cock. Yeah, just like that - you know how I like it," Lester said. Sarah continued to wantonly bob her head up and down with abandon on Lester's cock. She already felt her panties getting wet. She loved sucking cock, especially one like Lester's. She had been craving Lester ever since the night before with her encounter with Byron. No one made her cum as hard as Lester could. Her mind was racing at everything that was happening, but she pushed it all aside to just focus on her favorite cock in the world.

"Ughh, lower. Suck on my balls," Lester commanded.

Sarah took her mouth off Lester's cock with an audible 'pop' and quickly descended down to his thickly matted public hair, her face disappearing into it as her tongue trailed down his colossal ballsack.

Lester's frizzy salt and pepper pubic hair pushed into her closed eyes and up her nose, but it didn't bother her as she sucked on his balls and inhaled his primal scent deeply. Her tongue darted out and traced circles on his hefty, wrinkled nuts.

Dan just sat there watching the love of his life devour Lester's scrotum. A small voice inside of him was screaming, begging for him to listen and take some action, any action, but he felt the same way he did whenever he took an edible. Couch-locked, unable to move or react. It was like he was watching a particularly engrossing porn clip. Unable to affect the outcome of what he watched.

"Lower," Lester said, causing Sarah to move down the couch onto her stomach so she could lick the underside of his balls. She kept stroking his massive cock as her mouth slobbered over every inch of Lester's massive gonads.

"Lower," Lester said again. Sarah didn't disobey. She obliged by licking down below his balls to the musky area between his legs. Lester squirmed at the sensation, enjoying every swab of her tongue across his taint. But he wasn't done yet. Not now that Dan was sitting here watching. He needed to show him just how much Sarah belonged to him now.

"Lower," Lester said again. Sarah stopped licking and looked up at Lester, who stared back at her. The fat man reached down and grabbed his own knees, pulling his body into a crunch, the rolls of fat quivering with tension.

Dan thought he looked ridiculous, somewhat like an overfed hedgehog on its back. His quick, disparaging smile disappeared as he suddenly realized what Lester was doing.

Sarah dropped her head again, her tongue licking between his open cheeks before going further in.

“Yeaaah,” Lester chuckled as he felt Sarah’s tongue graze his asshole, “Nice little circles like that.” Sarah knew she should be repulsed. Repulsed by what she was doing, she could feel Lester’s cock throb in her hand and knew the effect she was having on his cramped body. She loved that feeling. Being in control of it, his cock. The power of making someone like Lester shudder. She lapped her tongue out more, licking and circling it around Lester’s hairy unclean asshole, finding herself getting more and more turned on at her illicit and depraved actions.

“She ever cleaned your asshole before?” Lester said offhandedly to Dan. “No? Your wife gives one hell of a rim job. I guess she saves it just for her lover.”

“Keep doing that, baby. Yeah, yeeeaahh, right there. Daddy like. Keep going. Fuck yeah,” Lester groaned, his hand removed from one knee and on the back of Sarah’s head, holding her firmly in place as she thoroughly tossed his salad. Her body was writhing on the couch, clearly enjoying Lester’s firm hand and encouraging words.

Dan couldn’t believe what he was seeing. Sarah’s perfect mouth. The one he kissed on their wedding day. The one that kissed his daughters on the forehead every night before bed was firmly attached to his disgusting roommate’s puckered asshole. He felt himself getting lightheaded watching.

A memory popped into his head, where Sarah had vehemently expressed her disgust at the idea of any sexual act relating to anyone’s asshole. And now she was here, feasting on his ugly roommate’s.

“Mhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as her tongue lashed out at Lester’s asshole. The coppery, bitter taste was just a pleasant afterthought as she enjoyed this much more than she ever thought she would. The simple act of licking Lester here was like pouring jet fuel on a fire, making her body crave more and more. She pushed herself up

off the couch, despite Lester's strong hand on her head, and pulled her panties off.

"I need you inside me," Sarah said, urgently climbing up atop Lester's grotesque body. Lester just watched as the beautiful mother climbed his mass and straddled him - her wet pussy pressed against his cock. She held it there for a second, eyes closed, just feeling his hard cock against her wet slit and clit. Then she slowly moved up, letting his cockhead brush against her clit. Then back down. She did this a few times before she went all the way up and positioned her entrance on top of his cock. She drew in a sharp breath as she began to lower herself onto Lester's massive cock, letting him inside her.

Her breath quivered as she took more and more of Lester's pulsing cock into her.

"That's it," Lester growled, "Take it all, baby."

"Ohhhh ffffuuck," Sarah groaned. She lowered herself fully on Lester's cock, "God, I feel so fucking full."

"That's because you are," Lester said. They both stayed still for a moment looking at each other as Sarah adjusted to Lester's cock inside of her, feeling his quickened heartbeat deep within her. Tentatively, Sarah began rolling her hips on top of Lester. His hands came up and grabbed a handful of each ass cheek in them, kneading them as Sarah started to ride him.

Lester was just bucking his hips off the couch enough to spur Sarah on. He didn't want to ruin her pacing but ensured his cock was hitting all the sensitive areas inside of her. Sarah's hands were resting on Lester's flabby chest, pushing her breasts together for him to salivate over.

"I'll never get tired of fucking you," Lester groaned.

“You’d better not,” Sarah breathed, eyes half closed while looking down at Lester.

“Did you see that Dan?” Lester said, “She didn’t even think about putting a condom on me. Isn’t that right, Sarah?”

Dan just stayed silent despite Lester’s taunting. The image of his wife’s beautiful body riding this ogre was transfixing.

“No….no condom,” Sarah moaned, throwing her head back as she picked up the pace with her hips. “Never again.”

“Why not?” Lester urged her on.

“They fucking suck,” Sarah said, “It’s so much better without one. My Daddy’s cock is too good to be covered.”

“It’s better raw,” Lester corrected her. “Tell Dan you like it raw. Tell him.”

Sarah didn’t turn to look at Dan. With her eyes clamped shut, she was focused on riding Lester’s huge cock, “I love it raw, Dan. I only want Lester to fuck me raw from now on.”

“Heh,” Lester said, tightening his grip on her ass, pulling her tightly back down on top of him in time with Sarah’s movements. She moaned at the strength of his hands and the way he expertly manipulated her body at the right moments. Lester could tell if he kept pushing things verbally, he’d have Sarah cumming in no time. He knew Dan’s presence could be a lever he could exploit with her.

“Where do you want me to cum?” Lester urged, “Where’s Daddy allowed to cum, Sarah?”

Sarah’s pace picked up. Lester’s words were pushing her to her orgasm faster than she anticipated.

Talking like this. Admitting these things in front of her husband was driving her wild. Her 'betrayal' and submission to someone her husband detested only served to make her wetter than she'd ever expected. Her leaking fluids covered the belly of the fat man beneath her.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt an orgasm fast approaching. She could feel it hanging over her body, ready to crash down and consume her. "You can come anywhere. Any fucking where you want. I don't care. I just want your cum."

"What do you think, Dan?" Lester said, "Should I cum in that pretty mouth of hers? What do you think, Sarah? Can I cum in your mouth?"

"Ugh, yes," Sarah moaned, each word spoken further stoking the fire inside of her, "I want your cum pouring down my throat. Into my belly. It tastes so fucking good."

"Or I should cum all over her chest? Maybe spray on her face," Lester said. Sarah's body seemed to shiver at the sound of his words, imagining what that would feel like. Lester just grinned, "Or maybe I'll cum in this tight pussy of hers like this and see if we can get you that boy Dan failed to give you."

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck," Sarah moaned as she started to ride Lester like a woman possessed, her orgasm just barely out of reach. If she kept up this pace, it would be hers to have it in seconds. "Don't stop. God, please fuck. Ohmygod. OH, OOOH, mmmm, Jesus. Yes. Yes."

"Or," Lester said through gritted teeth as he braced himself for Sarah's insistent fucking. He let go of her ass, and both of his meaty hands planted themselves on her swaying breasts, tweaking her nipples, "I could cum in your ass."

"FUUCK," Sarah screamed as she threw her head back and thrust her breasts into Lester's lecherous hands. "Whatever you want,

Lester. Cum wherever you want."

The patiently waiting orgasm came crashing down on Sarah, igniting the nerves in her body on fire. "Ahh, oh fuck. Fuck YEEESSS," Sarah screamed, arching her back, nails digging into Lester's flesh. Sarah was panting hard, trying to catch her breath as waves of pleasure washed over her body.

Lester had a shit-eating grin plastered on his face, staring up at Sarah. He looked over at Dan, who was sitting immobile in a catatonic state in the chair. "Did you hear that?" Lester grinned, "Your wife wants me to stick my cock in her ass and fill it with cum. I'm gonna save that for a private date when you're not around."

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah was still catching her breath, frozen in place, still enjoying the after-effects of cumming on Lester's cock.

"Get off me," Lester said, "I'm going to fuck you doggy style so Dan can watch your face."

With a groan, Sarah pulled herself up off of Lester's cock. She stared down at the massive appendage covered in her juices. Its absence from inside her created a deep need she knew just how to fill. She swung her leg off the seat as Lester shimmied up the couch awkwardly. Without waiting for his command, Sarah put herself on all fours on the cushions, waiting for Lester to get behind her.

Lester got onto his knees behind Sarah and rubbed his cock up and down her wet and waiting slit. She pushed back on his cock, trying to get it inside of her, but he chuckled and continued to play with her. "Mhmmm, Lester," Sarah moaned in frustration, "Put it in me."

"I will," Lester said, "I want you to look at Dan and tell him what you want."

Sarah lifted her head off the couch, the sweat on her face causing her hair to stay matted to her skin, "I want Lester's cock inside me,

baby. I want him to fuck me. Is that okay?"

Before Dan could speak, Lester abruptly pushed his entire length into Sarah, causing her to squeal delightedly. "It doesn't matter what Dan wants, do you understand?"

"Yes," Sarah breathed as she tried to get a grip on the couch as Lester fucked her from behind. He held her hips in place and slapped one of her ass cheeks as he increased the pace of his violent thrusts. Not wanting to give Sarah a minute to breathe.

Dan felt like he was having an out-of-body experience as he watched the coupling before him. His mind was watching, but his body was somehow disconnected.

"Look at your husband," Lester said through gritted teeth. His face was getting red and flushed as he fucked Sarah with gusto, sweat dripping down his back and chest, running through the coarse dark hair matting his skin. Sarah raised her head to look at Dan, sitting there with arousal on his face. He looked like he was in agony. "Look how pathetic he is watching his wife get fucked. He won't even lift a finger to do it himself. Who do you want to fuck and fill you tonight? Me or your husband?"

Sarah dropped her head to the couch, "You Lester. I want you."

"But you fucked someone else on your trip, didn't you? DIDN'T YOU!?" Lester said.

"Yesss," Sarah breathed.

"Who?" Lester said.

"Byron," Sarah squealed, "Dan's client."

"Not Jesse, huh?" Lester grunted as he pounded Sarah from behind.

“No,” Sarah dropped her entire torso to the couch, her ass still high in the air for Lester to fuck. She reached her hands out over the leather, looking for anything to grab onto. Something about what Lester just said scratched a part of Dan’s mind, but he couldn’t put the puzzle pieces together at that moment. All he could do was watch in horrified arousal at the scene in front of him. All cognitive function was devoted to absorbing every moan, groan, and twitch of Sarah’s body.

“So Dan just sat there like he is right now and, rrggh, watched you get fucked?” Lester said.

“No, he let me go with him. Dan stayed at the bar,” Sarah grunted.

“Was he good?” Lester said angrily as he power fucked Sarah ruthlessly. Each thrust caused her body to jolt forward, her hair jostling to and fro with the movement. His unrelenting pace and the angle of his cock was pushing Sarah closer to yet another powerful orgasmic detonation.

“He, he was okay,” She moaned into the leather, feeling her eyes rolling back in her head. Lester’s cock just felt so good. Everything about it was amazing, his hands on her hips. His balls smacking against her ass. The fact that Dan was watching and hearing everything they were saying. “I kept thinking of you,” Sarah admitted, “Afterwards, I just wanted you... Daddy.”

“Heh, hear that, Dan?” Lester said, “Your wife’s been craving me after she got fucked. She probably does the same thing after you leave her wanting more, too.”

“But,” Lester said, grabbing her hips tightly and pulling Sarah’s ass back onto him. He pushed forward quickly into her pussy before pulling out almost all the way and slamming it back in again. Each thrust a punctuation, “You. Don’t. Fuck. Anyone. Else. Unless. I. Say. So. NNNNnng. Got it? Not even him.” Lester nodded in Dan’s direction.

“Uhhhmhmmmmmm yes, Lester,” Sarah groaned, “I’ll fuck whoever you want.”

“It’s going to be your punishment,” Lester growled, “For fucking someone behind my back. I’m going to make you fuck somebody you hate to teach you a fucking lesson.”

“Mmmhmmhmmmmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned. She’d agree to anything Lester wanted at this moment as long as he didn’t stop fucking her. It felt way too fucking good right now. Nothing else in the world mattered. Consequences be damned. It didn’t even scare her that she felt like this was about to get so much better. Lester wanted to complete his carefully constructed circle of humiliation tonight. He was eager to keep pushing Sarah while making Dan feel like the true cuck he knew him to be. It was time to finally put him in his place, at least for tonight.

“Tell your husband to take out his little thing and start stroking it. He’s not going to ‘reclaim’ you tonight. He’s going to cum watching you get taken by a real man.” Lester grunted.

Sarah raised her head to look at Dan. He looked like his mind was a million miles away, “Take it out, Dan. I want to see you stroking for me. I want to – OW”

WHAP

Lester slapped her ass harder than he ever had before, leaving an angry red handprint on her perfect butt cheek, “No. No improv. Just tell him to take it out and stroke that pathetic stiffy. You’re focused on me tonight.”

“Ughhhh,” Sarah groaned as Lester’s mammoth cock ground against her insides, in and out, in and out, over and over, unrelenting. “Take out your dick, Dan.”

As if in a trance, Dan lowered his pants and boxers in one slow motion, his erection sprang out over the elastic band. His hand immediately went to it, mouth hanging agape as he started to actively stroke himself.

"Yeah," Sarah said, eyeing it, "Stroke it for me. Stroke that pathetic thing while Lester fucks the shit out of me."

Perfect. Lester thought.

He let go of Sarah's hips and watched as her body continued to rigorously fuck itself back onto his iron-hard cock. Now he could keep turning the screws on Dan and cut him down at the knees. Lester needed to take whatever momentum Dan thought he had and crush it.

"Who owns you, Sarah?" Lester snarled, "Who owns you - mind, body, and heart? Tell me."

"Mhmmm fuckkk," Sarah moaned, sweaty, her head pressing down into the couch, eyes barely open, staring at her husband stroking himself. She wasn't sure what to say. She didn't know what would be crossing the line for Dan, but at that moment, all she wanted to do was make Lester happy. Make him cum. "You do, Lester," Sarah moaned loudly, "You, you fucking own me. You can fuck me whenever, wherever you want. I'm yours."

"Damn fucking right," Lester growled violently, slapping her ass again. This time, a low moan escaped her lips at Lester's brutal handling of her. "What about at the hospital? I can fuck you there again?"

"Yes!" Sarah screamed as Lester's cock was hammering against her G-Spot, "You can fuck me wherever you want!"

"What about your bedroom at home," Lester breathed hard, almost wheezing now. Sweat was dripping off his forehead, falling onto

Sarah's back. She pushed back against him, her ass cheeks jiggling flawlessly each time. Lester held her by the base of her neck and held her down on the couch, "Answer!"

"FUCK LESTER! YOU CAN FUCK ME ANYWHERE!" Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs. Dan was now stroking himself faster and faster, not being able to control himself at all. "YOU CAN FUCK ME IN MY BED! ON MY FFF-FRONT FUCKING LAWN! I DON'T CARE WHAT DAN SAID! DO WHATEVER YOU FUCKING WANT TO ME! FFFFUUFFFUUCKK!"

"Do you get it now, Dan?" Lester snarled with venom at his roommate, "Sarah is mine. I'll do whatever the fuck I want to her. She's mine, not yours. She'll fuck whoever I want, where ever I want. Your wife is mine."

"OH FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. UHHHHHH. FUCK. LESTER," Sarah said as her vision blurred and she got light-headed. All of the nerves in her body started to light up at once, ready for a massive orgasm to explode inside of her. Lester talking this much evil shit directly to Dan was oddly intensely turning her on. "I'm gonna. I'm going to, to. Ohmygod, Lester! LESTER!"

"Cum for me, Sarah," Lester grunted, "Show your husband what it's really like when you cum and aren't just pretending for him."

"AHHHHHHHMHMMMMHMMMMM," Sarah's toned back spasmed upwards uncontrollably as her hips quivered on Lester's cock. An avalanche of an orgasm crushed down her nerves, and she lost the ability to see for several moments. Her face contorted into a near-demented mask of pure pleasure that only Dan could see.

Dan couldn't help but stroke himself harder at the unprecedented sight in front of him. Watching Sarah cum this explosively was too much for him to handle.

Lester never stopped his energetic thrusting into Sarah. Her pussy tightened around his cock as she came but he dug his heels into the arm of the couch and quickly pushed forward into the fist-like grip of her imploding pussy. He firmly held the back of her neck, pinning her to the couch as he relentlessly fucked her to make a point to both members of the married couple. Sarah's orgasm was still rocking her body. A dribble of drool seeped out of her mouth as it hung open in a perpetual moan. Lester's large stomach rested on her ass, placing extra weight on it as he deliberately and repeatedly drove his cock home.

As Sarah's orgasm began to wane, Lester immediately pulled out of her and flipped her onto her back. Before she could comprehend what was happening, he was back between her legs, burying his cock into her wet and waiting clenched pussy, "Mhmmhmmm, Ahhhhhh. Oh, fuck yes. I love your cock!"

"Ugh, you feel so fucking good," Lester growled, staring down at her. His overweight stomach was now pressing against her taut abdomen. Dan was rapidly stroking himself with abandon. His mind still felt disconnected from his body, but it registered the tingle in his balls, and he knew he was going to cum soon.

"You're going cum again for me, Sarah. I'm going to explode and dump my entire load of cum into you when you do," Lester said.

"Do it, Lester!" Sarah screamed, "I WANT IT."

"What do you want!?" Lester said, holding her thighs in each hand as he pumped his massive cock in and out of her.

"Your cum. I want your cum. Give it to me," Sarah pleaded, her hands going to Lester's biceps, urging him to keep fucking her, "God, I want it. I need it."

"You're gonna get it. All of it. I'm going to fill you up," Lester said, then he turned towards Dan and sneered, "Maybe I'll even knock her

up. Who knows?”

“Ohgod,” Sarah’s head rolled to the side and saw her husband furiously stroking his pole, watching them. There was no way he was going to last much longer. The familiar sensation inside of her suddenly burst to the surface again.

She was about to explode again with all the sensory input at full stimulation. “Don’t stop. Please. Please. Please. Lester. Ohmygodrighttherelester. Baby fuck me! Oh, OH, Please!” “I ain’t stopping,” Lester said firmly. He had waited until this moment to launch another attack at Dan’s heart. “The last time we fucked in my bed, do you remember what you said?”

Sarah shook her head as she closed her eyes and waited with bated breath to cum. She felt her muscles tighten, her pussy gripping Lester’s cock as her painted nails dug into his biceps.

The short man smiled and spoke slowly, relishing this truth. “You said-”

“I love you.” Sarah told him and opened her eyes, looking up at Lester’s ugly, grinning face. She couldn’t help herself. She was at the edge of a steep cliff. “I love you, Lester.”

“Again!” Lester growled. He looked between Dan’s face and Sarah’s. “Look at me and say it to me again. I want to cum to it.”

She felt like she was drowning in his commands, but she wanted his cum. She needed to feel that heat from him. She would do anything it took in that moment to make herself cum. “I love you,” she moaned while staring up at Lester’s ugly features, “I love you.”

Dan’s eyes blinked in a rapid sequence as his brain tried unsuccessfully to process what his ears were telling him his wife had just said. His hand slowed to a stop as he knew he was about to shoot.

The dagger to the heart felt like heroin to the veins of his cock. It was probably just sex talk, he told himself. But he couldn't help but feel the need to see this through to the end. He leaned in to watch.

Sarah grabbed Lester by the back of the neck and pulled him down on top of her for a deep kiss. Their tongues clashed as Lester continued to vigorously hump his gargantuan cock into her.

The horny wife continued to moan the three words unintelligibly as their mouths connected. Sarah's body repeatedly threw itself off the couch onto his cock as they sucked onto each other's mouths, teeth, tongue and lips, crashing into one another. She'd never kissed another person so intimately and completely. She'd never wanted someone as badly as she needed Lester right then.

"Fffffffffff," Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth as every bit of her body exploded to fiery life. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets as her hips and torso twitched around Lester's gigantic cock. Every fiber of her being seemed to come alive and transcend to a higher state of existence. Lester's body and his swollen cock felt like the only things that mattered in the entire universe as she quivered below his thrusting mass.

Her legs kicked out upward, and her toes curled inward. Every muscle in her body had tensed in anticipation. It was as if Lester was fucking the very core of her existence.

Cum shot out of Dan's crotch in long ropes and landed on him, pattering his thighs and feet. As his balls emptied, his mind finally seemed to come back down to his body, and he began to process the illicit scene in front of him. A look of genuine horror spread across his face.

His ogre of a roommate had a huge load sloshing around in his balls. At the sound of Sarah's words, the troll's nutsack expanded, its wrinkles disappearing as it filled with his boiling fetid spunk. On his next downstroke into the lust-crazed wife, this a particularly vigorous

one, his cock became wedged completely into Sarah's quivering pussy. It was as deep as he'd ever been inside of her, cramming her full of his solid club of a cock. He felt the immediate ecstasy of his shaft expanding with the volume of the foaming fluids.

Lester roared hoarsely and unleashed a tidal wave of cum into Sarah's waiting pussy, her labia red and swollen, stretched around his girthy, pistoning shaft. Her body was still experiencing her own extended orgasm and instinctively tightened its grip on his cock, milking load after load of his hot, sticky seed into her canal.

Lester came way more than either Dan or Byron ever could by an order of magnitude. The sticky flood of cum completely filled her to overflowing. The sensations of the spewing jet brought her orgasm to another level, quickly crescendoing like a rocket past all limits previously known to her.

"UH-UHHHH-UHHHHHHMHMMMMMMMMMMAAAAAHHHHHHHH," Sarah screamed louder than she ever had before in her life, the piercing sound almost inhuman in its raw expression.

Somewhere distant, a floor below them, a dog started barking in response to the noise. Lester continued to thrust into Sarah, sending each rope of cum he deposited deep into the young mother. Their lips still mashed together, slowing as they both needed to catch their breaths.

"You taste like my ass," Lester mumbled to the thoroughly violated wife.

Dan was sitting there, covered in his own cum, watching as Lester and Sarah's bodies came to a complete stop. The only parts moving were their lips.

Sarah's voice saying 'I love you' to Lester played over and over in his head. He wasn't entirely sure she wasn't now whispering it to the monster on top of her.

His brain felt like it had been shattered into a million pieces and was desperately trying to put itself back together. He had no idea how to chart these unknown waters or how to react to any of this. He had no map for what came next. He just sat and stared at the taboo coupling in front of him.

Eventually, Lester pulled himself free of Sarah. Dan saw his roommate's dripping horse-length cock emerge from his wife and dangle impressively between his legs, coated in Sarah's copious juices. Lester chuckled derisively, catching Dan staring at his swinging cock, and he shuffled off to his bedroom.

"She'll find her way to my bedroom again tonight," Lester chortled as he disappeared into the darkened hallway.

Dan looked at his wife who had rolled onto her side, light snores coming from her. It looked like Lester had fucked her into complete submission.

Dan finally got to his feet, grabbed a box of Kleenex, and began cleaning himself off. The tissues kept sticking to his hands and ripping on his legs. He'd made an absolute mess of himself. Satisfied that he was mostly clean, he threw the tissues in the kitchen garbage and retrieved a blanket to put over Sarah's naked well fucked form.

As he laid the blanket over his wife, he saw a thick trail of cum leaking out from her pussy. His brain still didn't know how to process all of this. He put the blanket down on her and flopped himself back into the chair.

He didn't want to go to bed and leave Sarah here by herself. He sat in the chair as his eyes got heavy. He told himself he was staying out here to guard Sarah, but he wasn't sure he could stop Lester and Sarah if he wanted to.

If I wanted to. He wasn't sure of that either.

His mind was in turmoil as he drifted off to sleep. All he wanted to do was talk to Sarah, but she was already ensconced in post-orgasmic bliss.

Lester's eyes were glued to the screen as he sifted through the treasure trove of information on Jesse's employers. He'd downloaded terabytes of data from Jesse's work network that he would dive into later. But his real target was the shady Lincoln Group that Jesse seemed to work with. It was one of these fuckers that had fucked Sarah after all the groundwork that Lester had spent time laying down.

He wasn't just going to sit there and let that happen. He needed them to experience a reckoning, and Lester knew just how. He'd use his Bad Rabbit malware to take control of their systems and ransom them. Download whatever data he could find on them and figure out how to fuck this Byron guy over.

Lester used Jesse's workstation to relay his attack on the Lincoln Group's network. It wasn't difficult, and Lester had already identified a backdoor.

Lester typed furiously on his keyboard simultaneously as coded text lines appeared on his screen. His second monitor showed his progress as he pushed past their security.

A bead of sweat trickled down Lester's furrowed forehead. Every time he bypassed one security wall, two more seemed to pop up, slowing him down considerably. He gritted his teeth, not expecting this level of resistance. Still, he pressed on, throwing off whatever this company tried to muster.

It wasn't long before he punched through the last layer of security and gained full access to Byron's files. Lester began downloading them and grimaced when he realized that most of the files had a high-grade level of encryption.

Fuck. He'd download them and then crack them later. His eyes narrowed as he scanned the remaining unencrypted files that he could access. This was weird. Files and text cascaded down his screen with secret projects related to cognitive restructuring, memory implantation, and subliminal persuasion.

There was even something about neural hacking.

Just as his interest was getting piqued, a significant red exclamation mark flashed onto his monitor. Someone was actively suppressing his access and trying to track him. The download wasn't even five percent complete, but if he didn't pull out soon, he might compromise himself.

Lester shut down his link to the Lincoln Group's network. Using Jesse's computer as a relay had been one barrier to insulating himself. The best they probably could have done is track him to that machine. Lester still had access to Jesse's company network and decided to clear his trail. He uploaded his Bad Rabbit malware to it and locked them out.

He was still shaken by how quickly countermeasures were put in place after his hack. That had never happened before. As an extra precaution, he liquified Jesse's employer's network. Even if they paid the ransom, their files and any possible trace back to him were gone.

Lester closed down his sandbox environment and wiped the remote server he had used to access Jesse's computer. He sighed and pushed himself out of his chair, plodding to the kitchen to grab a coke. His naked body shambled towards the humming refrigerator.

He wished he could have gotten more information from his hack, but it looked like their security was stronger than he was used to. He'd have to find another angle of attack. At the very least, he should probably focus his efforts on breaking Sarah and Dan.

He'd been dumping thick loads into Sarah for months, and she wasn't pregnant yet. There was some variable he wasn't seeing. The most obvious would be that Sarah had taken some precautions he wasn't aware of.

Well, precautions could be destroyed. Moving back into the kitchen doorway, the odd round man looked

out into the living room, the site of his latest triumph over Dan. Lester watched the pathetic husband sleep, snoring in the chair he'd been sitting in when Lester had defiled his gorgeous wife in front of him hours earlier. His ugly grin grew wide; at least this part of his plan was bearing fruit.

Lester left the kitchen doorway and quietly slunk around the couch so that he now stood between his roommate and his sleeping wife. For a few minutes, he just stood there, staring down at Sarah's nude body as she slept, following the curves of her delectable ass and her toned back as they moved in time with her breathing. Being anywhere near Sarah had always given him a massive erection, and standing before her, his cock expanded until it pointed up and away from his body, directly at the beautiful mother's head. Lester's toothy shit-eating grin grew more expansive, and he scooped up his firm length in his hand. He slowly stroked himself with the vague idea that he'd cover Sarah with a fresh load and then head to his room. She might think it was from her husband if she didn't wake up. The thought made him even firmer than when he'd begun. He increased the speed of his strokes, visualizing her shocked and confused reaction.

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Sarah's eyes opened, and her surroundings immediately disoriented her. A leather couch cushion was in front of her, and she wasn't immediately sure of her location or what time it was, but she knew what had awoken her.

Lester. The combined smell of primal lust and mustiness that was unique to Lester's crotch had hit her nose and ended her sleep. She got herself reoriented and began to rise off the couch to turn around. She was almost shocked that Lester was there, masturbating over her nude body. Now that their eyes had met, she could make out the man's creepy grin and how he shook as he played with himself. She looked down and saw his perfectly huge cock in his meaty paw. Her eyes followed his other hand as it rose to his lips, and then he stepped slightly aside, revealing her sitting husband asleep in the chair behind him.

Lester slowed his strokes, simply touching himself to remain rock solid. Then he stopped, keeping his huge cock directly in front of the young wife's gorgeous staring face. Sarah's eyes moved between his face and his twitching mammoth cock. The desire she'd felt for him in Minnesota and earlier on this very couch rekindled into a fire. Just as she'd decided to begin sucking him off again -her head had already started to lean in towards him -Lester moved further aside. Returning her gaze to his face, Lester nodded his head down the hallway and proceeded to creep in that direction, his firm upright pole bobbing with each of his steps. The fire rose in her. Sarah watched her husband in his sitting sleep, head nodded forward, chin lodged in his muscular chest. After a moment, she decided and followed Lester down the hallway.

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The restaurant was one of his favorites, and why shouldn't it be? It was his birthday, after all. The old-fashioned lamps and decorations reminded him of the diner he'd grown up near, but this one somehow had a long table, so long that he couldn't see the other end from where he sat at the head. His daughters, his parents, and Sarah's parents were seated to his left and right. Beyond them on both sides were extended family, but after a few cousins and aunts, he could no longer make out anyone's faces. One person was missing. Sarah. As soon as he thought her name, his family members began getting up and leaving his birthday table. His daughters left first, exiting through a doorway he hadn't considered was there a minute ago. His parents and in-laws followed immediately after. Now slightly worried, Dan noticed that the table in front of him was shrinking. Someone was at the other end, and they got closer as more people left the table.

Time jumped ahead. Dan was sure he was dreaming then, but, as in his waking life, he needed to see what happened next. Now, it was only him and his homely roommate facing each other at a regular diner's floor table. He'd eaten at one just like it throughout his youth. A cake was between them, and one slice of a candle had been cut from it. It seemed like they'd been facing each other for hours when Dan

became aware of a familiar sound…

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Sarah entered the pigsty of a room set on the one thing she wanted. Lester, ahead of her, walked over to his desk chair and sat, his froggy folds offset by the thick column of flesh that jutted from his crotch. Before he could break the silence with his commands, the hot wife rushed to him and began to stuff his enormous cock into her throat. She first bent over, fully savoring the meaty flavor and wafting aroma of its tip, then went to her knees to properly worship Lester's admirable cock. Sarah's gag reflex began to kick in, but she had experienced this before and fought it back down. Lester's giant cock interrupted her air supply, causing her to gag loudly in the otherwise silent apartment.

"ccaaggrr, ggaachmmmmmaawwmm, chu-cchck, mmmm, hhhuu…

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"-huh, gaaggckggmgmmm, oogghh, gguumhmggoomm, hhgaamgggmm"

Dan sat still, watching his roommate's grin grow to its typical shit-eating dimensions. The cake was gone now, but the slice cut from it sat before Lester.

Dan knew his wife was here in the room. He could hear the sounds of her enthusiastically fellating his roommate, and he somehow knew that was why Lester was smiling as they watched each other. After a few moments or maybe hours, his wife, looking gorgeous in her business clothes, got out from under the table. As Dan watched her rise, he saw her look at Lester, seeking his approval for what she'd just been doing.

Then Sarah turned to her husband, and on her face was the same sexy look she'd fixed him with when she came out of Lester's bedroom that morning. Dan could hear his heartbeat as he searched her face, looking for any sign of regret or negativity, finding none. Sarah offered her hand to Lester, and the fat man got up from his seat, the fly of his wrinkled pants open, and left the room with her exiting the same way the others had.

Dan stayed in his seat, still reeling from the envy, the horniness, and the anxiety the look from his wife had dredged up in him. The times he had seen his wife with his roommate began flashing in front of him. Her chest painted with his cum, then her hand encircling his big thing, the two of them kissing as he removed her bra. More and more of these visions flooded his mind. Underneath them, he began hearing the familiar sounds of his wife, further enjoying his monstrous roommate's company. He got up from his seat at the table, looking for where Sarah had gone.

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Sarah, a sheen of sweat on her forehead and fresh tears on her cheeks, was taking a break from throating Lester's monstrous shaft. She was on her knees before the ogrish man as he sat in his dingy office chair, making lustful eyes at him as she swirled her tongue around the tip of his cock, lazily enjoying the taste of him.

In the computer's blue glow of his filthy command center, he watched her and breathed deeply, his heavy-lidded eyes not blinking. Just as she was readying herself to swallow his cock again, Lester croaked a suggestion:

"Let's fuck, slut."

With a smirk, he watched as she kissed his cock and got to her feet, turning to his bed. He grabbed both of her hips in his hands and pulled her backward so that she would fall back onto him. By now, Sarah was

somewhat used to Lester's manhandling; she giggled as she lost her balance and tumbled back. His hands maneuvered her expertly so that his cock speared right into her flooded pussy as she fell back onto him. He pushed her hips down firmly as he thrust himself up, his full length entirely inside her.

"Uhh, OH! Jesus Christ! How, how are you always so huge?" Sarah had forgotten herself and said the words louder than she intended. Even so, it hadn't even occurred that she might wake her sleeping husband.

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The dining room behind him, Dan searched the place for Sarah and Lester, still hearing them somewhere.

"… always so huge?" he caught a phrase of his wife speaking. Just then, Dan turned a corner and saw the restroom hallway much further away than he had ever remembered.

"Unnggh, fucking tight, so tight," Lester grunted near the other end of the hallway. Dan tried to hurry down the hall, but the restrooms didn't get closer.

He tried running and focused on his destination. The men's room sign stayed in place as the sounds of their illicit coupling grew louder.

***

"Ooooh. Oh, Oh my God, Lester. Never, never ever stop fucking me!" Sarah again threw herself down onto the odd man and shuddered silently, relishing the feeling of getting fuck raw by this monster. Using the armrests for leverage, Sarah pushed her creaming pussy back onto Lester's cock as he held her hips and thrust forward. She found this new position immediately mind-altering and vowed to herself that she would repeatedly have him again this way. "Uhh. Uh uh-huh, baby. Oh, oh, my sweet Daddy, you-you're going to make me cum again."

"Me t-too." Lester was sweating profusely, and he knew he was close. He clasped the hot mother's hips tightly and increased the tempo of his fucking, sending the wife into a series of spasms and contortions as she came spectacularly.

"OOOOH OO-oh. OH FUCK! FUCKING FUCK! LESTER!"

"UHHHHGH, fuuuuck!

Lester rested his sweat-soaked head against her gorgeous twitching back and moaned as her clutching pussy drew a massive churning load from his balls, filling Sarah with his potent seed again. Sarah ground herself into him again, the explosion of his cock sending her into a sexual supernova.

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"OH, OH SHIT! FUCK! I, I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! FUCK ME LESTER, FUCK ME!"

He knew that was the sound of Sarah cumming hard. He also recognized the sound of his roommate finishing inside of her. He looked at the men's room sign and then down at the door beneath it. It was right in front of him now, and he pushed it open, still hearing the sounds of his wife atop the strange man.

There were three stalls in the room, each painted black. He went to the first one and checked it. Empty.

"So much cum, Lester. So much." His wife's voice was so close now. He went to the next door down and pushed it open. An empty, unclean toilet was the stall's only occupant.

He then heard the unmistakable sound of Sarah making out with Lester. The desperate, hungry collision of mouths unique to them accompanied whatever else their bodies did to enjoy each other. Dan knew exactly what he'd see when he opened the third stall.

He moved to the third door and waited, girding himself against the shock of actually seeing his wife sucking on his roommate's tongue. He opened the door to a third empty stall, and as he watched, the toilet's automatic flush engaged.

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Dan snapped awake. The flush of the toilet had broken his slumber. Realizing he had fallen asleep in the living room made him question if what he'd seen earlier had all been a dream. His roommate Lester had fucked his wife in front of him, and she'd told him she loved him. Lester. The Cheeto-loving, World of Warcraft, Dungeons and Dragons nerd of a roommate. Dan shook his head. Clearly, the dream had been influenced by last night's events. Then he heard Lester's footsteps plodding from the bathroom back to his bedroom. Dan waited for the glow in the hallway to disappear. When it didn't, Dan carefully got up from his chair and noticed Sarah was no longer in the living room.

Dan entered the hallway and saw Lester standing in his doorway, wearing a grin and nothing else. Dan's eyes flicked down, and he noticed that his roommate's flagging erection was slicken and dripping as if newly dipped in oil or something. Again, Lester noticed what Dan's eyes had seen. He closed his door with a smirk. Dan stood in the hallway momentarily, wondering if Sarah was in the room with Lester. The comforting sound of Sarah's light, halting snore came from his room behind him, and he relaxed, not realizing how tense his muscles had become.

Ugh. Maybe he was just jerking off. Opening his door, Dan winced at the sudden glare of the overhead light. Letting his eyes adjust, he now saw his wife was on his bed, also fully nude. She lay on her side with her back to him, her skin flushed and sweat cooling as her breathing deepened in slumber. He looked further down her body and saw a fresh stream of cum, oozing out from her crotch, staining his bed sheets. With a full understanding of what he'd slept through, Dan turned off the light and got into the other side of the bed, his cock straining. He was careful to avoid lying anywhere near the puddle he'd seen beginning to form on the sheets.

***

"Can we talk about last night?" Dan said from the passenger seat of their car, which was idling in the parking lot as Sarah was ready to head back home, her luggage packed up behind them. "I didn't want to talk up there, not with Lester listening."

"You think Lester eavesdrops on our conversations?" Sarah smiled and shook her head as she looked at her husband, "Like with a glass against the wall or something?"

"I don't know, I just know that he seems a little too, uh, well informed," Dan shrugged his shoulders, "There's been a few things that… aren't important right now. I can't stop thinking about what happened last night. It's just replaying over and over in my head, and I think I will go crazy if you leave right now without us talking about it."

"Okay," Sarah bit her lip in thought as she looked out the windshield. She turned off the car, sat back in her seat, and looked at her husband, "Last night was… intense. I didn't know it would happen or go the way it did. I'm still processing most of it myself. Did you hate it?"

"No," Dan started, "Yes. I don't know. I feel like I should, but part of me just got off on a lot of it. You know how messed up my head is about all of this stuff. Ever since the bar in Minnesota, it's like I was just super turned on and needed a release, but then last night happened, and again, it felt like I couldn't control

myself."

"I know the feeling," Sarah said, "Lately, it's like a switch gets flipped in my head, and I just give in to whatever. It's kind of like how last night went. Lester pushed for things, and I couldn't say no."

"Isn't that a problem?" Dan asked.

"I don't know," Sarah closed her eyes, "I know that logically I could have said no. But in the moment I didn't want to. I want to do it. It's not like he's forcing me to do things I don't want to do or don't turn me on somehow. And I want to do things to get him off. To get both of you off. The look in your eyes last night was intense and probably turned me on more than anything else."

"I felt like I was a comatose zombie… " Dan said.

"Maybe that's part of it? You're so Type A that being able to do something and see you lose that. To lose that control. Knowing something I'm doing could turn you on that much and that it affects you like that. It's hot."

"Believe me, it does feel like a loss of control. It feels like my hands slip off the steering wheel, and Lester just takes control of it. Seeing you let go, I don't know, it just drives me wild. Knowing how prim and proper you usually are. Just seeing you act kind of slutty just unlocks this part of my brain that just wants to shut everything else down and watch."

"Hey!" Sarah said, slapping him playfully on the arm. "I'm not a slut. Maybe I can act a little slutty sometimes, but you put us on this path, mister."

"You're enjoying yourself just as much as I am," Dan said.

"Maybe more," Sarah said, focusing on another car pulling out. You're still wrapped up in angst and guilt."

"I know," Dan shook his head, "I know what we are doing isn't right. At least not from what society tells us. But I can't help it. I mean, I don't like Lester. At all. He's been a really shitty roommate. And I want to wring his neck most of the time. Knowing someone like that is getting you off… "

Dan exhaled, letting out a long, calming breath, trying not to get himself worked up again.

"I realized you went off to his room in the middle of the night again this time," Dan said. "Last time, I couldn't believe it, and I knew I just had to have you right there in the shower. But last night was something else."

"What part are you stuck on?" Sarah asked.

"Uh, god, I don't know. All of it? Even just like how it started, him pinning you against the counter, seeing you just melt into his advances so easily," Dan said.

"Well, what do you want me to do? Kick and scream the entire time while letting him do whatever he wants? That isn't really something that I'd be into. I do like giving in, part of just giving control over to someone like that to do what they want with me. Especially when I know you're watching. That I find extremely hot." Sarah said.

"No, no, I don't want you to feel like you need to put up some kind of fight," Dan said, "I guess it's more just like, it turned me on but tugged at my heartstrings at the same time." Dan ran a hand through his hair. "It's all these emotions at once inside me. It's like an intoxicating cocktail of guilt, shame, jealousy, and arousal that I just can't help but take a big drink of."

Sarah stayed quiet, waiting for Dan to continue.

"That's how it felt when you told him you loved him. It was like a dagger to the chest but an adrenaline needle to my dick. I can't remember the last time I came that hard. And ever since, I can't stop thinking about the look on your face as you said it. You don't really love him, do you?"

"Dan, that's just sex talk," Sarah smiled at him, "I knew it would push you both over the edge, and that's what I wanted to do."

Dan nodded along, processing her words. He was ready to follow up with another question, but Sarah spoke first.

"I'm surprised the rimming wasn't the first thing you asked about," Sarah chuckled and put her hands over her face.

Dan shook his head, losing his prior thought, "That was… I don't even know Sarah. I can't believe you did that."

"Me neither," Sarah said from behind her hands. Finally, she put them back into her lap and rested her head against the seat. "That wasn't something I'd ever thought about. Lester had done it to me, and I knew how good it could feel. At that moment last night, I just wanted to deliver that kind of pleasure back to him, too. I got caught up and was lost in the moment."

"So you didn't enjoy that?" Dan asked.

"The idea of it, admittedly, is disgusting," Sarah said, "But in the heat of the moment, and seeing how his body responded to it, and your face… I don't know. I don't think I want to do it again."

Dan nodded, keeping his thoughts to himself. In the heat of the moment, what else could Lester make his wife do?

"Are you okay with some of the things Lester made me say, especially at the end?" Sarah asked, "And the things he said?"

"The shit talking?" Dan asked.

"Yes," Sarah whispered.

"When we are there, where I am watching. I don't always want to be brought into it like that. I'd rather be a fly on the wall, just watching it happen. But I love seeing the complete desire on your face when you look at me in those moments. It's really fucking hot. The shit talking… I don't know. It's always hit me kind of weirdly. It's sort of the same feeling as the 'I love you' stuff. That mix of deep jealousy and rage. Hearing those things come from your lips. Even at that moment, Lester was taking you away from me. Winning. Logically, I don't like it, and I know I should hate it, but… " Dan chuckled and shook his head, "Like you said, at that moment, somehow it worked."

"That's good to know. I was afraid we might have crossed the line. Just know it's all just sex talk. All of it." Sarah said.

"What about when you said you only want Lester to fuck you raw from now on. Did that mean you want me to wear a condom or something now? What was that?"

Dan asked.

"That just meant no condom for him. I didn't mean that you needed to wear one," Sarah said with a small smile.

"Would you ever consider going back to making him wear one?" Dan asked.

"I..uh… don't think so," Sarah said, "I've always really hated them. They always take me out of it. It's just better for me without them."

"What about Lester saying he's going to pimp you out to some randos? Is that just sex talk, too?" Dan challenged.

"That… I don't know about. I never know with Lester. I don't know what's sex talk to him and what's real life," Sarah said.

"Well, if that situation happened. In the heat of the moment, what would you do?" Dan asked.

"I'm not sure," Sarah said.

That wasn't a 'no,' Dan realized and felt his cock swelling in his pants.

"What would you think?" Sarah asked, "If I did something like that."

"Like you did with Byron?" Dan asked.

"That was different. I was on a mission. A shitty mission that failed, but it was still different," Sarah blushed. "But what would you think? Is that hot to you, or does that cross the line."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "Honestly? I don't know. It's like all of this. I know I shouldn't like it, but if it were happening… in the moment, I don't know how I would react to it. I guess it's like all these games and scenarios we used to play with before Lester. But I never would have thought that someone like Lester would be pulling the strings. I would have thought it would be like you and me at a bar picking up a stranger. Not like this."

"So where do we go from here? With Lester, I mean. If I arrive at the apartment one day and you're still at work. I know things weren't great when he was at our house without you knowing before. So, should I make sure you are in the room? Do we talk about this beforehand? How do we move forward here?"

"Honestly," Dan breathed, "I don't know if I always want to be there, up close and personal. Sometimes, yeah, I think it's hot to watch what unfolds. Other times, knowing you're doing something naughty could be enough for me. Last night was intense; I don't know if I need that again for a while. I would definitely want to hear about anything afterward. Maybe even if you record it for me. Sometimes, the surprise and unknown element could be interesting."

"We'll see about recording. I don't know about that. The unknown is kind of hot, though," Sarah said, "Just giving up the control like that."

"I still think we need to be careful who we are giving up that control to. Something doesn't sit right with me regarding Lester," Dan said.

"Oh yeah? What tipped you off about that? Was it the disgusting room and his lack of personal hygiene? His Cheeto addiction or his general incel-like behavior?" Sarah asked.

Dan put up his hands in self defense, "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, my wife's lover."

Sarah shook her head and rolled her eyes, "You're a dick."

"But you love me," Dan smiled, "Well, me and that troll of man now, I guess."

Sarah playfully stared daggers at her husband, "Well, he does fuck me so, so very good."

"Ouch," Dan said, "Cutting me deep, Sarah. You better get out of here before I get riled up again and take you in the backseat."

Sarah raised an eyebrow at him, "Isn't that Lester's domain now?"

"Another low blow," Dan narrowed his eyebrows and stared at her.

After a few seconds, they both cracked up laughing.

"I love you," Dan leaned in for a parting kiss. "I love you too," Sarah said before planting a soft, wet kiss on her husband's lips. They pulled apart, and Dan glanced at the clock. "You had better hit the road. I'm sure your parents are eager to get rid of the kids."

"They'd keep them full-time if I asked. They love having them there. But you're right, I should probably get going."

Dan opened the car door and stepped out, "Drive safe, baby. Text me when you get home."

"I will baby, don't miss me too much," Sarah blew him a kiss as he closed the door. Sarah's car pulled out of the parking lot, leaving Dan standing there by himself. He already missed her. As he walked back towards his apartment building the events of the previous night were still gnawing at him.

His conversation with Sarah had gone better than he'd hoped. He didn't want to push too hard or make drama out of nothing, but it still irked him that Sarah hadn't definitively said that she didn't love Lester. He could have pushed for it but what else would she have said? Something else Lester said last night was bugging him. It wasn't just all the shit-talking and trying to put him in his place. Lester had said something about Jesse being in Minnesota.

How did he know that? Maybe Lester had overheard something Dan had said to Sarah on the phone leading up to their trip. Or there could be more to it. Something else that Dan wasn't seeing. Either way, he needed to figure it out.

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"It's done. Break all ties with them," Byron's boss, Marcus said as he peered out the expansive window behind his desk. Byron was sitting uncomfortably in one of the plush leather armchairs in front of Marcus' desk.

"But Marcus," Byron said, trying to figure out a way out of this. Shit had gotten bad overnight, with news of their network having been breached, making the rounds. Byron suddenly felt his neck unexpectedly on the chopping block. "I need his expertise to push this project forward and get –"

"No, you don't," Marcus said, turning around. His dark skin highlighted his piercing eyes as they bore into Byron. "I've let you play out your little game but it's done now. We suffered a major security breach last night from one of your contractor pets. Now you have my attention, which I assure you is something you don't want, not like this. I know all about how complicated you've made all of these plans. And for what? Just so you can get revenge and fuck some poor stiff's wife? Pull your head out of your ass. Look at Archer; his operation was clean and simple, and now he is reaping the rewards. You've cocked this up. So I say again. Cut ties completely. We need to shore up any weaknesses we can find, and right now, I'm looking at you. Are you weak, Byron?"

"No," Byron said assertively, "I'm not."

"Yes. Yes, you are. You've let yourself become weak by focusing on this guy who upset you and overcomplicated everything. You need to get your shit together. That includes the drinking. Fortunately, I don't think you're completely hopeless. You still have potential but need to cut out the cancer and focus on your project. It's already behind schedule." Marcus spat.

"I'll need to find another sustainability expert then. To keep this off the authorities' radar." Byron ran his hands through his hair. He didn't like being talked to like this. He knew Marcus held a lot more power internally at the moment. But he wouldn't forever. Byron had to grit his teeth and put up with his condescending attitude.

"You'll have it," Marcus said, "I'm retasking other resources to you. Now make it happen."

Byron got up, "I'll fire them now and get everything else in place by this afternoon. We're gonna have to pay out the stipulation in the contract though.

It'll probably be a couple hundred grand."

"Pennies on the dollar," Marcus waved his hand dismissively and turned back to the window, "Pay them out or kick it to legal to fight it. You need to be laser-focused from here on out."

"What are we going to do about whoever hacked us?" Bryon stood up, getting ready to leave.

"I have people on it. We'll find them."

Byron took that as his cue to leave. He walked towards the door, ready to crack open another bottle of bourbon when he returned to his office.

"And Byron?" Marcus said without turning around.

"Yeah?"

"Don't fuck up again. If you want to fuck someone, make sure it doesn't fuck with our business, or you'll be the one getting fucked."

"You got it," Byron tried to keep the contempt from his face as he closed the door behind him.

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It had been a crazy couple of weeks for Dan. Work was picking up, both at his day job and with his side clients. While things were still touch and go with his company, new clients seemed to be trickling in, and cash flow was still tight, so his boss, Walt, was still running things with a skeleton crew. More people had left, leaving more responsibility on Dan's shoulders. One notable bright spot was that The Lincoln Group had canceled its project with Jesse's company. It was probably due to that company getting hit with a ransomware attack and The Lincoln Group not wanting to be tied up with any place that had issues like that. Dan kept waiting for the other shoe to drop and get a call from Jesse or Byron but so far nothing had happened.

Walt was happy, getting paid while freeing up Dan's time to work with other clients, so it was a win-win situation. Dan didn't want to look a gift horse in the mouth but still felt uneasy about the whole thing.

It seemed like these cyberattacks were becoming more frequent—first Sarah's hospital, now Jesse's company. He wondered how many firms in the Chicago area were experiencing the same thing.

He didn’t have a ton of time to dwell on it, though, as his side clients were cutting into his free time. Dan had spent many nights, early mornings, and lunch breaks working on projects for Sentinel Securities. They were happy that Dan seemed more responsive and timely than in the past, but they were still quite demanding of his time. It was like they failed to realize that he wasn’t their full-time employee. If the Lincoln Group hadn’t freed him up, he would have been seriously worried about them dropping him.

Despite his busy schedule, Dan managed to stay afloat, even with his smaller clients like Elevate Entertainment. Sitting at the small table in his apartment’s kitchen, Dan even broke his ideal working environment.

He was discussing a new project in California while talking to his counterpart at the company, Bill. He liked Bill well enough, even going out for the occasional after-work drink or business lunch. Dan considered their relationship friendly, and they could have been close friends in another life.

Dan sat at the table talking to Bill while looking over documents and some web pages Bill had linked him to. He didn’t like working at the apartment, still wary of Lester listening in, but tonight, it was just something that he had to do. The rain outside made the journey to Starbucks very unappealing.

***

Lester listened intently in Dan’s conversation in the darkened bedroom at the end of the hall. Lester was packing a bag while the boring conversation played out. This is really what he does for a living? No wonder Sarah’s bored. Lester took out his phone and texted the young wife.

L: Daddy’s cumming to town.

He zipped his duffel bag shut and left it on the floor. He turned his attention fully back to the one-sided conversation he could hear while watching the web pages Dan was visiting. It quickly became apparent Dan was talking to someone named Bill from a company called Elevate Entertainment. While he would normally disregard listening to conversations that didn’t include Sarah, Lester was hoping his diligence would pay off with an opportunity he could exploit and turn the gears on Dan. So far, this conversation hasn’t been bearing fruit, but Lester decided to be thorough and investigate the man on the other end of the phone.

Hello there. Bill should have increased his Facebook page’s privacy filters. Lester quickly deduced that Bill was a fellow Chicago native and had a smoking hot wife who, like Sarah, worked in health care. He documented some of their details in case he found himself needing a new project in the future.

After a few more minutes, Dan wrapped up the call. Lester didn’t believe in god but thanked him anyway for his mercy. He grabbed his bag and keys and headed for the door.

***

Dan scooped up his things from the kitchen table with his laptop under his arm and moved towards his bedroom. As he crossed the living room, Lester stepped out of the hallway, holding a duffel bag. Dan narrowed his eyes, unsure how to react to Lester’s presence.

They’d barely engaged in any words since Lester’s dominating performance on the couch with Sarah. Dan hated feeling like the runner-up in some fucked up sex contest. Much to his dismay, he felt his breath growing shallow and his body temperature rising at the thought of his ugly roommate with his wife. It was almost a Pavloviann response at this point.

"Heading out?" Dan feigned interest in Lester’s affairs while wondering how suspicious he should be.

"Yep," Lester didn't look Dan's way while slipping on his shoes, "Heading to Middelton."

"What? Why?" Dan gripped his laptop tighter, and suddenly, images of Sarah being pinned to the bed under Lester took over his mind.

"The new boss at the hospital wants to see me tomorrow," Lester said nonchalantly.

"Why would he want to see you?" Dan put his laptop and other items on the couch and crossed his arms.

"I don't know, Dan, he didn't say. I'm guessing I'm getting fired like Jerry, or I'm getting a promotion. Who knows? Maybe I'll be working in Middelton full time." He grinned as he looked at Dan.

"Does Sarah know?" Dan asked.

"I just texted her to let her know," the grin still plastered onto Lester's face, "I wonder what she'll think."

"Listen, Lester, you need to –" Dan started.

"Not everything is about the sweet sounds Sarah makes when I'm inside her, Dan," Lester chuckled, "You need to get your head out of the gutter. Some things are strictly professional."

"I don't think you believe that," Dan said.

Lester chuckled, "Maybe. Maybe not. I guess that's part of what makes this fun."

"You know," Dan exhaled, "This would be much easier if you weren't such an asshole."

"It's plenty easy for me as it is, Dan," Lester said, "You're the one who seems to have a problem with all of this."

"Yeah? What exactly is my problem?" Dan said, squaring his shoulders.

Lester shook his head, "You can't just sit back and enjoy how things are going. Even though you really want to. You think you have to get all upset with yourself, even though we both know you enjoy watching what I do to your wife. What she does to me."

Dan was about to respond, but Lester's statement hit too close to home. To something he had been struggling with for a while. Lester took Dan's silence as acceptance and headed towards the apartment door.

"I'll tell Sarah you say 'hi,'" Lester said, opening the door.

"I had an interesting chat today," Dan blurted out. This wasn't how he wanted to bring this up, but now the horse was out of the barn. Dan squared his jaw and raised his most confident front to cover his bluff. He wanted to see how Lester would react to his gamble.

"Oh yeah?" Lester said, holding the door open impatiently, "Is that something I'm supposed to care about?"

"It was with my old coworker Jesse," Dan said, "He had a lot of very interesting things to say."

"Fascinating," Lester said, stepping into the hallway and closing the door behind him.

Dan gritted his teeth and kicked the side of the couch. His big confrontation had fizzled out. He ran a hand through his hair. Letting out a long breath, he grabbed his phone and called Sarah. Maybe he should

have interrogated Jesse before throwing this at Lester, but he didn't want to show his cards. And sometimes, it was better to let sleeping dogs lie. If he was actually free of Jesse and The Lincoln Group, Dan wasn't about to initiate contact.

"Hey," Dan said when she answered, "Apparently, Lester is heading to Middleton to meet with your boss."

"I know. I just read his text," Sarah said. Dan's cock stiffened at the thought of Sarah and Lester being in contact behind his back. I'm so fucked up.

The couple both stayed silent for several seconds. The idea of Sarah rendezvousing with Lester without him hung over the conversation.

"Do you think Lester will try to –" Dan started.

"Yes," Sarah said quickly, "I don't see how he wouldn't try something."

"He better not go anywhere near the house," Dan said.

"He won't. I won't let that happen," Sarah said.

"Are you sure? After last time… " Dan trailed off.

"He won't get in the house, Dan. I promise." Sarah said sternly, "But that doesn't mean he won't try something else."

"What if he does?" Dan said.

"What do you want to happen, Dan?" Sarah asked.

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

"I think you do," Sarah said with a new authority in her voice, "I have a feeling it's all you're going to think about while you're there by yourself."

"Uh, fuck," Dan breathed into the phone, "I don't, uh… "

"I'll make this easy, Dan. If Lester approaches me… if you want me to say no to him. Just say something right now. If you keep quiet, I'll know your decision. I can't promise anything will happen, but I want to know where you stand."

Words churned in Dan's head. The different responses he could utter. He searched for the perfect phrasing to encapsulate his complicated emotions, but nothing came out. Dan heard Sarah opening a drawer and rummaging around before closing it. He wondered what she was doing but never found his voice.

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Lester hid the smirk threatening to appear on his face. He was in the new CEO, Richard's office. The pathetic excuse for a man was trying to pull a typical powerplay, making Lester sit there obediently while he finished a phone call.

Lester almost respected the blatant manipulation tactic, even if it was basic. Within a few minutes, he had this guy pegged for what he knew him to be—a corporate asshole who likes power and control. Lester couldn't begrudge him for that. After all, those goals were exactly in line with his own. He didn't care for

the ramifications of this meeting and what that would entail for his Sarah project.

The excuse of 'working' in the hospital was quite convenient to being in Sarah's proximity. And if Lester could be so humble, quite the masterstroke of his planning. Now this jackass might threaten to bring his ruse crashing to the ground. Lester should have looked further into the changes at the hospital but they had previously seemed irrelevant to him. He assumed things would just go on as they had. Now, this Richard was another unknown variable he hadn't accounted for.

"Sorry about that," Richard said as he hung up the phone. "You know how it is."

Lester nodded his head, "Of course."

The plan was to be docile and pliable. Appear as a tool for Richard to take advantage of and feel good about doing so like he had one over on Lester, at least one. After all, that kind of seemed to be this guy's thing.

"So listen, ummm," Richard looked down at his notebook, "Mr. Matthews."

"Lester," Lester said, "Please call me Lester."

Richard gave him a flat smile that didn't quite reach his eyes, "Right. Sure, Lester. As I'm sure you're aware, we've been making some staffing changes. We are in the middle of restructuring our IT department. Unfortunately, that means that we need to eliminate some positions. While we all recognize the importance of your contributions, particularly during our recent ransomware crisis, the decision has been made to eliminate your position. So, as of today, your contract with us is ending. We know that you'll land on your feet and do well in your next position. Our new head of HR will be waiting for you to discuss any lingering issues pertaining to your contract."

Lester watched Richard closely while feigning panic and disappointment. This guy could have easily had someone else fire him. Judging by the predatory look in his eyes, Lester suspected he probably enjoyed firing people.

"But, but," Lester stuttered, playing into the bumbling IT nerd trope, "I've done everything I can. I got the entire hospital back up and running. I saved the hospital hundreds of thousands of dollars for all the systems and networks."

"Yes," Richard waved his hand dismissively, "Like I said, we're very thankful for your contributions, talk to HR, they might have a gift card or something they can give you."

"But I won't be able to afford my mortgage," Lester lied. He knew this came down to control and probably the expensive price tag Lester had negotiated for himself. "Please, I'll do anything. You can cut my salary by twenty-five percent, no, fifty! Whatever you need, I can do. I can do more than just keep your network safe; I've seen a ton of inefficiencies in that department. There are plenty of synergies just waiting to be exploited. I can help you streamline their operations without negatively impacting your bottom line. Please, sir, my fate is in your hands."

Richard raised an eyebrow at him, clearly enjoying that he held so much power over Lester. Lester chose each word deliberately to play into this man's fantasies for control over people and the corporate language he was sure this guy probably threw around.

Richard leaned back in his chair, his fingers making a steeple before his face, "Tell me more about how you could streamline things."

***

Sarah closed her eyes tight and let out a long, quiet breath. She hated this time of the day. It was just after lunch, and the new head of HR was getting back from her lunch with Richard. While she'd only had a few conversations with the woman, she didn't like her. Sarah had adored Marcie, the previous head of HR, and didn't like Richard's new pick. She was a suck-up and Sarah could see she'd been hand-picked to do Richard's bidding.

The reason Sarah hated this time of the day is that the head of HR would walk past Sarah on the way to her new office. Sarah's old office. Richard's new appointments were being given the choice of offices while everyone else from the old guard was being relegated to small cubicles. Sarah had been politely told to vacate her office and settle down in the line of cubicles alongside the coordinators and other administrative staff.

While Sarah had no problem working more closely with others, the way it had been done left a sour taste in her mouth, she felt like she'd been cast aside yet again. Richard had disbanded their daily meetings, citing the end of the ransomware crisis. He'd started a new series of meetings with his department heads, excluding Sarah entirely. While she technically still had her title and the respect of her legacy colleagues, she couldn't help but feel at some point that she would be let go as well.

The new head of HR walked by, trailing a couple of her new staff members. They disappeared into Sarah's old office, closing the door behind them. Sarah sighed and stood up. She couldn't just sit at her desk anymore and needed to walk and clear her head. She grabbed her purse, walked to the elevators, and rode them down a few floors.

As the elevator doors opened, Sarah began to feel angry and marginalized. She used to love her job and the sense of fulfillment it gave her. Now, she regularly felt worthless and overlooked. Logically, she knew it wasn't entirely her fault. Sure, maybe she could have made a better first impression, but since then, she had worked her ass off to no avail. It was just Richard consolidating power and removing the old guard. Even though she knew that was the case, it didn't help her self-esteem. Sarah felt like she was spiraling again.

Sarah got off the elevators and found herself in front of a wall of vending machines. Chocolate might help. She looked over her options, contemplating which delicious morsel of goodness would be hers. Looking over the selection in front of her, she noticed movement in the corner of her eye. Glancing towards it, she noticed Otis, the janitor, peering at her from down the hallway.

Otis leered at her for several seconds, seemingly running his eyes up and down the curves of her body. When he noticed that her piercing green eyes were staring back at him, he quickly shuffled away, pushing his squeaking cart down an adjoining hallway.

She had periodically caught Otis looking at her over the last few weeks. It happened frequently enough that she'd noticed that he wasn't always doing his job, coincidentally turning up in places she just happened to be. She shook her head and looked back at the vending machines. Just another thing she needed: a creepy older stalker at work. Otis seemed relatively harmless, but that might not always be the case. Otis was older than her, probably even older than Lester was. His gray disheveled hair and his permanent five o'clock scruff didn't do him any favors. The concerns of hospital staff had been raised at more than one of the weekly meetings she no longer attended. At one point, Sarah had been in contact with the now-fired head of HR, Marcie, about complaints of Otis's breath reeking like alcohol while on the job. Sarah didn't want to get anyone in trouble but was also concerned that the hospital shouldn't be exposed to issues like that either. But now that problem was in the hands of the new head of HR, and she could just stay out of it.

The way Otis always seemed to appear around her and the way he stared at her reminded her a lot of her early days in the apartment with Dan, with Lester seemingly lurking around every corner. She couldn't believe just how far things had come since then. Sarah had no intention of walking a similar path with Otis as she had with Lester.

Sarah pressed the buttons on the vending machine, and a Mars bar dropped out. Chocolate sounded exquisite right now. Sarah unwrapped the bar and bit into the candy, closing her eyes and savoring it. People always said good chocolate had the same effect as sex on the senses. While Sarah understood what they meant, she couldn't help but think about how fucking good Lester could make her feel. This chocolate bar paled in comparison to the feelings her obese lover awoke inside her.

As if on cue, her phone chimed. There was a text message waiting for her. Her eyes widened, and she felt her knees grow weak when she checked it. There on her screen, in the middle of the hallway, was Lester's delicious juicy cock. It was hard and veiny, sitting fully erect on a tabletop surface that Sarah knew was a standard issue cubicle desk in the hospital. A message quickly followed up the photo.

L: Miss me?

Sarah stood transfixed in the middle of the hallway, staring at the mammoth cock on her screen as her pupils dilated. The chocolate bar was half sticking out of her mouth as she'd stopped biting it. Her lips closed around it as she stared at Lester's cock, her tongue flicking out to lap up the caramel from it. Sarah rolled her tongue around the tip of the snack before coming to her senses and looking around. Thankfully, no one had noticed her lost in thought with the bar in her mouth.

Sarah, her face flushed, typed up a quick response.

S: Where are you?

L: At your desk, looking for you. Someone else is in your office. Do you miss me?

S: Yes. I miss what I saw in that pic L: Let's meet up somewhere.

Sarah bit her lip. That cock sure did look more appetizing than the half-eaten chocolate bar in her mouth. All she wanted to do was attack it and let it distract her from all the bullshit going on in her workplace. Taking hold of Lester's cock would let her regain her sense of control and power that she desperately felt slipping through her fingers at work. She had no doubt that making that big cock cum would make her day better.

Plus, it would mean getting out of the building, away from Otis's prying eyes. The way he looked at her unnerved her. She knew what thoughts lay behind the intense gaze.

Sarah texted Dan, telling him about Lester and letting him know she wanted to play, giving him the chance to tell her not to. She stared at the screen, waiting for Dan to respond. In the meantime, Lester kept messaging her. Asking her for a discreet meeting place, sending more shots of his cock.

Sarah was getting impatient, waiting for Dan to respond. She was leaning against the side of the hallway and felt the need to remove some layers. Her body was already heating up from the idea of being around Lester. Without her office for privacy, her mind raced to try and think up places in the hospital where she could potentially sneak away with him.

All of the places she imagined carried a level of risk that sent a jolt of excitement up her spine. The feasibility of an empty patient room, utility closet, or even nap rooms for doctors and nurses would all depend on timing -something she didn't have the best handle on. In the end, the best place Sarah could think of was a secluded part of the parking lot, around the side of a building that didn't get a lot of traffic, near some rarely used access doors, away from the windows of hospital staff.

She stared down at the conversation with Dan on her phone, waiting for him to respond. If she said no, could she really just ignore Lester? He was what she needed right now. Her eyes waited for the three little dots to appear, indicating her husband was typing a response, but they never appeared. With trembling

fingers, she switched to her conversation with Lester.

S: Meet me at my car in ten minutes. Lot A, area 2.

L: Tell me what you want.

S: Your cock.

Sarah felt giddy as she rode the elevator down to the main floor. She was tempted to check her phone but left it in her purse. Lester could have sent another dirty picture, or Dan might have sent a message telling her to stay away from his roommate. If she didn't check her phone, she could feign ignorance. If she didn't read it, the message didn't exist.

She knew this was what her husband wanted anyway, which, she reasoned, was why she was so eager to do it. The elevator doors opened, and Sarah stepped out, walking across the atrium towards the back of the building where the exit to the staff parking lot was.

At least this time, she wasn't going to sleep with a slimy alcoholic for nothing like she had with Byron. Even though she had gotten off on that experience, she had done it for no reason other than her own orgasm since she hadn't been able to find anywhere to plug in the USB. No, she had just let that brazen alcoholic fuck her and cum in her mouth for his own enjoyment. At least today, she knew what she was getting into and could enjoy herself with Lester. Sarah couldn't wait to wrap her mouth around Lester's hefty cock. Saliva flooded around her tongue at the mere thought.

Sarah rounded a corner, walking towards the exit. She felt eyes on her, and a quick glance at her side showed her that Otis was leering at her again. The pot-bellied man was mopping the floor while failing to hide his constant awkward gaze.

The idea of this man catching her on her way to a discreet rendezvous sent a thrill through her. The act of getting caught. Walking through a hospital hallway to the parking lot wasn't a reportable offense, but Sarah still knew she was heading somewhere she shouldn't.

Sarah hurried, exiting the hospital and walking across the parking lot to find her car. She stopped in her tracks a few feet away from her vehicle, her pussy growing slick with expectation. Leaning against her car with Lester with a shit-eating grin on his face. His arms were crossed, and he was wearing his same schlubby, business-casual outfit that looked entirely out of place on his body. He didn't look attractive, but Sarah couldn't help but feel intensely drawn to him.

She walked past Lester, only giving him a quick glance as she unlocked her door with her key fob and entered the driver's seat. Lester followed suit, pushing his frame off the car's hood and squeezing himself into the passenger seat.

"Couldn't resist a little afternoon delight, huh?" Lester said.

"Shut up," Sarah said, turning on the engine and pulling the car out of her designated spot, "Don't ruin a good thing by talking."

"Heh, either way, we both know you're not kicking me out of this car," Lester chuckled, "Did you tell Dan that you were meeting me."

"Yes," Sarah said, hoping Lester wouldn't press for more details and learn that Dan hadn't given his consent yet.

"I bet he's already creaming in his pants," Lester said, "Did you see how fast he came last time? Especially after you revealed how you love me? Quite a mess he had to clean up."

"Don’t get excited," Sarah said, navigating her car through the parking lot. The further away they went from the main entrance, the less populated the parking lot became. "You know that was just sex talk."

"Sure it was," Lester said, "Maybe it was, maybe it wasn’t. But I think it was real."

Sarah rolled her eyes as she drove the car around the hospital’s annex. This building was connected to the main hospital, but no patient areas were found there. It was part of the original hospital and was used before the newer parts of the building were constructed. The patchwork of brick didn’t match that of the newer wings. The rooms here were mostly used for storing old equipment and paper records. It was a place the current staff rarely visited to the point that Sarah was confident they wouldn’t be discovered. The grass around this part of the building appeared recently cut, so she hoped no one from building maintenance would disturb them. Since it was far enough away from the entrance, she doubted any smokers would wander over here. She was on the lookout for anyone, but thankfully, everything looked clear.

"You sure are full of it," Sarah said.

Lester grinned and raised his eyebrows, "You’re going to be full of it. I love your ’hard to get’ banter. It makes taking you all the sweeter. I don’t think you love me the way you love Dan. Not completely romantically. But a part of you loves the way I make you feel, loves how shitty I am to your husband. Loves that I can unlock this side of you that you bury under Missus Little Goody two shoes. I think the real Sarah under that perfect little mask you wear, that’s the one who loves me."

Sarah pulled the car to a stop in a shaded area next to the building. They were far enough away from the bend in the road that they would see another vehicle coming. It wasn’t a dead end, so she could still drive off quickly if she had to. She turned to face her rotund passenger, looking at her like a lion looks at a fresh kill.

"You sure have thought a lot about this," Sarah said, "It’s a nice story you’ve created for yourself. Now, will you keep talking or shut up and get in the back seat?"

Lester looked into the backseat of her car. "You know, my SUV would have been roomier," she said.

"That’s a ’you’ problem," Sarah said, sliding awkwardly to the side so she could move into the back seat. Her breasts brushed up against Lester, and he let his hand linger on her ass as she moved. Sarah turned back towards the front seat, bent over, and grabbed the adjustable bar under it as she pushed on the back of the chair, sliding it forward. This gave her more room in the back.

"Do my side," Lester said as he exited the car. The passenger seat slid forward as Lester opened the backdoor and got into it. The car’s frame sank a couple of inches as Lester’s weight settled into the backseat.

Much to Lester’s delight, Sarah’s hands were immediately on his belt, quickly undoing it, "Eager, I see."

"I just don’t want to waste any time," Sarah breathed, her eyes growing wide as she freed Lester’s belt and started tugging on his pants.

"Take off your top," Lester said, "Show me my girls."

Lester started to awkwardly shimmy himself out of his pants in the cramped confines of the car’s backseat. Sarah folded her blazer over the headrest of her seat and pulled her emerald shirt over her head, revealing a white lacy bra.

"Did you choose that bra before or after I texted you that I’d be here today?" Lester asked.

"After," Sarah breathed huskily and met his eyes as she tugged Lester's raggedy boxers. Lester didn't bother taking his wrinkled shirt off. He pushed his hips off the seat as Sarah pulled his stained boxers down to his ankles. Lester's thick cock sprang into view, causing Sarah to stop and stare at it momentarily, the hungry lust evident on her face.

Lester smirked, "Told you. You love me."

"Maybe. Parts of you," Sarah looked up at Lester's ugly face with a playful smile.

"Good thing we're a package deal," Lester chuckled. Lester shifted his hips up and pressed his cock against Sarah's face. It ran down the length of her cheek, Sarah turned her head instinctively, and her tongue licked the bottom of his cock as it slid down its length. She was about to open her mouth when Lester stopped her.

"Today, you're going to suck my cock until I cum down your throat," Lester said, "The next time you're in Chicago, I have something special planned for you."

Sarah was surprised that she didn't feel more disappointed. As much as she wanted Lester's thick cock shoved inside of her, she loved the idea of stroking and sucking on it to bring him off. The idea of just pleasing the disgusting man in front of her seemed to push all the right buttons for her.

"And what's that? What do you have planned for me?" Sarah forcibly gripped Lester's cock at the base and began to stroke him intently. Lester took a sharp inhale of breath at the sudden action. "What does daddy have planned for me?"

"Whatever I want," Lester breathed, staring into Sarah's green eyes. "You'll do whatever I want, won't you?"

"Have I ever said 'no' to you before?" Sarah asked as her hand pumped rigorously up and down Lester's shaft.

A predatory grin spread onto Lester's face, "That's my girl."

Sarah smiled back and lowered her head towards Lester's cock.

"No," Lester breathed, "Not yet. Get up here and give me some sugar."

Lester licked his lips as Sarah moved over his body until her lips met his. He grabbed the back of her head and pulled her hard into him. Sarah's hand never left his cock as she opened her mouth and let Lester's large tongue invade her mouth.

Sarah's tongue ran across Lester's, tasting the odors in his fetid mouth. She ground herself against Lester as the pressure of his tongue on hers caused her to moan into his mouth. Part of her mind registered some of the foul tastes of whatever he ate earlier, but her body was far past that as cause for her to stop.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester held her head in place, ramming his tongue into hers. He pulled her head to the side, switching positions as their lips smacked together, opening and closing as their tongues clashed and pressed together.

Lester's hands were on her ass, each one grabbing one of her ass cheeks, pulling her against his overweight body. Sarah stroked his cock faster, not worried about how dry it still felt. She knew it might hurt him without some saliva, but for now, she was captivated by the dirty, sloppy kissing they were both engaged in. It was more a carnal expression of how intense the sex between them was than making out with each other. She sucked on his lower lip as his fingertips traveled closer to her ass crack.

"Fuck," Lester moaned between kisses. His hands started working on the zipper on the back of her skirt. He groaned inwardly as he began to unzip it down, releasing it. Sarah didn't seem to notice, never breaking her lips from Lester's, but she shimmied her hips, allowing the form-fitting material to drop down to her ankles. Sarah felt an electric surge run through her body. She didn't have time to stop and analyze it. It was part Lester and part being naked in the back of a car so close to where she was supposed to be a consummate professional.

Right now, in the backseat of her car, she was anything but professional.

Sarah broke the kiss and stared deep into Lester's beady eyes. She couldn't help but feel an intense longing for the troll-like man. She caught her breath and looked down at his cock, jutting up towards her. Lester hadn't said anything, but she knew her dry hand was probably causing him discomfort. She licked her lips the same way Lester would and started to lower herself down towards his cock.

"I, I love… your huge cock." she moaned as the eager wife moved downward.

Lester didn't stop her. Instead, he put his arms behind his head and leaned back into the seat to enjoy himself. He wished that Sarah still had her office; he loved debasing her in there. For now, this car would work fine. Perhaps one day soon, he'd have an office of his own for Sarah to visit.

His body shuddered as he felt Sarah's lips press and spread over the tip of his cock. Her warm eager mouth engulfed his cock, tongue running and whipping along the underside of his cock. Sarah's head swam in a fog of sexual hunger as Lester's cock stretched out her mouth.

"Mhmmmm," She moaned at how stuffed her mouth felt. She was loving every minute of devouring Lester's bulging cock. With his pole now well coated with her saliva, Sarah could stroke his shaft with frictionless abandon.

"That's a good girl," Lester sneered, "You're such a good cock sucker."

Sarah tried to respond, but Lester held her head in place. He pushed his hips up off the seat, driving more of his cock into Sarah's mouth. She kept moaning, so Lester pushed harder. Sarah tried to breathe out of her nose as more of Lester's cock pushed into her mouth. Soon, it pressed against the back of her throat, as Sarah found her nose firmly embedded in Lester's messy, fragrant public hair.

"Glllllluuuuuck," Sarah's throat made an involuntary sound as the head of Lester's cock pushed into it. Sarah pushed down on her choking relief and started to deep-throat Lester. The ogre-like man grabbed both sides of Sarah's face and pulled her down onto him, pistoning his cock into her.

"Glllluuuuccckk, glllackkkk, mhmmmmmm, uuuullllllllchhhhhh," Sarah's moans were muffled by Lester's throat fucking. Sarah's hands were bracing themselves against Lester's thighs. The more he forcibly fucked her throat, the more wet and aroused Sarah became. She was growing lightheaded from being face fucked so hard, not being able to breathe regularly.

Finally, Lester let go of the back of her head, allowing Sarah to push herself up and off him. Sarah breathed hard, a long string of Saliva connecting Lester's pulsing cock to her lips. Sarah panted, catching her breath.

Lester just looked down at her with amusement, "Did I ever tell you how good you look with a cock in your mouth?"

"I'm sure it's come up," Sarah smiled, "Don't you mean your cock in my mouth?"

"You heard what I said," Lester said, "Even when you had Vernon's cock in your mouth, you still looked

damn good. Like it belonged there."

"I thought you didn’t like that."

"I didn’t like him doing it, but I’m not an idiot," Lester said, "You still looked hot as fuck doing it."

"I didn’t think you liked to share," Sarah bit her lips, her right hand finding Lester’s shaft, and began stroking it again. Soon, it was followed by her left hand, and they each took a section of the overgrown shaft. Sarah lowered her mouth to the organ and licked some precum forming at the slit of Lester’s cock.

"I don’t," Lester said. You’re mine, and you know it. But I do like making you do things you normally wouldn’t. I love seeing how far you’ll bend for me."

"You sound like Dan," Sarah suppressed a smile.

"Your husband’s a dumbass who’s letting his precious wife run around with someone like me," Lester jeered, "I’m more interested in making you my slut and teaching you to do what you’re told."

"I like that," Sarah whispered, "I like being a good girl."

"You are," Lester said, "I knew when you first walked into the apartment that I would break you, and now here you are sucking my cock while you should be working."

Sarah shook her head, "I still can’t believe it. It’s like, I don’t know. Like, I’ve always wanted this, but you just managed to unlock it. I still know it’s wrong and can get in serious trouble, but I can’t help myself."

"That’s what I like," Lester narrowed his eyes and smiled, "Making the good girl go bad. That’s what I’m planning for you next time in Chicago."

"What do you mean?" Sarah whispered.

"I had to make your husband and your fantasies come true. Neither of you would have crossed that line without me. But now I’m going to take that fantasy further. I’m booking us a hotel room, and you’re going to fuck someone else in front of me. And then I’m going to fuck you all night. I will make Dan’s fantasy come true again, but he won’t be invited. It’ll be me and you exploring it alone, letting Dan’s mind run wild."

"You’re bad," Sarah looked down at Lester’s cock, "I could say ’no.’"

"Like you said earlier, when have you ever said no to me," Lester chortled.

Sarah gave him a flat look, pausing to lick up the underside of his cock until her tongue flicked over his balls. "I could say no this time. I don’t even know who this guy could be. And it’s just outright mean doing that to my husband," Sarah said.

"You love it. I know you enjoy torturing Dan, and this plays right into that," Lester said, "And the guy, the cock, it doesn’t matter. You’re there for me."

Instead of replying, Sarah lowered her head and gently took Lester’s cock in her mouth again. "Mhhhmmmmmm," she savored the slightly sour taste of his cock. Her hands gripped his shaft tightly, stroking him with two hands while she sucked it hard. Lester put his hand gently on the back of her head, enjoying how little resistance Sarah put up these days. She was so eager to take it now. Dan and Sarah may have only seen gradual progress in their fantasy, but Lester saw it as a wrecking ball that was demolishing the protective barriers of their marriage and Sarah’s virtue.

"Tell me you're going to do it for me," Lester said. "I'm going to make you fuck someone else, and you're going to love every second of it."

Sarah took her mouth off his cock and looked up at his ugly face. She let her tongue dangle out of her mouth and licked the underside of his cock, lowering herself down until her tongue reached the messy patch of public hair.

"Yes," she whispered, closing her eyes as her tongue started to lap at his hairy nutsack. "Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned as her tongue swirled around his balls, flicking over skin as his pubic hair caught on her tongue. Lester shifted his weight, pushing his balls into her mouth, eliciting louder groans from Sarah.

His thick shaft rested heavily on her face, blocking her left eye.

"God, that feels good," Lester grunted, "Such a good little slut wife."

Sarah chuckled from deep under Lester's balls, "You made me this way."

"I know," Lester said, "And you've enjoyed every minute of it. Whose fucked you more the past couple of months, me or Dan?"

"You've both have had me –"

"Not who had sex with you, who fucked you more, me or him?" Lester demanded.

Sarah didn't even need to think. There was no reason to lie. She knew the truth, "You've fucked me more, Lester." She sat up and answered, seeing him.

"Who's made you cum more?"

"You have," Sarah breathed, not breaking eye contact with Lester, "you."

"Who has put more cum inside that pretty little pussy of yours?" Lester chided.

"You. Your cum has filled me up more than Dan's," Sarah said.

"Whose slut are you?" Lester asked, his grin appearing evilly.

"Yours, I'm your good little slut, Lester," Sarah said slowly, accentuating each word.

"You'll do whatever I want, right?" Lester asked. He nodded to her.

"Anything," Sarah said. "Fuck. Anything."

"My SUV would have been better than your car with the tinted windows." Lester said, "You have an admirer."

Sarah's eyes grew like saucers, darting to the window next to Lester. Nothing there but a brick wall. Her head snapped over her shoulder to look out the other window. Her heart sunk in her chest as she saw Otis, the pudgy, older janitor, staring at them from a few feet away.

Sarah and Otis locked eyes. A million thoughts were going through her head simultaneously. What would he do? Was her career over? Was her life over? Otis seemed to be watching her, unsure of what to do next. He wasn't stroking himself, but Sarah could see the unmistakable lust painted on his plain face.

Lester's hands were on the back of her head, turning her back towards the tip of his cock, jutting up

towards her.

"Lester, wait," Sarah said, but he didn't listen. He pulled her head back down at the same time he thrust his hips up towards her. His beefy cock disappeared between her lips as he thrust up off the seat. Sarah slapped his thighs in protest, but those slaps slowed as another sound escaped her throat, "Mhhmmmmmm."

Lester knew she liked being exposed. Both being naked and in the midst of a sexual act. Someone wandering into their rendezvous was an opportunity he was more than happy to exploit. Lester didn't know the guy, but he looked like some kind of janitor. He didn't really care what the consequences might be at the moment.

Soon, Lester didn't have to put much pressure on the back of Sarah's head. She was rapidly bobbing up and down on his cock again with little resistance.

Lester glanced at the older man, who stepped towards the car, taking Sarah's continued actions as a green light to proceed further.

That's good. Lester thought. The man wasn't about to run away and report them, but also, Lester had turned the hot mother into an amazing cocksucker. Lester gestured to the man to come forward. Emboldened, the man stepped up to the car window, peering in. His eyes seemed wild, staring down, feasting on Sarah's near-naked body. It was clear to Lester that this man had been lusting after Sarah from afar and was now eager to take advantage of this opportunity.

"He's at the window. Watching you perform," Lester said. He kept a gentle hand on the back of her head, encouraging her to keep doing what she was doing instead of stopping to look. Lester kept his eyes on the man, watching as he unzipped his coveralls. Lester couldn't tell for sure but knew that the man had found his cock and was stroking it. The arms of the coveralls flopped down around his waist as the man struggled to get his torso out of it. Beneath was a battered white t-shirt with old sweat stains visible around the armpits, neck, and stomach.

"Touch yourself," Lester said, "Play with your breasts and your pussy. I want to watch you cum today."

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned, her left hand running over her breasts while the other dropped down to her panties. Her fingers went underneath the lacy white material until her fingertips touched her sensitive clit, slick with moisture. Sarah groaned at the sensation. Jolts of electricity coursed through her body at her knowing touch.

Sarah was lost in the sensations, her fingers pleasuring herself as the turmoil in her mind over Otis watching her raged. She knew it was a bad idea but was already so turned on. Being exposed to someone she knew she shouldn't have just upped the ante for her. Lester continued to fuck her mouth, causing her lips to stretch around his thick cock. Sarah loved every minute of this. Her body was in heaven. With each sensation of her fingers on her pussy and clit, Sarah's internal arguments grew weaker and weaker.

She didn't know how long it would take for Lester to cum, but she immediately felt herself well on her way to one. Even though she had only been touching herself for a few moments, her body already felt like it was on fire. The situation quickly spiraled out of control, and she couldn't help herself.

Part of her brain faintly registered the notification sound of her cell, but she quickly filtered it out as background noise, unimportant to the task of making Lester cum in her mouth.

The door clicked, and Sarah felt a rush of cold air dance across her body and the side of her face. Goosebumps rose on her otherwise perfect forearms as the humid heat that had been contained in the car rushed out. The door opening surprised Lester. His jowls shook as his head snapped to the door.

Sarah tried to raise her head to look over her shoulder, but Lester held her head down, her mouth full and stretched out by his girthy pistoning cock.

"Like what you see?" Lester said to the janitor behind Sarah. She knew that her bubble butt would be on display for him as she knelt on the car floor.

Sarah felt at once humiliated and turned on that someone from her work life was seeing her in just her bra and panties, let alone this janitor who creepily lusted after her from afar.

"Yeah," a guff, hoarse voice croaked out. Sarah's fingers started stroking her clit faster. Sarah felt so out of control but was reveling in the sensation of her body and her impending sense-frying orgasm. She knew deep down that there would be unintended consequences over this wild tryst, but she couldn't dwell on them. At the moment, the mere idea only added fuel to the burning fire of lust ready to boil over inside of her. She pushed down on her clit, sensing the edge of the inevitable.

"Do you know her?" Lester asked Otis.

"Yep," Otis grumbled. Sarah could hear the sounds of his clothes rustling and the flesh of his hand stroking his cock. "She's one of the hospital's bigshots. I always thought she probably liked getting dirty. Now I know for sure. Damn that ass." His last few words sounded like a condemnation. The older man's bloodshot eyes were wide open.

Otis started stroking his cock with more urgency. His eyes glued to Sarah's ass, rocking back and forth as she sucked on Lester's cock. Lester alternated between watching Sarah bob her head up and down on his cock and the man with his eyes glued to her.

"Ugh, you're such a good little cocksucker, Sarah," Lester groaned, holding a fist full of Sarah's hair in one hand. "And now your coworker knows it, too."

"Mhmmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned from around Lester's cock. Part of her wanted to close the car door and drive away. That was why she had chosen this spot, in case someone she knew came by. But Lester seemed to have other plans, and Sarah loved being exposed like this, even if it wasn't an ideal situation.

"Fuck," Otis mumbled from somewhere behind Sarah. She could just picture what she looked like right now from his viewpoint, bent over, ass sticking out as she sucked on Lester's cock.

"Put on a show, Sarah," Lester said, "I want that tongue on my balls again."

Lester roughly grabbed Sarah's hair and pulled her off his cock. She quickly caught her breath and glanced over her shoulder. Her stomach twisted seeing Otis so close to her, his calloused hands stroking a long uncut cock. Sarah gulped, staring at it. Lester turned her head back towards him and guided her face back down to his balls. Sarah shifted her position to get better access as her tongue started lapping again all over Lester's nutsack. She realized that her ass was probably sticking out further for Otis to see. She took one of Lester's balls in her mouth and massaged it with her tongue.

"Hey buddy," Lester said as he opened the car door next to him. Why don't you come over on this side and get a better view?"

Otis didn't need to be asked twice. Leaving the door on his side open, he quickly moved around the back of the car until he stood at Lester's open door. He stared angrily down at Sarah, watching her pretty blonde hair fall on Lester's crotch, her face obscured by Lester's thick cock.

Sarah was still stroking it with one hand as her tongue ran over Lester's balls, twirling around in circles, "Mhmmmmmmm."

"I've trained her really well," Lester said, "Now I get her more often than her husband does."

"Ain't that somthin'," Otis sucked in a bit of drool that had formed at the corner of his mouth. "She sure does look like she knows what she's doin'."

"She's a pro now," Lester chuckled.

"Were you two in her office awhile back?" Otis asked, "I cleaned up in there, and it looked like there were sex stains on the window."

"Guilty," Lester chuckled. Uhhh, that's good, Sarah. Why don't you say hi to our new friend?"

Lester loosed his grip on Sarah's head, allowing her to pull her head up. Sarah bit her lip and opened her eyes. Otis' uncut cock was way closer now. Her eyes lingered on it briefly before roaming up his pudgy body to look at his weathered face. Her body shuddered involuntarily at the hunger in the man's eyes. She recognized it. This was the kind of man a girl would cross the street to avoid after noticing that intense gaze.

Otis's scent was quite strong, and her nose was free of Lester's public hair. He smelled like an old gym bag, ancient.

"Hi, Otis," Sarah squirmed at the fact that Lester was making her acknowledge this man.

"Hey there, darlin'," Otis croaked, "Never thought I'd see you like this."

"Well, today's your lucky day," Lester grunted. Sarah's hand was still stroking his cock, running it up and down his shaft. "I'd shake your hand, Otis, but it looks like it's full at the moment," Lester chuckled.

"Sarah, do you want Otis to keep stroking his cock for you," Lester said. Sarah looked down at Lester's cock and then back up to his face. This all felt so wrong, so dirty, but so, so right. Sarah nodded.

"Good girl," Lester said, "Now let's show your coworker how you suck a cock." He guided her head back down onto his cock. Lester just groaned at the sensation. "Fuck Sarah, that's my girl. Yeah. Yesss."

Sarah bobbed her head up and down on Lester's cock, taking several inches into her mouth while both her hands clasped onto his shaft, stroking him. Sarah could hear the fleshy sounds of Otis beating his meat in her ear. She was worried and excited about what Lester might make her do in front of this man she hardly knew.

Sarah sucked determinedly on Lester's cock, running her tongue deftly around his shaft. Lester was in ecstasy at the professional blowjob Sarah was giving him It had been too long since she had blown him to completion. He made a mental note to make her do this more often.

"Put your hand back on yourself, don't stop, I want you to cum to this," Lester commanded.

Sarah dropped one hand off his cock and put it back into her panties. She moaned around the cock filling her mouth, and she resumed massaging her clit.

Sarah's hips swayed back and forth as her body gently ground itself against her probing fingers.

"You fuck her a lot?" Otis asked breathlessly.

"All the time," Lester chuckled, "More than her husband does at this point."

"Lucky fucker," Otis growled.

"She’s a great fuck. Moans like crazy. She loves my cock. I mean, just look at her." Lester sneered.

"Does her husband… know? Does he know she… " Otis stared hungrily as he stroked himself with abandon.

Lester chuckled, "Oh, he knows." Lester wanted to brag more but bit his tongue. Information is power, after all.

"He doesn’t stop you? He knows?" Otis stared at Sarah’s beautiful face as her lips stretched tightly to accommodate Lester’s girthy cock. Her eyes were closed, and she was quietly moaning in her throat.

"He knows his place," Lester said sternly. "His wife is my slut now."

"Damn," Otis said flatly, "I always knew she was a hot little bitch, but this is wild."

"Don’t go getting any ideas," Lester said, "Like I said, she’s mine. She does what I say."

Otis didn’t respond. He just continued staring intently at Sarah. Her moans were getting louder even with Lester’s cock in her mouth. She was gyrating her hips against her hand in her panties.

Sarah’s cell phone started ringing from the front seat.

"Don’t you dare stop," Lester said.

"Mhmm-hmmm," Sarah moaned in agreement, Lester’s cock still buried in her mouth.

"Sarah," Lester said, pulling her up by the hair on the back of her neck. "Tell me, who is this guy? You know him?"

"He works in the h-hosspital," Sarah breathed, "He’s uh –"

"Don’t stop touching yourself. Keep going," Lester interjected.

Sarah closed her eyes as she kept rubbing her clit. Doing this in front of Lester and a relative stranger like Otis was feeling intense. Someone she knew little about but knew enough to know that it was far from a good idea.

"He’s a janitor. I don’t really know him. But I’ve ssseen him watching mhm-me," Sarah said.

"I bet he has," Lester said, "How does he watch you?"

Sarah’s eyes darted to Otis’s uncut cock sticking in through the door, less than a foot away from her face. "He watches me like he’s checking me out. More than that. Like he’s waiting for an opportunity," Sarah breathed hard, closing her eyes as her fingers danced with her clit.

"What do you think about him? Be honest. We’re all friends here," Lester said.

"I doh-don’t really know him," Sarah said, "But the way he, uhh, is, oh, a-always watching. It’s creepy."

"You don’t think he’s attractive?" Lester asked.

Sarah tried to lower her mouth back to Lester’s cock, but he stopped her. "Answer the question," Lester commanded.

"No," Sarah whispered, closing her eyes as she stifled back a moan. It felt so fucking good touching herself like that.

"Open your eyes. Let us hear you moan. Let Otis hear those sweet moans of yours," Lester said.

"Uhhhmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned louder than she had wanted to. Anyone nearby would hear it, but now she couldn't stop herself. She kept rubbing her pussy while his other hand resumed stroking Lester.

"Take off your bra," Lester said, "Let the janitor see you naked."

"Leh-Lester… ," Sarah bit her lip. She knew it wasn't a good idea and was crossing the line. But she was already well over where that line was supposed to be.

"Do it," Lester said.

Sarah let go of Lester's cock and took her hand out of her panties. She reached behind her back and undid the clasp on her bra. She was about to take it completely off when Lester stopped her.

"Uh-uh, wait. Wait one second," Lester sneered.

The bra was unclasped, the straps still sitting on her shoulders.

"Otis," Lester said conspiratorially, "Do you want to do the honors?"

A shocked expression appeared on Sarah's face, but before she could react, Otis stopped stroking his cock. With the same calloused hand that had been sliding up and down his shaft, he reached out and slowly hooked a pudgy finger under one of her bra straps.

Sarah shuddered, feeling his skin touch hers, knowing it had just been on his cock.

"Touch yourself," Lester commanded again.

Sarah lowered one of her hands back down into her panties, her fingertips sending an electric jolt into her clit as she started massaging herself there again. Otis slowly lowered the white bra strap over her shoulder until it fell loosely by her bicep. His dirty finger lingered against the flawless skin of her shoulder.

Otis slowly ran his finger across her collarbone, lingering around her neck before slowly moving onto the other shoulder. He took his time, running his calloused fingertips over her bare skin until he finally found her other breath strap. With a sharp intake of breath, he slowly lowered this one down to her shoulder. Her lacy white bra hung there loosely as Sarah closed her eyes, enveloped in the pleasure of touching herself.

Otis' fingers ran down her chest, leaving goosebumps in their wake. He grabbed the lacy material of her bra and yanked it off. Sarah shuddered at finally being exposed to her creepy coworker. Her breasts heaved up and down in time with her rapid breathing.

"Open your eyes," Lester said.

Sarah did as Lester commanded. She watched as Otis' gnarled and dirty fingers held her pristine white bra. He brought it up to his nose and took a long sniff. The older man groaned in pleasure while he inhaled her scent.

Something about that made Sarah shudder. Her fingers never stopped working her clit, and somehow she found herself pleasuring herself while staring at Otis' ugly, weathered face. It was such an illicit experience. Sarah barely recognized the woman she was at that moment.

Otis opened his eyes, his face looking wild, like he had gotten high from inhaling Sarah's scent. He lowered Sarah's white bra and started running his long uncut cock all over it. Sarah watched in horror and fascination as his cock dragged across her lacy white bra, the uncut cock head rubbing against the inside and outside of her lace cups.

Otis smiled at her, but it didn't quite reach his eyes. They looked cold and unfeeling like they had earlier when he leered at her by the vending machine.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned despite herself.

"What do you think of Otis' cock?" Lester asked.

"It's nice," Sarah breathed, one eye lazily open, looking at the strange man's cock as she continued to touch herself, "I've never seen an uncircumcised one before."

"Tell Otis that you like it," Lester said, "Look at him."

Sarah felt her body quiver at Lester's commands. Her thighs tightened around her hand as she looked up at Otis' hard eyes, "I like your cock, Otis. It's long."

"Heh, it likes you too," Otis snarled, "Maybe you should come a little closer and get to know it better."

Sarah's eyes darted to Lester's, wondering what she should do next.

"She's occupied with mine," Lester said sternly. "Speaking of, get back down there and do what you do best."

Sarah licked her lips and eagerly licked up and down Lester's shaft. Her tongue swirled over the head of his cock. Sarah furiously stroked Lester's cock.

He never seemed to complain, no matter how hard she tightened her grip.

"God, that feels good, Sarah," Lester grunted. "Just like that."

"Mhmmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock. Despite the cool breeze and lack of clothing, she could feel her body heating up. She knew it was only a matter of time before she would come for Lester and Otis to watch.

"Those tits are amazing," Otis mumbled. He stared at the tops of her breasts, swaying as Sarah's hand was rapidly pumping Lester's shaft. Otis' face was making a scowl as he pumped his cock, desperate to cum to this woman. He had dropped Sarah's bra onto the floor of the car as he focused on jerking himself off.

Lester felt his balls begin to tingle. He loved that he'd put Sarah on display like this, stoking the fire of her kinks, bending her to his will, and pushing her well past whatever barriers her idiot husband wanted to put in their way.

As if on cue, Sarah's phone started ringing again, but Lester wasn't about to let that deter him. His balls felt full and were ready to unleash the torrent of cum he had built up in them, and he had the perfect place to put it.

"Fuck Sarah, I'm gonna cum," Lester growled, holding onto the back of her head, "Get ready,"
"Mhmmhmmm," Sarah moaned in response. She opened her mouth and spoke around his shaft with a desperate plea, "Cum for me." Neither man in the car understood her words, but they knew what she

meant.

"Ughhhhhh," Lester groaned as his testicles spasmed, cum exploded out of them, rushing up his shaft. Sarah could feel Lester's cock pulsating in her hand.

She locked her lips onto his cock as she felt his cock head expand in her mouth. Thick ropes of hot hot cum blasted into her mouth. Each frothy rope filled her mouth up, and Sarah struggled to swallow one down before another filled her mouth. Lester held onto the back of her head, groaning with delight as he emptied himself into Sarah's waiting mouth.

Sarah stopped stroking him, holding on tightly. She even stopped playing with herself, even though she was on the cusp of cumming herself. She didn't want to miss a drop of Lester's delicious cum.

"Uhhhhhh," Lester groaned as his balls wholly emptied. The only sounds in the car were Sarah's wet slurping sounds and Otis' beating his meat next to them.

As the torrent of cum stopped spraying into her mouth, Sarah's finger started touching herself in a frenzy. She could feel her orgasm just out of reach, and she needed to get it, especially now that Lester had cum.

Sarah let go of Lester's shaft and did one long final lick up the entire thing, opening her eyes as her tongue reached the tip of his cock.

"God, you're beautiful," Lester grumbled. Sarah bit her lip, her face flush. She was so close to cumming, quivering as she smiled at him. Lester read her like a book.

"You're close," Lester said, "You gonna cum for daddy soon?"

Sarah just nodded her head, not wanting to speak. She just wanted to focus on making herself cum. It would be soon. It would be considerable. She was breathing hard, her body getting ready for it. Otis was now beating his meat with abandon. His arm was bracing himself against the car, and his hips were pumping his cock into his hand like he was air fucking himself. It wouldn't be long before the dirty janitor blew his load.

With a sick smile, Lester grabbed Sarah's hair in one fist, pulling it back into a makeshift ponytail. Sarah winced in pain but didn't stop touching herself. Rubbing her clit. This situation was like kerosine, and her body was a bonfire, ready to explode.

Lester pulled her up roughly by her hair and pulled him over his crotch toward Otis' cock.

"Tell him you want his uncut cum," Lester snarled. "He's going to paint your face."

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, "Fuck… uhhhhh, mhmmmm, I want it… god. Fuck. Uhhhhh Otis… I want your cummm… " Sarah moaned, "Oh fuckk.. FUUUCK."

Saying those illicit words pushed Sarah over the edge. She opened her eyes to see Otis' uncut cock staring back at her. He was jerking it with abandon while Sarah's orgasm exploded out inside of her. All her muscles went taut, her face contorting uncontrollably with orgasmic bliss. Sarah felt like her insides were on fire, running all over her body, each new nerve touched by the fire exploding into pleasure sensors for her brain.

Sarah watched as Otis' body shuddered and his cockslit expanded. Lester held her hair firmly in place, keeping her face positioned right in front of Otis' cock. Cum exploded out of it, shooting straight at her. Globs of the janitor's sticky cum blasted Sarah right across the forehead. Another huge strand painted her eyes closed.

"Uhhhmhmmmmmaaaahmmmmm," Sarah moaned in ecstasy as she came hard, her body continuing to ride the wave of unfiltered pleasure. Her jaw went limp, and she opened her mouth to moan. At the same time, Otis shot another massive load of cum, and it blasted across her lips, shooting into her waiting mouth.

Sarah swallowed instinctively, tasting the sour cum. Without thinking, she licked her lips, cleaning her face and getting another taste of the janitor's cum. Another rope of cum landed squarely on her exposed tongue, sending a jolt of electric pleasure right to her brainstem. Sarah's pussy throbbed as Otis painted her face with his cum.

Eventually, Otis staggered back, leaning against the brick wall to catch his breath. Sarah just stayed there, frozen in time, her fingers gently playing with her pussy as cum dripped down her face.

Sarah kept lapping up the cum. She wasn't thinking straight, still just running on autopilot as her body came down from its intense orgasm. She stayed like that for several seconds, basking in the warm glow, partially hunched over with her hand still in her panties.

Sarah's senses started to come back to her. She withdrew her hand from her panties and wiped at the cum, holding her left eye shut. The taste of his cum in her mouth lingered, and only then did Sarah realize how sourly bitter it truly tasted.

Sarah reached around with her other hand and found Lester's pants on the floor. She grabbed them and began cleaning her face with them.

"Uh fuck Sarah," Lester complained, "Not my pants."

"Deal with it," Sarah said as she tried to open her eyes. Otis' cum was still embedded into her eyelashes, holding them together.

Lester turned to look at Otis, "Alright, time to get out of here."

Otis just stood there, staring at Sarah's heaving breasts and her cum covered face. He slowly got back to his senses and tucked his cock into his coveralls, and pulled them back on. Lester could tell the man wanted to stay. The men nodded knowingly at each other, and the janitor reluctantly shuffled off, disappearing behind the corner of the building. Sarah was leaning over the seat, getting something from the glove compartment, her gorgeous ass near his face. He kept his eyes on her as she leaned back with some wet naps and thoroughly cleaned Otis off her face and chest.

Lester closed his eyes, leaning his head back against the seat. His shit-eating grin appeared on his face. He was thrilled with how far he could push Sarah now. He hadn't expected her to keep going, not when she recognized the janitor from work. She might have stopped the whole thing if he hadn't held her head down. But now she had just taken a facial from the guy, forever altering her work-life.

"Come here," Sarah said, grabbing Lester's fat hands in hers. Lester opened one eye as Sarah pulled on his hands, urging him out of the car.

"What?" he snapped.

"We're not done yet," Sarah said sternly. "You're going to fuck me."

"What? We just –"

"Shut up, Lester, and get out here. I need this," Sarah let go of Lester's hairy knuckles as she exited the car. She slipped off her lacy white panties and threw them over Lester's shoulder into the car.

Lester hefted his heavy body out of the car. The car's frame rose up an inch as he got to his feet. Sarah was bent over the hood of the car, looking at him.

"How am I supposed to get hard again? You just swallowed everything in my balls." Lester was grinning. His cock hung down between his legs. It was semi erect and rising, watching the beautiful wife's ass.

Sarah pushed herself off the car and moved back toward him. "You? With that thing? You're kidding, right?"

The loving wife hugged Lester close when she reached him, their bare crotches rubbing against each other. She whispered in his ear, "Does my Daddy need help getting hard?" Sarah could already feel that Lester was growing, well on the way to fucking her. She was soaking wet. "Lester, I've thought about what you said earlier, and I guess you're right. I love your perfect fucking cock." Her hand had found his cock and was stroking him harder as she spoke. "And I love how my Daddy treats me… " her face had moved to face him. She looked directly into his eyes. "I-I lo-." Her tongue went directly into his mouth, cutting off her sentence as she stroked him desperately. Sarah looked down to see Lester at full size and length. Her eyes went wide.

"Great! Now please fuck me, Lester," Sarah backed off and returned to the car, where she bent over the hood again, offering herself to the odd fat man.

Lester felt his cock getting rock hard a second time. His eyes ran up Sarah's long legs to her perfect bubble butt. The sexy arch in her back as she bent over, her hands on the hood of the car as her breasts swayed, waiting for him. She didn't care that her bare feet were touching the asphalt. Or that she was naked in broad daylight for anyone to see.

Lester smirked, thinking back to how worried she'd been a few months ago when he fucked her in her office on display at the window. Now here she was, bent over, waiting for him to slide his cock into her almost in public.

"What if someone sees?" Lester said as he waddled up behind her. He ran a hand over her flawless bare ass. Sarah swayed her hips, pushing her shapely cheeks back into Lester's waiting hands, clearly hoping for more.

"It's a little late for that," Sarah said.

"Someone else might come and catch us," Lester held his freakishly large cock in his hand. It was already hard as a rock again, the purple veins pulsating in his palm.

"I don't care. Just shut up and fuck me," Sarah growled.

Lester licked his lips and reveled in the sight before him. The shit-eating grin was plastered on his face and probably would be for the rest of the day.

He stepped forward and ran his cock up and down Sarah's already drenched, dripping slit.

Sarah pushed her ass back at the perfect time, taking the fat head of Lester's cock into her pussy. It occurred to her that the timing was something she'd learned from Lester, but the thought was fleeting. "Ohhhhhfuuuckk," Sarah moaned as Lester's surging cock started to spread her pussy lips further open.

Lester slowly shoved more of his throbbing cock into Sarah's pussy. "Uhhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah groaned, dropping her head below her shoulders as she felt another of his inches disappear inside of her. "Jeessuuuusss," Sarah wailed.

"Fuck! How are you still so tight?" Lester grunted, pushing more of his reddened pole into her. "So fucking tight."

"Uhhhh god, Lester. Feels so fucking good, baby," Sarah moaned. She could feel Lester's cock expanding and stretching her pussy. His cock already felt so deep, pressuring and sliding across the walls of her pussy. "Mhmmmhmmmm."

Lester's cock already felt extra sensitive from just cumming. He was turning Sarah into an insatiable sex fiend and loved corrupting her.

"Fuck me, Lester. Shove it in. PLEASE," Sarah groaned.

"You got it," Lester sneered, pulling his cock all the way out to his head before ramming it back in fully to the hilt. His balls bounced raucously off her pussy lips as he fully buried himself into her at a rapid tempo.

"OHHHHGOD! FUUUUUUUCKKKKKK," Sarah screamed.

"Someones. Gonna. Hear. You," Leaster punctuated each word with a large thrust juddering into the young mother.

"I DON'T CARE," Sarah moaned loudly, her fingers splayed out on the hood of the car as she thrust her ass back onto Lester's cock, receiving his thrusts ecstatically. "GOD, Lester fuck me."

"With pleasure," Lester said. He grabbed her hips with both hands and started pumping into the young wife. His gut sat on top of her perfect ass. With every thrust, her ass cheeks slapped against his fat hips.

"MHMMHMMMMMHHUHHHHHHMMMMMM," Sarah moaned. Sweat was already running down her back, and her face flushed. Lester gritted his teeth and kept jackhammering his mammoth cock into Sarah. Her pussy squeezed him like an iron fist, not willing to let him go.

Sarah's mind raced with every person from the hospital who could come around the corner and possibly see them. While it was a low-traffic area and well out of the way, she knew others could still discover them. Hell, even Otis could even come back and see them. Who knows what he would do then? Of all the people that crossed Sarah's mind, not one of them would prompt her to stop fucking Lester. She just imagined a group of her coworkers standing around her car, watching her get fucked.

"Oh Fuck," Sarah breathed, "Don't stop, baby."

Lester ran one meaty ham hand over her ass, up her back, and gripped the back of her neck. On his next thrust forward, he pulled her back by the neck, impaling his cock deep inside her pussy. Sarah drew in a sharp breath, loving the way Lester was manhandling her.

"OHFUCK. OHGOD," Sarah moaned like a wolf howling at the moon. Lester grinned and did it again. And then again. Fucking Sarah. Pulled her back onto his cock while he thrust his hips up and forward, plowing his iron rod cock into her.

"Oh shit. Oh yes. Please, Lester," Sarah moaned. His cock was hitting her at the perfect angle, and she could feel another orgasm quickly rising up inside of her. Her thighs pushed against the warm steel body of the car, but nothing else mattered besides Lester's cock inside of her. "Please don't stop.

Please."

"You gonna cum for me?" Lester chuckled, "Cum on my cock? Maybe we should stop and see who it was that had been calling you." The car rocked on its suspension in time with the rutting couple.

"Don’t stop. Don’t you fucking dare," Sarah moaned as Lester continued to piston in and out of her.

"Who do you think it was?" Lester teased, "Who was calling you while you had my cock down your throat."

"Dan," Sarah said through gritted teeth, "It was Dan."

"Heh, so you ignored your husband so you could taste my cock?" Lester sneered, "How do you know?"

"Uhhhh. I… ,uhhhhfuck, I text him before… asking if it was okay… god," Sarah moaned.

"What did he say?" Lester asked.

"H-he didn’t answer in time," Sarah moaned her confession.

"What if he was calling you telling you not to? Trying to stop it from happening. Now he’s alone in Chicago, worried while you’re getting your brains fucked out behind a building at your work." Lester chuckled.

"Just shut up and fuck me," Sarah said.

Lester slowed his pace. Sarah tried thrusting her hips back onto his cock, but he held her at bay, pulling his cock back so just the immense head stayed inside of her. Sarah whined her disappointment, cajoling him to fuck her silly.

"You have a choice to make," Lester said, breathing heavily. "Stop and go call Dan back. Be a good wife and mother." Lester then shot his hips forward in a series of short thrusts into Sarah, causing her to moan pathetically.

"Or keep fucking me on your car and be my slut instead. Which would you rather be? The good wife or my personal little slut?" Lester growled deeply.

Unsure, Sarah looked back at Lester over her shoulder. The lust apparent on her face told Lester her answer. He stood still, waiting for her to say it.

"I want to be your slut, Lester. Now fuck me," Sarah demanded, turning back and presenting her ass to the man inside her.

Lester grinned, grabbing her neck in a firm grip and pushing her body down onto the dirty hood of her car. Sarah’s bare breasts mashed against the hood.

Lester pushed his cock rigidly into her, her hips mashing against the steel frame of the car.

"OHHHFUCK," Sarah moaned, her blond hair splayed out in all directions over the hood, "GOD."

"God, rrrgh, God has nothing to fucking do with this," Lester grunted, thrusting into her. Beads of sweat dripped copiously down from his forehead, pattering onto her lower back. "Say my fffucking name slut."

"Lester," Sarah purred, "Lester! Fuck me, Lester. Oh, oh, OOOH. Fuck me. Please, Lester. Don’t fucking stop. I’m so close. So fucking close, Lester."

"Uhh yeah," Lester groaned, his huge cock sliding rhythmically in and out of Sarah’s clasping pussy. He had her pinned against the hood of the car as he sunk into her, and Sarah loved every minute of it, her body thrusting back, trying to take more and more of his hammering cock into her. "You gonna cum for me? Huh?"

"Yes," Sarah wheezed, having trouble catching her breath. "I'm close. So fucking close."

"Me too," Lester said. "I can feel another load ready to blow."

Sarah's body started thrusting back with abandon at his words, ready for the flow of his cum, Needing his sticky seed. Lester pushed down on her body hard, wedging her against the side of the car. She didn't have any leverage as he pulled his cock almost all the way out of her. She tried in vain to push back into him.

"Why?" She squealed, "Give it to me. I need it."

"Tell me you love me first," Lester said, "I, I want you to admit you love me."

Sarah didn't say anything. She pushed into the ground with the balls of her feet and tried in vain to thrust back onto his inflexible cock. But he held her still, not letting her move. "Please, Lester! I'm, I'm so close."

"Then say it. Tell me what I want to hear," Lester said. She knew he was grinning.

"Ughhhhhhh," Sarah moaned as she squeezed her pussy around the bit of Lester's cock inside of her. "I love you. Okay? I fucking love you. Now, fuck me."

"Keep saying it," Lester said as he slid his entire length back into her quickly. He pulled out and repeated the same thing, "Like you mean it now. I want to cum again, hearing you scream it."

"OH FUCK," Sarah moaned. Lester was pounding into her now, and it felt like he was getting deep enough to split her in two. She was in heaven. "FUCK LESTER. I, I FUCKING LOVE YOU. DON'T STOP. I LOVE YOUR HUGE COCK. MAKE ME YOUR SLUT."

"UHHHRRGH, AGAIN," Lester croaked. He could feel his balls begin to tingle and knew he was going to cum again. This time, he was going to plant his load deep into Sarah Williams as she professed her love for him.

"I LOVE YOU, LESTER, I LOVE YOU," Sarah screamed, her pussy clenching down onto Lester's cock.

Lester felt his balls tighten as Sarah squeezed around him.

"OH FUCK, OH FUCK, DON'T STOP," Sarah screamed, causing birds in a nearby tree to take flight.

"HERE IT CUMS," Lester bellowed as his whole body shook.

Sarah was on the cusp of cumming explosively when Lester's cock expanded inside of her pushing her over the edge. Sarah's orgasm crashed down onto her like an unexpected tidal wave. A surge of cum blasted into her, spraying across all of her sensitive nerves. Each rope that hit her insides was like a crescendo, shooting her orgasm up to another level.

"FUCKKKKKK," Sarah screamed, "I FUCKING LOVE YOU LESTER. YES. GOD FUCK YES."

"FUCK YEAH," Lester came triumphantly, "That's right."

Sarah's entire pussy felt full of Lester's cum, but somehow he kept adding more volume to it. Sarah's body was still going through the throes of her orgasm as Lester collapsed down onto her. His warm breath on her neck, his sweat-slick chest melding with the sheen on her back.

"Mhmmhmmhmmmmm," Sarah mewed, her body tingling all over from the fireworks that had just rattled

her insides.

Lester kissed her on the back of her neck and then pushed himself off of her and her car. He pulled his cock back out of her with an audible plop they both heard. Sarah immediately missed the comfort of the feeling of Lester's cock inside of her. His vicious cum started oozing down her leg.

Lester looked around for any voyeurs but didn't see any. He glanced at Sarah, still bent over the hood, his cum bubbling ing out of her used pussy. I do great work. Tired and exhausted, Sarah eventually collected herself and managed to stand up straight on unsteady bare legs. This had not been how she thought her afternoon would go, to say the least.

"We'd better hurry up before someone else finds us," Lester said, still admiring her nude figure.

Sarah just nodded as she found her clothes in the backseat and started to put them on. Based on her previous experiences with Lester, her white panties were going to be soaked with fragrant cum by the time she got home. She grimaced at the new yellow stains on her previously pristine bra. It looked like Otis left some pre-cum stains on it that she knew would never wash out. Her stomach churned at the realization that someone from her work had seen her and, more than that, had actually cum on her. On her face. She didn't know if Otis would try anything in the future, but she needed to be ready for anything if he did.

Lester got himself dressed and plopped into the passenger seat. As Sarah got behind the car's wheel, she heard Lester chuckling.

"What?" Sarah asked.

Lester held up her phone for her to see. The notifications on the screen said she had a few texts and two missed calls from Dan.

"I wonder whether Dan would give you permission or not?" Lester put the phone down in the cupholder. "You're a mess, by the way."

Sarah looked at herself in the rearview mirror. Her hair looked like she just had sex, and her makeup was smeared. She sighed, unsure how she would go back to work looking like that.

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"Thank you, officer," Lester said into the receiver, "I'll swing by the station and pick it up as soon as I can."

Lester smiled and hung up the phone, leaning back in his chair. Vernon had been dealt with and arrested on theft and fraud charges. Now, it was time to knock Dan down a few pegs. It felt fitting to do that next. Lester swiveled in his chair and looked around at his new office. It was plain and bland, just as Sarah's had been.

The view out the window overlooked the roof of another section of the hospital. All in all, it was fine. It had been relatively easy talking Richard into giving him a temporary trial run as the interim head of the hospital's IT department. Lester knew it wouldn't last, though.

While he could no doubt do the job, he didn't care to. Sitting through boring meetings and making comments on quarterly strategic reviews sounded like a death sentence. But he had what he wanted for now—another foothold into Sarah's William's life and a private room at her job.

There were a lot of logistic considerations he needed to figure out, namely the expectation for him to be in this office when his command center was in his Chicago apartment. Richard begrudgingly had only given

him a few weeks to settle his affairs with his 'previous employer.' The idiot had seen it as a power move to try and make Lester start right away with little consideration for anything else. Richard probably felt great about his business acumen in pitching him the lowball offer Lester had accepted. Perhaps he would return to Chicago and dig up more dirt on the man to extort him.

Lester got up and walked around his desk to the door. Before he wrapped up here for the day, he needed to take care of a few pieces of business. The first was to track down the facilities department location and talk with Otis. The second was to inquire with HR about the possibility of reallocating a particular administrative resource from the top floor to work under him.

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Sarah swore that the head of radiology knew that she had just received a facial. She pushed down the urge to touch her face, instead plastering on a trademark smile as the meeting went on. It felt like everyone else in the room was staring at her.

She shifted uncomfortably in her seat as she felt a thick glob of Lester's cum leak out into her panties. While her colleagues discussed department key performance indicators, Sarah's mind was reeling with the thought that Otis knew her secret and that he and Lester had used her just an hour before.

Sarah had done her best to clean herself up. She knew there wasn't any cum on her face or hair. She had already washed her face and reapplied her makeup but could still feel it, likely deep in her pores.

There were messages and a voicemail from Dan that she would check once she was done with work.

As one meeting rolled into the next and Sarah was treated to more PowerPoint slides, she felt herself growing turned on at the fact that she had been so thoroughly used and no one knew about it. The meetings were mostly filled with colleagues who respected her; if only they knew what she had been up to.

Sarah bit her lip as someone showed a series of bar graphs. She didn't know which was hotter to think about. The fact that no one knew about her tryst or the idea that some of them knew but didn't say anything. She felt herself growing flush. Suddenly, the meeting room felt too small and hot as her brain struggled with her fantasies.

The rest of the day went by quickly. Thankfully, she didn't run into Lester or Otis. She half expected one of them to intercept her in the parking lot, but thankfully, she picked up her daughters and got home without issue.

After dinner and tucking the girls in, she was finally about to turn off mommy mode, but the day's events replayed in her head. It was only then that Sarah realized she was still wearing her soiled clothes from earlier. Shaking her head, Sarah stripped out of her clothes and underwear, leaving them in a clump on her bedroom floor. Then, she turned on the water in the bathroom to draw herself a bath.

Hey everyone - Happy Thanksgiving to all the American readers out there. I hope everyone is doing well. November and this year are flying by so fast. It's almost 2025.
It's been a fun ride with all the stories I've been able to write for you. Thank you for helping me to bring them all to life. I have a lot of fun story ideas I can't wait to start working on.
Thanks for the Insider feedback on this chapter, I've added a scene or two and expanded some others while tweaking some minor details along the way.
The short story poll will close on Sunday and then I'll see which short story I'll be writing next. As of right now it looks like it'll be one about an undercover wife.
Anyway, I know what you are here for—more Sarah and Lester adventures (and Dan, too, right?). Without further ado, let's get into it.

“What? How the hell is that possible?” Dan sighed and leaned his head back against the brick wall. He pulled his jacket tighter; the cool breeze ruffled his hair. “I thought your new boss was cleaning house. Why the hell did he hire Lester?”
He heard Sarah’s exhale through the phone, “I…I don’t know. He’s cut me out of any important decisions. I didn’t even know he was considering something like this. His email does say that Lester is only the interim head of IT so who knows what that means. I don’t know how that’ll work with Lester being in Chicago or if he’s moving here….”
The idea of Dan being trapped in Chicago while Lester was running around living in Middleton made his stomach churn. If Lester did that, what would happen to their agreement about the apartment and rent? Dan was potentially looking down the barrel of a bleak future. He knew he’d figure something out but still didn’t love the idea of so much of his life in upheaval.
If things really turned sour, Dan would really need to look for a new apartment and land a new job that paid way better than his current one. He didn’t feel confident in either option. Rentals seemed to have skyrocketed and he still wasn’t getting called back for interviews as much as he’d hoped. At least he had income from his side-consulting business. If he could bolster that part a bit more, his options would increase. Landing a new job seemed out of reach at the moment. He wasn’t hearing anything back from the application he had put out. Maybe he could convince Walt to bring his salary back to where it was, especially now that they were taking some new clients from Jesse’s company.
“I don’t like it. It doesn’t seem like something Lester would be interested in. Why would he want to move and work there? I assume he’s doing well for himself based on what he charged your hospital to get rid of their hacking issue. That should at least float him for a while. Plus he is covering my rent right now. He must be doing okay.” Dan peered at the building across the street. It was a beautiful tall steel structure with large panes of glass that stretched towards the sky. He’d only been in the building a handful of times but still felt the power of its presence. His eyes watched the front doors as people came and went.
“I doubt the hospital pays more than he’d make doing whatever it is he does now,” Sarah said, “It’s not like he has a passion for healthcare. I’m not sure what Richard said to him to get him to sign on.”
“It might not be anything that Richard said. Who knows, maybe Lester angled himself into it. When he was leaving Chicago he made it sound like he was being fired or promoted. Maybe he made a case for himself that went over well.” Dan said.
“Well, it probably won’t impact me too much,” Sarah sighed. “It’s not like I’m being invited to the bigwig meetings anymore.”
“I wouldn’t be so sure,” the wheels in Dan’s head spinning. “I don’t think Lester is just going to forget about you.”
“Oh I’m aware,” Sarah said, “I’m pretty unforgettable.”
“That you are,” Dan squinted as he thought he recognized someone exiting the building but relaxed when he realized he was wrong. “I don’t like that Lester is going to be around you more often. He’s going to try something.”

“I can handle Lester. Enough about this stupid hospital,” Sarah said, “What about you? Things still quiet over there? No more Lincoln Group?”
The muscles in Dan’s shoulders tightened at the mention of the slimy company. “No, nothing yet. I’m still waiting for the other shoe to drop but we haven’t heard from them. Not since Jesse’s company got hacked. Actually, some of their clients have lost faith in them and have come over to us.”
“That’s great,” Sarah said.
“We’ll see. It’s not like it‘s a ton of business. It sucks for them that they got hacked but Walt’s happy. It seems like everyone’s getting hacked nowadays.” Dan said. As he spoke, something itched at the edge of his mind. He couldn’t quite place what it was.
“Yeah, it seems like someone new is getting hacked every day. Maybe I should quit and start a company with Lester and make us rich,” Sarah laughed.
“Don’t even joke about that.” Dan shivered at the thought, “It’s bad enough he’ll be in Middleton more often.” With you.
“Are you worried about me and Lester being so close?” Sarah said sultrily, “Worried what might happen?”
“After what you told me happened in the car while you were at work? Yeah. Obviously,” Dan said.
“I tried texting you, but you didn’t answer in time,” Sarah said innocently.
“The next time,” Dan got up off the wall as the person he was waiting for emerged from the building across the street. “You’ll have to wait for me.”
“Yes, Dad, God!” Sarah laughed at her husband.
“Hey, I gotta go. We’ll talk more about this later, okay? I love you.” Dan moved off the wall and hurried across the street.
“I love you too,” Sarah said and then hung up.
The cardboard bankers box sat at the man’s feet as he stared down at his phone. Dan quickly closed the distance between them.
“Jesse,” Dan said, marching up to his former protégé.
“Fuck,” Jesse said, almost dropping his phone, “Dan, what the hell are you doing here?”
Dan looked down at the box at Jesse’s feet, “Got let go?”
“Yeah,” Jesse looked crestfallen. They laid a bunch of us off. The hack caused us to lose a lot of business, and apparently, I’m not worth keeping around.”
Dan tried to look sympathetic, but he internally knew that Jesse would be the first on his list to let go due to his sheer lack of competence.
“Why are you here?” Jesse snapped.
“I want to know what you’re doing with Lester.” Dan demanded, “What have you told him? How are you two working together?”
Jesse’s eyes widened in shock, “I don’t know what you mean, who’s Lester?”
“Don’t bullshit me Jesse. I already know you know who Lester is, remember? I know you didn’t just show up at that club. And Lester seemed to know an awful lot about what happened in Minnesota,” Dan said.
With the mention of Minnesota, Jesse’s face regained its composure. “You mean how your wife fucked another guy?” He said loudly, drawing the eyes of people around them.
Dan cringed at so many people hearing his outburst. Jesse glanced down at his phone.
“My ride’s here,” Jesse said as he bent down and picked up his banker box as a car pulled up to the curb. Before Dan could say anything, Jesse got into the back of the car, and it took off.
Dan looked around and saw a few people looking in his direction. He felt his face grow red and quickly walked away. He didn’t want to be around all these people who’d heard what Jesse’d said. Who knew, maybe he would work here one day and these people would recognize him from this little scene.
His confrontation with Jesse hadn’t gone the way he’d hoped. He’d come in too hot and put Jesse on his backfoot, making him lash out. A subtler approach would have been better in hindsight. Still, Jesse

looked like a deer in the headlights when he mentioned Lester and the two of them being in communication with one another. He just knew something was going on there. Dan opened the public transit app on his phone and looked at the schedule. The bus he needed to catch would be arrving soon. Dan hurried his pace to get to the bus stop in time.

He couldn't stop running through things in his head as he waited for it. Why would Lester and Jesse even know each other? There was no way they ran in the same circles unless Jesse was a D&D nerd, too. Did Jesse know that Dan had been behind him getting fired in the first place? He couldn't imagine him holding a grudge like that, given he'd gotten an even better job. But Dan, knowing himself, would still be holding that grudge. Or was Lester fucking with him somehow? Maybe using Jesse to dig up dirt on him. Maybe Lester had let it slip that he was taking Sarah to that club, which is why Jesse showed up.

Dan's bus pulled up to the stop just as he got there. Dan swiped his pass and he got in. There was something to this. His brain felt so close to solving it, but he just couldn't quite get there. Music from another passenger and the smell of stale cigarettes seemed to pull him out of his contemplation. The bus started to drive, and Dan's thoughts shifted.

He wished he was home with Sarah right now. He hated being so far away. The homesickness was even worse now that he knew Lester would be spending more time in Middelton. That still didn't sit at all right with him. He didn't like Lester being anywhere near his home and his family.

Images of the last time he caught Lester in his bedroom with Sarah flooded into his brain. The way she'd moaned and the dirty things she'd said. He shifted uncomfortably on the leather seats of the car. He already had half an erection just thinking back to that memory.

With Lester in town, there was no way he wouldn't try something at their home again. He knew he could trust Sarah but lately, he didn't like how much of a hold Lester seemed to have on her. He was blown away when she told him about her tryst with Lester in the car and how they had sex again at her workplace. She never would have done that before, not even with him.

Maybe it was all the stress she was under, letting things slip to justify her actions. But Lester always seemed to push her beyond what her husband understood to be her limits. Dan took out his phone and opened his internet browser.

There was no way Lester wouldn't try something at his house. Dan typed in home security and started looking through a series of security cameras. Most were obvious and bulky, but he wanted to see what discrete options were out there. He didn't love the idea of a big security camera in his home bedroom. He spent the rest of the ride looking at different security cameras and stumbled onto a pinhole camera and a variety of them that mimicked real devices like picture frames, power outlets, and even smoke detectors. He planned on buying a couple and putting them around his house the next time he was home. They looked really impressive; you could hardly even notice the cameras embedded into them. They looked just like the ones around his apartment.

There was no way Lester would ever know. He'd get them shipped to his office. Even looking at these, he felt icky as it signaled that he didn't fully trust Sarah. At least, that's how she would see it. But he had to do this for his peace of mind. He couldn't protect her if he didn't know what was going on.

Being in Chicago, he felt like there was a huge fog between him and Middleton, obscuring his view. Anything could happen.

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The imperial march blared out from the center console of Lester's SUV. Lester rolled his eyes, unwrapped the hamburger, and took a bite. Sauce dripped out onto his cheeks, but it didn't bother Lester. He reveled in the taste.

His phone started ringing again. Lester's face contorted with anger at being distracted from his foot. He took a large swig of his soda and answered the phone.

"What?" He said bluntly. He took another bite of the burger.

"Dan knows," Jesse sounded out of breath, "He knows."

“What does he know?” Lester chuckled and shook his head. “There’s nothing to know after you blew me off for that limp dick in Minnesota. How’d that work out for you?”
“He just came up to me at work. He talked about me being at that club with you guys and you knowing all about what was going on in Minnesota. He knows about us,” Jesse said.
“There’s no ‘us,’” Lester scoffed. If Jesse thought he was a co-conspirator, he was sorely mistaken. At most, he was a useful idiot that Lester strung along, “So you happened to be at a nightclub, so what? There’s no proof or anything else. You didn’t tell him anything, did you?”
“No…No, I didn’t,” Jesse stammered, “My Uber came and I left. You must have messed up somewhere because he said you knew all about Minnesota and Byron.”
Lester stayed silent for a few seconds. He didn’t remember revealing his hand, but Dan tried to accuse him of talking with Jesse before he left for Middelton. Perhaps he had let something slip. Dan was throwing darts blindly in the dark. He didn’t know what he was aiming for, but he could still hit the target.
“Just keep your mouth shut and don’t talk to Dan,” Lester said, “I’ll be in touch.”
“Hey, what are -”
Lester hung up the phone and finished his burger. The gears turned in his head. He had hoped Dan would be pacified after seeing his wife become his wanton slut, but it seemed like he wanted to keep being a thorn in his side.
Dan reminded Lester a bit of Lizzie’s boyfriend, Issac, who always put his nose in places it didn’t belong. It was probably only a matter of time before Dan did something stupid that jeopardized Lester’s plans. The snare had been set around Dan for a long time now. It was time to tighten the rope. Sooner or later, Lester’s machinations would be revealed.
He would rather do it on his own terms instead of Dan exposing him.
Jesse’s calling had amused Lester. Now that his relationship with the Lincoln Group was severed it seemed like all the little man’s false bravado had wilted. He was like a leaf in the wind;, whichever way Lester blew, Jesse would be pushed along in that direction. Other than his tenuous connection to Dan, Jesse didn’t have much value. But another lackey like his guild-mate Ned could always be useful.
Lester threw all the trash from his lunch into the backseat of his SUV, grabbed the small pill bottle from the center console, and then got out of the car. He strolled down the sidewalk, keeping an eye over his shoulder to nosy neighbors. Lester chuckled as he looked at all the houses adorning the perfect street. All these fucking rubes think they got it all with their little houses and white picket fences. They don’t know what life is really like. How dangerous the world really is.
He slowed his pace as he approached the Williams’ house. Dan was in Chicago, and Sarah would still be at work. Their daughters would still be at school, and the house would be empty.
Satisfied that he wasn’t being watched, he walked up to the front door. He fished out his keys from his pocket and quickly found the copy of Sarah’s key he had made weeks earlier. Lester grinned as he slid it into the keyhole.
He couldn’t turn it. His nostrils flared as he gripped the key tighter, trying to turn it. It didn’t budge. With a huff, he looked over his shoulder again for any neighbors. The street was quiet. Most people were still probably at work.
Lester shuffled around to the back of the Williams’ house and tried to open the backdoor with his key. This lock didn’t budge either.
“Mother fucker,” Lester mumbled under his breath and kicked the door hard. He left the house and waddled back to his car. Fucking Dan. That mother fucker really needed to be put in his place. It couldn’t happen soon enough.
His key had worked the last time when he interrupted Sarah in her bath. She must have said something to Dan, and that fucker changed the locks. Lester slammed the car door shut as he got behind the steering wheel. His phone chimed softly in his pocket.

Another work email. This hospital was incessant. All these stupid fucking internal emails about bullshit that didn't matter. These people really had nothing better to do than just email each other all day. With a snarl, Lester opened his phone and looked over the hospital emails.
He stopped on one that made him raise an eyebrow. Then, a wicked grin crept onto his face. It looks like an opportunity to get past the Williams' locked doors just presented itself.
The universe truly was on his side.
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"Hello? Earth to Dan?" Sarah said.
"Huh?' Dan's mind snapped back to the present, putting his thoughts about Jesse and Lester on the back burner. He had tried to figure out how they could know each other. Unfortunately, Jesse wasn't answering his calls or emails. Part of him reasoned that maybe they didn't know each other, that it was all just a coincidence, but Dan couldn't let it go. That look on Jesse's face had been telling. There was something there that he had to figure out.
"Just lost in thought. Sorry, what were you saying?" Dan asked.
Sarah gave him a flat look from the other side of the elevator and uncrossed her arms. They were riding up to his apartment. "I was just saying how Lester has been letting go of people in the IT department," Sarah sighed, "People who had been there longer than I have. I don't know how he will run his department without all these people. But Richard and the board seem quite happy with the lower headcount, and so far, nothing catastrophic has happened."
"I still don't get how Lester is able to split his time between here and there," Dan watched the numbers on the elevator tick up until they reached their floor and the doors opened.
"Apparently, HR negotiated some hybrid deal where he splits his time between here and there. At least for now." Sarah walked out of the elevator as Dan held the doors for her.
"Has he bothered you at all? I mean, since the car incident," Dan asked.
"The car incident?" Sarah raised an eyebrow at him as they walked down the hall.
"You know when you fooled around with Lester in our car without my permission?" Dan said.
Sarah looked straight ahead. There might be something there that she wasn't telling him.
"No. He's seemed pretty swamped with his work lately. I have barely seen him," Sarah said.
"You sure? You can tell me, you know. That's part of the deal here." Dan said carefully.
"I know, Dan, there isn't anything. He hasn't come by my cubicle at all. It's actually kind of weird. I was expecting he would be all over me every day, but he's kept his distance."
Dan furrowed his brow thinking her words over. It didn't make sense. Lester seemed obsessed with his wife. Why would he just give up? Especially when he had her so close now, "That's weird."
"Yeah," Sarah said. Was it just his mind imagining things, or did she sound slightly disappointed?
"Anyways, what do you want to do this weekend? I thought it would be fun to play tourist. Maybe do a little shopping and get some dinner." Sarah looked over at him and smiled as they turned the corner, his apartment door coming into view.
"I'd like that. But we do need to save right now. We should try to find something not too expensive to do." Dan hated being the pragmatic one but things were shaky with both of their jobs at the moment.
"That's no fun, but you make a good point," Sarah sighed. A mischievous glint appeared in her eyes as she looked over at him, "Maybe I should get Lester to take me out. That way, I can pick up a few things, and it doesn't hit our wallet."
"You're mean," Dan scolded her playfully, "Besides, you know Lester will want a different kind of payment."
"It's not like I haven't paid it before," Sarah bit her lip and gave Dan her best fuck me eyes. "I think in the end, I'll be the one who comes out on top either way."

Her meaning wasn't lost on Dan. She'd get her mindblowing sex and whatever else she gained from the shopping trip. Or she meant she would be the one riding Lester. Sarah's innuendo had layers that Dan had yet to unravel.

"Besides, it's been a few weeks since Lester and I have had anything that could be considered a date. I'm sure he'll want to try something this weekend. We might as well make the most of it." Sarah said, taking her keys out of her purse as she slid them into the lock of his apartment.

Dan had considered the same thing, but it was strange that they weren't even in the apartment yet, and Sarah was already planning to ditch him. She was doing it in a flirty, playful way, but he couldn't help but take her suggestion seriously. His wife didn't seem nearly as perturbed about their continuing arrangement with Lester as he did. While it was true he did get off on it, Sarah seemed almost eager about this weekend. Was it because Lester had ignored her at work when she had expected him to be all over her?

During an earlier phone call, when he mentioned Lester and Jesse talking on the sly, she thought he was reading too much into things. Dan had bit his tongue since he didn't have a silver bullet to prove anything. Even though he knew in his gut something was going on, he decided not to confront Lester again or bring it up with Sarah until he had solid proof.

Once he found proof, how would Lester react? He wasn't sure it would change anything with their status quo but he was obsessed with figuring it out anyway.

The apartment door swung open and Dan's eyes immediately saw the back of Lester's fat head over the back of the couch. It turned in their direction and Lester's beady eyes came into view as he leered at Dan's wife. Dan's stomach twisted at the manic stare from the odd man.

"Hey there," Lester said smugly, his eyes roaming over Sarah's body as he pushed himself up off the couch. Dan couldn't help but grimace at Lester's faded clothes with unknown stains on them. "I was wondering when you would get here."

Dan closed the door silently behind them.

"Hey Lester," Sarah said, resting her suitcase on the wall Dan's eyes darted back and forth between Lester and his wife, analyzing how they interacted with each other. Lester plodded out from behind the couch. Sarah caught Dan looking at her. She tried to suppress a smirk and shook her head, likely thinking that he was already getting himself worked up over the situation.

"You're show's on," Lester gestured with a thumb behind him at the TV. "Love is Blind, I just started the new season."

Dan gave Lester a flat stare. There was no way his nerdy ass was into that show. It was one of Sarah's trash TV guilty pleasures.

"Oh I haven't had time to start it yet," Sarah said "How far into it are you?"

"Just started it," Lester smiled, "I picked up some of that wine you like too. I'll pour you a glass."

"You know, that sounds nice," Sarah stretched her hands over her head, still stiff from the car. Her t-shirt rode up and exposed her midsection. Dan caught Lester's eyes as they roamed over her exposed skin. "It was a long ride, I could use a little wine."

"Okay," Lester cast a glance towards Dan. "I just need my kiss first."

"Kiss?" Sarah chuckled, eyeing Lester suspiciously, "What do you mean?"

"You just came home. Don't you normally kiss Dan when you haven't seen him for a while?" Lester asked. "Get over here and give me some sugar."

Dan took a step forward and was about to say something to his lecherous roommate. Sarah looked over at him and it was like she could read the tension on his face and taut muscles on his neck. She gave him a mischievous smile and suddenly Dan found himself staring into her bedroom eyes. Dan was powerless to stop her when she looked at him like that.

"Okay," Sarah breathed, still locking eyes with her husband as she stepped toward Lester. Dan watched in horror as his wife quickly closed the distance to his slobbish roommate. She was still staring into his soul

with her lust-filled eyes as Lester's arms encircled her body. She turned her head at the last moment to look up at Lester's face before her eyes closed and their lips met.
Dan braced himself for an ugly and hungry kiss but felt even more revolted as the kiss turned out to be far more sensual with a profound tenderness. Seeing his beautiful wife engage with Lester's ugly features like that made his stomach do a flip. He gripped the handle of Sarah's suitcase as he watched the two of them slowly kiss each other.
It felt like it went on for an eternity, but eventually, their lips parted, with Sarah biting her bottom lip and staring up at Lester like she wanted more. After a few seconds, a shit-eating grin appeared on Lester's face, and Sarah came back to reality.
She looked at Dan, and a flustered expression appeared on her face. Like she'd lost herself in that kiss with Lester for a moment, forgetting her husband was even there. Lester seemed to notice, and a big grin appeared on his face as he sauntered off to the kitchen.
"I'll bring your bag to the bedroom," Dan said, his hand still gripping the handle of her suitcase tightly as he rolled it down the hallway. When he returned to the living room, Lester was handing Sarah a glass of wine while he took a sip for himself. There wasn't a third one.
"You know," Lester said as he gestured for Sarah to sit on the couch, "When you visit Chicago, we should really start carpooling back to Middleton. What's the point of us both paying for gas and sitting in cars by ourselves? I could sure use the company on that drive."
Sarah turned towards Dan as she sat down on the couch, "Dan, can I get you something to drink?"
"I'll get it, don't worry," he said with a knowing look as he went to the kitchen to get himself a beer.
"What do you think?" Lester said to Sarah, "Should we carpool back after the weekend?"
"I don't know Lester, I think its best if we drive seperate. I like the freedom to come and go as I want," Sarah said.
"Your house is even on the way from my hotel," Lester said. I could pick you up and drop you off. It's door-to-door service."
The mention of his house irked Dan. He didn't realize how sore of a subject it still was for him. "She said 'no' Lester, drop it," Dan said as he dropped down into the chair across from the couch. The chair where he had now sat several times as he watched this brute of a roommate defile his wife.
"Whatever," Lester grumbled as he gave Dan a flat stare. A creepy smile spread onto his face, "I guess we should focus on tonight anyways. I've got a very romantic evening planned."
"Oh?" Sarah asked, surprised.
"Yeah, Lester," Dan said, "Who said anything about a date tonight?"
"I did," Lester looked back at them, "It's part of the deal. And its been weeks since I've taken Sarah out properly. I don't count trysts at work as dates."
"Then what the hell would you count them as? It seems like you're getting exactly what you want," Dan said.
"Perks," Lester grinned, "For all my hard work. You know, its not easy supporting myself and you Dan. Being a provider is hard."
"You piece of –"
"What I think Dan is saying Lester," Sarah cut her husband off, "Is that some heads up would be nice. Usually when you ask someone on a date, you confirm the time and place before hand."
"Well, I did let you know. Remember last time in the car behind the hospital?" Lester raised his hands innocently in front of himself. "I told you I was taking you out. Let me guess you forgot about it when –"
"That's it," Sarah quickly cut him off, "I'm sorry, I think I forgot about it."
Seeming a bit flustered, Sarah turned towards Dan, "Lester did mention someting about it, I just forgot."
A sly smile spread across Lester's face like he knew something that Dan didn't. Before Dan could dig into it, Lester started talking again. "Besides, I have some plans for tomorrow night, so I was hoping we could do this tonight."

“Better plans than taking me out?” Sarah said saliciously, giving Lester a look.
“I’d be more than happy to take you out both nights, but I don’t think Dan would let me, even though I’m sure he would enjoy watching,” Lester smirked. “I have everything planned for tonight, including what you’ll wear.”
“Oh really?” Sarah eyed him. “Am I your Barbie doll now?”
“You know exactly what you are,” Lester said.
Sarah shifted uncomfortably in her seat, cast a quick glance towards Dan, and crossed her arms over her chest. “Uh, so what are our plans tonight?”
“Well I have reservations at the Lockwood restaurant at the Palmer House and then I booked us a room for after,” Lester leaned back in his seat.
“Whats the Palmer house?” She shot Dan a glance, “I haven’t heard of it.”
Lester waved a hand dismissively, “It’s just one of the best hotels in town. Old and iconic. And the Lockwood is their restaurant and lounge. It’s nice. You have to dress up. You’re going to love it.”
“That does sound nice,” Sarah said and then looked at Dan, “What about Dan? He has to come too.”
“I booked another reservation for the lounge attached to the restaurant. He can safely observe us and get food from there. If he wants to move to the restaurant, he can.” Lester said.
Dan took out his phone and quickly found the restaurant's website. It didn’t take him long to find the phone number for the Lockwood restaurant. He dialed it, and soon after, a warm female voice answered.
“Hi, I just want to confirm my reservation tonight,” Dan said. It felt good to get ahead of Lester and see if he was really telling the truth. Sarah and Lester watched him from the couch in silence.
“Certainly, sir,” the woman said, “What is your name?”
“Dan, Williams.”
“Just a second.”
After a few moments, the woman spoke again, “I’m sorry, sir. There aren’t any reservations under that name.”
Dan flashed Lester a triumphant smile, having caught Lester lying in front of Sarah. It felt good to show her that his little man couldn’t be trusted.
“It’s under Dekuk,” Lester said, smiling. D, E, K, U, K, Dekuk. Dan Dekuk.”
Dan felt his face grow red, knowing full well that Dekuk sounded an awful lot like DeCuck or Da Cuck. Finally, he spoke into the phone, “Sorry, what about Dan…Dekuk?”
“Oh yes sir here it is, I see your reservation for one tonight. Are you still able to join us at 8pm?”
“Yes. Thank you. I’ll be there,” Dan said through gritted teeth. His moment of triumph had been turned on its head into a moment of embarrassment in front of his wife and the hostess. Dan hung up the phone and tried to keep a calm composure, not wanting Lester to see him squirm.
But Lester’s stupid smirk made it apparent he caused Dan some embarrassment. It was better than discovering the stupid name in person in front of the hostess, though.
Sensing Dan’s embarrassment, Sarah jumped in to change the conversation, “So what was it you wanted me to wear? I still can veto it if it's too slutty.”
“I said we had to dress up nicely,” Lester said. It’s on my bed. Come with me, and I’ll show it to you.”
“She’s a big girl,” Dan said, “She can get dressed herself.”
“Fine,” Lester chuckled. Whatever. It's on my bed. Go take a look, Sarah.”
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Sarah moved down the hallway towards Lester’s room with a mix of nervousness and excitement. The duelling comments between her husband and Lester were affecting her. As much as she hated to admit it, having the two of them compete against each other around her got her off.
Knowing that she might give herself to Lester later and let him win was an intoxicating thought. Her mind wrestled with whether letting Dan watch or not would be the hotter scenario. Her thoughts drifted back towards the outfit as she opened Lester’s door.

Before her eyes could adjust to the darkness, her sense of smell was assaulted by the body odor in Lester's room. She couldn't remember it ever smelling this bad. It was almost like Lester hadn't left the room in weeks, but she knew that wasn't true.

As her nose itched, another part of her body seemed to come to life. Maybe it was just the lingering thoughts of Dan and Lester's encounter in the living room, but she felt more turned on in here than she had in the other room. It was almost like Lester's scent was acting as an aphrodisiac and turning her on. But that didn't make any sense, and she quickly dismissed the idea.

Her eyes finally adjusted to the dim light of Lester's room as she wadded through the mess on the floor. If she didn't know better, she wouldn't think there was a hardwood floor in the room at all, with the entire surface covered in dirty clothes or other discarded items. She finally made her way to the bed and found the clothing that Lester had left for her. She ran her hands over the soft fabric.

There were three items on the bed: a flowing dress, a pair of panties, and a silk blindfold. Sarah involuntarily shuddered as she ran her hand over the last item. Clearly, Lester had something in mind for tonight that he had excluded from his earlier explanation of the night in front of her husband. Sarah debated whether or not to go back out and ask about the blindfold in front of Dan. In the end, she decided the night would be more exciting for both of them if she didn't.

Instead she turned to the black lacy panties as she looked around for a matching bra. But she couldn't find one. Only when she looked closer at dress did she realize why the bra was missing.

A bra wouldn't go with the top of the dress. The way the cut was, the torso of the dress split in two to cover each breast with a plunging neckline that went down past her sternum. The split went up behind where her neck would be, where it was connected with a gold clasp. The sides of her torso and her back would be completely exposed, along with her bare arms, showing off ample amounts of skin. The rest of the dress billowed down and flowed freely, looking like it would end around her calves of ankles, except for a wide slit on the left leg that ran up high on her thigh before tapering off, exposing a slight amount of the side of her hip.

Sarah would need to be very careful in the dress. Moving in the wrong direction and she might just expose her panty-clad crotch or ass. The dress was a combination of elegance and raw sex. Whoever wore it would be someone confident in their body and open to showing it off while wanting to maintain a semblance of class. Sarah was surprised that Lester had picked something like this for her. The material felt expensive and luxurious, and the cut was sophisticated.

Based on how Lester carried himself, she didn't think he had such a discerning eye. Perhaps he had some help picking it out. Sarah held the dress up on top of her body, wanting to see how it would fall on her. The material felt great on her skin, and she couldn't wait to put it on.

Without hesitation, Sarah rested the dress on the bed and quickly stripped out of her clothes and bra before putting it on. Even though she hadn't done her hair yet, Sarah couldn't help but feel excited by the new dress. It had been a long time since she had splurged on something that made her feel this way. She couldn't help but feel like Julia Roberts in pretty woman, being showered in gifts and taken care of. It was an odd feeling that she didn't quite know how to categorize in her mind. The only clear thing to her was that she attributed the feeling towards Lester. Despite his numerous flaws and abrasive attitude, she couldn't help but feel a certain fondness for him. And there was a physical longing that she couldn't deny either.

She shook her head and twirled in place, letting the silhouette of the dress spin around her. Sarah's suspicions about the long slit in the dress potentially exposing her ass confirmed as she quickly moved around. She'd have to be exceptionally careful even when sitting at the restaurant.

The idea of a room full of eyes on her body heated her up. Sarah knew it was inevitable tonight. Her heart rate picked up as she thought about all the men openly staring at her or casting covert glances. Her anticipation about tonight was steadily rising.

A bemused smile appeared on her face as she realized how worked up she was getting over the events of that evening. Here she was, alone in Lester's room, getting worked up over her thoughts. Neither Dan nor Lester would realize it. But perhaps Lester would. He had chosen the dress to show her off, and he knew that being exposed riled her up. Would he have known that she would begin fantasizing about the night ahead? Lester was smart, but he wasn't a psychic. Still, she couldn't help but feel that her reaction to the dress was exactly what Lester wanted.

Sarah grabbed her clothes and the black lace panties and returned to the living room to show off her dress.

Dan sat there with his mouth hanging open, "Jesus, Sarah."

Lester looked pleased with himself at the wide grin on Sarah's face. It was almost like she was playing right into his hands.

"You like it? It's not too much?" Sarah asked her husband. Dan couldn't take his eyes off of her. He clearly was thinking impure thoughts as his eyes scanned over her body.

"It's perfect. You look like a bombshell," Dan said. "You're going to attract a lot of attention tonight."

Sarah felt herself heat up some more at her husband's comment. Her husband's face scrunched up, "I don't think I have anything that can match with that outfit. I'm going to be underdressed."

"I picked up an outfit for you too," Lester said, "Want to see it?"

"No, I'm good," Dan shot Lester a glance, "Thanks, though."

"You sure?" Lester said, "I grabbed it at a thrift shop. It seems up your alley. It screams, 'I've given up.'"

"Play nice, boys," Sarah interjected, "I want to enjoy my night. Constant bickering doesn't make good company. If you keep it up, I won't be going home with either of you."

Dan groaned silently, but Lester shot her a sharp look of defiance. Both men were like putty in her hands. She had learned how to expertly get to Dan over their years together. Lester was still a bit of an enigma, but she'd figured out enough to know how to push some of his buttons. Threatening to take away something he felt was a forgone conclusion seemed to spur him to action.

"We'll see about that," Lester muttered. He shifted his gaze towards Dan, "So you approve of the dress?"

"I'm speechless. Yeah, you look incredible, baby," Dan said, not taking his eyes off her.

"I figured you'd like it. Every man in the restaurant is going to be eye-fucking your wife all night. That's kind of your thing." Lester chortled as he got up off the couch.

"Lester. I said play nice," Sarah warned.

"Fine. Whatever. That just means you and me are gonna play nasty later on." Lester grunted.

Sarah rolled her eyes, "I know it's early, but I need to get ready. I didn't know we'd be going to such a high-end restaurant. But please don't murder each other while I'm in the bathroom."

"I'm going back to my room anyway," Lester said, moving toward the hallway. Dan still couldn't keep his eyes off Sarah. Lester ambled past Sarah but pivoted at the last second, spinning around.

WHACK

Lester's hand slapped Sarah so hard on the ass that she stumbled. Lester's fat paw roughly squeezed one of her ass cheeks as he grunted to himself. Sarah threw an angry glance over her shoulder only to be met with a hungry gaze from Lester.

"You're mine," Lester mouthed before letting go of her ass and heading towards his room. Sarah quickly composed herself and gave Dan an exasperated smile.

"I'm gonna go get ready," Sarah sultrily walked over to her husband, bending over at the hips to kiss him. Dan got an eyeful of Sarah's chest before her lips met his. She broke their kiss and whispered in his ear, "Do you want me to be bad or good tonight?"

She could see the turmoil on her husband's face, and she knew she had him.

"Bad," the word escaped as a whisper from her tired spouse. Sarah could barely hear Dan's response, but a smile spread on her face.

“If that’s what my husband wants, that’s what he’ll get,” Sarah turned around and walked towards the bathroom. Her mind drifted to the blindfold that Lester had put on the bed next to her dress and panties. She had no idea what Lester intended, but her body was quite eager to find out.

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Dan’s eyes stayed glued to Sarah’s ass as she left the room. His heart felt like it was going to jump out of his chest. His mouth was dry, and his breaths were shallow. It seemed like, once again, his night had been railroaded, and he was on a collision course with his fantasy.

He knew that things could go wrong – that he would be paralyzed with arousal. He knew that if he really wanted to, he could resist this and shut it down. But he needed to see more.

He could always stop things later if things got out of control. For now, he would go to dinner and see what had happened.

Alone in the living room, Dan got up and headed to the kitchen to pour himself a drink. He needed to calm his frayed nerves.

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“One last thing,” Lester said as the trio were heading out the door of the apartment. “Leave your wedding ring here tonight.”

“Why would I do that?” Dan asked. He looked Lester over, trying to size him up. He couldn’t help but laugh inwardly at Lester’s outdated and ill-fitting suit.

“I meant Sarah. You can do whatever you want,” Lester shrugged, “But tonight Sarah isn’t your wife. She’s my date. We can’t have the waiters thinking a married woman is cheating on her husband can we?”

Dan leveled a flat gaze at his obscene roommate.

“It’s fine,” Sarah said sultrily as she put a hand on Dan’s chest to calm him down. She lowered her voice so that only he would hear, “I guess it won’t be my husband making me bad tonight.”

She bit her lip and slid her rings off her finger. “I’ll go tuck them in my suitcase,” she said in her normal voice.

Sarah left, leaving Dan and Lester awkwardly loitering by the door. When she returned Lester put out his arm for her to grab. With one final look at her husband, Sarah linked arms with his roommate and stepped out the door and headed towards the elevator, Dan following behind.

As the trio emerged onto the parking lot, Lester said, “We’ll meet you there.”

Sarah gave him an encouraging smile as she walked away with Lester to his SUV. Dan felt a pit in his stomach, watching Sarah get into Lester’s car. But he couldn’t just stand around gawking. Dan hurried to Sarah’s car and got into the driver’s seat. He wanted to stay close to Lester as they drove to the hotel in case he tried to pull a fast one on him.

Thankfully, it seemed that Lester wouldn’t play any games this time. Dan trailed the SUV through Chicago until they pulled up to the valet parking at the front of the hotel. Dan reluctantly handed his keys over to the valet, hurrying to catch up with Lester and Sarah, who had already disappeared through the rotating doors of the hotel.

Dan stepped through the doors into the lobby and was awestruck by how elegant and regal the hotel was. Several large columns flanked the walls, stretching up to the large murals intricately painted on the ceiling. The lobby was huge, with people lounging around and professional-looking staff waiting patiently behind a massive wooden desk. It was like a grand European hotel from a movie.

Dan felt the buzz of his earlier drinks make themselves known in his body. What would the hotel rooms look like if the lobby looked like this? Sarah and Lester probably weren’t heading back to the apartment tonight, so maybe Dan would also spend the night, especially if Lester was already paying for the room. The idea of sleeping in a queen bed next to Lester and Sarah was really fucked up. Maybe he would get his own room instead, though he wasn’t sure he could afford the price tag here.

Sarah. He had gotten so lost in the grandeur of the lobby that he had completely forgotten about Sarah and Lester. His eyes scanned the lobby, but he didn't see any sign of them. Her hurried in, eyes darting around until he saw a sign for the Lockwood restaurant. Dan made a beeline for an escalator at the back of the lobby and quickly ascended to the second floor. It only took a couple of minutes, but Dan strolled into the entrance of the restaurant.

"Excuse me, sir," an elderly man in a white tuxedo said, stepping into his path. We are at capacity for tonight. Do you have a reservation?"

Dan stopped in his tracks and then slumped his shoulders, "Yes. Dan Decuck."

"Very good sir," the man said, "One moment. Ah, yes, here it is. Reservation for one. DeCuck. Right this way."

The eldery man lead Dan through the restaurant, past a large glass enclosed wine room, through to an intimate dinning lounge. The restaurant looked packed with every table taken up. The lighting was low and romantic, just what Lester was probably aiming for. The man lead Dan to a small table in the corner. Dan sat down and was handed a menu. Luckily from his vantage point, he could just see Sarah from across the restaurant.

The elderly man stepped in front of Dan's line of sight, "You waiter will be with you shortly sir. We'll ensure your night meets your specifications."

"Sure. Thank you very much," Dan said as he craned his neck to the side to get a better look at Sarah. Lester and his wife were in a booth tucked back into a secluded corner of the restaurant. A bottle of wine and two filled glasses already on the table. Dan tapped his fingers, anxious for the waiter to come so he could order a drink to nurse his buzz.

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"My friend just arrived. I wanted to double-check that we'll be taken care of," Lester said to the waiter. Lester had intercepted the man on his way to the bathroom.

"Yes, sir. Mr. DeCuck called ahead and let us know he would be covering your table tonight. It's his gift for the special occasion," the waiter said happily. Congratulations again."

"Thank you, but I don't want to jinx anything," Lester feigned a laugh. He opened his wallet and pulled out five crisp one-hundred dollar bills. After tucking them into the waiter's suit jacket, Lester said, "This is for you and the bartender. Please make sure my friend is well taken care of."

"Of course, sir," the waiter said eagerly.

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"Compliments from the bar," Dan's waiter said, setting down a dark-looking drink in front of him.

"Oh? Really? Thats unexpected. Why me?" Dan asked.

"No reason, we just wanted to ensure you enjoyed your night. Do you know what you want to order?"

Dan gave the waiter his order and took a sip of the drink. It tasted delicious, but Dan didn't taste any of the alcohol. A free watered-down drink. At least it didn't have a ton of ice like other restaurants used to make their glasses seem fuller.

"Could I order a beer too? Bud light if you have it?" Dan asked.

"Certainly, sir, I'll be right back with it."

Dan sipped his drink, trying not to overtly stare at Sarah and Lester. As they all thought, many eyes in the restaurant kept glancing in his wife's direction. How could they not? The way Sarah was sitting, the slit in her dress was exposing a lot of her tanned leg. His wife looked so sexy, so classy, so out of reach. And Lester just looked like a bumbling buffon, completely out of place. Dan could only imagine what was going through everyone in the restaurant's minds as they scrutinized the odd couple.

Sarah seemed to be engrossed in whatever Lester was talking about it, while taking sips of her wine. It didn't make sense. Lester wasn't much of a conversationalist. What the hell could be so interesting? Sarah looked over at Dan and shot him a warm, knowing smile. It was only for a second before she turned her attention back to the ogre sitting across from her.

Dan's food arrived, along with his beer and a second dark drink. "The drinks are on the house," the waiter added before departing. Well, if I'm about to watch my wife get fucked by that asshole again I might as well get a little drunk. He thanked the universe for the free drinks. Maybe tonight wouldn't be so bad after all.

Dan dug into the steak he had ordered. It tasted amazing and the dark drink paired really well with it. Halfway through his steak and he already was feeling the effects of the alcohol. It was surprising given that the dark drink didn't seem to contain much alcohol but maybe Dan had misjudged it. He looked down at the two empty glasses and reached for his half empty beer before taking another bite of the salad that came with his steak.

A surprised sound from a woman across the restaurant caught his attention. She was smiling, profusing, and holding her hands over her mouth in excitement. It took Dan's hazy brain a second to register that she was looking at something a few tables over from her.

Dan's eyes followed the woman's gaze before they went wide in disbelief.

"Oh, what the fuck?" Dan couldn't believe his eyes.

Lester was kneeling down on one knee next to Sarah who was seated at the table. She looked genuinely shocked. Murmured gasps filled the restaurant as Lester withdrew a small black box and opened it. The little fucker was doing a fake public proposal. Sarah's eyes were as wide as saucers, clearly not expecting this turn of events. She stared down at the box in front of her. Lester was saying something, likely professing his pretend love for her as the entire restaurant and waitstaff were gawking at them.

Her eyes flicked up and met Dan's gaze momentarily. Her expression told him that she wanted to reassure him she hadn't known about this. Then it morphed as a mischievous smile formed on her face, likely because Dan's jaw gaped open at the displace. Her eyes turned back to Lester kneeling in front of her.

Sharp knives felt like they stabbed into his heart as Sarah nodded and mouthed a 'Yes' to Lester. Dan's roommate slipped the ring onto her finger, and a chorus of clapping erupted from the restaurant. Lester stood up and kissed Sarah hard.

Even from where Dan was seated, the kiss looked much more intimate than one would typically use for a public display of affection. His hand slipped to Sarah's ass, and Lester's head pivoted as he stuck his tongue into her mouth.

Several people slowed their claps as their heads swiveled to look at their table mates with raised eyebrows and knowing expressions. Eventually, Lester let go of Sarah. She waved to the people still clapping and gestured to the ring on her finger with the oversized diamond on it.

Soon enough, Lester and Sarah were seated again, and the clapping around them died down. Most people turned back to their respective tables, and a waiter brought out two flutes of champagne for them.

Dan felt his stomach twist again. It looked like Lester's reservation for him as 'Dan DeCuck' wasn't the end of his humiliation. Dan had felt so smart earlier checking the reservation, but he had sorely underestimated the depths of Lester's machinations.

Dan shoved another bite of steak into his mouth and followed it up with a large gulp of his beer. There was too much going on in Dan's life right now. He should have seen something like this coming, but unfortunately, he couldn't devote all of his time to Lester.

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Sarah stared down at the glimmering ring on her finger. It felt so much heavier than her other one. Her real one she quickly thought. Sarah shook her head at the odd mistake. She could still feel the eyes of some of the restaurant's patrons on her as she sat there.

Lester looked at her from across the table with his trademark shit-eating grin on his face. The ogre-like man seemed very pleased with himself, no doubt at her husband's expense.

“So, was your plan to give me this ring, or was it more to upset my husband?” Sarah asked as she took a long sip of her wine.
Lester was mid-chew while he spoke, “Is that any way to speak to your fiancee?”
“Lester….” Sarah started, “You know that we’re not really engaged, right?”
“Everyone around us seems to think so. We wouldn’t want to disappoint them now, would we?” Lester threw his food back into his gullet and followed it up with a small sip of wine.
“Dan didn’t look too happy,” Sarah muttered.
“I know,” Lester chuckled, “And I know that turns you on too.”
“That’s not true, Lester. I love my husband,” Sarah said.
“That may be true, but I know you also love it when I talk shit to him and steal your attention. You both like it. You’re both fucked in the head like that,” Lester said.
“You’re a real charmer, you know that?” Sarah said.
“You know what I mean. I’m just saying, I know you guys get off on all this shit, so don’t be too serious. No, what do you think of the ring?” Lester asked.
Sarah looked down at the large rock on her ringer adorned with an beautiful and intricate white gold band, “It’s stunning. Did you pick this out yourself? Is it crystal?”
“That’s a real diamond baby. Nothing but the best for my woman. You should wear it to work.”
“I’m not sure about that. People will notice.”
“That’s what makes it so hot. People will see it, and you’ll know that I own you.”
“That's not what wedding rings symbolize, Lester.”
“Sure they do. Maybe not in this PG bullshit era we live in now where everything is Disneyfied. But back in the day, yeah, it was. It meant you’re my property.”
Sarah didn’t dignify that with a response. That conversation wasn’t an avenue she wanted to go down. Sarah stared at Lester over the rim of her wine glass. When she didn’t respond, a self-satisfied smirk appeared on the ugly man’s face.
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When Dan looked back up at the newly engaged happy couple, Sarah was walking away from the table towards the washrooms. He almost got out of his chair to intercept her but his plan died as many people stopped to congratulate her. He worried that he would look like some kind of hapless maniac harassing the newly engaged woman. But his wife hadn’t forgotten about him.
When she finally disappeared into the bathroom, he received a text.
S: I had no idea Lester was planning that. Asshole. The ring is nice, though.
S: By the way, the room number is 326.
D: He’s a sneaky fucker. Everyone seemed very happy for you guys.
S: Jealous?
D: Always.
S: Heading back. Talk to you up in the room.
Dan put his phone down and watched as heads turned, following Sarah back to her table. Dan decided it was a good time to sneak off to the bathroom himself and take a leak. As he stood up from the table, the accumulated drinks finally reared their heads, and he needed to put a hand on the table briefly to steady himself. He shook his head and laughed at himself before navigating through the restaurant to the men’s bathroom.
Standing there, peeing at the urinal, Dan couldn’t help but feel himself swaying from side to side. He hadn’t drank that much. What the hell was going on? Maybe those dark complimentary drinks were stronger than he originally thought.
Dan washed up and went back to his table. His steak and his beer sat waiting for him. The waiter must have been by as a new dark drink sat alongside the beer. Dan eyed it as he sat down. He sniffed it again

but couldn't smell any alcohol. Instead, Dan took a large sip of his beer and cut off another piece of steak.
Her looked over at Sarah's table. Something wasn't right. His eyes scanned over the area again looking at the other booths. Another couple were seated at the booth Sarah and Lester had occupied.
Dan quickly swigged back the rest of his beer, finished off his steak, and caught the waiter's attention, indicating with a hand gesture that he wanted the bill. Nervousness spread through his body as he hadn't planned on losing track of his wife.
When the waiter came by with the bill, Dan asked, "Did the happy couple just leave?"
"They left a few minutes ago. It seemed like they wanted to get a hard start on their celebrations," the waiter chuckled. Dan didn't respond and went to pay the bill.
"Uh, I think this is the wrong bill. I didn't order any of this stuff," Dan said, looking up at the man. The waiter grabbed the bill and looked it over.
"Excuse me, sir, I'll be right back."
It only took the waiter a few minutes to return but every second felt like Sarah was slipping out of Dan's fingers. Flashes of what could be going on upstairs incessantly popped into his head. He tried to surpress the images when the waiter returned, haning him back the same bill.
"Excuse me, sir, this bill is correct. It contains your order here and that of the happy couple. I just confirmed with the team that all the extra items here were what they ordered."
"The happy couple? Why am I getting their bill?" Dan said, trying his best not to slur his speech.
The waiter looked slightly off-kilter, "Sir, when you booked this reservation and that of the happy couple, you gave us explicit instructions that you would take care of both bills."
Another unexpected 'fuck you' from Lester. Dan groaned and shook his head. It seemed Lester making peace with Dan's presence on his dates with Sarah didn't come without a hidden price tag. His fucking roommate would always keep trying to stick it to him. Dan's eyes locked onto the total of both bills, and he grimaced at the total. This place was expensive enough just for him, and it appeared Sarah and Lester had been quite liberal with their orders.
Dan took out his credit card and quickly paid the bill, eager to get up to the room. As he got up to leave, his phone buzzed in his pocket. Dan blinked a few times to focus his vision on his phone. It was a text message from Jesse. It was surprising since Jesse had been ghosting him for so long.
Dan's eyes bulged out of his head when he saw the picture Jesse had sent. It was a smirking Jesse standing in front of a door with the number 326 on it.
***
Lester pressed the button to close the elevator doors and handed Sarah the lush satin blindfold.
"Here, put this on," Lester said.
"I can't. What if someone sees me?" Sarah said, feeling her heart beat in her chest. Even though her mind was buzzing from the wine downstairs, she was still capable of rational thought.
"Who cares? You'll never see these people again. And they'll know you are about to do some kinky shit. I know you like that. Feeling everyone's eyes on you. Just like you did in the restaurant with your new fiancee," Lester pressed Sarah against the side of the elevator, causing her to sigh involuntarily.
She felt her breating grow more rapid as Lester snatched the blindfold out of her hands. With a steely gaze, Lester slowly started putting it on her head. Sarah felt her chest grow warm in anticipation. The possiblity of someone seeing her in this position. The thought of stopping Lester was restrained by and overwhelming desire to just let it happen. Maybe it was the wine delaying her actions but she didn't stop him.
Soon, her world descended into darkness as the snug blindfold covered her eyes. Goosebumps spread over her bare arms. Her breathing was shallow as her arousal was notched up a degree.
"Good girl," Lester slapped her bum gently before moving away from her. She heard him press the button to their floor, and the elevator started ascending. Sarah fiddled with the new ring on her left

hand. It was heavier than her old engagement ring. The size of the diamond was at least a carat larger than the one Dan had given her. She desperately wished her blindfold was off so she could look at it again. The clarity was immaculate when she gazed at it at the dinner table. Had Lester really brought her a real diamond ring, or was it some kind of crystal?

Sarah felt completely alone and on display in the elevator. Lester wasn't near her. What was he doing? Where was he? Was his eyes on her? Running over her body? A shiver ran over her skin at the thought of being unknowingly exposed like that. How did Lester know just how to get to her?

She bit her lip in anticipation.

The whole night had been wild. Wearing a dress like that to such a fancy restaurant, Sarah had played it cool the entire night, but she felt every man's eyes on her and many women casting nasty glances all night. All of those men staring at her – desiring her.

And then publically seeing her with someone like Lester. The beauty and the beast. Liking connecting the dots that someone like Sarah would sleep with a man like Lester. Just these strangers knowing that about her. It had all been almost too much to bare throughout dinner and she couldn't help but keep her thighs squeezed together tightly. It didn't help that her dress exposed to much of her leg.

She was sure Lester had chosen his seat to display her leg and thigh for the entire restaurant.

And then he capped it off with a public proposal, guaranteeing all eyes were on her and her body. One set of eyes, in particular, flashed into Sarah's mind – that of her husband's. The arousal and impotent anger on them just served to make her even more wet. Lester and her husband had been jabbing at each other in the apartment, competing over her, and now it looked like the other guy won. Just how taboo of an idea that was….

She was just lucky Lester hadn't followed her to the bathroom because she wasn't sure she could say no to him anymore.

The elevator suddenly stopped after what seemed like an eternity. An unexpected gentle hand on her back caused her to jump.

"Relax, it's time to get out," Lester said from right next to her.

She shivered, not realizing Lester had been standing so close this entire time. His hand on her lower back guided her out of the elevator and onto the carpeted floor of the hallway. Her buzzed brain was worried about walking into something, but Lester expertly guided her, holding her close to him.

She appreciated his closeness and felt protected by him. She knew he wouldn't let her walk into something.

"Evening," Lester said as Sarah heard two footsteps pass them by. Someone had seen her blindfolded.

Sarah's body felt flush at the display. She couldn't control her breathing any longer and could feel her bare breasts rising and falling against the sheer material of her dress. Thankfully, there was some small padding in the dress; otherwise, everyone at the restaurant and in the hallway would have seen how hard her nipples were.

"We're here," Lester whispered in her ear as he turned her to one side. She heard a small electronic buzz and a lock turning over. "Let's step inside," Lester said in a low voice and gently pushed on her lower back.

Sarah's heels clicked on the floor of the room. It was probably laminated, but she couldn't be sure. She heard the lock engage after Lester shut the door, and he led her further into the room. Sarah felt heat rising in her chest, but she didn't know if it was from the alcohol or from being more turned on than she ever had been before.

Being blindfolded and paraded around in such a sexual way was a thrilling new experience. It was like a new kink had been unlocked or at least upgraded. Who knew what else Lester would help her discover about herself?

"Stand right here," Lester commanded. The gentle hand on the small of her back disappared and she recognized the plodding cadence of Lester's steps moving away from her.

“Say hi to Dan, Sarah,” Lester said, “He’s sitting in the corner in this room’s cuck chair.”
“Dan?” Sarah asked.
“He might be a little shy right now. He has that dumb look on his face right now. You know, the one where he’s too turned on to say anything and just nods along?” Lester said. When they had left the restaurant, Dan wasn’t at his table. Maybe he had come up here earlier somehow. Had Lester given him a keycard while she was in the bathroom, or maybe he had been waiting in the hall? But she didn’t hear his footsteps.
“Besides, I think he is a little tongue-tied because someone else is in the room,” Lester continued. The hair on the back of Sarah’s neck stood up at the idea of another person in the room seeing her. Watching her with hungry eyes in such an enclosed space. Watching her in front of her husband. Knowing the secret of her and Lester’s relationship.
Sarah wanted to ask who it was. She instinctively knew it was a man. But what if it was a woman? What if Lester wanted to see her with another woman? It wasn’t something she had ever considered or desired before. But in her current state and with Dan and Lester's eyes on her, she wouldn’t say no.
“Who is it?” Sarah finally managed to say.
She felt Lester’s presence right in front of her. He whispered softly, “It doesn’t matter who he is. Does it?” It was a man, after all.
Lester ran a grazing finger up her bare arm, making her shudder. “You’ve already told me that you’ll do whatever I want. Fuck whoever I want. You’re husband clearly wants it. Wants to see you be touched by someone else. And I think you want that, too.”
“I…uh..mhmm,” Sarah had trouble mustering words. Her brain couldn’t think up a succinct response, not wanting to ruin the moment. Arousal and desire had their hands on the steering wheel, and they weren’t letting go.
“Do you want this tonight, Sarah? I’m not going to lie. I’m interested to see what Dan finds so appealing about sharing you. But our stranger is going to have to wait his turn because I’m going to fuck you first tonight.” Lester whispered in her ear before licking her earlobe.
Sarah shuddered at his words and his wet, oversized tongue. Her knees were getting weak, and her mind was working on overdrive, hyper-analyzing every sound and touch on her body, trying to make sense of what was happening around her.
“Tell me you want it,” Lester breathed again, his tongue trailing down her neck. “I want to hear you say it.”
“I want it,” Sarah whispered. Her admission made her pussy slick with anticipation.
“Good girl,” Lester said, his voice baking away from her. He was somewhere in front of her. She desperately wanted him back. Closer to her. She turned her head to the side, trying to hear where he went. Then, the other side trying to hear Dan’s labored breathing from the corner of the room.
She fidgeted with her arms nervously, knowing that all eyes were on her.
“Uh,” a soft moan escaped Sarah’s lips, and someone pressed into her ass from behind. Hands were on her hips, an already hard cock pressing into her ass. Sarah turned her head towards her shoulder towards the mysterious man next to her. The unfamiliar cologne ticked her nose. The man’s hot breath on her bare shoulders sent a jolt of electricity right to her brain. He pushed on her hips, making her sway back and forth against his cock.
Sarah started to sway to the music of their two intertwined bodies. Her breasts rose and fell in time with her labored breathing, unable to comprehend what was happening. All she knew was that she was in the arms of a stranger as her husband and Lester watched on. The arms left her hips, but his cock kept pushing into her.
Sarah's hips swayed, pushing her perfect bubble butt out into the man’s crotch. His fingertips ran up the skin of her arms, caressing her gently. He emitted a groan that felt like an aphrodisiac to Sarah. She pushed her ass back further into him.

Soon, wet lips were on her shoulder as the man interlaced one of his hands with hers. His other hand played with the exposed area above her navel before his fingers started to run up the neckline of her dress, toying with the skin exposed by the dress's deep cut. Sarah's head lolled back as the man began to kiss her neck. His fingers ran up her chest until he was clutching her neck as he kissed the other side. He moved next to her, and his cock dragged across her hip. His hand and lips never left her neck.

He was in front of her, his leg between hers parting them. He stepped forward, making her step back. Her ass thudded against a piece of furniture behind her. It was low like a set of cabinets.

Both of the man's hands grabbed either side of her face. He held her there for a second, mesmerized by the shallow breaths coming out of her lips. The hands holding her face pulled her forward. Sarah parted her lips, and soon the man's wet lips were pressed hungrily into hers.

She welcomed the unknown tongue into her mouth and let hers dance across it –savoring his taste. He kissed her passionately with some kind of unknown longingly that put Sarah on her back foot. He didn't kiss her like a one-night stand would. It was more like some long-lost soldier returning home, desperate for his wife's touch. Sarah melted into the kiss.

Soon, she was kissing him back with the same passionate furor. His hands left her face and began running all over her body. Sarah held tightly onto his back, urging him closer. Pulling his hard cock further onto her body.

The man's ranks ran up her bare back until they found the clasp behind her neck. He fumbled with the clasp for several seconds, unable to undo it. Sarah pushed back on his chest, letting her catch her breath from his lip's onslaught. She gently pushed his hands away and reached behind her neck, effortlessly undoing the clasp and letting the sheer material of her dress straps fall down in front of her, exposing her large naked breasts to her unknown Paramore.

She heard a sharp intake of breath from the man, almost like he was moved to tears from seeing a beautiful work of art. Then he was on her again, but his lips and tongue were lapping at her breasts. Sarah could only hold on to the back of his head as his hands and lips mauled her breasts. She opened her legs wider, letting him press himself against her.

The pressure of his cock pushing against her pussy was intoxicating. She had never felt such an overwhelming, desperate desire for her as she did with this man. It was so different from either Dan or Lester. Lester had a deep, confident touch, while Dan's was tender and loving. This man's touch was desperate and passionate, like a man lost in the desert for weeks, and she was the first glass of water he came across. It was a completely new feeling, and she was lost in being the sole focus of this desperate embrace.

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The elevator to the third floor was excruciatingly slow. Dan stumbled out of it like a drunk bullet as he scanned the plaque on the wall to see which way to go. Room 326 was down the left hall. He steadied his hand on the wall and tried to walk straight. The drinks had been way stronger than he thought.

He shook his head, trying in vain to regain some sobriety. He really should have ordered some water while he was at the restaurant. Dan kept trying to hurry as his brain ran wild with thoughts of Jesse in the hotel room with his wife. He fucking knew it. Lester and Jesse knew each other, but he might have been too late to do anything about it.

Dan opened his eyes wide, trying to read the numbers on the doors. His brain was fuzzy, and there was a delay before it could process what his eyes were seeing. After a few minutes of navigating the hallway and trying to ascertain the room numbers, Dan finally found himself standing in front of room 326.

Dan banged on the door loudly with his fist. He had used more strength than he intended but didn't care.

"Lester, open up!" Dan said as he leaned his forehead against the door for support. I know you're in there. I know what you're doing with Jesse. Let me in!" Dan tried the handle on the door, but it was locked.

“Lester!” Dan said and kicked the door to accentuate his point.
The door opened and Dan tried to push his way in but the latch was still on the door, holding it open just an inch and half.
“There’s no Lester here,” a man quietly said, “Go away.”
Dan blinked and looked at a short man he didn’t recognize.
“Let me in. My wife’s in there,” Dan said.
“There’s no one here but me. Leave now before I call the cops, " the man said as he pushed the door close. Dan pushed against the door, trying to prevent the man from closing it. Unfortunately, the shorter man got it closed, and he heard the lock click.
“Sarah!” Dan shouted as he stumbled back from the door. He was sure Sarah was in there. But what if she wasn’t? Maybe he got the room number wrong. He took out his cell phone to check his message from her but dropped it on the floor.
Dan almost fell over, trying to grab it. He opened it and looked at his wife's message, squinting to see which room number she said. He looked at the number on the door and back at his phone, trying to compare them to see if they were the same. Even though his brain was fuzzy, he was pretty sure they both said 326. This was even the same door in Jesse’s picture.
Dan knocked on the door again, “Lester!”
***
“Holy shit,” Sarah breathed as her nails dug into Jesse’s head. He was eagerly thrusting against her like a teenager while his mouth lapped at her breasts.
Lester stood a few feet away, watching Sarah’s depraved fall from grace. He had already brought her down into the mud, and now he was determined to cover her in it thoroughly. Making sure she never got clean again.
Watching this cretin maul Sarah was turning Lester on. It wasn’t the same way that Dan got turned on, though. Seeing his wife in the hands of someone else was Dan’s Achilles heel that had allowed Lester’s charade to go on as far as it had. No, Lester was enjoying this on a different level. The power and control of someone like Sarah Williams, making her give in to her base instincts. That powerful, untouchable professional beauty that had walked into his apartment so long ago was almost completely gone, replaced by what Lester had conditioned and built her into. Seeing her give in to someone like Jesse, given his complicated history with her husband, got Lester off.
Knowing that his dominance over the young mother was almost complete.
A soft moan escaped Sarah’s lips as Jesse lowered her dress down her body. He was kissing every inch of exposed flesh as the dress dropped lower and lower. Sarah’s hands were embedded in Jesse’s hair. Soon, Sarah’s illustrious dress dropped to the floor, exposing her panty-clad body to her husband’s former protege.
Jesse looked like a man possessed, finally on the verge of achieving his dream. But nights go by quickly, and he would be a junkie looking for another hit. An easy pawn to control and move around the board as Lester saw fit.
Sarah’s body shuddered at Jesse’s touch. He was ravenous, like a starved man devouring a steak. His hands streaked across her body, exploring every inch of it. A hand grabbed a handful of her ass, eliciting a powerful deep moan from Sarah’s throat. His lips were on hers again as they moaned together. Lester winced at the sight of their intertwined tongues.
But there were still some wrinkles that needed to be ironed out. Sarah was still far more willful than Lester’s other conquests. Which made her fall all the more sweet. She had disobeyed him the night in the apartment with Vernon, sucking his cock even though Lester had told her not to. And then she had gone rogue in Minnesota with Byron, thinking she was the one in control of her body.
That wasn’t the case any longer. She needed a reminder of that fact. And tonight was her punishment. In a way, she would only receive pleasure, but Lester had found that pain was never a good motivator. Sure,

people would become compliant in the short run, but he was after deeper, lasting change. And that was more easily achieved through pleasure, something Sarah would be longing to experience again rather than simply avoiding pain. She would be a moth to his flame.

Lester also wouldn't have considered this route a few weeks ago. But since Sarah had kept her use of contraceptives secret, it did open up a new avenue for him. He didn't need to worry about Jesse taking away his ultimate prize, at least not for the time being. Soon, Lester would eliminate Sarah's pills, and then her precious fertility would be his to claim.

Tonight being fucked by someone so beneath her would be her punishment. She had already debased herself with Vernon and Byron. She set herself on this path. The knowledge that she orgasmed with someone like him and took his seed would unlock new discoveries about herself that Lester would exploit. He just hoped that Jesse was up to the task.

Sarah's hands grasped the belt of Jesse's pants and undid the trousers with expert precision. Her hand disappeared into the material, and a grunt from Jesse let Lester know that she had found her intended target.

"Oh, hey," Sarah breathed between kisses. Jesse's pants fell to the floor, and his shirt quickly followed suit. The awkward young man was standing there in his boxers while the delectable Sarah stroked his cock. The sight of Jesse's cock did nothing for Lester, but he rested easy, knowing that the man didn't give Lester anything to worry about in that department. Dan, on the other hand, wouldn't be so happy.

Lester the time to put an end to Jesse rabid assault was soon closing in but his phone buzzed in his pocket. He quickly checked the message and smirked. He backed away from Sarah and Jesse and tip toed into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him. Lester turned a facet on and reread the message from Ned, his World of Warcraft guildmate and lapdog.

N: There's a guy shouting in the hall, just like you said. What should I do?

L: Call the front desk and report it.

Oh Dan, you simple schmuck. It's too easy.

Lester did the same and dialed the front desk, "Hey, there is some deranged lunatic on the third floor running up and down screaming. He's kicking and pounding on all the doors. My kids are terrified. I think he is drunk, and he was waving something around that might even be a gun. I don't know. I couldn't see it from our peephole and wouldn't open the door. Please call the police or security.

The front desk seemed to panic, so they quickly apologized before hanging up on him to take care of the issue. Lester called 911 and told them a similar message, playing up Dan's violent, drunken, lunatic nature.

It sucked to be whoever was in room 326, but that wasn't Lester's problem. Thankfully, he had been able to keep Sarah occupied with the blindfold and buzzed enough that she hadn't even called him out when they got off on the sixth floor. Getting a room for Ned on the third floor hadn't been a problem either. Dan made his own bed when he decided not to play along with Lester's plans. He had to be a white knight and insisted on being a pain in the ass. He's just lucky that Lester couldn't find a trustworthy person on the dark web to cause him bodily harm. Most of the ones Lester had looked at were likely undercover police trying to entrap people.

But now Dan had fallen into Lester's trap. It was too easy. Jesse had elicited quite an angry response when he had danced with Sarah in the nightclub. That was when Lester saw how irrational Dan could become. Dangling Jesse and Sarah in front of him tonight was almost too easy. And Dan was just as predictable as ever. Now, the police would take care of him.

It was ironic that Dan's own tax dollars would take him down when they should have been there to protect him from someone like Lester. He couldn't help but chuckle to himself since he had never paid any taxes, but the system was helping him carry out his plan tonight.

Sure, he hadn't wanted to bring Jesse into things earlier. But Dan was sniffing around and was getting too close. It would only be a matter of time before he figured that side of things out, and Lester would lose a handy tool. So he had decided to strike with him early.
He knew the status quo was about to change dramatically, but he would be in control.
***
Lester opened the bathroom door and decided things had progressed enough. Sarah was stroking Jesse's cock against her panty-clad pussy, moaning with abandon. She was ready to be fucked.
"Lay her down on the bed," Lester said, stepping closer.
Sarah couldn't believe what was happening. She was in a stranger's illicit embrace, and she couldn't even see what they looked like. Not that she cared. Not at that moment, at least. All she knew was that she needed to be fucked, and tonight, there was no shortage of cocks for her to experience.
The man holding her turned her around, walking her backward toward what she thought was a bed. His lips never left hers. Not until the back of her knees touched the soft bed. The man broke the kiss and pushed her down by her shoulders.
Sarah's legs snaked around his, beckoning him on top of her.
"Take off her panties," Lester said from beside her. The other man started to tug down the lacy black panties Lester had bought for her. Reluctantly, Sarah relaxed her legs and allowed the garment to be pulled off of her.
"Give her a taste," Lester commanded, and Sarah's body tensed. For a few seconds, nothing happened, but then a wet tongue probed at her entrance. Her legs shot up at the contact and quickly came to rest on her unknown lover's shoulders. His tongue began lapping up and down her slit, tasting her juices. The man moaned, sending lovely vibrations up into her pussy. His tongue licked down her slit and disappeared inside of her, forcing her open.
"Ohhh fuuck," Sarah moaned as the foreign tongue lapped at her juices and spun around inside of her, dancing across all the sensitive nerve endings inside of her. She bit her lip, and her hands came up to her breasts, massaging and tweaking her nipples as the man ate her out.
She felt movement on the bed next to her. She turned her head towards the movement, and her nose realized what was happening. Lester's musky aroma hit her nose, and she knew he must be naked, and his cock was close by.
Something pressed against her lips, and all doubts were gone. She opened her mouth, and her lips stretched to accommodate Leser's girthy tool. It felt perfect in her mouth, and she couldn't help but moan around it.
"Mhmmhmhmmhmmmmm," Sarah moaned. A cock in her mouth and a tongue inside of her was a completely new sensation, and Sarah couldn't help but feel she was discovering a new level of pleasure. How had she not known it could feel like this?
Sarah wrapped her hand around Lester's cock and stroked him with abandon as she took as much of his cock into her mouth as she could. Her tongue quickly went to work, coating his shaft with her spit and eagerly licking him. The head of his cock pushed to the back of her throat, but Sarah wasn't worried. She kept stroking and sucking his cock like she owned it.
A sharp flick of the other man's tongue made her pull back and inhale sharply. His tongue grazed against her g-spot, and her hips lifted off the bed, trying to get more and more of that tongue into her. This guy wasn't as skilled as Lester, but the sheer amount of input between his tongue and Lester's cock was more than the pleasure centers of her brain were used to handling.
"God. Feels so fucking good," Sarah moaned. Lester's hands snaked around the back of her head, pulling her back onto his cock. Sarah didn't waste any time and got back to sucking his massive tool.
Her hips were thrashing off the bed as she ground herself against the face of the man. He was holding onto her thighs for dear life. She hadn't heard him breathe at all, but she couldn't stop herself. His

tongue was still flicking around inside of her, driving her wild. Both of his hands had a full ass cheek in each of them as he ate her out.

Lester pulled his cock out of her mouth with a pop, and Sarah desperately tried to find it again with her mouth. This fucking blindfold was in her way, but her hands were too occupied to take it off. His girthy cock slid across her cheek, and Sarah eagerly licked up and down his shaft. Lester kept pushing forward until his pubic hair-covered balls pressed against her face. She knew what her man wanted. Sarah renewed her grip on Lester's shaft, stroking it up and down at a furious pace as her tongue and lips ventured into Lester's pubic jungle and found his balls. She twirled her tongue around them, lapping at any skin.

She couldn't help herself as she moaned into them. The tongue inside of her kept dragging over her G-Spot. Sarah's body felt like it was on fire, and if she didn't cum soon, she was going to explode. Her body writhed against the tongue inside of her, and she gripped Lester's cock harder than she ever had before. Every little bump on Lester's ballsack felt amazing on her tongue. She had no idea that her tongue could give her so much pleasure.

"Mhmmhmhmmhfuck," Sarah moaned as she lapped on Lester's balls. Strands of pubic hair matted her tongue, but she didn't dare stop. She could feel Lester's heartbeat in her hands as the veins on his powerful cock pulsated. Her hips thrashed against the other man's face, but she never relented.

"Stop," Lester said, and the man's tongue slowly left her. "Go sit on the other bed and watch."

She felt the man's hand leave her ass, and soon she was alone on the bed. Something moved beside her. Weight pushed down on the bed, and she felt someone step up between her legs.

"Are you ready for me, Sarah?" Lester asked.

"God, Lester. Yes. Fuck me. I need your cock," Sarah moaned, her legs running up and down the sides of Lester's hips, beckoning him closer.

Lester chuckled before he pushed himself forward. Sarah felt the weight of Lester's large frame push down on her at the same time the head of his cock pushed against her lips. Sarah's legs slammed open wide to accommodate Lester's wide body, and she sharply inhaled as his cock plunged into her dripping-wet pussy.

"Ohfuck," Sarah groaned, her nails digging into Lester's back. She racked her fingers over his skin, knotting themselves with the dense hair on Lester's body.

"Ughhhhh," Sarah wailed as her pussy finally had what it wanted. Lester's large cock firmly embedded inside of it. But Lester wasn't satisfied yet and pulled his cock almost all the way out before dropping all of his weight onto her again, his cock pushing all the way to the hilt.

Lester fucked her slow and hard, exactly the way she had come to crave. He pinned her wrists down, immobilizing her as he fucked her. Sarah's hips rose off the bed in time, matching his thrusts. Each one delayed a second or two, making Sarah's body ripe with anticipation of when the next thrust would come.

Sarah managed to get one of her hands-free, grabbed the back of Lester's fat head, and pulled him down to her. Her lips mashed with his as his girthy torso crushed her breasts. Her tongue pushed into Lester's mouth as he groaned back at her assault. Her legs wrapped around his ass, and she held him in place as he fucked her, and she kissed him. She was his and wasn't letting him go until she got what she wanted.

The fire started to burn deep inside Sarah's pussy again, and she held Lester tighter. His tongue pushed inside her mouth, and she sucked and licked on it furiously. His hips slammed up to meet his thrusts. She was close. So fucking close.

"AHHFUCK," Sarah wailed into Lester's ear as her orgasm exploded inside of her. It came so fast. The setting and all the teasing combined with Lester's hot cock made her whole body shudder as Lester made her cum. All the muscles in her body tensed, but Lester pushed through the iron-like vice gripe of her pussy on his cock. Each thrust ramped up her orgasm, unleashing it to new levels over and over again.

Finally, Sarah came back down to earth, and the fog of the orgasm in her mind slowly started to clear. Lester's thrusts were slower, but each one felt divine. Slowly he pulled his cock out of her, and the weight of his frame left hers. She hated the feeling and just wanted him back on top of her.
"Turn around," Lester commanded, "I'm going to fuck you from behind."
Sarah eagerly turned over onto her stomach. She pushed up with her hands and pushed her ass out to Lester. His cock rubbed up and down her slit, making her body quiver. Frustratingly, he didn't push in. He just kept using his cock to tease her entrance. Sarah couldn't take it anymore. Her nails dug into the mattress, and she pushed as ass back as far as she could.
Her pussy gripped onto Lester's cock as she slid her ass back. Inch after inch of Lester's cock disappeared inside of her.
"Uhhhhhhfuck," Sarah groaned, feeling full with Lester's cock, "God I love your cock."
"I know, baby," Lester chuckled as Lester spread her ass cheeks and slammed his cock into her. She lost her grip on the bed, and her chest fell onto the mattress. Lester held her ass up by her hips and kept slowly thrusting in and out of her.
She couldn't imagine what she looked like. Even if the blindfold was off, her eyes would be tightly shut, just enjoying the immense pleasure of Lester's cock inside of her.
"Tell Dan how it feels," Lester grunted from behind her.
"God, Dan. It feels so fucking good. So good. Lester fucks me so good," Sarah moaned, "I fucking love his cock. I can't get enough of it. Ugh, Lester, make me cum baby. Feels so good."
"What else?" Lester punctuated his question with another sharp thrust, making Sarah squeal.
"I'm his. I'm Lester's fucking slut. I'll do whatever he wants. Whoever he wants. God, Lester, fuck me, baby. I fucking love it. Love your cock. Fuck me." Sarah moaned. She loved talking dirty. She knew it turned on Dan, but she knew Lester loved hearing her private sexual admissions. At some point, she forgot who she cared more about pleasing.
Sarah felt like a pretzel, but Lester's cock was hitting the perfect spot. She didn't dare move.
"Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah moaned into the mattress.
"I'm gonna cum soon," Lester grunted, "Gonna soak you in my cum. Where do you want it?"
"Oh fuck," Sarah's body lit up again like a Christmas tree in anticipation of Lester's cum. "Inside me. Cum inside me. Fuck Lester, give it to me. Give me your cum. I want it. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Cum for me, Lester. Cum for me, Baby."
"You got it," Lester grunted. His sweaty hands gripped her hips hard. "I'm gonna drop my load inside of you. Take it, Sarah. Take it all."
"Fucking give it to me."
"It's all yours bitch."
"Uhhhhhhhh FUCKK LESTER," Sarah's orgasm exploded inside of her. Her pussy clenched down on his cock. Her nails dug into the fabric of the sheets. His strong hands gripped her hips, and she felt Lester's cock begin to throb inside of her.
"FUCKINGTAKEIT," Lester roared behind her. Sarah was dizzy from holding her breath, but Lester's cock started to expand inside of her. The first shot of hot cum drenching her pussy threw her orgasm into a tailspin, and another orgasm exploded inside of her, washing away the last one.
Rope after rope of Lester's hot, sticky, virile cum drenched her insides. Sarah bit her lip as the pleasure washed over her body, "UHHHHMYFUCKINGGODLESTER."
Lester kept hammering her pussy as his cock shot out more and more cum. Her body responded in kind by squeezing his cock harder, trying to milk out every last drop of Lester's potent cum. Each rope of cum sent her body into a new state of orgasmic bliss. This orgasm didn't let up and kept washing over her body, dancing across every nerve, making Sarah go crazy.
Eventually, her orgasm slowly dissipated, and Sarah's senses slowly returned to normal. She remembered she needed to breathe and let out a long breath as her body slumped onto the bed. Lester

grunted from behind her as he pulled his cock out. His strong hands left her hips, and Sarah rolled onto her side. Lester's cum was already leaking out of her.
"That's how it's done," Lester said. "Your turn."
Sarah had completely forgotten that her husband and another man were in the room. Part of her thought Lester was talking to Dan but she knew that was wrong in an instant. The other man was getting into the bed with her.
***
A strong hand with an iron-like grip held Dan's shoulder as two police officers led him through the lobby. Dan could feel the eyes of the hotel patrons on him as he walked and stumbled his way forward.
The police officers didn't seem to have any patience for Dan as they roughly pulled him through the lobby. The handcuffs pinning his arms behind his back dug tightly into his wrists.
"But my wife!" Dan slurred as the cops led him through a side door next to the rotating glass door.
"Yeah, yeah, buddy. It sucks that you're wife's stepping out on ya, but you acting like a drunk maniac isn't gonna fix anything. You're lucky you didn't get shot," one of the officers said.
The other officer opened the back of the squad car door. Dan was roughly thrown into the back seat.
"She's still in the hotel. With him…."
The officers slammed the backdoor shut, cutting Dan off. They walked away from the car. Dan tried to track where they were going. One went up and talked to the valet, but the other disappeared back inside the hospital. Maybe he was going to look for Sarah.
Dan slumped into his seat as the world spun around him.
***
The other man was gently kissing her chest. Lovingly, leaving a trail of tender kisses across her body. But that wasn't what Sarah needed right now. She reached down between her legs and found his warm cock waiting for her.
Without warning, she gripped it tightly and pulled it towards her waiting pussy. Her body was still reveling in the afterglow of her orgasm with Lester, and if she played her cards right, she might be able to quickly get another one.
The man sharply inhaled as Sarah guided his cock to her pussy. She pulled on the head and lined it up with her entrance. Her legs wrapped around the man's waist and pulled him forward onto her.
"Uhhhhhmhmmmmmm yes," Sarah moaned as the man's cock delved into her pussy. She tightened her pussy around him and didn't let him go.
"Uhhhhhhmhmmm," the man moaned above her. If she didn't know better he was enjoying this more than she was.
"Fuck me," Sarah moaned, "I want you to fuck me."
Sarah was loving every second of this. The blindfold seemed to increase her other senses and helped trigger the powerful orgasms she had experienced. The man's breathing was ragged already. Her hands ran up his back, and he was sweating profusely.
The man's hips lurched, and he started to thrust in and out of her. He wasn't as good as Lester, but he fucked her desperately like he had touched her earlier. Like he was quenching an uncurable craving. His cock felt amazing inside of her. There was a slight curve to it, making it drag across her G-Spot.
"Mhmmhmmm fuck" Sarah moaned as she wrapped her arms around the man's back. Sweat covered her arms in seconds. The man lurched forward, and his weight pressed down on her chest. She could feel his sweat pressing against her naked breasts.
He was kissing her neck again until Sarah turned her head and pressed her lips hard against his. Their tongues swirled around each other as the man desperately thrust into her. He was like a man possessed by a demon, with nothing stopping him from achieving his goal.
"Uh, fuck. Right there," Sarah breathed between kisses, "Right fucking there."
The man just grunted in response.

“Keep fucking me. Right there. So fucking good. Please don’t stop. Don’t stop for me.” Sarah moaned into his ear.
“How is it?” Lester’s voice came from somewhere close by.
“Ughh it's good. So fucking good.” Sarah moaned, turning her head towards Lester.
“Do you like your surprise?” Lester asked.
“Yes. I fucking love it,” Sarah moaned.
“Are you going to cum on a stranger’s cock tonight?” Lester asked.
“Uhhh yes. So good. I want to. Please don’t stop.”
The man grunted atop her, and his pace began more erratic. It was like her words were pushing him into overdrive. She wondered what he looked like and what he sounded like, but none of that really mattered. All she cared about was his cock and what it could do to her.
“You’re really going to let this stranger cum inside of you?” Lester said.
“Ugh. No. I don’t know,” Sarah moaned. The man’s lips were on her neck. He was breathing hard like he had just run a marathon. His thrust kept rocking her on the bed. Her pussy throbbed from his curved cock and the nerves it was hitting. Sarah wrapped her thighs tighter around his hips, not giving him a chance to pull out of her.
A foreign sound broke the sounds of mating in the room. Sarah’s cell phone was ringing from somewhere. The curved cock rubbed against her G-Spot the perfect way, and a loud moan escaped Sarah’s lips.
“Who fucks you better?” Lester said, “This stranger of your husband?”
Sarah gritted her teeth. She could feel another orgasm about to rip through her, and she didn’t want to lose it. She didn’t want to keep talking to Lester. She just wanted to fuck.
“He does!” Sarah shouted, “He’s way better than Dan. I’m so fucking close, don’t fucking stop.”
“Don’t cum yet,” Lester said. Sarah wasn’t about to listen to Lester. Not right now. She kept thrusting her hips up to meet her mystery lover’s rapid thrusts. She was so fucking close.
“Take off the blindfold,” Lester said. “Do it.”
Sarah’s head lolled to the side, and she reluctantly listened to Lester. Her hands left the man’s sweaty back, and she pulled the blindfold off her head. Her eyes immediately locked onto to Leste’rs cock. It was still mostly hard even though he had just cum inside of her. Dan’s roommate, with a frog-like body, was sitting on the bed a few feet from her, staring intently at her. Her eyes saw an empty chair behind him. She scanned the room but didn’t see Dan anywhere.
“Where’s Dan?” Sarah said huskily.
“It doesn’t fucking matter,” Lester chuckled, his stare boring into her soul.
Her thoughts slid away as the curved cock inside of her kept pounding into her. She locked her heels behind his ass and grabbed onto his biceps, holding on as he dragged her whole body up and down the bed as he fucked her. The guy’s face was buried in her neck, but she could at least tell he was white by his skin.
“God,” Sarah moaned, “I fucking love this. Please don’t stop. I’m so fucking close.”
“I won’t,” the man said, rising on his elbows. Sarah blinked a few times as her mind tried to place his face through her brain fog.
“Jesse,” Sarah whispered, staring up at him. Before she had a chance to say anything else, his lips pressed onto her, and his tongue snaked into her mouth. She knew it wasn’t right, but it felt too fucking good to care.
Sarah moaned as she felt her body press into the bed. Her arms instinctively came up and wrapped around the back of Jesse’s head. Her eyes closed, focused on the feeling of his cock inside of her and his lips on hers.
“Did-did Dan leave?” She looked up at Jesse. His face looked like he was in pure bliss.

“Dan hasn’t been here this whole time,” Jesse moaned as his lips smashed into hers again. Sarah’s mind was embroiled in pleasure and thoughts. She hadn’t expected Jesse to actually ever feel this good inside of her. Part of her brain made the connection that Dan had been right. Jesse and Lester clearly knew each other somehow. That sparked another train of thought that flashed rapidly through her mind. Dan had got Jesse fired and was now taking out his revenge. By fucking her. It was such a wild, wicked thought, but her body loved it. Her hips bucked off the bed to meet Jesse’s thrusts.
Lester sat by the side, smiling and watching as Sarah gave in completely.
“You feel so fucking good,” Jesse moaned into her mouth, “I’ve been waiting for this for so long.”
Sarah’s mind raced, trying to do the math on how Jesse had ended up here and what the ramifications would be. The one consistent her mind landed on was that he needed to keep fucking her so she could cum. Her orgasm wouldn’t be held back any longer. Sarah could feel the dam holding back her orgasm start to crack.
“Don’t stop Jesse,” Sarah moaned into his shoulder. “Don’t fucking stop.”
“I’ll never stop,” Jesse grunted, his lips descended on her cheeks. Kissing her tenderly. He continued planting kisses lovingly along Sarah face and then onto her neck. The nerves in her body were lighting up like a Christmas tree as his lips danced along the sensitive areas of her neck.
“Mmmhmmhmmuhhhhhh fuck,” Sarah moaned, “Jesse, keep fucking me. Fuck me, Jesse.”
“Feels good?” Jesse asked.
“So fuckinggood,” Sarah whispered back. Speaking to him in that low tone felt so conspiratorial. Like they were star-crossed lovers doing something they shouldn’t be.
“Uhhh I fucking love you,” Jesse mumbled into her neck. Sarah knew that in some fucked up way that he meant it. The way he was fucking her felt like the way a man on death row would. Like it was the last thing he’d ever do. He was so desperate for her.
Desperate men usually were such a turn off but there was something about this. Something about the way he was fucking her like she meant everything in the world to him. Like a starving man sitting down in front of a Thanksgiving dinner or someone suffering from dehydration getting a glass of water. Like Sarah was nourishing Jesse’s very soul. Like she was the only thing in the world that could quench his thirst.
“Fuck I like hearing you say may name,” Jesse finally said when Sarah didn’t respond to him. “Say it again.”
“Jesse,” Sarah moaned into his hear in a sultry voice, “Oh fuck Jesse. You feel so fucking good Jesse.”
“I can’t believe I’m in a hotel bed with you again,” Jesse moaned, “I knew it would be magical but I never knew it would be so fucking good.”
Sarah didn’t know what he meant by that but she didn’t really care, “You should have known better. I’m fucking amazing.”
“God you’re so fucking amazing. You feel so fucking good.”
“Mhmmmmm you like that? What about this?” Sarah flexed the muscles in her busy around his cock, holding him tight inside of her.
“Ohhhhhh FUUUUUCK Sarah,” Jesse moaned into her neck, “Holy shit you’re so tight. I can’t believe it. I never knew it could feel so good.”
Jesse’s hips starting thrusting into her with desperate abandon. Sarah knew it wouldn’t be long before he would need to cum. She needed to cum first though, she couldn’t be left high and dry. She needed another mind blowing orgasm. But she wanted to Jesse to pull out. Despite her brain still being foggy she knew that he should do that. She needed to make herself cum soon.
Sarah’s hips were slamming back against Jesse’s cock, unconcerned with anything other than cumming. She tightened her ankles around his ass and gripped his back with her nails, pulling him down completely on top of her. The dam inside of her shattered.
“I’m so close. So fucking close. Jesse, please. Please don’t stop. Give it to me,” Sarah groaned.
“I can’t – I’m gonna cum,” Jesse grunted.

“You need – need to pull out,” Sarah wailed as her orgasm was quickly approaching, “Jesse.”
“Does he, though?” Lester was suddenly next to her, peering down at her. “Does he really need to pull out? You’re on birth control, aren’t you?”
“Uhhh—what?” Sarah’s mind was foggy from her impending orgasm, and she didn’t want to think. Didn’t need a conversation.
“All this time, you’ve been on birth control. Teasing me and letting me think you weren’t. You can take his load, can’t you?” Lester said.
Sarah could take his load. Jesse could cum in her, and she wouldn’t get pregnant. But that didn’t mean it was right, “I can’t. He can’t. We shouldn’t.”
“But you can,” Lester pressed, “Can’t you? I know you want to feel it explode inside of you. Admit it. It would feel good.”
“It’s not right, Lester. He’s Dan’s old coworker, and it would break Dan if it happened,” Sarah moaned, conflict spreading over her face. Just the fucking idea of it was ramping up her impending orgasm. Such a fucking dirty idea. Jesse cumming inside Dan’s wife, taking his revenge that way. It was too fucking hot. Sarah’s hips started thrashing against Jesse’s cock.
“But you’re protected. Right?” Lester pressed again, clearly pushing for her acceptance.
“Yes, but–uhhhhhh mhmmhmmmmfuuucck,” Sarah moaned, “We…..still…shouldn’t. Fuck.”
“It’s so fucking wrong, Lester,” Sarah groaned again as her legs tightened around Jesse’s hips.
“But I bet it feels so fucking right, doesn’t it? When has it being wrong stopped you before?” Lester sneered at her.
“Uhhhmhmmmm fuck Lester, you’re so fucked up. Mhmmmmmmmm god. Jesse.” Sarah’s brain was going haywire. Not wanting to stop but not wanting to cross this line. But wanting to cross it at the same time. She didn’t have time to think about the consequences. Her body was on fire, and it wanted to cum. Her hands crawled across Jesse’s back until her nails dug into his ass cheeks.
“We shouldn’t. We can’t. He needs to – I need to — OH FUCK,” Sarah’s eyes snapped open, and looked up at Jesse.
“UHHHHHH,” Jesse grunted, and Sarah felt hot, warm, sticky cum explode inside of her for the second time that night. A tsunami of an orgasm washed over her body. A wave of heat washed over her, drowning any objections to her coupling with Jesse. Her nerves frayed as each one lit on fire and throbbed in time with the wave washing over her.
“F-FUCK,” Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as her muscles contracted. In that moment, she and Jesse were one being connected by his cock, completely unconcerned with the outside world. The only thing that mattered to them was their mutual orgasms.
More of Jesse’s cum blasted into her, mixing with the spunk Lester had already unleashed inside of her. She felt so fucking dirty having taken cum from two men, but she was reveling in that feeling. That she could make two guys cum back to back.
Jesse’s lips met hers, and their tongues danced together as Sarah continued to ride the wave of her orgasm, and more of his cum spurted into her. Slowly Sarah started to come back down to earth as Jesse’s cock stopped erupting, but it stayed firmly embedded inside of her.
He continued to kiss her longingly. Sarah was still awash in her post-orgasmic bliss, drunk from the sex, and kissed him back without reservation. Sarah’s tongue slipped into his mouth, and his tongue met hers. They lazily tasted each other as Sarah felt the energy drain out of her body.
Jesse might have stayed like that all night, with his cock inside of her. But Lester had other ideas.
“Get off,” Lester said and touched Jesse’s shoulder. Jesse flashed him a defiant look, but it crumpled under Lester’s harsh gaze.
Sarah was utterly spent. Her body was exhausted from two back-to-back fuck sessions. She looked up at Lester and saw him towering over her. His cock was hard as a rock, standing out at attention about her.

Jesse crawled off of her, and she lost track of where he went. Lester leered down at her with a domineering smile.
“Time for round two. You’re going to be busy all night.” Lester sneered. He moved down the bed, grabbed Sarah’s legs in his meaty hands, and pulled her body down the bed towards him.
***
“Hi this is Sarah Williams I can’t come to the phone right now so please leave a message and I’ll get back to you.” Sarah’s angelic voice said.
“Sarah, it's me. I’m in jail. Call me back,” Dan said and hung up the receiver on the payphone. He rested his head against it before a police officer roughly grabbed his shoulder and pushed him back into the cell. Dan stumbled but managed to catch himself on a bench and sat down. A dozen or so other guys were in the large cell with him, most minding their own business. Dan laid down, hoping the room would stop spinning.
He never should have drank at the restaurant. He couldn’t remember the last time he felt like this. The guard who took his picture said something about having to sit in here until at least morning when the cashier and bond office reopened, but Dan didn’t really understand it.
All he knew was that Sarah was still at the hotel with Lester and Jesse. He could only imagine what was happening and felt range pouring over his body. He felt immensely ashamed as well since he could feel his dick hardening just at the thought.
This was a new low for him. Thrown in the drunk tank while his wife is probably cumming on other guy’s dicks. His brain was still foggy as he tried to piece together just what had happened tonight and how he ended up here.
He knew his brain wasn’t working properly, throwing out one dumb idea after the next. But one thing was crystal clear. He had been right. Jesse and Lester had known each other. He didn’t know how, but they did. Maybe it was because Jesse’s company needed help with the hack that just happened?
But that didn’t make sense. Jesse had been there at that club. That was way before. Unless they just met after somehow? Dan wasn’t sure about the timeline. And it was a leap that they’d work together after such a short time since the hack had just happened. Even Sarah’s hack had happened months and months ago, and the hospital wouldn’t have been able to fix it without Sarah because she knew Lester.
There was something there. His brain was itching at something. Like he was fumbling in the dark, trying to peel back the corners of it. But he wasn’t sure just yet.
His mind kept going back to that club with him, Lester, Sarah, and Jesse. Was it weird that two of those people had workplaces that got hacked? That seemed like a weird coincidence. Dan was aware that more and more companies were getting hit with ransomware, but it happening to two people he knew just seemed…off somehow.
Those hackers probably make a killing. Just look at how much money the hospital paid Lester to help fix it for them. Dan’s stomach turned, partly from the alcohol but mostly from the thought of Lester now working for the hospital. He’d be around Sarah all the time. He knew that Lester would just try something at their house sooner or later. But Dan had ordered the hidden cameras that would come in soon. He’d put them in the house to be able to see everything that happened. They got them sent to his office, not wanting Lester to see them. He didn’t want Lester to know about them. They would trick anybody; the cameras disguised as outlets looked exactly the same as the regular outlets in the apartment. No one would be able to tell the difference.
He wished he hadn’t had to buy them, but he couldn’t trust Lester—not at his home. If the hospital had never been hit with ransomware, Lester would never have been so involved in Sarah’s work life.
Dan burped and turned onto his side. Something in his brain clicked, and his heavy eyes shot open. What would things be like if Lester never got involved at the hospital? They’d probably still just be doing the dates with him. It’s like he wormed his way into their life. Could Lester have something to do with the hack at the hospital?

Sarah and Jesse's workplaces both got hacked. These were two people that Lester knew. Lester was some kind of cyber security wizard. Could he have something to do with it? Would Lester do that? Without a shadow of a doubt, Dan realized that if Lester had the power to do something like that, he probably would. If Lester was willing to go to those lengths, what else would he do?

Dominos seemed to fall in Dan's drunken mind, so he sat up. Dan had already been wary of talking with clients in the apartment, not wanting Lester to overhear. But what if Lester had some way to circumvent Dan's efforts? Dan's mind snapped to the fact that all his devices were connected to the apartment's WiFi, which had been set up before he moved in.

Could Lester monitor what Dan did on his computer and phone? The memory of Dan's rejection from a job application and the weird resume with his name on it popped back into his mind. He knew it wasn't his resume and hadn't submitted it. Could Lester have been sabotaging his job hunt all along?

"Fuck," Dan exhaled as his mind started racing.

Was Lester really monitoring him? Reading his emails, watching what websites he visited, what jobs he applied for, the clients he worked with, maybe even listening in on conversations….

Had Lester been spying on him this entire time? Sabotaging him? And did Lester hack Sarah's workplace and Jesse's? Why would he do that? The more his drunk brain thought about it, the more it felt like a veil had been uncovered, and Dan was seeing reality for the first time. Dan kept going over it over and over, trying to keep his drunk brain on track.

Lester was manipulative and slimy, but would he actually do that? Dan wasn't entirely sure, but he didn't know where Lester's moral scruples started or stopped. Could he do those things? It seemed possible for someone in cyber security to do so.

Just who the hell was Lester Marshall? And what the hell was happening in that hotel room?

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 25

Hey all, first of all Happy New Year! I hope you all have a great one. As frigging fast as 2024 went by, I do always look forward to the fresh start of a new year. I don't want to share my resolutions just yet but I do have plans to write a lot more in 2025 than I did in 2024 and my brain is overflowing with ideas to write about that I'm sure you all will enjoy.

Here's to a great 2025 :)

Anyways, lets jump to the good stuff shall we? Below is Toxic Attraction Chapter 25 for your reading pleasure.

“Uh,” Sarah groaned as the bed shifted next to her. Someone was lying next to her in the bed. It wasn't clear whether the man was awake or still fast asleep. She had never felt more exhausted in all her life. She wasn't sure if she had slept for a few minutes or hours; all she knew was that her body felt like there wasn't an ounce of energy inside it. Sarah could probably sleep for a week and wouldn't feel recuperated entirely.

The covers on top of her shifted, dragging across her bare skin. Part of Sarah's brain registered that she was naked from the sheet up against her left nipple, but her body didn't move. She knew she was in a hotel room somewhere, but the details were blurry. All she could remember was that she had lost track of how many times she had been fucked over the last few hours.

Just that stray recollection of the night's events gave her goosebumps. The sheet shifted again, and she felt the body next to her move. Then she felt hot breath on her neck, sending a shiver down her spine. Wet lips soon followed, grazing the nape of her neck. Sarah's mind was still drifting between consciousness and unconsciousness, but her body was waking up. There was an unfamiliar heaviness to her left hand. Something different. It was her ring finger….her wedding ring felt different. Then it dawned on her. She lifted it to her face and considered the ornate diamond engagement ring Lester had given her the night before in the restaurant.

Her thighs clamped together as a strange hand came to rest on her bare hip. She was suddenly very aware of how naked she was aside from the new piece of jewelry. She wasn't sure who was behind her or whether he was clothed or not. But she could feel the body heat emanating from him, making her guess the man wasn't dressed either.

The hand started caressing her hip, gently running down to her thigh, making small circles with his fingertips. More kisses began to adorn her neck, eliciting a soft moan from Sarah's lips. That slight

sound seemed to act as a green light for whoever was behind her as the hand left her hip and landed on her shoulder. It turned her onto her back as his body slid up against her.

Sarah turned her head towards the man beside her. As she was about to pry open her groggy eyes, thin lips pressed hard against hers. They were eager and seemingly reverent about kissing her thoroughly. The hand left her shoulder and cupped her cheek. Sarah instinctively returned the kiss. Her lips parted as his tongue touched her lower lip. She pressed her tongue against his before the kiss deepened, and their tongues began to explore each other's mouths.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned into the man's mouth. Even in her groggy, half-asleep state, she knew who it was. He didn't have Lester's dominating presence. He was much more worshipful with her, like he was grasping sand and didn't want any to slip through his fingers.

It was Jesse. Her husband's unwanted former protege turned a constant thorn in his side. She'd never felt anything for him but pity and then anger, but she couldn't deny that the way he touched her just did something for her. Like she was his everything and he couldn't breathe without her. It was arousing how much control he was ceding to her. He was the antithesis of Lester. She was used to losing control with Dan's roommate through submission. But she hadn't been able to maintain order everywhere else in her life over the past few months. Having control again, even just a sliver of it, was something she needed now.

Jesse's cock started to harden against her thigh as the illicit couple continued to explore each other's mouths. Sarah could practically feel his eager pole throb against her, making her thighs rub against each other.

Jesse's hand left her face and slowly trailed down her body. Sarah gasped against Jesse's mouth as his warm hand cupped her breast, gently squeezing it as his thumb came in contact with her nipple. She could feel his lips curve up in a smile at the reaction he'd gotten out of her. Sarah grabbed the back of his head, pulled his lips back firmly against hers, and kissed him hungrily.

Her pussy was sore from getting fucked repeatedly so often over the last several hours. She had no idea how much cum had been shot into her or the exact number of times each man had taken her, but she knew she wanted more. It was like Lester had ignited an unquenchable desire within her that she was trying now to desperately fill.

Sarah pushed her chest into Jesse's gentle caress as her hand slid down his back, exploring his body. It wasn't strong like her husband's, and it wasn't fat like Lester's. It felt a bit scrawny, but she didn't care at the moment. His body shivered under her touch. Sarah's hand kept descending down his body until it found what she wanted. His cock seemed to strengthen to full firmness as she wrapped her fingers around it. His body lurched, and he groaned against her lips, his body and mind seemingly disconnecting from her touch. But his mind-body disconnect was short-lived as his hips intrinsically thrust his cock forward into her hand.

“Oh my god,” Jesse groaned as Sarah tightened her grip around his cock, “I still can't believe we're doing this."

“We've barely started doing anything," Sarah laughed as her mind finally started to wake up. Rational thought of the consequences wasn't the part of her brain waking up. It was a part of her that was far more primal. She gave his enlarged shaft another squeeze, making Jesse groan again.

“Uhhhh, like all night. Together. I just wish Lester wasn't here," Jesse said.

“My hand is wrapped around your dick, and your hands are on my tits, and you're really thinking about Lester right now?" Sarah said.

“No – that's not what I meant –"

Sarah kissed him hard, pressing her lips firmly against his to reset his brain, “Shhhhhhhhhh"

“Just that I wish we did this months ago," Jesse mumbled, “Like on our first trip to Minnesota."

“Mhmmmm," Sarah said, “I don't know. I don't think you would've made a move back then. Even now, it took Lester arranging things to make this happen."

“That's not true," Jesse said quickly. I bet you didn't know I was in your bed that night."

“What? I don't remember that," Sarah trailed off as Jesse's hips started thrusting faster into her palm.

“You may have been a little out of it," Jesse said.

“Tell me," Sarah whispered, “Tell me how sneaky you were. What did you do?"

“I, uh, I…Dan left to do something for Byron," Jesse said, “And I waited until he was gone, and I, um, I got into your bed."

“Is that all?" Sarah breathed.

“No…." Jese hesitated, “You were on your side. I got behind you and touched you."

“Really?" Sarah raised an eyebrow, “I didn't think you would have it in you. Bad boy. Show me."

“What?”

Sarah let go of Jesse's cock and brushed his hand off her breast, “Show me."

She turned away from him onto her side, pressing her ass back towards him, “Show me what you did that night."

Sarah grabbed his hand and brought it to her hip, “Did you touch me here?"

“Yes," Jesse breathed, his warm breath making the hair on the back of her neck stand up.

“Show me where else, touch me," Sarah said.

Hesitantly, Jesse brought his hand up to her naked breasts and started to play with them gently.

“Mhmmhmmmmm," Sarah moaned at his touch, “You were such a bad boy. I had no idea. Is that all you did?"

“No," Jesse breathed, “I did this too."

Jesse shifted his body and pressed himself up against Sarah's magnificent ass. He gripped his cock and positioned it between her thighs like he had all those months ago. He thrust forward, pushing his cock between the upper areas of Sarah's thighs.

“I did this," Jesse groaned into her ear, “And you seemed to like it."

“Did i?" Sarah playfully rolled her hips back and forth as she pushed her ass backward before inching it forwards, fucking Jesse's cock with her thighs. She bit her lip and let her head drift into the pillow as she clamped her thighs tightly around his thrusting cock.

“Uhhhhhhhh," Jesse groaned, “You were moaning."

“I can see why now," Sarah said, “You should have woken me up, big boy."

“Really?" Jesse said excitedly.

“Mhmmm-hmmmm," Sarah said back over her shoulder. She could just make out Jesse's flabbergasted expression. He was too easy to toy with. She loved it.

“If Dan wanted to leave me alone in a hotel room with you, he should have expected the consequences," As Sarah finished her sentence, she shifted her body forward, Jesse's dick pressing against the back of her thighs. She bent her waist forward, held her hips tight, and pushed back against Jesse until his cock pushed past her thighs and the head of his cock slid into her pussy.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhfuuuuuuuuccccckkkkk," Jesse groaned as Sarah's pussy lips parted for his curved cock to enter her warm embrace.

“Mmmhmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she pushed her ass back, taking more of Jesse's cock into her. She winced at the soreness between her legs, but for the moment, she didn't want to stop.

“Ohmygod," Jesse groaned.

“God has nothing to do with it," Sarah said, remembering Lester's line with her, “Say my name."

“Oh god, Sarah," Jesse breathed, “You're amazing."

“I know. Now shut up and fuck me," Sarah lightly scolded as she grabbed his hand off her breasts and held it to her waist, urging him to hold her tightly and fuck her. She rolled her hips back and forth as more and more of Jesse's cock disappeared inside of her.

“Fuck," Sarah moaned, closing her eyes and letting her body run away with the sensation of Jesse's curved cock inside of her. From this angle, it was pressing right up against her G-Spot before delving deeper into her.

“Feels so good," Sarah moaned into the pillow. She gripped the edge of the bed for leverage as she pushed her ass back to meet Jesse's shallow thrusts.

“You're so fucking beautiful," Jesse groaned into her ear as he finally started to pick up his pace and fuck her properly. Sarah fucked him back, not caring about anything else at that moment. Sarah's pussy was aching, but she loved every minute of this. She had loved every moment of the previous night. Having two men take turns with her, having her repeatedly. The desire of more than one man in a cramped space, with cocks as hard as a rock because of her. Again, she was distracted by the diamond ring on her finger. Remembering the circumstances under which she'd received it and how twisted and public they had been aroused her even further.

She realized she could have experienced this new level of pleasure years ago. She and Dan could have taken this leap and done it, but they never did. Both had been happy to leave things in fantasy land, but if Sarah had known how amazing it would feel, she would have pushed for more a long time ago. It was Lester who was the catalyst that led to Sarah experiencing new orgasmic heights she'd never dreamed possible.

It was Lester who was constantly pushing and expanding her sexual horizons and introducing her to new carnal pleasures. She opened her eyes in search of Lester, hoping that he would be there. All she saw was the darkness of the room. Even though the two men had taken turns with her, she hadn't experienced them both simultaneously, something she desperately wanted to try now.

As she opened her mouth to call for her lover, Jesse's hands gripped her hips hard, and he finally picked up his pace, fucking her more urgently. Lester was momentarily forgotten. Jesse whispered something behind her head, some sweet nothings that didn't even register in her brain. Her mind was elsewhere while Jesse kept thrusting into her.

The image of Lester and that shit-eating grin as he stared down at her in his domineering satisfaction. The way her hands ran through the coarse, dense hair that covered his back. His fat gut weighing down on her ass as he fucked her from behind. The memory of the way Lester talked shit about Dan right in front of him while he fucked her. The humiliation, the degradation. How fucking hot, no, infernal it all was.

She couldn't believe how much her life had changed. It was like Lester had pulled back the curtain, showing her what reality was actually like. Like her entire life, she'd lived in a safe, walled garden that was protected from the real world.

Jesse kept thrusting against her G-Spot, and Sarah bit her lip, trying to block out whatever Jesse was saying as her mind focused on Lester and the magnificent tool that dangled between his legs. Her latest orgasm was brewing inside of her. She had lost track of how many times her body had cum in this room, but she needed another.

Despite how sore her pussy was, she needed another fucking orgasm.

“Don't stop," Sarah moaned, “Keep fucking going. I'm getting close. So fucking close."

“Uhhhh, okay. God, you feel amazing, Sarah." Jesse groaned, but Sarah couldn't hear it.

“Fuckme," Sarah moaned as her hips started slamming back against Jesse with abandon. He tightened his grip on her hips, trying desperately to hold on and keep pace. Every time Jesse thrust into her, Sarah thrust her ass back onto his cock harder. Soon, she was thrusting back faster and stronger than Jesse could muster, her pace frantic and erratic.

“Holy fucking shit," Jesse gritted his teeth holding on for dear life.

“Fuck," Sarah moaned, throwing her head back, “Don't fucking stop. I'm right there."

“Fuck, Fuck. Please. Please. Yes. Yes. Fuck. God fuck," Sarah shouted. Her orgasm started to bubble up inside of her. Warmth began spreading throughout her body, igniting her nerves and injecting pleasure straight to her brain.

“OH GOD FUCK!" Sarah screamed as every muscle in her body tightened, and her orgasm rattled through her body, shaking her to her very soul. One of her legs kicked out while her fingers dug into the mattress. “MHHHHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMYYES."

The muscles in her neck flexed as she held her breath. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth. Her body felt on fire as she came, her orgasm ravaging her body like a wildfire spreading out of control.

“Holyfuck me," Sarah groaned, her pussy tightening around Jesse's cock. Her body went deathly, still reveling in the spasms of bliss it was experiencing.

As she finally came back down to earth, she could hear the labored breathing coming from behind her. Somehow Jesse was winded even though she had been the one enthusiastically fucking back on him. The image of Lester and all the indignities she'd experienced at his hands had been too much for her to control herself.

As the pleasure slowly receded, she noticed just how painful her pussy felt. Jesse finally seemed to catch his breath and pushed his cock forward again, eager to cum himself.

“Stop," Sarah said, making Jesse freeze in his tracks, “Pull it out."

“What?" Jesse asked.

“Just take it out," Sarah said as she shifted her hips forward away from Jesse's cock. Her pussy was incredibly sore. With her orgasm slowly deflating from her body she felt wrung out. All of that exhaustion threatened to crash down on her and knock her out.

Jesse's cock made an audible pop when it came out of her pussy. Sarah groaned and turned around to face Jesse.

“I have a surprise for you," She smiled mischievously. She really didn't think that her pussy could physically handle any more activity. She would probably be recuperating for weeks. But she knew that someone like Jesse wouldn't be able to last long if she put her mouth to work on him.

Sarah pushed Jesse onto his back and slowly began lowering herself down, closer and closer to his throbbing erection.

“Fuck," Jesse groaned as the tip of Sarah's tongue flicked tantalizingly across the head of his hardened cock. Sarah twirled her tongue around the meaty helmet, dancing across his cockslit. Sarah could feel Jesse's body writhe underneath her touch, and she smiled at how quickly she knew she would be able to make short work of him.

“I'm going to take good care of you," Sarah said huskily, lowering her head.

Jesse's hips were practically bucking off the bed by the time Sarah's mouth engulfed his quivering cock. She bathed him up and down with her tongue along the strange curve of his shaft. His veins pulsated in her hands as she moaned around his reddened cock, “Mhmmmmmm."

“I love you, Sarah. Holy crap, you feel so fucking good."

“Mmmm-hmmm," Sarah agreed back while his youthful cock was stuffed in her sucking mouth. He was a lot easier to handle than Lester, but the curved shaft made her adjust her technique to accommodate his length. She took her mouth entirely off of him and kissed and licked up and down his shaft. Making little moans with each one of her kisses.

“You're way bigger than I ever thought you'd be, Jesse," Sarah mused to herself as her fingertips danced around the skin of his balls. Her other hand was firmly gripping his shaft, tightly tugging it up and down where she wasn't kissing.

“Is my cock bigger than your husband's? Bigger than Dan's?" Jesse's eyes were heavy-lidded as he watched her every move, committing the entire experience to memory.

“Mmmm. Mmm-hmmm. Yours is definitely bigger, and he doesn't have this nice curve that hits me just right. I bet you have a ton of girlfriends." She fixed her mouth onto where his shaft bent and whipped her tongue back and forth over the bowed area.

“No," Jesse managed to say as his body seemingly convulsed under Sarah's touch, “You're all the woman I need."

“Well, aren't you a charmer," Sarah smiled before licking up the base of his shaft all the way to the head of his cock and back down again. Then she dramatically dived down, swirling her tongue around his balls.

Jesse just groaned in response, “Fuck. Slow down. It feels too fucking good."

“You want me to stop?" Sarah asked as she extended her tongue and licked around his balls some more. Her hand constantly jerking his twitching cock. Jesse grabbed her wrist, trying to stop her from stroking him, but Sarah switched hands.

“No…No..I just, uh, want it to last. I could lay like this forever." Jesse croaked.

He's talking to me like I'm some precious flower. Sarah kept up her aggressive licking of Jesse's balls as her hands alternated, stroking his shaft. Jesse was squirming under her touch, trying to grab her wrists, preventing her from stroking him.

“Slow down. Slow down. Let's make this last," Jesse said.

“No," Sarah said, breaking free from his grasp and sitting up. She stared down at where he was, her hand going back to his cock shaft. She gripped it hard, squeezing it as she stroked it up and down.

“I want your cum Jesse. I need it," Sarah breathed, lowering herself back down to his cock, “Don't stop me. Keep your hands to yourself, got it? I want to taste you. I want what's in here" Her hand caressed his ballsack lovingly.

Hearing herself say those words to Jesse reignited the fire burning inside her, stooping to that level, giving herself to someone like Jesse. Someone her husband hated and had tried to fuck over in the past. And who had fucked her husband over a few times. It was so humiliating to both her and Dan. She pictured the conflicted look on Dan's face, the mix of arousal with guilt and shame. She fucking loved it. She couldn't control herself with this at all anymore.

“Oh fuck," Jesse groaned, “I'm gonna cum."

“Give it to me, Jesse. Give it all to me," Sarah lowered her head to the top of his cock just in time as it spluttered and exploded. She greedily let his cum wash over her mouth, blasting to the back of her throat. She swallowed his first immense load and hungrily lapped up the rest.

Jesse groaned, and his body seemingly went stiff as his cock kept oozing out more and more cum. Finally, Sarah swallowed the last load and affectionately kissed the head of his spent cock.

“Mhmmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned. She licked up some after cum that was dripping out of his cock. “Just what I wanted for breakfast."

“I can't, I can't even. You're fucking amazing." Jesse groaned.

“You said that already," Sarah laughed as she flopped herself back onto the pillow beside Jesse and closed her eyes. “I know how amazing I am, but thank you for saying it again. You're too sweet." She licked her lips to underline the double entendre.

With a fresh load of warm cum in her belly, Sarah's eyes closed instantly. The pillow was too comfortable, and every fiber of her being was exhausted. She planned to sleep for a week.

***

Lester stopped the recording and slunk back behind the wall towards the bathroom. He tiptoed into the bathroom and gently closed the door, ensuring the handle didn't make any audible click.

When he returned home, the surreptitious video would be a great addition to his Sarah folder. Sure, he didn't plan on frequently watching these videos like all the others he had amassed. After all, it didn't feature him, but he was enthralled at how slutty Sarah had been. Lester smiled inwardly at how far he had caused the young mother to fall.

Her evolution into his little slut was complete. She couldn't deny herself anymore. What was once a well-manicured front of sophistication and elegance had cracked. Lester had turned her into what she was now, and she was his. She would do whatever he wanted.

Lester saved the video and chuckled, wondering where Dan was at that moment.

***

Dan felt a little man with a pickaxe chipping away at the inside of his skull. He groaned as he turned over on the cold bench, praying to all the deities he knew to make the pain in his head go away.

Reluctantly, he sat up and wiped the cold drool from his face. His eyes steadily blinked as they adjusted to the light, and he tried to retain his bearings.

The details of the previous night were fuzzy, but he knew he was sitting in a jail cell for the first time in his life. "Jail cell," the words reverberated through his aching head. Now that he was upright, the night's events slowly started to click into place, and his brain started to fire up despite the pounding headache.

Just what the hell was in those drinks? Dan ran his hands over his face before looking around at the other men in the cell. His watch told him it was just past 10 am. How long were they going to keep him in here? And more importantly, where the hell was Sarah?

He couldn't remember anything with crystal-clear clarity, but what he did know made his stomach turn and threatened to spill his expensive meal all over the dirty floor. Lester had taken Sarah upstairs, leaving Dan with their hefty bill. Somehow, Jesse was involved and had likely found his way into the hotel room with Sarah. Then there were flashes of a hallway and him banging on doors before being manhandled by a pair of large cops.

There was something else important he had to remember, but it was just out of reach. He tried to focus on it, trying to bring the blurry idea into focus.

“Williams, Dan, time to go," a guard barked from the cell door. Dan hadn't noticed him standing there a second ago.

Dan stood up and walked to the opened cell door, following the officer into an administrative area. He felt tense, waiting for whatever life-changing verdict would be handed down to him. The officer led him down a long corridor before stopping in front of a desk behind a plexiglass window marred with many scratches.

Another officer was sitting behind the desk. He looked bored.

“Dan Williams," the first guard said to the one behind the desk. When the other guard nodded, the first officer abruptly walked away. Dan looked around at his surroundings. The guard hadn't put handcuffs on him, making Dan hope there might be a light at the end of this long, dark tunnel.

The officer behind the desk slid a clipboard out of a rectangular hole in the glass towards Dan. “Sign at the bottom."

Then he slid a small plastic tub filled with items through as well. Dan recognized his wallet, wedding ring, and cell phone inside of it.

“What's this?" Dan asked as his eyes scanned the paper attached to the clipboard. At the top, there were some words about personal effects.

“You're free to go. Just sign the form confirming we handed back all your possessions, and then you can leave, " the officer said without looking up.

“That's it? Do I have to go to court or something later?" Dan asked.

The officer let out a long, weary sigh before begrudgingly turning his chair to look at the computer screen next to him. After a few seconds, he finally looked up at Dan impatiently, “The hotel where you were found zonked out of your mind declined pressing charges. You're free to go. Just don't be an idiot. Learn how to control your liquor. Now sign the form and get out of here."

Dan quickly signed the form and grabbed his stuff. The officer took back the clipboard and didn't spare Dan another look. Dan glanced around the room, waiting for someone to escort him out or to tell him that he was being put back into a cell.

After a few seconds, when no one came, Dan hesitantly walked along a marked pathway until he reached the police station's lobby. Feeling like a criminal fleeing the crime scene, he tried to walk casually across the lobby and through the double doors leading to the outside. His body tensed as he pushed open the door. He was just waiting for someone to call his name from behind the moment he opened the door fully, just like in the movies.

But no shout came. Instead, Dan opened the door, and a cool Chicago breeze hit his face, waking him up and snapping him out of his dark thoughts. His jailbreak was complete. Dan quickly put as much distance between himself and the police station as possible before stopping to get his phone out of his pocket to call Sarah.

The screen was black and unresponsive. He held the power button down for several seconds but nothing happened. It was dead. Nothing more useful than a fancy glass brick.

Dan sighed and stared at the sky, letting the cool wind tickle his skin, refreshing him and helping combat the lingering pounding in his head. It still fucking hurt. A lot. He didn't plan on ever drinking like that again. When he got back to the apartment, he'd pop a Tylenol and take a long nap.

Dan looked down the street at the buildings around him. They were all entirely unfamiliar. He had no idea what part of Chicago he was in, and he couldn't check his phone. He'd have to figure things out the old-fashioned way, talk to someone, and grab a bus or taxi home.

As Dan pondered his next move, his brain began churning through the night before and the revelation he nearly had in the drunk tank. The wacky idea that Lester was somehow responsible for the networks of Sarah and Jesse's employers being compromised. In the cold light of day, the idea seemed much more far-fetched than it had during his drunken stupor.

He almost dismissed it entirely as the fancies of a humiliated man drunk off his ass, but the more he thought about it, the harder it was for him to shake it. The idea may have made sense last night, but it

didn't seem plausible. But there were a lot of coincidences surrounding Lester that were looking suspicious.

The more he thought about it, the stranger it seemed. If Jesse had been in that hotel room last night, then two of the three people there would have had their companies hacked. That seemed statistically off. Way off.

Fucking Jesse. Had he really been there in that hotel last night, or was someone fucking with Dan? Lester. He wanted to check his phone and look at Jesse's message with sober eyes, but his phone was still dead. The idea of that little fucking creep even coming close to his wife…..

Dan shook his head, trying to get his thoughts back on track as he walked, looking around for a coffee shop or deli. If Lester really had hacked both companies, what was his goal? What was his end game? Money?

Dan had no idea what game Lester was playing. But if Lester had arranged for Jesse to be in that room, whatever the game was, it would have been personal, and Lester would have been playing on a different level than Dan had even conceived.

It was time to fix that.

Even though Dan was overwhelmed by work and his fledgling side consultancies, he needed to figure this out. It was time to do some digging into Lester and find out just who the hell he was.

It was time to go to war and give Lester the attention he deserved.

***

“Wake up, we're home," Lester said, snapping Sarah awake. She barely remembered leaving the hotel and getting into the passenger seat of his SUV. Lester pulled into his parking spot at the apartment and turned off the engine. “Let's get you upstairs and into my bed."

“I honestly don't think I can," Sarah said. She wore the dark blue dress from the night before with the extremely sexy cut. “I'm sore all over. I might need some time."

“You can still suck on this," Lester grabbed his crotch and chuckled, “Come on, you can't leave me high and dry here."

“Seriously? I can't even count the number of times you fucked me last night," Sarah put her face in her hands, “You've had more than your fill."

Lester just smirked, “I'll never get enough of you. Besides, you blew Jesse this morning, and now you'll leave me hanging like this? That's just not nice. You owe me."

“Hey, Jesse was part of your plan. I didn't know he was going to be there. You get what you get." Sarah said as she climbed out of the car. It briefly crossed her mind that she often said the same thing to her children. Lester followed suit, and the two walked towards the back entrance of the building.

“Have you heard from Dan?" Sarah asked, “He hasn't responded to any of my texts. Are you sure he didn't get a room at the hotel?"

“I have no idea where he is," Lester shrugged, holding out his phone to Sarah, “Look, here, I texted him our room number a few times last night, but he never came. I don't know what happened. He's probably upstairs sleeping it off."

“It's just not like him to bail on me like that," Sarah muttered. “I hope everything's okay."

“I'm sure he'll be fine. He's a big boy. That's why you should blow me upstairs. Dan has to come home and watch to see that happening. It's like the logic of the universe. Right?"

“Maybe," Sarah looked at Lester and shook her head, “You're going to keep pushing for a blowjob, aren't you?"

“Can you really blame me? You're an amazing cocksucker," Lester chuckled.

“Shhhhh," Sarah chided as they reached the doors and went inside to the elevator, “Shut up, will you?"

“Come on, you should be proud of how good you are. Wear it like a badge of honor." Lester chuckled.

“I know how good I am, I just don't need the whole world to know about it," Sarah said.

“You love the attention," Lester chuckled, pressing the button for his floor. The doors closed behind them. “You sure enjoyed the attention you got last night. Now, in the cold light of day, you want to pretend to be a goody two shoes."

“Oh shut up, Lester," Sarah rolled her eyes.

Lester just smirked and reached down to grab a handful of her ass, “Mhm-hmm, that ass."

“You're such a fucking pig."

“You love it," Lester yanked her ass hard, pulling her to him. Sarah gasped as Lester's other hand grabbed her waist and pulled her to him. Lester licked his lips and bent his head. Sarah slapped his chest, pushing him off.

“Get off. Not right now, Lester. I need to find Dan," Sarah scolded him. “Oh and take this," Sarah said as she slid the beautiful ring Lester had given to her off her finger. She handed it to him as the elevator reached their flood.

“Don't want Dan feeling inadequate?" Lester accepted the ring with a raised eyebrow.

“I don't want to rub salt in the wound when I see him. I have no idea whats going on in his head right now. I hope he turns up soon," Sarah breathed. The elevator doors opened on their floor, and Sarah stepped up, with Lester following her right behind her.

“I told you, let's get in there. Jump in my bed and get naked. We'll get a little wild, and the boy scout will show up to watch," Lester laughed.

Sarah ignored Lester and kept walking down the hallway towards his apartment. With each step, she could feel the soreness in her pussy and in her thighs. She couldn't wait to take a hot shower or even a long hot bath to recuperate. Still, the idea of going another round with Lester was beginning to make her body heat up. What was wrong with her?

Sarah made it to the apartment door first and stood patiently waiting for Lester to unlock it.

“Been a while since we were here alone together," Lester said.

“Whatever, Lester, just open the door," Sarah said.

“All sex and no romance lately. Way to make a guy feel wanted," Lester mock huffed, opening the door. Sarah groaned once inside as she took off her heels as Lester shut the door behind her.

“You really should get out of that dress," Lester eyed her hungrily.

“Just give me a second," Sarah said, “You really don't let up, do you?"

“Not when I get you alone. Besides, you have some making up to do after lying to me." Lester said.

“Lying? What are you talking about," Sarah asked.

“About…." Lester trailed off as Dan appeared in the hallway.

“Dan!" Sarah said, “Where were you? I was calling you. You didn't answer any of my texts. What's going on?"

“It's a long story. I just got in myself," Dan looked her over from head to toe and then gave Lester a death stare, “Come on, we have a lot to talk about."

“Where'd you go last night?" Lester asked, “We were waiting for you. Well, we didn't really wait too long but you were missed."

“I'm going to go talk to my wife, Lester," Dan took Sarah by the arm and led her down the hallway into his bedroom.

“Dan, what happened to you?" Sarah asked.

“Not here," Dan said, “Get changed. We're going to take a walk."

“I just got back in, babe., I want to shower and relax," Sarah said.

“Get dressed," Dan repeated, “Now."

Sarah was confused by how serious Dan was being. She just wanted to veg out on the couch after the previous night's events. But she could tell something was really bothering her husband, so she quickly stripped out of her dress and found some clean clothes and underwear in her suitcase. Not long after, Dan and Sarah walked out of the apartment past a seemingly confused Lester, still expecting her to join him in his room.

“What's going on, Dan?" Sarah was starting to get worried. “Is this about last night? We should probably talk about it."

“Let's wait until we get downstairs," Dan said, guiding her into the elevator. Dan watched the descending numbers on the two elevator screens. He was oddly tense, and Sarah knew something was seriously bothering him. It had to be Jesse.

She hadn't expected or wanted Jesse to be in the hotel room last night. Things had quickly gotten out of hand. Sarah didn't exactly regret what happened. It had been an exhilarating experience for her. But Dan was pissed, and she understood why.

Lester could have picked anyone else, but he roped in Jesse, someone he must have known Dan didn't like. And to top that off, Dan's suspicions were correct this entire time. Lester had been in contact with Jesse. But they still didn't know what that meant. Could Lester be involved with the Lincoln Group somehow?

When the elevator doors opened, Dan led Sarah back out of the building, across the parking lot, and into their car. Dan let out a long sigh as he rested his head back against the driver's seat. He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Sarah sat patiently, waiting for her husband to speak. The seconds ticked by, and finally, she decided to start things off.

“Look about last night. I don't know what happened to you, but there is something you need to know—something that happened in the hotel room," Sarah said.

“I got arrested last night," Dan blurted out.

“What?" Sarah was shocked. She hadn't expected him to say that at all. “Arrested? For what? When? Why didn't you call me?"

“I did call you," Dan opened his eyes and glared at her hard, “You didn't answer. I think you were probably busy."

Sarah felt her stomach drop. While she had been having sex with either of the two men last night, her husband had needed her, and she hadn't been there for him.

“Dan, I'm so sorry. I didn't know. I would have been there, coming and getting you. I'm so sorry. But what happened? What were you arrested for?" Sarah asked.

“First, when I was paying for dinner," Dan started. “Oh, by the way, Lester stuck me with your bill, too. Then I got a text message from Jesse. It was a picture of him standing in front of room 326. I went up there and started looking for you, and before I knew it, the cops showed up and dragged me away."

“That sneaky little shit," Sarah said, “But how did you get arrested? Did you knock? I don't understand how the cops were involved."

“Because you weren't in that room. Some old guy was. You guys must have been in another room. So I went looking for you, and I guess maybe I had a couple more drinks than I should've, and someone must've reported me for making a disturbance."

“Did you? Y'know, make a disturbance?"

“Of course I did! Maybe a little more than I should have, but it was fucking Jesse. Jesse! Showing up like that he must've known about our plans. I went nuts!" Dan's face was getting red, and suddenly, any arousal Sarah had been feeling toward her husband was washed away by immense pangs of shame and guilt.

“Dan, I know things didn't work out the way we wanted last night, but I'm pretty positive we were in room 326."

“You weren't. Trust me." Dan said.

Sarah thought back to the previous night. Lester had put the blindfold on her in the elevator, so she didn't see the room number they'd entered. And this morning, she hadn't paid any attention to them on their way out. Lester was practically holding her up as they rode down the elevator. Just one glance and she would have known what floor she was on.

Lester showed her his phone and his texts to Dan. He told him that they were in room 326 a couple of times.

“Didn't Lester text you?" Sarah asked.

“I don't know. My phone is dead and charging upstairs."

“Okay, so maybe let's just say that we weren't in room 326," Sarah said as she slowly tried to put some puzzle pieces together in her head, “Do you think Lester was lying to us to fuck with you? He couldn't have gotten you arrested. It's not like he has a bunch of police officer friends."

“Who knows! He COULD have a bunch of cop friends. We don't know a fucking thing about him. Besides his little Dungeons and Dragons group, what do we really know about the guy?" Dan said.

Sarah felt like she had a good handle on Lester. She had spent a lot of time with him, after all. But she had to admit she really didn't know anything about him other than surface details he'd provided and the way his giant cock felt inside of her.

“I guess we don't really know much about him. He's private, I guess." Sarah said.

“Private? More like he's fucking hiding things." Dan muttered.

“Hiding what?" Sarah asked.

“I'm not sure yet. But I'm going to figure it out. Don't you think it's just a little weird that your workplace got hacked, and Jesse's did as well? That's a little too much of a coincidence, don't you think?" Dan asked.

“I don't know. I mean, I guess so? It could just mean that hackers are getting better and better at hacking people, though." Sarah didn't really see where Dan was going with this. It was a little odd, but she'd heard of plenty of cases of other hospitals and countless other companies being hacked. Unfortunately, it was becoming more and more commonplace these days.

“Was Jesse in that room last night?" Dan said quietly.

Sarah paused for a few seconds before answering, “Yes, I didn't know that he was –"

“I know. I know you didn't know Sarah. And I need to ask about that, but just look at it. Two out of the three people in the room have had their workplaces hacked. Don't you think that ratio just happens to be too high?"

“Okay, Dan, just spit it out. What are you getting at?" Sarah asked.

“What if it was Lester?" Dan asked, “What if Lester hacked both of your companies?"

Sarah stared at Dan for several seconds as the idea rattled around in her brain. She could see how Dan made the connection, but it still felt like he was jumping to conclusions. Connecting disparate dots and seeing a picture that didn't reflect reality.

“I don't know Dan. Don't you think that's a bit of a reach?" Sarah tried carefully to keep her tone neutral.

“I don't think so. He works in cyber security, doesn't he? He probably has the skills to pull those hacks off. It just seems like too much of a coincidence that two people connected to him have had this happen to them, to their companies," Dan seemed like a dog with a bone, determined to follow this line of thinking wherever it led.

“Okay, I can see that. But you could also say that two people you know have been hacked, too. That doesn't make you the hacker, right?" Sarah said.

Dan shook his head, his brain clearly going a mile a minute. He gestured dismissively at the idea, “But I don't have those skills, Sarah, I couldn't. He fits."

“Maybe. I guess I can kind of see it but we don't really know what kind of skills Lester has. I feel like we have a general idea of what he does. I feel like its defensive, like he know how to fix and unlock the hospital's network, not attack it. But we're just ascribing all these computer skills to him because it's convenient, you know?" Sarah said tepidly.

“But we don't know what his skills are, Sarah. He could be capable of this," Dan added.

“Yeah," Sarah admitted, “Maybe he could. But what's the point? What was his end goal in hacking two people he knows?"

“I don't know that yet. Maybe he used the information he knew about your workplaces to get a foot in the door. I don't have all the answers just yet, but it definitely fits."

“Maybe. I can see how you can see that it matches up, Dan, but I'm not exactly sure it's a perfect fit," Sarah said.

Dan furrowed his brow, “Okay, how about this? Statistically, what is the likelihood of two people being in the same hotel room last night and having their workplaces hacked?"

Sarah braced herself for the gut punch. The discussion about Jesse was about to happen, “I mean, I guess the two people could be coworkers who work for the same company…."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, “That's not — uh, Sarah, why do you always have to have a smart answer for everything –"

“I know, I'm sorry," Sarah said innocently, raising her hands. “To your point, I guess it's probably unlikely."

“Really fricking unlikely," Dan exclaimed, “The fact that you and Jesse were in the room with Lester……"

Dan trailed off. Sarah watched his face as his mind shifted gears to realizing that she was alone in a hotel room with Lester and Jesse last night. Her husband looked at her with uncertain eyes before staring out the windshield.

“So last night…,” Dan started. Sarah waited patiently for her husband to find the words. She didn't want to rush into this. She knew how difficult this conversation was likely to be. The events of last night had surprised her. More surprising was her reaction to indulging in it. How easy it was for her to justify and embrace the situation. How much pleasure she had derived from being shared between the two men all night long…

She hated the idea of admitting all of that to Dan, but she wanted to be as truthful as possible.

“So you left the restaurant….." the gears shifting in Dan's head, “then what happened?"

“Lester brought us up to our hotel room. I thought you would follow right behind us."

“I got stuck paying my bill and yours. You guys left abruptly, and I had to settle up. I wasn't expecting that."

“Wait, you mentioned that. Why did you pay for our bill again?"

“Something about me arranging it when I made my reservation. In support of the happy couple," Dan said.

“Oh, so Lester….that sneaky asshole," Sarah could only shake her head. Lester was always trying to pull stupid shit like this with Dan.

“See what I mean? Sneaky. Like a hacker. Between sticking me with the bill and that whole Dan DeCuck thing…..such a fucking asshole."

“Lester being an asshole is not something I'm disputing," Sarah said, “He is a gigantic asshole." With an amazing cock. Who knows how to fuck. Who can make me…

“So you get to the hotel room…" Dan continued.

“Right, well, I put on a blindfold in the elevator," Sarah said, seeing Dan's eyes, “So, yes, I guess I could've gone to a different room. I can't remember, baby. Anyway, I get in there, and Lester tells me we're not alone. That you're in the corner watching us and that there's another man in the room."

“Jesse….." Dan growls.

“Jesse. Yes, but I didn't know that at the time. I just thought it was some guy, and because you were there, it was okay. That you were okay with it. I didn't even think to question Lester. Maybe I didn't want to question him. The situation, being blindfolded. Knowing eyes were on me. It was all intoxicating. I wanted to see what would happen. How far you'd let things go."

Dan stayed silent, his hands tight on the steering wheel even though the car wasn't moving. His eyes roamed distantly out the windshield.

“So what happened next?" Dan asked.

“The man….Jesse came up to me and got me out of my dress," Sarah said, noticing a vein throbbing on Dan's temple, “Then, when he got more aggressive, Lester stepped in and fucked me on the bed while Jesse and, well, in my mind - you, were watching."

“After," Sarah continued, “Jesse climbed on top of me and put himself inside me. Lester told me I could take off my blindfold. When I did, I looked around for you but didn't see you anywhere."

Dan turned to look at Sarah, “And what did you do then?"

Sarah hung her head, “I let Jesse continue fucking me. Then Lester again. Dan, I'm sorry, but they took turns with me all night."

“Jesus fucking Christ, Sarah! How many times? How many times did you fuck each of them!?"

Sarah hung her head, “I honestly don't know. I wasn't exactly keeping track."

“How many times did you cum then? Did you cum with Lester? Did Jesse make you cum?" Dan demanded.

“Dan – don't, don't make this harder than it has to be, okay? It's not important –"

“It's important to me, Sarah. Did Jesse make you cum?" Dan asked again.

“Yes!" Sarah said, “Yes, he made me cum. And he fucked me again this morning, if you need to know that too. Do you think I invited this scenario? I thought you were there, maybe that was naive, but I believed it. I believed Lester. Maybe that was my fault, but I thought you'd be there instead of getting arrested somewhere."

“That's not fair at all," Dan replied.

“Did you try calling my phone? Maybe I could have heard it and put a stop to things. Instead, you went on a drunken rant through the hallways and left me there alone with them," Sarah said.

“That's not fair, and you know it. I didn't realize how strong those drinks were and it's Lester who manipulated the situation. He invited Jesse to this whole thing just to fuck with me. He told me the wrong room on purpose. This isn't on me," Dan declared.

“You're right. Lester did set this up, and we both walked into it. I should have known better, and maybe you should have had less to drink, which kept me protected," Sarah said.

As angry as she wanted to be with Lester for pitting her against her husband like this, there was a dark thrill inside her that was tickled by the situation he'd put her in. Being fucked all night by more than one man had been frankly amazing. Lester had opened up new worlds for her. He was unpredictable and delivered her new experiences that she was beginning to crave. These are experiences that Dan hadn't come close to giving her in all their years of marriage. Maybe that was why Lester had kept Dan at bay. He knew that Dan would end things and deny Sarah these new adventures.

But that didn't make what he did right. He shouldn't come between a committed husband and wife like this. But Lester never really did give a shit about that. He just did what he wanted. An attitude that Sarah continued to find herself seductively drawn to.

“Part of the thrill for me was thinking you were there. Knowing you were watching," Sarah continued, “I don't know why I didn't stop when I realized you weren't in the room. I'm sure part of me wanted to. To stop. But by then, I was lost in it all. In that situation. In the pleasure. The abandon. The attention. I couldn't control myself, Dan."

“Lester seems to have that effect on you," Dan muttered, “And now it seems like Jesse does, too."

Sarah scoffed and shook her head, “Jesse doesn't impact me like that. It could have been anyone else last night, and I would have reacted the same way. I mean, there is something appealing because you dislike him so much, but no, he doesn't have a hold on me."

“It honestly makes me sick to my stomach knowing that….thinking about him on top of you like that. I know you came but did you enjoy it? Is he…..I don't even want to know…is he better than me?"

Sarah looked at her husband and chuckled. She could see the uneasiness in his eyes. Sarah knew that Jesse joining the prestigious firm had thrown him for a loop and made him question his own abilities. But he had nothing to worry about, “No, Dan, he wasn't better than you. He was different, sure, but you

are on another entirely different level. It was more the situation than anything that was working for me last night."

“What do you mean, different? Different good? Different bad?" Dan asked.

“It was just different," Sarah said. It was like he was desperate—hungry for it. For me. In the moment, it worked for me, but now that I think more about it, it just comes off as kind of needy—like he was trying too hard—not the most attractive trait."

“Besides," Sarah said, turning her body towards her husband, her cleavage on display as she pushed her arms together, “Minus the whole Jesse thing, what would you have done if you were in the room with us? Would you have put a stop to things?"

Sarah's voice grew sultry as she ran her hand up Dan's leg, “Would you have carried me out of that room, or would you have sat and watched as two guys took turns with your helpless wife?"

“I…um….fuck…Sarah…thats not…."

“Close your eyes and picture it. Me with two strangers. Taking turns with me. Would you tell me to stop," Sarah's hand caressed Dan's growing erection through his pants. Sarah whispered, “I noticed this earlier. Your cock getting hard talking about me in that hotel room. I think part of you is upset you didn't see what happened."

“That's not just it, Sarah, not all of it," Dan breathed as Sarah continued to stroke his cock, “It's being jerked around and feeling like some kind of pawn in a game I don't even realize I'm playing. Lester doing underhanded shit to try to win."

“So beat him," Sarah whispered, “Beat that fucking creep at his own game Dan. Don't let him win."

Sarah sat back in her seat and bit her lip, steeling her gaze at Dan. She ran her hands gently over the outline of her breasts, “You don't want him stealing your precious prize, do you?"

Dan audibly groaned from his seat, “Jesus, Sarah…I……fuck."

Sarah let her sexy facade drop and laughed, “You're seriously too easy, Dan. I love it."

“That's not fair at all," Dan complained, “You can't just turn the sexy act on and try to sweep all of this under the rug. I'm still pissed about –"

“Baby, you know me better than that. Being sexy isn't an act," Sarah leveled her eyes at Dan, making him gulp, “I only choose whether to turn the dial up or down, given the situation."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, “That still doesn't just wash this all away."

“You're right. Last night still happened" and this morning. “I won't say that I didn't enjoy things because I did like parts of it…" Sarah chose her words carefully, “But you being in the dark and not a part of it wasn't what we wanted. We need to address that with Lester."

“It's so fucking weird that we're still talking about that creep having more time with you in the future, but fuck it, no more Jesse. He has to get that through his thick skull of his, too, that at some point, I'm going to reach my breaking point with him. He can't keep pulling this shit and fucking with me."

“I agree, baby. You're right," Sarah put her hand comfortingly on her husband's arm. “I think we're overdue to have a sitdown. Come to Jesus and chat with Lester. Let's go back up there and —"

“No," Dan said.

“No?" Sarah leaned forward, confused. It seemed like they'd had a direction that they could move forward with and lay new ground rules for Lester to follow. And break.

“No. You're not going back up there now. If you are good to drive, I think it's best that you just head out now. I don't want Lester anywhere near you today. That bastard had enough of you last night. I'm not going to let him manipulate things any further. I need to get my head straight first."

“But my suitcase….I just need to grab it," Sarah said. Her suitcase was in Dan's bedroom, next to Lester's, where he was probably naked on his bed stroking his cock, expecting her back up there any second to spit and lick his mesmerizing cock.

“I'll go get it," Dan said, opening the door, “Just wait here. I'll be back in a second."

Sarah moved into the driver's seat and watched Dan stalk back into the building. God, that man can be sexy when he's serious.

Dan returned and loaded her suitcase into the backseat a few minutes later.

“Are you sure you're okay to drive?" Dan asked, “You had a long night."

“I’ll be fine baby," Sarah said, “Unless you want me to go back upstairs with Lester?"

“Don't you start with that," Dan said, “We still need to talk more about what happened last night. But I just want you to get out of Chicago."

“Not without a kiss, baby," Sarah purred.

Dan's hard facade seemed to momentarily break as he leaned into the car and kissed his wife tenderly. Their lips lingered together, both of them wanting more from the other.

Sarah was disappointed to be leaving Chicago a day earlier than planned, but it was probably for the best. She didn't know what might happen if she spent another night in close confines with Lester. She wasn't sure Dan or her marriage could take another hit like that so soon after the previous night's events.

“I love you," Sarah said, rolling down her window and putting the car into drive.

“I love you too," Dan stood there with crossed arms. He said the right words, but his body language was still tense. This issue wasn't settled, and it would take time to get back to where they had been just the day before. Maybe it was time to indulge in his fantasies without Lester again. Show Dan he was still the one in control.

Sarah waved goodbye to her husband as her car pulled out onto the street and headed toward home. The idea of control rattled in her mind. Had Dan ever really been in control? For as long as she could remember, she was the one who'd been in the driver's seat. That was until Lester had come around. The way he took charge and put her into situations that unleashed her dark side. As she drove, she wondered who was more familiar with the dark impulses within her. Lester or her husband?

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“Excuse me, I think you're in my seat." Sarah had just arrived at work to find someone else sitting at her desk—well, at least in the cubicle to which she was currently assigned. Her real desk, at least the one she still thought of as hers, was in the office that the head of HR had taken over. She was trying to be a bigger person and not let that eat at her, but it still felt humiliating.

It was like her value was being gradually diminished. Things she had worked hard for over the years were just being stripped away from her. Her new colleagues at the hospital were basically telling her she wasn't good enough for what she had strived to achieve. That they all knew better, and that voice deep down in her soul that told her she wasn't good enough had been right all along.

“Um, Sorry?" The pretty young woman said, looking up to face her. The girl clearly looked flustered at being confronted. Sarah didn't recognize her. She was probably new. Not long ago, Sarah was looped in on all new hires. Now, she wasn't even consulted. Another part of her responsibilities slowly being shunted away from her. “My boss told me to sit here and get set up. I just started," the girl continued, “she said that this desk was vacant."

Sarah felt the tension returning to her shoulders, “Who's your boss?"

“Mary," the young girl said, pointing towards Sarah's old office, where the new head of HR resided. “Oh, and, uh, nice ring."

Sarah had been about to angrily march into the office she'd once occupied but stopped, realizing she'd forgotten she was wearing the ring Lester had given her at The Lockwood. She wasn't sure how it had gotten into her suitcase. Probably Lester. She couldn't imagine Dan packing it away for her or how he would even get it. She'd admired it as it sat on her bureau that morning and had slipped it on. Clearly, she had never slipped it back off.

“Thank you," Sarah breathed, trying to keep an even tone. It was almost a laughable moment, her Chicago adventures again crashing into her Middleton work life. The girl seemed to pick up on Sarah's shift in tone and curtly swiveled back around to focus on her computer. Sarah took a moment to remove the ring quickly and slipped it into her pocket. Then she squared her shoulders and walked over to her old office.

“Mary?" Sarah asked, sticking her head in the doorway, “Got a second?"

The older woman sitting behind the desk looked up at Sarah with impatience in her eyes. She scanned Sarah's body for several seconds and a disgruntled look appeared on her face, “Sarah. What can I help you with? I'm about to step out to a meeting."

“I'll be quick," Sarah stepped into the room. The further she moved into the new occupant's office the deeper the frown on Mary's face grew. Sarah gestured over her shoulder, “There's a young lady at my desk. I was just wondering whether –"

Mary scoffed and rolled her eyes, “Don't you read your email? You've been reassigned."

“Reassigned?" Sarah stammered, “I'm up to date with my emails. There's nothing there about it. What do you mean ‘reassigned?'"

“The hospital administrator position has been eliminated," Mary said coldly.

Sarah stood there shocked, waiting for the scornful woman to elaborate. She didn't. The older woman seemed to take some perverse pleasure in seeing Sarah wither in front of her.

“What does that mean?" Sarah asked, “You can't just —"

“It was a board decision," Mary waved her hand dismissively. The executive team and the board are restructuring things. We're making this place run like an actual functioning hospital should." She leveled a flat gaze at Sarah, implying that Sarah had been part of what had previously made the hospital run poorly.

“While, of course, we appreciate all of your hard work, the board felt it made more sense for many of those responsibilities to sit within their respective departments. Since everyone reports in to Richard now anyway, they found the role somewhat redundant. The decision was unanimous." Mary flashed some teeth with that last phrase.

Sarah felt like the walls were closing in on her. Her heart felt like it was going to leap out of her chest. What the fuck was happening?

“So what does…" Sarah started but couldn't quite find the words, her brain still shocked from the bombshell this nasty woman had just dropped on her.

“Oh, get it out," Mary spat, “I'm not a mind reader."

“You said I was reassigned. What does that mean?" Sarah asked.

Mary grumbled, “You should've received an email about it."

“Anyway," the older woman continued, “A role recently opened up. The hiring manager thought you would be a good fit for it. I'll send you the job description, but ultimately, it's up to you if you decide to take it."

Sarah groaned as her mind raced. She had been on the other side of this situation enough times to know that Illinois was an at-will employment state and that she could be let go for just about any reason. Eliminating her role was perfectly justifiable. She momentarily wondered whether or not the hospital would pay out any severance if she didn't take the new position.

“If I don't take it, is there some sort of package or…?" Sarah started before Mary huffed and bounced in her seat.

“Let me be frank, dear. Your position no longer exists at this facility. No, we aren't in a position to offer any severance. It's only through sheer luck that this position in IT opened up, and you were considered for it. If you don’t want it, the door is behind you."

IT? “Who's the hiring manager?" Sarah breathed, trying not to tear up.

“Lester Marshall, the new interim head of IT Services." Mary smiled, but it didn’t quite reach her eyes, “Now, if you don't mind, I need to head to that meeting. Please speak with him to let him know and to figure out where you'll be sitting if you stay. And check your damn email. If you don't want the position, just let Mr. Marshall know, and we'll get the process started on our end."

Sarah walked out of her former office in stunned silence. She heard Mary scoff at her again as the older woman closed the door and walked past her, heading to whatever meeting she was expected to attend. Just like that, Sarah's professional career had taken a massive hit, and she was still reeling from it. Did Lester vouch for her and create this position to save her from being let go?

It didn't fit in with the narrative she had talked about with Dan, but she was having a hard time putting the pieces together any other way. Lester was on the executive team, which was almost comical to think of. He would be privy to those high-level discussions. Maybe he had actually saved her.

Sarah took the elevator down to the floor where IT resided. She tried to hold her head high, not wanting her true feelings to betray her professional demeanor. It was such a demotion. Even though she was apparently staying at the same salary, she no longer held as much sway and responsibilities as she had just a few months ago.

Sarah took a deep breath, pushed open the IT Services door, and strode across the floor towards Lester's new office. She remembered coming here many times to strategize with his predecessor, Jerry, who had been unjustly fired by the new CEO, Richard. Her eyes locked onto the form of her husband's fat roommate, who had his feet up on the desk as he ate a large bag of Cheetos. He didn't give off the appearance of the head of IT, or anything else for that matter, but Sarah knew he was highly competent with computers and had proven himself an expert in everything the hospital required.

As she walked toward him, she realized she was still relatively ignorant about Lester's level of expertise. Yes he must have some skills to counter ransomware and hackers but she really didn't understand what those were. It must be enough for the CEO to hire him. But in his position he needed to have some level of people skills right? Sarah looked around at all the empty cubibcles and shook her head. Not that there was that many people left. Her thoughts turned to Dan's suspicions about Lester and whether there was any truth to them.

Could he have done it? She honestly didn't know. He was much more skilled with computers than she was. She knew enough about how expansive a field like IT was and how often people assumed any IT

person could pull off feats of technological wizardry. But Sarah at least knew enough to recognize there were many specializations and disciplines within the field. But she didn't know how to gauge whether Lester's skillset involved the ability to hack and take over networks.

She knew he was skilled at cyber security, at the very least. He convinced them to dish out over $250k for his services and solved an IT crisis that no other security firm wanted to help with. Lester wasn't the most stand-up guy, but she still couldn't imagine him hacking the hospital, threatening the livelihoods of her coworkers, and, worse, impacting the health of their patients. Why would he do that? It didn't make sense as much as Dan wanted it to. What? So that he could fuck her? He had already been doing that. And she had called him and asked for his help. It wasn't like Lester rode up to the hospital like a white knight.

“Sarah," Lester smiled as she approached. He stood up and wiped the Cheeto dust from his fingers on his shirt, leaving visible stains behind, “What's wrong?"

Sarah stopped at the door to his office, taken aback by his ability to read her emotions. She was sure she had buried them deep under her business exterior and was hiding them better than this.

“It's nothing…it's just…," Sarah didn't know what to say. She was still processing the complex emotions from her rollercoaster of a morning. She needed to sit down and take stock, but life wouldn't let her do that just yet. Here she was in Lester's office, on the verge of breaking down again, her professional persona about to crumble in front of her. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes.

“Hey," Lester scooted his large body around the desk and quickly closed the door behind Sarah. As the door clicked shut, Sarah felt a flood of emotions break from her: anger, frustration, and all of these feelings about the life she had spent years building that was now coming crashing down.

“It's everything, Lester," Sarah started. Surprised she was confiding in him of all people, but she needed to talk about this. Needed to talk to someone who understood the situation. She just needed to vent, and he was here for her. “All the new management in the hospital. They simply don't give a single shit about any of us. I just found out that my position was eliminated and how I've been demoted to come and work down here." Her shuddering could be heard in her exhale.

“No offense," she added, looking back at Lester.

“I'm sorry," Lester said as he put his arms around her, gently holding her, “That sounds like a really fucking rough morning."

Sarah breathed out a sigh of relief and some tension released from her shoulders. She felt validated. Maybe it was this place that was crazy, not her.

“Don't be sorry, Lester,” Sarah breathed into his chest, “This isn't your fault."

“Maybe it is, just a little bit,” Lester said quietly.

“What?” Anger flashed in Sarah's eyes as she stepped back from him, “What do you mean?”

Lester held up his hands defensively, “When I heard they were going to eliminate your position. I just blurted out that I needed help in my department. Because of all the cutbacks that have been made, I need a right hand to help me run things. They weren't sure at first, but I convinced them you'd be a great fit. I'm sorry if I overstepped at all."

Sarah stared back at Lester, speechless for several seconds, as things clicked into place in her head. She hated the fact that she was demoted and now working in IT, a department that didn't interest her at all. But the alternative would have been worse. Just having her position eliminated and being out on her ass. At least this way, she had some amount of runway to figure things out for herself.

“I..uh..thank you, Lester,” Sarah said, meeting his eyes. If it hadn't been for his quick thinking, she'd be out on the street right now. He had given her a lifeline, and she fully intended to embrace it. Sarah put her hand on Lester's arm, “Truly, thank you. I'm sorry if I came in here like a hot mess."

Lester just chuckled, “I've seen you as a hot mess, and this ain't it, believe me."

Sarah just grinned and shook her head, slapping him playfully on the arm, “Ass."

“I know this arrangement isn't what you want –"

“It's fine,” Sarah cut in. “For now. I mean, is it what I spent the last several years of my life building towards? Definitely not. But now, I can still keep a roof over my kid's head. Thanks to you, Lester."

“Oh, and here,” Sarah took the large engagement ring from her pocket and put it on Lester's desk. “I think maybe this is just for playtime, yes? I mean, I have a husband, you know that. But again, thanks so much for everything, really."

“I was just in the right place at the right time,” Lester shrugged, “You know, I think my newest employee has had a rough day.” Lester scooped the ring up off the desk without looking at it and dropped it in a drawer. “Maybe you should take the rest of the day to get your head straight."

“It's okay, I'm fine –"

“I insist,” Lester tapped a book on his desk that had been part of the new employee welcome package from HR, “Besides HR says mental health is important right?"

Sarah just shook her head, “I guess. Thanks, Lester. I think taking a few hours to get my mind wrapped around this new reality would be great."

“Perfect," Lester said as he led her to his office door and opened it. He gestured for her to step out, and he slyly took a long lingering gaze at her shapely ass as she moved past him. He cleared his throat and followed her out into the cubicle farm.

“One thing before you go," Lester said, suddenly leading her towards another door on the same wall. “When you come back tomorrow, this is your office."

The door swung open, and Sarah's eyes opened wide. She had expected to be relegated to another cubicle, not to be given her own office. The room was well-lit and spare, with only a desk and a single chair. A small filing cabinet sat in the corner. There wasn't a window, but she had an office once again.

“An office? Are you sure? I don't want to jump the line. I'm new here, Lester. I mean, in IT." Sarah looked around for angry stares from her new coworkers.

Lester just chuckled, “The hospital let go of half the department, Sarah. We have plenty of room."

“Besides," Lester eyed her playfully, “I want my girl close by me."

Sarah slapped him on the arm again, gesturing for him to keep quiet. “You seriously need to keep quiet."

Lester whispered back, “Who gives a fuck? You hate all these new people here. What has being the most attractive, competent person at this place done for you? Landed you down here with me. It's not fair, Sarah."

Sarah shook her head while Lester's words took root. The fact that someone recognized how good she was at her job and that what she was going through was, in fact, unfair and not just in her head. It felt good to be seen like that.

“Regardless," Sarah started, “I still have my own professional code I'm going to follow. I can't let a few bad apples bring me down to their level."

“Good," Lester leaned in conspiratorially, “I much rather you come down to my level and get down and dirty."

“Okay!" Sarah said, rapidly backing away from Lester, “I'm going to do as you asked and go take the rest of the day. See you tomorrow, Mr. Marshall."

Lester just smirked at her as she walked out of the IT department. She was relieved that Lester allowed her to leave early. Her mind was still a mess even though Lester had helped her to feel better about everything. He was the sole person at the hospital who'd offered her any kind of comfort. It was a relief to know that she wasn't alone there anymore. Sarah chuckled to herself at her earlier conversation with Dan that Lester was some kind of hacker. Despite being his roommate, Dan didn't know Lester like she did.

Sarah walked through the hospital halls as quickly as her feet would take her. She just wanted to get out of this building. As her heels clicked through the atrium, she saw the familiar janitor's cart up against the wall. Her head turned as she saw Otis mopping the floor of the men's bathroom. His eyes locked with hers, and a toothy grin spread onto his face.

Sarah immediately broke eye contact and turned back towards the building's rear doors. The last thing she needed was some horned-up janitor following her with expectations of another sexual encounter. She still couldn't believe that she had let him watch her and came on her face like that. It was humiliating, but she couldn't deny the dark thrill it had given her.

She pushed open the door and quickly found her car. A few hours passed before she had to pick up the girls from school. Sarah pulled out of the parking lot, and the thought of just driving off to Chicago to see Dan crossed her mind. She would try to go back up there next week, but the city still called to her.

Despite all the issues at work, Chicago's pull wasn't as strong as it used to be.

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‘Beat Lester at his own game.' Sarah's words kept echoing in his head. Every time he had gone head to head against Lester Dan had lost. Or been rebuffed. Or celebrated his victory too early only to suffer defeat later. Dan DeCuck, the hostess, saying into the phone.

He needed to be smarter about it if he was going after Lester. Much smarter. Dan couldn't get lost in his emotions and react and let Lester see his hand. No, the best way to attack Lester was a sneak attack. He couldn't let Lester know he was coming for him before he was ready to reveal his cards and shut that asshole down once and for all.

Sarah hadn't entirely believed Dan when he'd mentioned Lester being the one to hack the hospital. Dan still didn't know the ‘why' or the details on the ‘how' but he sure as hell knew the ‘who.' Lester fucking Marshall. His incel-like roommate. Dan just needed a silver bullet to prove to Sarah that the monster was behind all this. And maybe even prove it to the authorities.

The insidious way Lester manipulates situations. The way he sidetracked Dan that night and brought someone like Jesse into the hotel room with Sarah. He was a planner. And he was calculating. Lester was driving forward an agenda that neither Dan nor Sarah was aware of.

Unfortunately, it seemed like Sarah still didn't buy into all of this. But she had to have seen the signs. Now, Dan just needed to find some harder proof.

Operation No More Lester was about to begin.

Dan's cell phone rang, snapping him back to reality. He looked around the office for his cell phone. He shuffled a few stacks of papers to the side as it kept ringing incessantly. There was so much piling up lately. Fuck, I just want to focus on Lester.

But reality seemed to have other plans for him. He found his phone and sighed at its display. It was Sentinel Securities again. He answered the call tentatively and went over their current project with them. The voice on the other end of the phone seemed to have an undercurrent of disappointment.

"Dan, while we're hitting all our timelines, we just expected or hoped for a bit more dedication from you on this."

Dan winced but didn't let it deter him. "We are still well within our agreement and what we initially set out to achieve. I do have other clients and obligations I'm balancing here. If you want more focus on your project, we could explore that, but we would need to come to a new arrangement."

Dan steadied himself. He was already working himself like a dog to keep them happy while building his roster of other clients and staying on top of his current job's demands. From the response he got, it seemed like Sentinel might consider upping his hours, but they wanted to discuss it more internally first. Dan wasn't entirely sure how he would manage it.

After the call ended, Dan tried to get his mind back on track to deal with Lester. The mountain of paperwork and requests made it difficult. He'd asked his boss Walt to restore his pay to what it was before, even arguing that he deserved more because of his increased workload.

But the old man flatly denied it. Being on the brink of financial ruin seemed to make him nervous, and now he was like Scrooge, pinching every penny.

Dan stood up and paced methodically around his office, trying to think up what he needed to do to take Lester down. What information he needed. What leverage he could gain on him. Dan glanced at the box of hidden cameras he'd purchased sitting under his desk.

He winced at them. He could not get home to Middleton anytime soon to install them. With Lester spending so much time in his town, he knew he needed to be able to monitor his house somehow.

Dan sat back in his chair, thinking about all he knew about Lester. There wasn't much to go on. He had a company that dealt with cyber security. That was at least one angle Dan could look into. Maybe see what information he could find out about it: past clients, that sort of thing. Try to talk to anyone who has dealt with Lester's business.

The only other aspects of Lester's life that he could think of were his smokeshow of an ex-girlfriend, Lizzie, and his group of nerdy friends. Lizzie was a puzzle piece that didn't make any sense. Maybe there was something there. But how the hell would he track her down? Dan opened Instagram and started looking up Lizzies or Elizabeths, scrolling fruitlessly, looking for a familiar face.

Dan wasted half an hour scrolling through his phone looking for a match but came up empty-handed. He just knew there was something there, though. Lizzie was important. Maybe she wouldn't reveal anything to him, but she had to know a lot about Lester if they really had been in a relationship at some point. Who knew? Maybe she was just a prostitute Lester had hired to trick them? That seemed extreme, but he wanted to keep all possibilities open here. All ideas needed to be considered.

The other avenue he had to explore was Lester's Dungeons and Dragons group. He remembered the one short guy who said something about having a board game store or something. Dan couldn't remember his name or any of the pertinent details. Turning on his monitor, he quickly opened Google Maps and looked up board game stores in Chicago. There were over a dozen. Dan started to meticulously go through their listings, looking for anything that might tie them to Lester's peculiar friend.

Dan scanned through the images on Google Maps, looking for someone who looked familiar. He pored through their websites until he landed on one where he saw a picture that appeared to be that Eugene guy in the background.

This must be it…..

Dan checked the time. There was still a lot of work he needed to tend to, but he felt like this couldn't wait. He had to dive in and follow this lead while it was hot. If only he had the money to hire a private investigator to do all the legwork.

Dan left his office and took a bus to the store he'd found. He wasn't sure what exactly he was looking to learn, but right now, it was the only lead he had. Still, he needed to be careful. He couldn't just come out asking questions, or he might tip Lester off somehow.

It didn't take too long for Dan to reach the store. It seemed kind of nice from the outside in a weird way. He could see racks of board games and other fanboy paraphernalia adorning the store's walls from the window.

As Dan entered the store, the short man behind the counter squinted at him before smiling.

“You're…” the short man began, “Lester's roommate, right?"

“Yep, that's me. Sorry, I forgot your name."

“Ned," the short, pudgy man stuck out his hand for Dan to shake. Dan smiled and shook it. Ned continued, “Nice to meet you, uh, again, I guess."

“So Dan, did Lester send you?" Ned's eyes darted to the store's windows as if expecting to see Lester lurking outside.

“No, I didn't even know you worked here," Dan said. I just wanted to grab a gift for my nieces. I'm looking for a good kid's board game."

“This is my store. I own it," Ned beamed, “We definitely have something for you. Let's go see what we got."

Dan let Ned lead him to a section of the store with games for younger children. He made some small talk, discreetly asking some questions about Lester. Much to Dan's dismay, it seemed like Ned didn't know much about Lester, either. He had joined their group a few years ago but kept most of his details to himself. Ned would help Lester with odd jobs here and there, but he didn't know much about him. Besides that Lester had recently gotten a smoking hot girlfriend named Sarah.

“What sort of odd jobs do you do?" Dan asked casually while feigning interest in the colorful board game box in front of him.

“It varies. Sometimes replacing drywall. Or driving Lester somewhere. Or….." Ned trailed off.

“Or?" Dan asked.

“Nothing," Ned corrected himself, quickly changing topics. “Yeah, so we do raids a few nights a week. I'm surprised you've never joined us," Ned said.

“Oh, I'm usually busy most nights. Work, you know. That must be hard to coordinate getting everybody together," Dan said while looking at a board game box absently.

“It's easy. We all just jump on Discord, and when there are enough of us, we jump on," Ned said absently.

“Discord?" Dan asked.

“It's an online community. Kind of like old school message boards but with more features and stuff."

“Huh." Dan understood that Ned was the kind of guy who liked validation from people. “Sounds cool."

“It is cool!" Ned exclaimed. You should join us there sometime. I could invite you."

Dan didn't know if this was a lead worth pursuing, but it didn't seem like Ned had anything else to offer. He did wonder what other odd jobs Ned did for Lester. There might be something worth exploring there.

“Sure, I guess. Could be cool," Dan shrugged.

“Here," Ned fumbled with his phone until a QR code was displayed on it. Scan this with your camera. It's an invite to one of our servers. I'm Surgebinder on there—feel free to shoot me a message, and I'll help you out."

A group of young teenagers entered the store, and Ned's gaze shifted to them. He looked at them hungrily, like pools of disposable income. Dan quickly scanned the code on his phone and said, “Ring me up for this game, and I'll take it."

Ned quickly checked him out, and Dan paid. Ned's attention shifted to the kids looking at Pokemon cards, “Don't be a stranger, okay Dan? If your nieces like that one, we have plenty of other games appropriate for their age group."

“Thanks for everything, Ned. I'll be back," Dan walked out of the store, unsure if he'd made any progress. Still, he had a new avenue of investigation, whatever this Discord thing was. Dan just hoped he would be an unremarkable blip on Ned's radar for the day, and the peculiar man wouldn't mention anything to Lester.

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“I'm sorry, hun. We won't be able to take the girls this weekend," Sarah's father said over the phone. Your aunt isn't doing too well health-wise, and your mother and I are heading up to see her."

“That's okay, Dad," Sarah said, “Give Aunt Tabby my best, okay? I love you."

“Love you too, sweetheart. Take care now," her father said.

Sarah hung up the phone and buried her face in her hands. She'd already asked Dan's parents, who weren't available, to watch the girls. And now her parents were going away for the weekend as well. Sarah sighed, trying to figure this one out.

Dan had seemed distant on the phone, preoccupied with something. Or at least not willing to speak about what he was working on. It almost felt like he was doing something he didn't want to reveal to her fully. She needed to get him alone to discuss whatever it might be. There was something there, but she didn't know what. It couldn't be what had happened the last time she had been in Chicago, could it?

While they had started to work past that, she could see where the knowledge of that night and not having been there could still haunt him, forcing him to confront the same feelings alone.

But now it looked like she wouldn't be able to reassure her husband. She took out her phone to text him.

S: Hey baby, I talked to my parents. They can't watch the girls this weekend, either. Can you come down?

D: I can't hon, not this weekend at least. I'm sorry.

Sarah sighed. With everything going on at work, she wanted to get away from here. The last few days hadn't been too bad. Lester had kept her fairly insulated from other events in the hospital while giving her details on the executive team's decisions.

She knew he shouldn't be sharing such sensitive information with her, but she loved finally getting an inside track on the new executive team's decision-making. Lester would often ask for advice on approaching situations and dealing with other team members, something she was more than capable of providing.

While it wasn't exactly what she wanted, she couldn't help but feel a semblance of the importance she'd once held. Lester was at least providing her with that lifeline.

But she still yearned for Dan's presence. Just to be consoled by the man she had chosen to share her life with. She knew she'd have to wait a bit longer before feeling that sense of security again. Sarah rested

her head back on her chair. She was stronger than this. She shouldn't let these things eat at her, but they did. But Dan's sensitive touch would certainly take her mind off things.

With a sigh, she got up and went on with her day.

When the end of the week came, Sarah picked up her daughters from work with a smile. Despite everything going on with her, her daughters were still a bright point in her life, and she loved being a mother and caring for the two of them. She watched them interact with the world and grow up right before her eyes. She could only smile as she drove them home, listening to the girls talk about the elementary school drama going on in their lives.

It seemed so normal for the short drive back to their house. If Sarah couldn't be with Dan this weekend, she'd double down on the time with her daughters. She cooked them a simple meal, bathed them, and then settled in to watch the newest Disney movie with them. By nine p.m., both girls were nearly asleep on the couch, so Sarah helped them brush their teeth, change into their pajamas, and tuck them into their beds.

When she returned downstairs, she tidied up the room and decided it was mommy time. Sarah opened a bottle of wine and poured herself a glass, letting the Bordeaux pour down her throat.

Her phone chimed from the kitchen counter. Sarah opened it expecting a text from Dan, but instead, it was from Lester. Sarah smiled and shook her head at his stupid message.

L: What are you wearing

Sarah just shook her head. She was a mess. Sweatpants, hair pulled up in a bun. Makeup washed off from the day with a loose t-shirt. Her half-zipped-up hoodie hid her lack of a bra.

S: Nothing sexy. I'm a mess right now.

L: Liar. Show me.

Sarah just rolled her eyes. Lester had behaved himself so well all week, actually playing the role of an okay boss and IT department head. But she knew Lester too well. She knew what lay beneath the surface. She'd still caught a few of his inappropriate glances.

Sarah shook her head, held the phone up above her head, and snapped a picture. The high angle clearly showed her messy appearance. After all the sexy outfits and lingerie she had worn in Lester's presence,

she knew it would be a letdown. She sent the picture and went back to drinking her wine, moving from the kitchen to the couch in the living room.

L: Yummy

S: Now who's the liar?

L: I'd hit it

Sarah just chuckled. The thought that it was now her boss texting her like this crossed her mind. These messages would definitely be viewed as wholly inappropriate and an abuse of power dynamic. Would Richard and Mary from HR even give a shit? She doubted it, but it wasn't like she had planned to burn Lester by exposing their conversations. Who knew what else would come out of that discussion, but also….this was Lester. This is just what their relationship was like.

S: Uh huh. Well thank you, I guess

L: Serious, you still look drop-dead gorgeous

L: Your messy is still sexy. Way more attractive than 99% of women.

Even though she didn't believe him, it was still nice to hear. His compliments stroked a part of her ego that needed attention.

S: Yeah right, you're just saying that

L: Send me another pic then

Sarah snapped another pic from a different angle, less flattering than before, and sent it to him,

L: I'm already hard

Sarah paused. This was a bit of an escalation. She checked the other thread in her messaging app again to see if Dan had messaged her back. Netflix was open on the TV in front of her, but her chat with Lester seemed more interesting than anything streaming.

With a wicked smirk she replied to him.

S: Show me. I don't believe you.

Less than a minute later, a pic of Lester's hard, angry, intimidating cock appeared on her screen. As she was trying to figure out how to respond to it, another pic of his cock from a different angle popped up, followed by a second one.

Sarah just started at her screen, looking over every bump and crevice on Lester's king-sized cock. She knew she was playing with fire but couldn't help but take in every part of him. Her pussy pulsated, knowing how that big cock felt inside of her. It was almost like her vagina had muscle memory from gripping his immense cock so often. As her eyes traced up his shaft and the thick veins running up it, she could almost feel it. Or at least the lingering memory of it.

L: Speechless?

S: I just wasn't expecting so many pictures…..

L: I can't help what you do to me

S: This is not a workplace-appropriate conversation

L: That never stopped you before. Remember our time in your office?

Sarah started responding, but a flurry of messages from Lester stopped her in her tracks.

L: Fucking up against the window

L: Breaking your fucking desk

L: Taking you doggy style on the fucking floor of your office

L: Fuck that felt so good

S: You weren't my boss then…

L: I've always been your boss. You do whatever I ask.

S: I'm not some obedient slave, Lester. I choose to do the things we do.

L: You're my perfect little slut, aren't you? You've said it before

S: That's all sex talk. Now you're my boss for real as fucked up as that is.

Another picture of Lester's large cock popped onto her screen.

L: Take a pic of those tits for me. I want to rub one out to you right now.

S: I don't think HR would approve.

L: I don't give a fuck

Lester's last message lingered there, clearly awaiting a response. She knew he'd meant it - that was Lester to a tee. Sarah bit her lip, lifted up her shirt, and snapped a quick picture of her breasts without her face in it. As she hit send, she felt a dark desire twist and unspool inside of her.

L: That's my girl.

L: God I want to taste those right now

S: Are you touching yourself?

Lester sent her a short video clip of him stroking his cock in slow motion. The house suddenly seemed exceptionally warm. As she watched the looping video, Sarah's eyes felt like they were glazing over. She noted how far his hand had to travel to cover the distance when stroking himself.

L: What would you do if you had this right now?

S: I wouldn't be texting

L: What would you be doing?

Sarah paused, thinking what to say, knowing that she might escalate the conversation.

S: I don't know

L: Would you be riding it or want to suck it?

S: Neither

L: ???

S: I'd have my legs wrapped around you as you thrust into me, pinning me to the bed.

S: Moaning your name over and over

L: God that sounds fucking good. I would grab the back of your head and stick my tongue down your throat.

S: My pussy would clench around your cock, milking it. Not letting you go, not letting you move an inch.

L: Condom or no?

S: No. Never. Fuck.

L: You're making me stroke so hard right now

S: Mhmmmm cum for me big boy. Make a mess.

Sarah waited with bated breath for a picture of Lester's signature large load. Her hand absently caressed her breast through her tee shirt. She pictured Lester leaning back on his bed, furiously stroking his large cock as he moaned, looking at the picture of her tits. Maybe he needed something else to push him over the edge.

Sarah snapped another picture of her holding one of her bare breasts and sent it to him. This time, she included her mouth with her tongue out for him. No response.

S: I want to see it. Show me the mess you make for me.

Sarah lay her head back on the couch, her hand drifting into her panties. She was already so wet from their sexting. She snapped a picture of her face contorted in pleasure and sent it to him.

S: Come on big boy. I want to see it. Please.

Still nothing. Was it that hard to jerk off and send her a message at the same time? She now needed to see that cock explode for her. Because of her. As the minutes ticked by, she got frustrated, wanting to see that picture and touch herself to give herself her own release.

S: Hello?

S: Lester?

Finally, three little dots appeared on her screen. Lester was typing up a message. She held her breath as she waited. Eager to see what he was going to say. She still wished just for a picture. Each millisecond seemed to stretch on for eternity as she waited for his response.

L: I'm outside

S: What?

Sarah got up and looked out the living room window. The darkened shape of Lester's SUV was in her driveway.

S: Lester what are you doing here? You should go. You can't be here.

L: You said you wanted to see me cum.

Sarah's mind flashed to her daughters sleeping peacefully upstairs. If they weren't here she knew she'd be tempted to let Lester in. Even though she knew she shouldn't. Maybe she could go out to his car and…..Fuck. A neighbor would see that for sure.

S: You shouldn't have come here.

L: I haven't yet. I'm still stroking though.

Oh god. It's not like anything had to happen. She just needed to see Lester's cock explode for her. Then he could leave. Maybe he could just do that from his car and send her the picture……

L: Go to your backdoor

What? Sarah's heart was beating out of her chest as she hurried to the sliding door off the back of her kitchen. Sure enough, Lester was standing there pressing himself up against the glass, stroking his cock through his pants like some kind of pervert well on his way to a felony conviction.

It was dark out, but one of her neighbors in the back might still catch sight of him. Any number of neighbors might have seen him park and lurk in her backyard. Embarrassed, angry, and turned on, she slid the door open a crack.

“Lester," She hissed, “What the fuck are you doing here?"

“Jerking off," Lester smiled, “I thought that was obvious."

“That's not what I'm asking! Why are you here!?" Sarah chided him.

“You wanted to see me cum, so here I am."

“That's not what I meant, and you know it."

“I am not stopping now. I'm getting so close."

“Someone is going to see you and think you're a pervert."

“They're welcome to watch. You know I don't give a shit. And besides, I am a pervert," he said the word ‘pervert’ with a sick, self-satisfied look, nearly spitting the word out.

Sarah wanted to turn away from him. Mortified about the possibility of a neighbor discovering her secret. What if one of them called the cops, and Lester had to explain why he was there? They might question her, too. Would she lie to the police? She pictured herself standing on her porch in the cold, explaining her relationship with Lester to the police as her worried girls huddled behind her.

Against her better judgment or perhaps just giving in, she unlocked and slid open the sliding door, “Get in. Now."

With a triumphant smirk, Lester stepped into the kitchen as Sarah quickly shut the sliding door behind him.

“Lester, you're crossing another line. You know you shouldn't be here," Sarah said. Then, turning around to face her husband's roommate, she locked the door again.

Lester was leaning against her marble counter, pants around his ankles. He was stroking his massive cock while his eyes had been glued to Sarah's ass, being hugged by her sweatpants. Sarah froze like a deer in the headlights, her eyes locked onto the cock that seemed to be staring angrily back at her.

“I couldn't help it. I'm powerless against you," Lester grunted.

Sarah didn't respond; her brain was still processing what to do. She knew what she should do. And she definitely knew what she absolutely shouldn't do.

“Someone's going to see you by the window," Lester said.

His comment made its way into her brain, and slowly, she stepped forward away from the window, closer to him.

“You shouldn't be here," She whispered, her eyes still looking at what he had in his hand.

“But I am."

“It's not right."

“A lot of what you and I do isn't right yet here we are. Again."

Sarah was ready to say that her daughters were sleeping upstairs but she didn't want to draw his attention to them.

“You should go."

“Right after I cum for you - like I promised."

Sarah's eyes finally broke contact with Lester's cock. The slapping sounds of his strokes echoed off the hard surfaces of her kitchen walls and cabinets. Her eyes roamed up his hefty body, drinking him in. His arrogant face looked defiant against her protests while clearly enjoying his own masturbation.

“Come here," Lester said loudly.

“Shhhh," Sarah crossed the kitchen, getting close to him, “Quiet."

Lester looked up at the ceiling and chuckled, “They upstairs?"

“Sleeping, yes, so keep it down."

“You know, I'd finish faster and be out of your hair with some help. Maybe just a hand?" Lester held out his free hand, offering her to take it.

The attractive wife and mother approached the piggish man, pleasuring himself in her kitchen. She placed her hand in his, looking into his eyes expectantly. Lester grinned, and his hand left his cock, reaching behind him. As they stood under the room's overhead light, Lester slipped the ring with the oversized diamond back onto her ring finger, noting that she hadn't been wearing any rings when he came in. He smirked as Sarah was once again drawn to the size of the stone he'd just put on her finger. His hand dropped back down to his crotch, resuming the steady pace he'd been stroking himself with.

Sarah looked down at the sparkling ring and at Lester's cock again. She was close enough to feel the warmth radiate off of it. Lester turned his body and pressed his thick cock against her right hand. Sarah's wrist reflexively turned into his motion, and his cock slid against the inside of her palm.

Sarah's fingers tightened around Lester's shaft. She closed her eyes, her mind focusing on the sensation of his warm cock in her hand.

“Uhh, fuck that feels good. It's hard-working next to you all week and not doing this more often," Lester groaned, “You have no idea how many times I wanted to call you into my office and bend you over my desk."

“Why didn't you?" Sarah's voice was just above a whisper.

“I knew how hard of a time you were having this week. I didn't want to complicate things for you," Lester said, his eyes closed, clearly focusing on her moving against him.

Sarah didn't respond, but her grip tightened on Lester's cock, and she began earnestly stroking him. Lester sighed and removed his hand as Sarah's hand kept massaging his shaft. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at Lester's ugly face, which was contorting with pleasure. She had a hard time reconciling how great he had been this week with how he had treated Dan during the hotel trip to Chicago. She should just ask him about it and see what he said —

Lester opened his eyes, looking directly at her. Sarah could see the hunger behind his eyes, and her voice caught in her throat. They stared at each other for several seconds, both trying to read what the other was thinking. Sarah's eyes flicked to Lester's tongue as he licked his lips. Instinctively, she did the same thing.

Without speaking, Lester's hand snaked around Sarah's body and grabbed a full ass cheek in his meaty paw and pulled her towards him. Sarah gasped as her body melted into Lester's, her hand never ceasing its stroking of his rigid cock. His heartbeat pulsed in her palm, and her braless breasts pushed into his flabby chest. Sarah saw the hunger in his eyes and knew the inevitable was about to occur. There was no fighting this. No denying what was between them.

Lester pulled her tighter as his tongue descended towards her. Sarah closed her eyes again as his fat tongue pushed past her lips only to meet her slender one. Their tongues ran across each other tenderly, tasting one another until they tilted their heads, their mouths forming a tight airlock as they desperately made out with one another.

Sarah felt her knees weaken as she shifted more weight into the kiss. She was leaning on Lester, leaning into him, not wanting to let this physical connection go. The outside world slowly faded away as this perfect kiss consumed her.

“Mmmhmmhmmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth. He groaned back, the vibrations tickling her tongue, pushing her hips against him. Sarah started stroking him faster as she swayed her hips against his body, reveling in the feeling of pressing her weight onto his.

Lester pulled harder on her curving behind as he kneaded her ass cheeks. Sarah moaned again, feeling herself grinding hungrily against Lester's body. Her sweatpants felt so unnecessary. She wanted to rub against him skin on skin. Her nipples were hard, pressing against the material of her t-shirt.

Lester smiled inwardly at her unconstrained breasts pressing against him. He'd had Sarah in almost every way. The roommate's wife, the professional at the hospital, his little sex puppet in public. Even claiming him as his own ‘wife' both publicly and privately. But tonight, he was getting something he never had before. The mother.

Sarah wore typical overworked, underappreciated mother attire with two sleeping offspring upstairs. The ‘mess', as she called her appearance, put herself after all others. She was neglected by her husband. She was vulnerable and ripe for the picking.

Lester shifted his body so that his cock was pressing into her sweatpant-covered pussy. Making her stroke him against her slit.

“Mmmhmmmmm," Sarah groaned again, feeling the warmth and hardness of Lester's cock. The sweatpants were in the way. Without letting go of his throbbing cock, Sarah used her other hand to pull down her pants, pressing Lester's lovely warm length against the thin material of her underwear.

“Ohhhhhmhmmmmm," Sarah moaned. It felt so much better. Sarah swayed her hips back and forth, pressing herself against the shape of Lester's pole as her tongue swirled around Lester's. Lester's hands

went to her hips, gently pressing them as she swayed side to side. Soon, it felt like a dance, with Lester leading the direction of her hip movements as they swayed back and forth in the kitchen.

Lester hooked his thumbs under the sides of Sarah's panties, pulling them down her thighs. Sarah gasped and gripped Lester's cock in anticipation of contact. As he lowered her panties and exposed her slit to the kitchen, Sarah pulled his cock right to her opening, letting it run up and down her. She shivered from the feeling of the cool air with Lester's warmth pressing against her.

Sarah broke the kiss, her mouth agape as she tried to breathe in as much air as possible. Her head swam with a thousand different thoughts, but all of them were drowned out by the sensation of Lester's cock pressing against her. His cock slid easily up and down her slit. It was already slick with her juices.

“Let's go upstairs," Lester growled as he pulled his dirty shirt off and let it fall to the floor. Sarah couldn't help but run her eyes over his squat body. It didn't make any sense. She shouldn't have found his body alluring, but she did. Her mind warped against society's norms of attraction. Months of Lester spraying his seed into her mixed with the potent chemical cocktails of dopamine, endorphins, and oxytocin that her brain had released from their couplings.

Sarah let go of his cock as Lester grabbed her hand and began to pull her towards the stairs up to the bedrooms, her diamond ring sparkling from the dim lights in the living room. Her only clothing left was her t-shirt and ankle socks, and everything else lay scattered on the kitchen floor. In any other setting, Lester would look comical in only his tube socks, but Sarah wanted to jump his fucking bones.

Lester began to pull Sarah up the stairs towards her bedroom.

“Wait," Sarah stood frozen in place. She thought of her two sleeping angels, the potential for being caught, and the possibility of exposing them to her illicit life with Lester. “Not up there."

Sarah's mind whirled as they stood frozen on the staircase.

“This way," Sarah said, pulling Lester back down the stairs. She led him to another door leading down to the basement. They descended the wooden steps in darkness until part way down, Sarah reached up and pulled the string light, illuminating the small unfinished room. Musty and dark shadows from the boxes and other assorted items long forgotten by the couple were cast on the walls. The perfect lair for a troll.

Sarah led Lester down to the bottom and into one corner where Dan's old futon sat open. Sarah moved a few boxes from the couch. She bent over to place the last box on the ground, and Lester pressed himself up against her bare ass, his cock pressing into her crack and pussy from behind.

“Uhhhh," Sarah moaned from the sudden thrust. Her hand caught the edge of the futon bracing herself.

“Damn, you look good from this angle," Lester grunted. He pushed her t-shirt up towards her shoulders. “Let's take that shirt off. I want you naked for me."

Sarah pulled her shirt all the way off and thrust her ass back towards Lester's cock. He just smiled down at her. Her ass jiggling as it slapped back against his thighs, “If only the guys at work could see you now. I bet Richard would've kept you around if he knew you'd be willing to play nicely."

“Fuck him," Sarah spat.

“My my. Testy," Lester teased, “I'd love to see you use your mouth like that in the hospital."

“I bet you would," Sarah spun around, a challenge in her eyes, “You seem like to show me off lately. Even share me…."

“No," Lester stepped towards her. Sarah took a step back, the back of her knees bumping against the edge of the futon. Lester pressed himself right up against her, his flabby chest pressing into her heavy breasts, his cock jutting into her waiting pussy, “You're mine. I don't like sharing."

“Then what about the last few times," Sarah breathed quietly, “With Otis and then…Jesse at the hotel?"

“I didn't plan on Otis showing up. But I loved seeing how far you'd bend. To do what I wanted. I love seeing how much fucked up stuff you'll do with me. To see the perfect wife being my perfect little slut. THAT is what gets me off."

WHAP

Lester's hand came down hard and grabbed a handful of Sarah's ass. She winced at the pain and groaned as her body pressed hard into Lester's cock.

“Fuck, Lester," Sarah grunted.

“I love knowing you'll take shit like that and like it. Knowing that once upon a time, you would have slapped me in the face, but now you're going to lay down and spread those long, gorgeous legs for me."

“Are you sure about that?"

“Yes," Lester breathed and stepped forward again, forcing Sarah onto the futon. His hands were on her shoulder, pushing her onto her back. He moved onto the futon with her. Sarah looked up at him defiantly.

“Open," Lester commanded.

Hesitantly, Sarah's legs spread open before Lester. A shit-eating grin spread across his face, “Good girl."

“What about…," Sarah breathed, “Jesse in the hotel room. Letting him have me like that. The both of you. Why him?"

Lester shuffled forward and rubbed his cock up and down Sarah's wet slit. She bucked her hips against him, seeking contact with him.

“Who gives a shit about him?" Lester croaked. Jesse didn't matter, and Lester couldn't see why she was so hung up on this.

“Tell me," Sarah breathed, reaching out to grab the shaft of Lester's cock, trying to pull it into her.

Lester stared down at Sarah, his gaze feasting on her breasts and the mask of pure lust on her face. She was tugging on his cock, trying to get it inside of her, but Lester held firm, letting her squirm under him.

“I wanted to see how big of a slut you've become for me. I wanted you to not say no and give in to what I wanted. And that's exactly what you did, Sarah," Lester said as he thrust his cock fully to its hilt into Sarah. Sarah took a sharp intake of breath as Lester reveled in the way her breasts jiggled at his initial thrust.

“Ohhmmhmmmfuck Lester," Sarah groaned, her mind losing its track of thought. Lester's cock thrusting in and out of her was driving her insane. She hadn't realized how badly she needed to feel him.

“You should have just asked me," Sarah moaned, “I, uh, I would have –"

“Your boss doesn't need to ask anything," Lester said, punctuating his sentence with a hard thrust, making Sarah yelp. “Ggnng, you just do as you're told, understand?"

“Ohhh fuck," Sarah grunted in time with each of Lester's thrusts. Her fingers gripped the old sheets that adorned Don's old college futon. The first time she slept with Dan was years ago, when she was on this very couch. Lester's greedy, fat hands were gripping both of her thighs, using them as leverage to piston in and out of her.

“Uhhh…..mhmmmmm….ffffffffffff,,,,,god….Lessster," Sarah put a hand to her lip to try and muffle her moans, not wanting anyone in the house to hear her. It was too easy for sound to travel in the vents.

“You'll do as you're told, won't you? Fucking say it," Lester spat.

“I'll do whatever you fucking want," Sarah whined as Lester slowed his pace, ensuring he pulled almost all the way out and pushed back in all the way to the hilt, “Ffffuuuuuucuk LESTER!"

“But…Uhhhhhh…wwhhyyyy Jesse?" Sarah moaned, thinking back to her illicit night of sex. “Why did you lie to Dan like that?"

“Do you really want to know?" Lester peered down at her, moving one hand to her beautiful bouncing breasts as he pinched a nipple in his thumb and forefinger. Sarah groaned in response, her eyes rolling back in her head.

“Yes," she finally breathed, surprised her brain could muster up a coherent thought and form words.

“Because I like fucking with him," Lester chuckled, “I like pissing him off. It's not enough that I get to fuck you. It's fun humiliating him. Don't you think?"

Lester's words were like gasoline on a fire. The sheer malice of him wanting to hurt someone she loved and cared for. Her dear husband. Dan experiencing such utter defeat. Knowing that not just Lester but someone Dan detested had experienced his once faithful wife. Her dark impulses crept over her body, giving power to the thought of Lester dominating her husband so thoroughly. It was so fucking wrong. Just sick.

“OHMYFUCK, mmmmmmm" Sarah screamed into her hand as an orgasm rocked her body out of nowhere. Lester's huge cock stretching her out and pushing into all her sensitive spots, combined with the sheer idea of her husband being so outmaneuvered and humiliated by Lester. It was like a surprise cluster bomb went off inside of her, and her body was not ready to handle it.

Her limbs shook, and her head thrashed back as all her muscles contracted inward. Her ankles slapped together behind Lester's ass as she went rigid around his driving cock.

At the same time, Lester dropped his weight on top of her, crushing her into the old mattress. He began rutting into her like a barnyard animal in heat. Wild and with abandon, stopping for nothing. Sarah's hips slammed up back into him as her pussy tightened from her orgasm, trying to milk every drop of cum out of his cock.

“Holy shit,” Sarah finally breathed out, getting a head rush.

Lester, sensing an opening, decided to add fuel to the fire, “Mhm I see you like that. Like seeing your husband lose to someone else, huh?” Lester teased.

“Nuu,” was the only coherent word Sarah could form in response. As her last orgasm slowly receded and the fog in her brain lifted, Lester's words danced around in her head, “Maybe.”

Lester just grinned his trademark shit-eating grin, “You fucking love it. You're not even mad I picked someone your husband hated. You loved every fucking second of it, didn't you?”

“YES!” Sarah screamed at him, “I fucking love it you bastard! Is that what you want to hear? Getting fucked all night….I, I couldn't walk properly for days.”

“We were on the eighth floor. I never gave Dan the right room number,” Lester chuckled. “I can't believe he went and got himself arrested. What an idiot.”

“Don't….mmmhmmmmmm….fuck…..don't call him –”

“Running around the hotel like a drunk while me and that weasel Jesse took turns fucking his wife. Who else other than an idiot would find himself in that situation?”

“But you….ohfuck……god…..you….”

“I fucking won,” Lester sneered, “Dan lost before he even knew there was a game to be played. Pathetic.”

Sarah couldn't believe how fucked up she had become. Lester's harsh words just turned up the dial on how fucking aroused she was, and each syllable was inching her closer to yet another supernova orgasm.

“I saw that,” Lester said as he licked the side of her face, “Your mouth made a sexy ‘O’ when I called your pitiful excuse of a husband ‘pathetic.’”

Sarah turned her head away from Lester and bit her lip, wondering if she'd really done that. It was hard to think straight as Lester kept thrusting his powerful slab of a cock into her. He scooped up his hips and changed his angle so his cock was slamming against Sarah's G-Spot. His cock was so big, so huge, it was stretching her little pussy and running over every fucking inch of her insides.

“Look at me," Lester said, holding her chin and turning her head towards him as he pressed himself into her.

“Look at me," Lester repeated.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at Lester's ugly face. It was beet red and unshaven. Sweat was beading at his fading hairline. She honestly thought he might have a cardiac episode. She knew the signs well.

“Say it," Lester panted.

Sarah's hands latched onto Lester's sweaty back, fingers digging into the wet hair there. She could see the sparkle of the diamond reflected on the basement ceiling.

“What, Lester? What do you want me to say?"

“Pathetic," Lester said, “Say it."

“I don't… —"

“Just say it," Lester repeated. “You already told him, unnggh, when I fucked you in the apartment in front of Dan. You told him his dick was pathetic. And he heard you. And then he made a mess with it."

Sarah looked up into Lester's eyes, unable to hold back the impending tsunami of an orgasm building within her. She knew that verbally saying the word would throw her world into another maelstrom of pleasure.

“Pathetic," Sarah whispered, betraying her husband during this illicit coupling. As the words left her lips, she felt like someone ripped off a band-aid as her orgasm rapidly bubbled to the surface, boiling over and scorching every nerve in her body.

Being part of Lester's game and domination over her husband made what felt like millions of fireworks blow off inside of her at once. Her pussy seized Lester's cock tight in an unyielding death grip, her knees pressing into his sides as her ankles locked with each other and dug into his hairy ass. Sarah's nails raked deeply into his back, and she stifled a fucking scream by biting Lester's bicep.

Lester rode Sarah through her orgasm, gradually pushing past the tightness of her pussy to keep thrusting into her. It was a magical sensation for Sarah, the naked cock inside of her continuing to strongly stimulate more needles of fire and flutters of orgasmic bliss throughout her entire body.

“Weak and pathetic. He's a fucking idiot. He should never have given you to me. Call him ‘weak,’" Lester demanded.

“Weak, so fucking weak," Sarah moaned, thinking how many times Dan just stood there and watched her get fucked by Lester. The stupidly feckless way he would pinch the bridge of his nose because he couldn't handle something. Just a slave to his own fantasies.

Lester sneered down at her, an ugly expression she found overwhelmingly attractive. She pulled Lester's head down and kissed him firmly. Lester never let up rutting Sarah with his dirty cock between model-like legs. Sarah kissed Lester hard, mashing her face against his uncomfortably. She knew he could take it. He was strong.

So fucking strong. The pace she was getting fucked with was so fucking strong and durable. Her tongue danced with Lester's. They traded saliva. The lingering Cheeto taste in his mouth was like an aphrodisiac for Sarah, making her hips slam up off the futon to meet Lester's relentless thrusts.

Her brain was a mess of truths and overwhelming pleasure. She should be mad that Lester manipulated the situation with Dan and Jesse, but he did it all to give her that experience. Dan would have stopped it for sure. Not letting her experience that. So weak.

Lester took charge of each situation just the same way he was fucking her right now. Never giving an inch. Lester was grunting with each thrust, and she knew it was only a matter of time until he came. Came deep inside of her. Lester made things happen.

Sarah ran her hands down Lester's body until her nails dug into his asscheeks, and she pulled him in deeper.

“Fuck Lester. I want you. I need to feel you. Need to feel your cum. Please, Lester. Give it….fuck…fucking give it to me."

“I want you to cum thinking about how weak and pathetic your husband is," Lester growled, hoping through their coupling, he could implant and reinforce some of these concepts into her psyche.

“God Lester y-you're such a fucking bastard," Sarah moaned, her breathing getting short as she felt another glorious conflagration of an orgasm on the horizon, “Such a fffucking bastard."

“Did Dan cry once he found out you didn't leave the room to go look for him? That you'd rather fuck Jesse than go find out where he was? Boo- arrghhh, nnngh, boo fucking hoo. He knew that I was talking to Jesse but was too much of a spineless bitch to call me out on it. He could have stopped the whole thing if he wasn't so weak-willed."

So weak. Sarah's hand slapped Lester on the back of her neck as she pulled him into her and stuck her tongue into his mouth, trying to smother him, the ring there catching her eye again briefly. Her other hand reached behind Lester and found his ballsack. She grazed it with her nails, rubbing it in her palm, trying to coax out his cum.

“Fuck Lester I need it. Give it to me. Fucking….fuck give it to me," Sarah moaned.

“My cum?"

Sarah just nodded, biting her lip. Nothing had ever looked sexier.

“Not Dan's cum? You're sure?"

“No Lester," Sarah moaned as another orgasm began rocking over her body, “I need YOUR cum. Lester's cum. Please….fuckk….fill me up Lester……God give it to me…..give to me…..give it to me……ohmy…..ohmygod……OHMYGOD LESTER!"

Sarah bellowed at the top of her lungs as her latest orgasm rocked through her body.

“FFFUCK. FUCK FFUUUUUUUCK TAKE IT. ALL. OF. IT! AGGGGGRRHRG!" Lester roared as his balls contracted in Sarah's palms and started spurting load after load of bitter, illicit hot cum into Sarah's waiting pussy. Sarah moaned into Lester's shoulder as his seed flooded into her, pouring over every secret area of her body.

Sarah's pussy gripped Lester's monstrous cock in a vise as it milked load after load of his viscous cum, pulling as much of it into her as possible. She wasn't going to waste a single drop of the nourishing nectar.

Their mouths hung agape as their bodies started to slow. They lay there entwined, mixing each other's juices together. Both bodies were drenched in each other's sweat.

Lester rolled off to the side, panting as Sarah recovered. Her eyes were closed, and she could feel the strong pull of sleep calling to her. Lester was up, maybe putting his clothes on. It was a distant thought in the back of her head as her exhausted body finally began to rest.

Something pressed against her lips. Sarah's eyes flew open, and she saw Lester's ugly cock head pressing against her. It was like looking down the barrel of a gun. Before Sarah could react, Lester roughly grabbed her hair in a fist and pushed his cock between her lovely lips. The same lips she had used to kiss her daughters goodnight.

“Clean it," Lester demanded. “Don't be surprised that it's hard again. You do that. You make it strong and hard for you."

Sarah opened her jaw, and more of Lester's inflexible cock drove into her pretty little mouth. Lester's hand roughly gripped her hair, and he started thrusting his considerable length firmly into her mouth. She could taste his cum and her own juices on its shaft, mixing together in some kind of primal illicit cocktail. Being so close, she could smell their combined sex efforts and found herself incredibly turned on. If she could have her choice, she'd want this monster in her pussy again, but the fact that she had no say in the matter made her wetter still.

Sarah couldn't even respond to Lester. She just wanted to do what she was told. Her tongue ran over the length of his cock. She tried gripping his shaft to stroke him, but Lester was intent on using her mouth as his fuck hole.

And that's exactly what he did for the next several minutes. All Sarah could do was hold on as Lester ruthlessly and completely fucked her opened mouth.

“Gllalach,.....glaach….mhmhmmmm…glaaaccckkkk."

The rough face fucking was so demeaning yet so fucking hot. To be used by some bastard like Lester…..to be used by her boss like this. It sent a thrill up her spine. To be dominated by someone so strong, to give in to their will. Fuck.

“Mhmmhmmm…gllluucckk…gllalack….gluullck….

Her hands were roaming her body. One hand massaged her clit while the other groped one of her breasts. Lester never relented, never thought of stopping to check on how she was doing. He gave no quarter as he viciously fucked her offered mouth.

Lester pressed in deeper, pinning the back of her head to the futon. Tears formed at the corners of her eyes, and the head of his cock pushed into her throat. Her throat bulged, full of Lester's pistoning meat. Her nose filled with his monstrous, messy pubic hair as the fat, slovenly man roared.

“TAKE IT SARAH!"

A salty battering ram of cum blasted into her throat. The first rope sprayed her uvula, hanging in the back of her mouth, causing her to reflexively gag around his cock. Lester didn't care and just pushed deeper in response. She could feel his heart beating in the press of his obese belly on her forehead and in the veins of his cock as it pulsed on her tongue. Salty, bitter loads of cum blasted down her throat.

As Lester came again, he stiffened, allowing Sarah to inch her head back a little. That was a mistake as her mouth started to fill up with his impressive seed immediately. Sarah choked, and Lester pulled his cock out. His cum poured from her lips as she tried to catch it with a free hand.

Lester looked on, enjoying his pet as she swallowed all the cum she could. His copious load spilled over her lips and dappled her massive heaving breasts. His smile deepened as she licked her fingers clean of his cum without a second thought.

Sarah laid back on the futon, feeling the afterglow of her previous orgasm while she licked her lips and scooped up drops of the sticky white fluid from the slopes of her breasts, making sure not to lose a drop of Lester's tasty cum. Lester watched her carefully as her eyes closed and her breathing became more regulated.

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Thirty minutes later, Lester was sure Sarah had fallen asleep on the futon. He crept up the two sets of stairs heading towards the Williams' master bedroom. He passed the closed door where Sarah's daughters slept and quietly slipped into Sarah's bedroom.

In their walk-in bathroom, Lester hunched over, looking under the sink and opening all the cabinets until he found what he was looking for. His nemesis for the past several months was in front of him.

A package of birth control pills.

Lester took out his phone and snapped several pictures of the packaging, ensuring he got the brand and other information he would need for his plans. Satisfied, he set everything in the bathroom back the way it was and slipped out.

Even though he had just come inside Sarah twice within the last hour, he was as hard as a fucking rock. Lester lumbered down the hallway, his large body projecting an ominous shadow on the walls from the night light plugged into the wall.

As Lester stepped onto the first set of stairs, he heard the unmistakable sound of a door creaking open behind him.

“Dad?" a child's voice called out.

Lester paused for a second with a deep, satisfied smile on his lips. Then he went back downstairs to his sleeping conquest.

***

Sarah awoke at some point in the night and realized Lester was next to her on the cramped old futon. She swung her long, slender legs onto the side of the futon and sat up. It was freezing in the basement. She must have just passed out without a blanket or anything. Her nipples felt like snow peas. They were so fucking hard from the cold air.

She had no idea how long they had been down there. She should go check on the girl……

“Lester," she said, pushing into Lester's flabby body. He began to stir.

“What?"

“You need to go. Now."

“What?"

“You need to get out. I can't have you here when my girls wake up. I can't…"

“Are you sure? We could all have a nice breakfast together."

“Lester," she fixed him with a glare, “I'm serious. You need to leave. Please, Lester."

Lester grunted and got up, “Okay, but you owe me one."

The fat man lumbered up the stairs, found his clothes in the kitchen, and left through the front door. Sarah stood at the window watching as his car backed out of the driveway. Once he was out of her sight, she went up to check on her girls.

She knew a major line had just been crossed. She just didn't know how she was going to deal with it.

Dan's work email inbox was getting close to full. Soon, he'd have to email IT to ask for more storage added to his account or seriously sit down and go over the ever-increasing amount of email. They just came in so fast, and he was cc'd on dozens of irrelevant email threads and back-and-forth discussions. It was difficult for him to filter out which emails needed immediate attention. The increase in clientele was proving more difficult than he'd expected.

His side ventures made it almost impossible for him to catch up with the work in the evenings. At some point, things would shift, and he could pivot to going fully independent, but for now, he was stuck being overworked, overwhelmed, and underappreciated.

It didn't help that every time, he started to dig in and work on something. His mind kept drifting to the state of his marriage. More accurately, Sarah's last visit to Chicago was in the hotel room with Lester and Jesse.

Dan's eyes glazed over as he stared at the computer screen in front of him. His mind had drifted away from another multi-paragraph email to images of Sarah pinned to the bed under Jesse. At the same time, Lester looked on menacingly from some corner of the hotel room, waiting to take his turn with Dan's bride.

A thought kept occurring over and over to Dan - the fact that Sarah had been blindfolded and apparently didn't know it was Jesse with her at first. He believed her recounting of the night even if it pained him to do so. The fact that she would just submit to a stranger like that.....

But one thought kept popping up in his brain. Whispering to him, refusing to be dismissed. Dan adjusted himself at his desk, his cock hard as a rock just thinking about it.

Sarah had been blindfolded, and she knew Lester had invited some random man into the room with them. Even though she thought Dan was present, she had still willingly gone along with letting that man touch her.....put himself inside of her.....

If she'd known Dan wasn't there, would she still have gone along with it? His beautiful wife had been okay with fucking some random man she had never even seen. The idea was intoxicating but frustrating. Frustrating in that he hadn't actually known what Sarah would do in that situation, how it might've played out. His mind kept coming up with scenarios, but almost all of them ended up with his wife on her back and legs spread for some horny stranger.

Dan closed his eyes and let out a long breath, trying to calm himself down and willing his erection to disappear. Before he'd moved in with Lester, he'd been completely in control of

himself. And now it felt like some horny little demon had one hand on the steering wheel and was constantly yanking it toward Share Sarah-ville.

He took out his phone and his finger hovered over the call button next to his wife's name. Her picture looked back at him, her piercing green eyes looked so loving yet there was something else there. Always a promise of something more intriguing beneath the surface.

Dan clicked his phone off and sat back in his chair, pinching the bridge of his nose. He wanted to talk to her. Needed to talk to her. But his mind was still fucked up from everything that had happened in that hotel room. They'd talked since then, but the conversations had felt strained. They both knew something was hanging over them, a weight they were avoiding. Besides work, Dan didn't have much to talk about. He still didn't want to let Sarah know he was looking so deeply into just who Lester was. Not that he'd come up with much anyway.

Dan's mind was still trying to process how fucked up it was that Jesse and Lester had taken multiple turns with Sarah. Even more so that she'd let them do it. Every time he closed his eyes, he pictured her face contorted in pleasure or the soft moans of climax that used to be reserved just for his ears. If he'd never lost his job and moved to Chicago, neither of these men would have entered their lives.

But did he really want to go back to how things were? Not ever actually having lived out this fantasy? He didn't know. And because he didn't, he couldn't dive deeper into a chat with Sarah about it until he had an answer to the question and got his head on straight.

She'd probably have a ton of ideas how to improve his current situation and get his work life under control. She had always been so much better at organization then he was.

Even though their conversation in the parking lot had helped, her absence and Lester's constant presence in the apartment kept his brain going into overdrive. These weren't quiet moments of self-reflection for him. Any downtime was consumed with thoughts of Sarah with those two men and his fucked up feelings about it. He was torn between wanting to punch his computer screen or jerk off to the thoughts in the hope that they would go away afterward.

Dan's phone vibrated on his desk in front of him. Another email from Sentinel Securities appeared urgent. He glanced back at his computer screen, dismayed to see another three new emails waiting for him. It just never ended. He'd have to spend all night, yet again working on it.

He decided to do what any smart, adult man would. Ignore them both. Instead he logged onto Discord on his computer.

Lester looked up at the ceiling of his hotel room and smiled. He remembered the thrill of barging in on Sarah Williams' life and making her drain his balls into her pussy and her mouth in her own home the night before. He smirked, recalling that one of her daughters had mistaken him for her father before he'd left the house. Lester's large appendage began to swell and form a rising sheet tepee in the center of the bed as he gloated at the success of his plans.

Focus

The odd little man's smirk disappeared as he arose from the bed and immediately began putting on the clothes that were draped over the chair by the room's bathroom. He only kept two sets of clothes with him in Middleton. Every day, he alternated the shirt and pants he wore, not really caring if anyone realized how often he wore the same thing. Just another pain in the ass they cared about - as if someone like him, someone who mattered, had the time to pick out clothes when people always looked at him the same way regardless of what he wore.

Lester caught himself. Just as he was about to allow his mind to enumerate all the ways the people at the hospital annoyed him and didn't merit his attention, he saw something that did. He noticed that the chair his pants still rested on was the same height and had the same backing angle as the furniture he'd ordered for the apartment's living room back in Chicago. The kind that he'd ordered to specifications that guaranteed a perfect fucking area for him and Sarah. At this point, those measurements have been proven effective repeatedly. He wasn't positive that he'd take ever Sarah in this room, it seemed like a retreat from taking her in the places that were her domain, but the thought of fucking his roommate's wife anywhere immediately sent streams of blood back to his cock.

Lester's smile turned to a grimace as he stuffed his bulging pole into his dirty pants. He knew he would take Sarah again soon. Today, if chance allowed. The short troll went over to the mini fridge and pulled a Red Bull from the half-empty six-pack he'd stored there. He cracked the can's tab open as he left the modest room, leaving less of a mess than usual. His SUV was parked just outside the hallway's exit door. Lester got in and reached into the passenger seat. A medium-sized bag of Cheetos, one of several in the car, was opened by his free hand. He consumed what had become his standard breakfast on the five-minute drive to the hospital.

***

It had taken Dan a bit but he finally felt like he was kind of understanding how this whole thing worked. It was a gaming server that Lester and his friends and others used to meet up

and play games. Luckily it seemed like Ned, Lester's friend, had completely forgotten about inviting him the other day when he'd visited his shop.

Dan watched the conversations on various topics and channels until he had a good idea of which person Lester was. He wasn't a hundred percent sure, but based on how the people treated one another and how Ned seemed to suck up to one user in particular, he figured that this Darkspire guy must be Lester. Sometimes, it showed this Darkspire playing video games, the names of which Dan didn't recognize. At the same time, Lester was in his room, with faint computer game noises filtering out into the hallway. However, Lester was always in his room, so Dan's connection wasn't conclusive.

Unfortunately, that's where things kind of stopped. There wasn't anything interesting being talked about on the server besides a bunch of middle-aged men coordinating meet-ups for their in-person games and complaining about nerfs. He hadn't known Nerf guns were a thing with older nerds, but to each their own. There hadn't been anything that would help Dan learn more about Lester. He couldn't even see what other servers or discussions he might be a part of.

Still, it was a lead, even if it was a weak one. He'd keep watching this Discord thing, hoping they would eventually talk about something useful. Dan had done some Google searches using Lester's handle, Darkspire, but the results were all over the place. There were too many results, and he couldn't reasonably figure out ways to filter them easily. The closest he came to seeing something useful were some old message board posts by someone under the same name that sounded arrogant and condescending like Lester, but again, he couldn't be completely sure they'd been written by him.

Maybe there was something more to be gained, but Dan didn't feel confident about it. Still, he'd keep searching and monitoring Darkspires' conversations for now. Dan tapped his finger to his lip, thinking of other avenues he might go down. He didn't know much about Lester. Ever since he moved in.....

Lester had been looking for a new roommate when they'd answered his ad. He'd probably had another roommate before. Maybe there was some way to see who else had lived at that address. Granted, whoever had lived there probably left fast with the way Lester behaved and left shit all over the apartment.

Even though Lester wasn't in town at the moment, it felt like he never left with the amount of dishes and mess left in the bathroom. Dan refused to clean up after him but that only meant that Lester's mess persisted. Even with Lester gone and Dan buried each night with work, he still felt like his roommate was lurking.

Dan did some quick searches. As he scrolled through the results, it seemed like this might be a good prospect to chase down. Maybe there was a way to look at public records or the department of motor vehicles to see who'd been registered living there before. There were even a few sites that did reverse address lookups of public records but the results didn't seem entirely accurate. Dan kept scrolling through different websites trying to dig up what he could.

A knock on his office door snapped him out of his investigation. "Come in," Dan quickly said as he glanced at the clock in the corner of the screen. Shit, where did the time go?

Without realizing it a couple hours had already passed. The door opened and Dan's boss, Walt stuck his head in, "Dan, I sent you an email asking for an update on the project for the Worsha guys. We're meeting with them in five minutes, I need that update."

"Yeah," Dan said, standing up and trying to get his mind back on work. "Sorry, Walt. I've got a lot on the go right now. Let's walk and talk. I'll update you on the way."

Lester entered the IT suite in the morning before anyone else arrived. It wasn't that he was diligent or trying to make a good impression. He just wanted to walk through when no one else was in the office - fewer people to interact with. This particular morning, when he opened the door, he saw a cubicle lamp on. Not sure if anyone was in that cubicle, Lester took a longer route, walking along the outer wall of the suite. The offices along the wall now stood empty after Richard and Lester had cut many of the department's senior positions. As Lester peered into each of the abandoned rooms, he noted that much of the decor and furniture wasn't the standard issue of the hospital, the kind that he had in his own office.

He was about to pass by the third office when he stopped, seeing something he could use.

This just keeps getting better...

Unlocking the door to his modest office, Lester walked in, picked up the phone, and hit "0." A man's voice responded, "This is administration. How may I direct your call?"

"I need a janitor down here in IT. This is the department head."

Lester was quickly transferred to the facilities department. A man answered after four rings. "Facilities."

The grin returned to Lester's face. "Yeah. Could you send, uh, Otis down to IT as soon as you can? I think he dropped his gloves down here."

"Uh, gloves? Ok, sure, I'll send him down when he gets in."

Lester grunted and hung up the phone. Now that he'd planned for some fun, it was time to get the annoyance of work out of the way. He entered his password and logged in.

The keyboard rhythmically clacked as Lester's fat fingers expertly ran across it. Running a hospital's IT department was as easy as he'd expected for the most part. Most positions related to security and maintaining their network had been eliminated entirely. Lester easily took care of most things himself - running his pre-programmed scripts that his former employees were either too stupid to figure out or too wary of in trying to keep their precious job security. In the end, it hadn't mattered as Lester had fired the half dozen or so individuals.

Sure, there were probably some nuances he wasn't aware of but he'd figure those out in time. Or, to be more concise, he didn't care. This job was just a temporary means to an end anyway. All of the annoying crap he was responsible for, like setting up printers and troubleshooting computer issues in the hospital, was done by two or three individuals he'd kept on board. All of the other annoying tasks he had outsourced to other companies gave him quiet but substantive kickbacks.

"Fuck off," Lester murmured under his breath as he read an incoming email. The only issue he had yet to find a solution to were all of these damn meetings. It seemed like every non-medical functionary in the hospital filled their day with useless meetings to justify their own positions and often required his attendance. These meetings were pointless, filled to the brim with sycophants who couldn't make any decisions to save their lives but somehow believed the meetings were important enough for him to attend.

Just reading these emails inviting him to meetings was a colossal waste of time, let alone actually attending them. Their dumb agendas, politicking, and inane issues were something he had no patience for. He was tempted just to say 'fuck it' and leave. This position squandered his talents and was quite frankly beneath him. He'd much rather be at home in his lair, sitting at his command center, diving into a new game, or looking for new soft targets to exploit.

Lester frowned and shifted his weight in the uncomfortable office chair. The chair in his room in Chicago was far superior for his comfort.

But just as Lester's resolve was beginning to falter, his eyes flicked up from the monitor to the window, and he looked out at the newly empty cubicle farm of the IT department. Sarah Williams was walking down one of the aisles towards his office. Lester licked his lips as he watched her. That woman knew how to dress. Today, she had on a professional-looking black blazer and long, skinny white pants with a high waist. A small, delicate black belt adorned the pants, and a black shirt was tucked into them. The shirt wasn't low cut, but

Lester could see her collarbone and the top of her chest beneath her delicate neck. It was a conservative look but still sexy in a way that communicated that she knew what she was doing. A rose gold watch with a matching necklace was on her wrist. Her blonde hair fell down past her shoulders, and her black heels clicked across the floor.

Patience. It was commonly called a virtue. Lester didn't necessarily agree with that assessment as he viewed it more as a tool for him to utilize. A tool to help him reign in his baser instincts and allow his plans to come to full fruition.

He watched as Sarah approached his office. His bloodshot eyes were drawn to the slight bounce of her breasts and the mesmerizing sway of her hips. Those long legs and the rest of her incredibly tight body spoke volumes to him. Lester felt his cock waking up, completely forgetting about his frustrations. Instead, his mind focused on her angelic face and pictured the many times he had seen it contort in pleasure from his actions. Lester had to suppress the smile from forming on his lips as he began humming the imperial march from Star Wars while his eyes stayed glued to Sarah's breasts. Despite all the turmoil she was experiencing at work and at home, that woman still looked like a sex goddess.

He stopped humming as Sarah knocked on his closed door.

"Come in," Lester said loudly.

Sarah opened the door, and her eyes locked onto his. An impish smile appeared on her face. Lester felt his cock stir at the look she gave him, the subtle undercurrents it expressed. Both of them, the only ones in on a secret of their numerous prior rendezvous.

"Hey Lester, got a second?" Sarah asked.

Always so professional. "Of course, come on in. Close the door behind you." Lester said.

"What do you need?" Lester smiled inwardly at his deliberate choice of words. There are many different meanings behind them. He knew it wasn't lost on Sarah.

"Can I sit?" Sarah gestured to one of the chairs in front of his desk, having closed the door.

"Of course. Now, what's going on?" Lester's hands formed a steeple as he eyed the young mother from across his desk.

"Well, I'm still getting my head wrapped around this new position. I'm trying to figure out how I can make myself useful and remain effective. One of the gaps in my experience is that I'm not really well-versed in the IT world. I mean, I know a bit, enough to help make executive decisions but not really enough to be useful in the department." Sarah sighed, "I just want to carve out a place for myself."

This was music to Lester's ears. Sarah's demeanor had become more fragile once the door had closed. And now she was almost confiding in him, seeking reassurance, comfort, and guidance on how her world had changed since Lester had stepped into it. And he wasn't done yet. Not by a long shot.

"I don't think that's going to be a problem. Yes, there are things that would be helpful for you to know, but we can help you fill in those gaps. Plus, your strength lies in the administration of the hospital, something that will no doubt be very valuable to me." Lester chose his words carefully. He didn't want to use the word 'department.' He wanted to ensure that at least subconsciously, she understood that she was tying herself to him.

"That's good to hear." Sarah breathed, "Can I ask you a couple of questions?" She crossed her legs and leaned forward.

"Sure," Lester said, enjoying how subservient she'd become in the workplace power dynamics.

"I know we went over this at a high level when the breach in our network occurred. But I'm sure you went into more depth with Jerry, but how exactly did you stop it? How did you manage to fix it when others wouldn't help us?"

Lester's eyes stayed on Sarah, trying to discern where this was going. Why was she asking about ancient history at this point?

"Well, things were bad, normally you isolate the infected machines first, but by the time I got here, the ransomware had already spread throughout the whole network. So, I cut off all external connections, disconnected the compromised devices from the server, and blocked any suspicious IP addresses trying to contact the network. You'd be surprised how many attackers don't even bother hiding their tracks."

Sarah nodded along attentively while Lester watched her like a hawk.

"Next, I dove into the network's traffic logs. It took some time, but I tracked down the initial point of infection. There happened to be a backup of some of our servers at that Swan Systems place, but they were very out of date. It wasn't just about restoring from backup. The ransomware was a new variant— it looked like a modified version of Bad Rabbit but with a couple of custom tweaks. So, I ran a deep scan with some custom decryption scripts I've written—the thing is, I'd already reverse-engineered a similar strain last year. It turns out that these guys used the same encryption algorithm but with slightly different key distribution methods. Long story short, I had the decryption key on hand."

Something changed on Sarah's face, almost like he'd confirmed something she was looking for. Lester's brain shifted into a higher gear as he continued his explanation.

“Once I decrypted the critical files, I started patching the vulnerabilities the ransomware was exploiting. I mean, they used an old RDP exploit. Simple stuff, but you’d be surprised how many systems don’t have basic security updates. That was the door they walked through. I fixed it.”

Was she beginning to suspect him? The look on her face was enthusiastic, but Lester saw the familiar calculating nature in her eyes behind the smile on her face. He’d need to adjust his approach going forward with her.

“Honestly, we just got lucky that this is one I’ve run into before. Otherwise, I’m not sure I would have been able to fix it. Luckily, I’m part of some cyber security groups that share resources and tools like the ones I used; otherwise, we would probably have had to pay the ransom.”

“Wow. I mean, I knew there was more to it but that does sound impressive. Difficult and impressive. It got me thinking, can you track down who hacked us and do, like, a reverse hack or something like that?” Sarah asked, leaning forward.

There it was. Asking if he could do the hacking himself. She was digging for information, maybe, probably, at the behest of Dan. Fuck, he needed to sever that connection immediately.

“No, unfortunately, that kind of thing isn’t in my skill set,” Lester adjusted his story on the fly, “I could probably track the IP address they used to get into our network, but they likely bounced their attack around the internet so it wouldn’t do us any good. Even if I could find them, I can’t ‘hack’ them. What I do is more like building and maintaining a castle’s walls. Sometimes things get in and need to get pushed out, and then we make the wall stronger. Hacking is like laying siege to the castle or infiltrating it somehow. I’m more of a defensive player if that makes sense.”

“Hmmm, interesting,” Sarah sat back up straight as she mulled things over. “Well, I’m glad you’re on our side.”

For whatever reason, she had been probing it. Perhaps he had slipped up somewhere and made her suspicious. He would need to adjust his strategy going forward.

“Sarah, can I ask you something while you're here?” Lester said, “I’m looking for shared files on our new strategic direction, but I can’t find them. Mary said they were on the shared server, but I honestly can’t find anything there. Do you know where I should look?”

Sarah’s eyes seemed to flare at the mention of Mary, the woman who was now the head of HR and had pushed Sarah out of her office. That’s something I can use.

“Let’s see,” Sarah said as she came around the back of Lester’s desk and looked at his monitor, “You should look in the HR folder. I bet Mary saved them in her own personal folder there. That one,” she pointed to a folder. “There’s been an issue with past employees working on shared documents. I had a policy in place that addressed it, but with all of the turnover recently, I’m sure it’s fallen by the wayside.”

“That makes sense,” Lester started clicking into the HR folder. “Ah, there it is. Thank you, Sarah. I would’ve been looking for this for hours without you.”

A new strategy for approaching Sarah, at least at work, was forming in his head. He had to admit that his plan was still evolving. He hadn’t expected to work at the hospital, but it did present some exciting opportunities he wouldn’t have had in Chicago. He needed to lower Sarah’s perception of his technical skills, and he needed to keep her busy so that she wouldn’t have the opportunity to read into what he could do too deeply. And there was a very convenient way for him to do that while handling another problem - killing two birds with one stone.

“So,” Lester said, swiveling his chair towards Sarah. Much to his dismay, she was moving back to the other side of the desk. “I need to get you up to speed on new things happening in the hospital. I’m a little overwhelmed, to be honest. I’m going to forward a bunch of meeting invitations to you. We’ll go together today, but I’ll want you to go without me and represent the department soon. Are you up for it?”

“That’s…yeah, I think so. But, like I said before, I don’t really know what I’ll be talking about.” Sarah said.

“That’s fine. Neither will anyone we’ll be meeting with. It’s more of an administrative role in these meetings anyway. I’m sure you’ll be able to handle that.”

“I’ll do my best,” Sarah smiled as she rose from her chair, getting ready to leave. Lester let his eyes deliberately roam over her body.

“Now that we’ve talked about all that. Maybe we should move on to a topic that is more personal in nature….”

“I…um…I don’t know Lester. Maybe we can talk about this after? I need to dig in and get my head around my new role.”

“You don’t want to talk about how you just kicked me out last night? It was cold out,” Lester complained.

“Look, you know that things are complicated, okay? You shouldn’t have come over in the first place.” Sarah crossed her arms over her breasts.

“You let me in,” Lester challenged.

“I was afraid someone was going to see you, and then they’d find out about us!” Sarah said. “You aren’t supposed to come to the house anymore.”

“You didn’t complain at all last night. I’m pretty sure you didn’t complain several times last night,” Lester smirked, enjoying the conflicted look on Sarah’s face. His cock was stirring as he watched the young wife squirm.

“That’s not….look, there are just some personal lines I don’t want to cross. This is important to Dan and I. Our house is off-limits, especially when the kids are home, okay? You can’t just show up unannounced like that. It’s not fair to put me in that position.”

Lester chuckled, thinking about how one of the girls had thought he was her father last night, “This is the first time you’ve complained about any position I’ve put you in.”

“Stop. Stop deflecting, Lester. Stop trying to make this into something else. And yes, last night was good….great even, but we can’t do it like that again, okay? I need you to hear me. You can’t just show up like that anymore. Please?”

“Fine.” Lester grumbled, “I’ll be good. It’s just that I couldn’t control myself. I just needed you, and I couldn’t stay away.”

Sarah’s stance softened. Lester knew she was lonely with Dan being so far away in Chicago. Expressing his desire for her would help wear down her defenses further.

“Well, just don’t do it again, okay? We can figure something else out next time.”

Lester smiled, “Okay.”

Sarah sighed like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders, “Alright, well, if there isn’t anything else, I want to go do some work.”

“There’s just that meeting in a bit,” Lester said as he pulled open a drawer on his desk, “And one last thing. I want you to go home and get the ring I gave you. Come back with it on your finger.”

The ring he had proposed to her with in front of a restaurant full of strangers and Dan helplessly looking on.

“Lester….I can’t do that.”

“Sure you can. Just slide that tiny ring Dan got you off and put mine on your finger,” Lester said.

“That ring is fine when we are… playing around, but we’re both at work right now. It’s not appropriate. Besides,” she whispered, even though only the two of them could hear, “people will notice.”

“That’s kind of the point. I want you walking around marked as mine.” His dead-eyed stare left no question that he was completely serious.

Sarah visibly shivered at Lester’s words. Lester’s eyes tracked some other coworkers walking by the window. Watching Sarah squirm in such a public setting was always delightful. If he squinted, he was sure he would be able to see her nipples poking through her shirt.

“Don’t pretend you don’t like the idea,” Lester said. “I know you. I know what you like.”

“It’s just - “

“It’ll only be here at the office. And during our dates. You don’t have to wear it around Dan or your family or anything.”

“Lester, it’s just…that ring is really… conspicuous. People will see it and know that it’s new. The diamond looks really expensive. It stands out, and I –”

“It was and that’s the point, isn’t it? When you buy someone a ring, you should buy a good one, otherwise what’s the point? It’s supposed to show how much they mean to you and how well you can take care of them, right? I guess a small little one is romantic in an impoverished way, but it’s also kind of pathetic.” Lester emphasized that last word as he watched Sarah’s face closely.

“A- and,” Sarah stammered, “I don’t really want that kind of attention.”

“Sarah,” Lester chuckled, “Have you looked in a mirror? You’re going to get attention whether you like it or not. Sure, it won’t always be good. That’s probably why that bitch Mary has it out for you. But why not flaunt what you have? Rub her face in it. That ring is yours, and you should wear it.”

“I don’t know, Lester, this just feels wrong.”

“Wrong? That’s never stopped you before. In fact I would argue that you very much enjoy doing things you used to think were ‘wrong’. So why not try this? If it makes you feel better, consider it a direct order from your boss. Now you have to do it. Got it?”

“Besides,” Lester leaned back in the chair, “We both know how wet the ring and this conversation are making you. So why don’t you just take an early lunch break and go get it,

hmm? Bosses orders." He nodded his head in the direction of his door. Sarah tracked the shiver in his jowls as his head moved.

She stood there a little stunned, staring back at him, looking like she was unsure how to proceed. He could see the conflict in her eyes. She was torn between giving in to his demands and the last shreds of her professional stature. Another thing that Lester planned on completely stripping away from her.

"Lester, we need to talk about how we interact in the office. This is still my workplace. Things were okay before but today, it's like you've flipped a switch."

"You're right. Maybe I am letting a bit too much of my, uh, Chicago self creep into my role here. I'll try to be more respectful like I have been. But seriously, go home and get the ring. Now turn around and go so I can watch that sweet ass sway on your way out. I know you enjoy this, and I know you know how much I love when you put up a fight, so thank you for that."

Sarah's sly smile spread across her face as she shook her head slowly. "You are just unbelievable."

Lester raised an eyebrow at her and smirked, "Now turn around and get out of here so I can check out that ass."

With a sigh, Sarah turned on heels and opened the door to the office. Lester licked his lips as he saw Sarah's hips subtly rock back and forth, obviously putting on a little show for him. Soon, she disappeared from view and reappeared, walking past his window, where she rolled her eyes at him.

Lester's smirk darkened as he turned back to his computer. Yes, Sarah would be perfect to alleviate him of all these time-sucking meetings so he could focus on more productive endeavors. It was clear that a regular nine-to-five, forcing people to interact regularly with weak people, probably curbed a lot of great men's ambitions. Too much time spent keeping the plebs happy. If Sarah could shield him from all of that, he could focus on what really mattered.

Further weaken the Williamses financially and impregnate the mother. The idea of walking into their home and taking Sarah upstairs while Dan attended to his daughters and his progeny played in his mind. Lester had graduated from pursuing single women who fell for being his roommate. The challenge of a married woman and manipulating things to this degree was so much sweeter.

He fired up his VPN on the computer in front of him and opened his TOR browser. Lester quickly navigated to his virtual server and accessed the dark web. He didn't bother

checking any of the many communications he'd more than likely received about accessing his private videos or those trying to set up some kind of personal encounter. No, today, it was all about the mission.

It was time to find someone who could help him produce the tablets and manufacture the blister packaging to mimic Sarah's birth control pills.

It had been too fucking long. Jesse was supposed to be on his computer looking for a new job. He had been unemployed for a little bit now, but it wasn't his job search that was frustrating him. He hadn't heard anything from her.

What the hell was going on? He knew there was something there. They definitely shared a connection during that night at the hotel. It was undeniable. When they were together, it was as if the world had just clicked. It finally made sense.

He knew she felt it, too. She had to.

Even though she had still let that disgusting bastard of a man touch her, Jesse knew the truth. When Sarah had opened up for him, he knew there was something more than just sex happening. More than just the physical connection. The way her sensuous lips kissed his back and lovingly accepted his tongue, the way her nails raked down his back. It was as if they were the only two people in the entire world, even though Lester had always been somewhere close by.

If only he hadn't been there. It would've been perfect. He still didn't understand what had happened or why Lester had been at that hotel with her. All he knew was he'd had to send Dan some dumb picture, and Lester finally gave Jesse what he longed for.

But he still hadn't heard anything from her. She should have called right after he'd last been with her. To tell him she was done with Dan and that she loved him. But that call had never come. Jesse racked his brain, trying to think of what was keeping her away.

It had to be Dan or Lester. Somehow they were controlling her, keeping her away from him.

Jesse pushed himself away from the desk in his bedroom, and he flopped onto the bed. On his phone, he opened up Instagram and looked at Sarah's profile. It was still set to private, but he checked again anyway. His request to follow her was still pending.

Did Dan or Lester control her Instagram account, too? Jesse tossed his phone onto the floor. He had to figure out how to save her.

The more he thought about Sarah Williams, the more frustrated he became. He kept replaying the events in the hotel room repeatedly in his head as he lay there. Soon his hand

trailed down to his dick, and he closed his eyes tight, trying to remember every moment vividly. Echoes of her voice kept repeating in his ears.

I'm going to take good care of you…

This pattern had repeated itself for several days but Jesse didn't care. He needed her. He needed her because she needed him.

Sarah tapped her pen anxiously against the table as she waited alone in the well-lit meeting room. She was early, but she still felt nervous about the next meeting. Lester had forwarded the invitation to her. It wasn't his meeting; it was Mary's, which meant that Sarah was kind of crashing it, even though her boss had asked her to be there.

Lester as my boss…..what a sentence.

As preposterous as that fact was, she needed to get over it and put her head down, and do her job. She'd come extremely close to losing her career at the hospital. She didn't even want to contemplate what that would have meant for her family. Dan still hadn't found stable footing in Chicago, and they absolutely needed her income. More than that, they'd be better off severely cutting down on some of their expenses and adjusting their lifestyle.

If it hadn't been for Lester's intervention, things might have become really bleak. She put down the pen and played with the unfamiliar ring on her finger. It was beautiful, and she loved the way it caught the light. It still felt strange wearing it. It was heavier than the ring Dan had given her, and it tended to catch on her clothes and doorways if she wasn't careful. But more than that, she felt it was inappropriate to wear it. Like she was broadcasting her secret sexual lifestyle to the world. Almost like she was advertising that Lester was her lover.

Sarah shook her head, trying to pull herself together. None of this mattered if she couldn't do her job. Lester would get a kick out of seeing her wear his ring in the meeting, and then she could say she did as he'd requested.

Sarah slid open her phone to distract herself before anyone else arrived. There was a new Instagram notification that made her frown: a follow-up request from Jesse. Whether it was the algorithm suggesting her to him or him deliberating seeking her out, she wasn't sure, but either way, she declined it.

She didn't need any additional complications in her life, and she sure as hell didn't want Jesse to see her Instagram page. She used to leave it open before but had recently learned the benefits of making it private. Besides, what would Dan say? Sarah sighed as she thought about her husband. She still hadn't told him about all the turmoil at her workplace

recently. It would only worry him, and Lester had taken care of things – something she was sure would unnecessarily upset Dan. It was better to protect him from all that was playing out here, at least for now. Let him focus on establishing their foothold in Chicago. Something that seemed like it was never going to happen. She didn't even know if that's what she wanted anymore.

The door to the meeting room opened, and Lester's fat frame appeared in the doorway before he stepped inside.

"Hey, good looking," Lester said.

"Lester!" Sarah spoke in a hushed tone, "You can't say shit like that."

"Relax, no one's around," He stood at the table with his laptop under his arm. He looked down at the table with a confused look, "Hey, uh, do you know how I can connect to the screen? It's like every meeting room is different."

Choosing to ignore his earlier comment, Sarah helped Lester connect his laptop to the room's conference system so that he could project his computer's video onto the big white screen affixed to one wall. She had been in this meeting room hundreds of times before, so she knew it was pretty straightforward. The irony of her helping the head of IT with a computer issue was not lost on her.

While Lester seemed to know what he was doing when it came to securing their network, he didn't seem particularly adept at other aspects of the department. Perhaps it was premature to put him in a position that showed his weaknesses, but Sarah didn't want to say anything. Her success was partly tied to his now, for better or worse.

"Nice ring," Lester chuckled. His chair squealed and buckled as he sat down in it across from her.

"Thanks," Sarah said quietly, hoping Lester wouldn't escalate his comments and someone would overhear. To her surprise, he busied himself on his laptop, ignoring her completely. Sarah stared at him, waiting for him to break and look at her, but he never did. She tried to think up some witty comment to get his attention but found herself coming up short. Was she…disappointed? Yes, she definitely wanted him to keep his mouth shut about them, but that didn't mean she liked him ignoring her.

She heard the sound of approaching footsteps and voices and quickly focused on the meeting at hand. She still felt unqualified to be part of this discussion from the IT side of things but she put on her best poker face. Soon a few people filtered in followed by Mary whose face seemed to frown at seeing Sarah there.

Sarah just smiled politely as she felt the older woman's gaze run over her, judging her appearance. Then her eyes locked onto the ring on Sarah's finger.

"Are congratulations in order?" Mary asked, sitting down, "I thought you were already married, though."

"I am," Sarah said, already having come up with a practiced excuse about the ring, "We just celebrated a milestone anniversary, and he surprised me with it."

"How lovely," Mary said keeping her eyes on Sarah, "It must be nice to have such a well off husband. Sort of makes me wonder why you work at all."

Sarah stared daggers at the woman, her carefully maintained professional facade cracking. She inhaled through her nose to calm herself and stuffed her anger down. She would kill Mary with kindness. "We are doing fine. This was something out of the ordinary that he saved up for, for a very long time."

Sarah had a hunch that Mary was single in an old spinster kind of way. "He's great, honestly. It was such a surprise, and he even did the whole proposal thing again, which I loved. It's amazing to be married to such a caring, thoughtful man who wants to take care of me—even though he knows I don't need him to. I just love him so much."

Sarah caught herself, realizing in a way she wasn't talking about Dan, but Lester. Yes, she was supposed to be talking about her husband but the ring was from Lester. Granted, most of what she said was kind of true for Lester in a way. But it felt weird to have gushed over him like that. Still, she saw that her kindness strategy was irking Mary so she decided to add the cherry on top.

"Sure. Sure. Anyways, Sarah, I'm glad to see you here. I didn't know whether you would take this position with Lester or not—it's definitely not something everyone would be comfortable signing on for. But I'm sure you've got it covered, even if it's a bit outside of your usual lane."

Sarah just gritted her teeth, "Thanks, Mary, that means a lot coming from you."

The meeting got underway, but Sarah had a hard time focusing. She would have loved to reach across the table and slam Mary's head down, but she tried to keep herself under control. The discussion going around the table was getting different departments on the same page and streamlining communications. Something Sarah had already done, but it appeared her efforts had already been abandoned. Lots of different ideas were being thrown out, all of which seemed like too much work for too little benefit. Lester wasn't engaged at all. Instead, he was glued to his computer. She suspected he was projecting one screen on the board while doing something else entirely.

“Can I offer a suggestion?” Sarah said, feeling confident enough about the topic to jump in. She explained some ideas and simple ways to streamline communications and reduce the volume of email traffic. Without going too far, she basically outlined some of the responsibilities of her now-defunct role.

There were a few approving nods amongst the new hires, but Mary was the first to speak, “I admire how you’re able to get through so many things with such a… minimal amount of effort. Some of us prefer to really dig deep, but it’s nice to see a more… streamlined approach. Sometimes the simple approach isn’t the best one, though, honey.”

The meeting continued like that for the next hour. Any time Sarah spoke up with an idea, Mary shot her down each time.

"It’s always so fascinating to hear your perspective. You really bring a… different angle to things. I know it can be tough to get everyone on the same page when your viewpoint is so… distinct."

"Oh, that’s an interesting approach. I would never have thought of doing it that way—it's definitely unique. I’m sure it’ll work out, though. We all have our own methods, don’t we?"

"I have to admire how you manage to stay so confident, even when you’re completely off the mark. I wish I could be so sure of myself, even when I know I’m wrong."

"I never would have thought of doing it that way, but I can see how you’d think it would work. I mean, it's… not the way I would approach it, but it's good to see someone else try, you know?"

Sarah gritted her teeth each time, feeling herself getting worked up. Maybe this is what Mary was trying to do, undermine her and provoke her in front of a room full of witnesses. Sarah did her best to keep her cool.

As the meeting was winding down, Mary made one last suggestion to the group.

“You know, I think it might be best that the next time we meet, we cut down the number of participants. There was a lot of cross-talk and some ideas that just didn’t land. We could get more done with fewer people. Don’t you agree, Lester?”

“Who would you want to keep around?” Lester asked.

“Well, for starters, I don’t think we really need more than one person from each department. So maybe next time, don’t forward the invitation. We only requested your presence…not anyone else’s.”

Sarah saw Lester suppress a smirk as he closed his laptop.

“Are you trying to tell me how to run my department, Mary?”

“No, it’s just that –”

“I get what it’s about,” Lester scoffed, “You don’t like Sarah. You’re jealous of her, and it’s obvious why.”

“I’m not, that is completely out –”

Sarah winced. Lester clearly wasn’t adept at office politics, which wasn’t surprising considering he spent all day playing video games in his room.

“Listen,” Lester interrupted, “Sarah is my right hand now. She will attend many meetings in my place so you’d better get used to it. She’ll be running point on projects for me, so I don’t have to get dragged down into the weeds like this again.”

“This meeting was important, it –”

“Was a complete waste of time for everyone involved. This meeting could have been more efficient if it had been via email. Do you know the salaries of all the people in this room? I don’t know, but if I had to guess, the hour this meeting took would cost our hospital over a thousand dollars. And quite frankly, I don’t think the hospital got anywhere near one thousand dollars of value out of it.”

“Lester, let’s talk about this after.”

“No, I don’t want to attend yet another of these meetings. You need to bite your tongue and work with Sarah. Richard hired me to streamline my department, which I did, and he has asked me to find other areas to cut expenses. Frankly, meetings like this are one of them. So, I think you need to think long and hard about your approach going forward. Human Resources is a support function of the hospital. You add no value and don’t contribute to any of the key metrics that Richard is measuring. IT, on the other hand, is critical to the operation of the hospital, and Richard knows that. So unless you want me to bring up this pettiness with him, you better come with an improved attitude towards my team next time.”

Mary and the other remaining individuals sat there in stunned silence. Lester nodded his head once, looking like he thought his point had sunk in. Then he gestured towards Sarah, “Alright, let’s go to our next meeting, where there are actually pertinent issues to discuss.”

Sarah stood up and followed Lester to the door, trying her best not to smile.

“Where’s our next meeting?” Sarah said when she was confident they were far enough away from the meeting room not to be overheard. The tension of the meeting still lingered in the air between them, “You didn’t forward me any others.”

“My office,” Lester said as he strode down the hallway, Sarah keeping pace next to him. It was strange. After that verbal smackdown on Mary, Lester somehow seemed more….confident? Maybe powerful? She couldn’t put her finger on it, but she hadn’t ever seen him like this before. Yes, sometimes he would get into it with Dan, but he was more of a schemer. Here, he had confronted someone to their face. It kind of reminded her of the way he talked to his group of friends he played D&D with. Whatever it was, it suited him. Maybe he could do this job after all.

Lester didn’t say anything else as they walked down the hallway to the IT department. Sarah’s stomach still turned at some of Mary’s passive aggressive comments but she held her head high, enjoying the feeling of witnessing her get verbally berated by Lester. Maybe her earlier gushing over the strange man weren’t so weird after all. Maybe she could truly appreciate Lester for who he was and how he treated her.

She didn’t know if it would actually change anything. She knew women like Mary. Lester had probably caught her off guard, but once she slinked back to her office, so she would start to stew and scheme. How the hell that woman had been hired was beyond Sarah. Morale would tank under an HR leader like that, but maybe that was the point.

By the time they reached Lester’s office, Sarah’s heart was still racing. Each beat was a jagged pulse of frustration and twisted satisfaction. Anger still bubbled beneath her skin at Mary’s comments in the meeting. A sharp, bitter ache that made her jaw tighten and fists clench.

She could feel her face flush, her eyes burning with the heat of every word she wanted to shout, every accusation that still lingered in the air. She kept her mouth shut and breathed deeply through her nose.

But there was something else, something that made her stomach flutter in a way she didn’t expect—almost like a secret thrill. She wasn’t sure whether it was the relief of seeing someone finally get what they deserved or the strange, unbidden pleasure of knowing she’d had a front-row seat to their comeuppance. The fact that it was Lester, someone who had such a….personal connection to her, defended her like that. She couldn’t deny how attractive his assertiveness had been.

Her chest tightened with the kind of tension you feel when on the edge of an explosion, but also the kind of tension you get when you know things are about to change irrevocably—for better or worse. She just needed to find a release for that tension.

Sarah stepped into Lester’s office and couldn’t help but pace around a bit. There was too much conflicting energy in her body for her to sit still. Lester shut the door behind him and walked to the window overlooking the cubicles outside. He grasped the plastic rod dangling

next to it and started to turn it, slowly closing the blinds and cutting off their view. As Lester fidgeted with the blinds, Sarah noticed a new piece of furniture in Lester's office. The small sofa reminded her a little of the seats in the Chicago living room. It had roughly the same dimensions, but this one was imitation leather with a garish greenish-yellow hue. It wasn't anything she'd have picked out for herself.

"Redecorating?" Sarah asked, nodding to the seat.

"Stole it from one of the cubicles out there. From one of the people we fired. It was the right dimensions for what I need. But what about you? You okay?" Lester asked, "I'm sorry if I overstepped there at the end."

"Yes. No. I don't know," Sarah shook her head, her arms crossed over her breasts as she leaned against the wall. "I wanted to reach across the table and slap her. No one has ever talked to me like that here. Nobody. So petty and condescending."

Sarah shook her head, "There's no way that would have flown a few months ago before all the changes around here. But now I don't even know where I stand anymore. I feel like I don't have any power to stand up for myself. Maybe I never did. But at least I had the respect of my colleagues. Now, now I don't know."

Lester was watching her closely. Sarah continued, "But the way you put her in her place. To see the look on her face. That was amazing. I loved every second of it." Her eyes lit up, savoring the memory.

"She needed to be taken down a peg," Lester said walking over to Sarah, "She's been annoying me since I started. It was time for her to understand the new pecking order. Maybe we should take her down another peg or two."

"What do you mean?" Sarah looked at Lester, wide-eyed.

"I don't know. Let's see how much she keeps pissing you off. I have a stack of requests from her department. Why don't we start by purposely delaying those until she comes down here personally asking for them? Then you can toy with her a bit. Maybe make her beg. Who knows, maybe we could tape over the bottom of her phone so it doesn't work or change her autocorrect in Word to mess with her… unless you want to get creative and let the air out of her tires or something like that. I haven't thought too far ahead."

"She's a bitch, but messing with her car might be crossing a line." Sarah gave him a sidelong look. "The other things though, it might be fun seeing her squirm a bit." Sarah shook her head, suppressing a smile. It was nice to have someone to share her frustrations with. Someone who wanted to back her up. She eyed Lester as he got closer. She recognized the

look in his eyes, and her heart kept beating in her chest. There was one great and obvious way to release the tension that had become pent up inside of her.

“I enjoyed the attention your ring got,” Lester said, stepping up to her, “So many people in the room’s eyes on it. Seeing the ring represents how bad you can be. How… how tied to me you are.”

Sarah didn’t respond. Her arms were still wrapped around herself. Her shallow breaths made her chest rise and fall. As Lester stepped closer, she felt the hair on the back of her neck standing on end. Her earlier arguments in this very room about keeping things professional seemed so far away. Maybe even the dreams of a naive girl who didn’t understand how the world really worked. Lester’s intense gaze was locked onto her eyes. She stared back, trying in vain to appear like she didn’t want this.

Didn’t want him. But she could already feel her nipples pressing insistently against the cups of her bra. It took every ounce of willpower she had not to bite her lip as he hungrily stared at her. Her arms slowly dropped from her chest as she turned to fully face him. Lester broke eye contact and let his stare start to roam over her body deliberately noting that he could tell she was excited, even with her bra still on.

Lester reached out and grabbed her right hand, the one with the ring on it. He pretended to look at the ring as his fingers gently stroked the back of her hand. While staring at the ring, he continued to move forward until his gut was pressing up against her taut belly. His eyes never left the ring as he leaned into her ear and whispered, “How you belong to me now.”

A shiver ran through Sarah’s body at his word, and she breathed out. Lester’s breath was hot on her neck, and she had to do everything in her power not to moan. She closed her eyes, focusing on his heavy breathing and how warm his body was up against hers. She waited for him to do something else. To touch her somewhere intimate. But other than his fat stomach pressing up against her, nothing happened.

Sarah opened her eyes. Lester’s face was right in front of hers, his eyes boring into her soul. Sarah’s breath was getting caught in her throat as she stared back at him. His eyes flicked down to look at her parted lips and then back up to her eyes. Slowly, he leaned forward as Sarah’s back was pinned against the wall.

His fat lips gently pressed against hers. Slow and delicate. A soft moan escaped her lips as Lester’s hands gripped her wrists and held them, keeping them down at her hips. His body pressed into hers, pinning her further to the wall. The sounds of phones ringing and other office activities could be heard through the window, but the only sound from within was the wet smacking of lips.

Sarah's tongue was the first of the two to dart out of her mouth. Even with her eyes closed she could feel Lester's mouth smile as her tongue ran over his lips. His fat tongue slowly pushed back against hers until their kiss deepened and their tongues entwined in a wrestling match. Sarah leaned forward and melted into the kiss with her husband's roommate as Lester's crotch began to grind against her white pants.

She could feel his large organ jutting into her and the immense heat coming from it. She needed to feel it. Lester released her arms as his mouth continued to voraciously devour hers. His hands ran up her body, brazenly groping and squeezing her chest until they reached her shoulders, where he began peeling off her blazer. As the garment hit the floor, Lester's palms moved to Sarah's bare biceps. He forcefully pulled her towards him as his gut immobilizeded her against the wall, driving his cock between her legs.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned, breaking their kiss. Lester didn't let up, his tongue and lips ravaging her neck. Slobbering all over her perfect skin. Sarah's arms braced themselves against Lester's body. Sarah moaned into Lester's face, "We shouldn't....shouldn't be doing this."

"Mhmm, fuck ya," Lester's tongue danced tantalizingly along Sarah's collarbone, making her squirm under him. His lips descended to the top of her chest that her shirt left exposed. "I like when you play hard to get, but we both know you're going to be moaning for my cock as I fuck you in here."

"Uhhh, Lester. S-slow down. Things have been going too fast lately," Sarah groaned as he pushed his tongue past the top of her shirt and licked her perfect breasts while his hands indiscriminately mauled them over the blouse's material. He was actively dry-humping her as she was pinned to the wall. "We should pump the breaks...."

"I'll be sure to keep fucking pumping," Lester growled into her chest, frustration evident in his voice. While his hips kept indiscriminately thrusting against his roommate's wife, he roughly tugged at her tucked-in top, freeing it from the confines of her tight pants. He continued to grind his hard cock against her body setting the rhythm for what they both knew was about to occur.

With her shirt free, Lester wasted no time pulling it up her body until the dark emerald bra was exposed. Lester didn't even wait to pull her shirt off. Instead, his face dove down between her large breasts, his hands roughly grabbing at them, his eyes covered by her jiggling skin. His tongue and lips went to town on her soft flesh, sucking, biting, tasting. Sarah instinctively arched her back into his face, her hands automatically flying up to grasp the back of his head and neck, pulling him into her, maximizing the contact. Her black shirt sat awkwardly above her breasts, but neither dared move to fix it. Both were getting lost in each other's bodies.

Further protest died on Sarah's lips. Her eyes were closed as her hands ran through Lester's thinning hair. Lester growled into her chest, and soon, his hands were no longer satisfied. They dropped down to her delicate belt and started undoing the clasp. In one fluid motion he pulled the entire length of the belt out and threw it behind him. It clattered against the wall, neither of them pausing to care about the noise it made.

"Did-did you lock the door?" Sarah breathed as Lester's tongue trailed down her stomach and dipped into her navel, making her body writhe. His hands unsnapped, unzipped and lowered her tight white pants, exposing a matching dark emerald pair of panties that rode high on her hips.

It had been so important the last time she'd fooled around with Lester at the hospital to leave the building. To get away from prying eyes, only for them to be discovered by Otis, one of the lowly janitors. Now, it seemed all her protests were contained in a quiet part of her brain while being drowned out by the intense need to feel Lester between her legs. Her mind silently acknowledged the points of the arguments. The dangers of being caught were enumerated, but her mind decided it simply didn't care.

Lester's tongue continued to descend as her pants went lower and lower until they were pooled around her black heels. Sarah groaned as Lester's nose pressed against her panty-covered pussy, and she could feel his hot breath against her sex. He growled as the smell of her heat fueled his frenzy.

Before Sarah realized what was happening, Lester swiftly tugged down her panties in one swift motion and dove his face into her sex. She grabbed onto his thinning hair as her panties dangled between her knees. Lester's tongue was already exploring up and down her slit until it found her clit. Once discovered, his oversized tongue began drawing circles around it, and his mouth gently sucked on it as he expertly hummed deep bass notes. The humming's vibrations on his lips sent electric shivers through her body.

The gorgeous wife was hunched over awkwardly as her unlikely lover consumed her in a standing postion. Sarah's knees grew weak, and she desperately wished there was a bed for her to lay down on so Lester could properly eat her out with his skilled tongue. Lester's hands fumbled with one of her pant legs, freeing it before lowering her panties down the entire way. Then he lifted one of her legs up at the same time. His tongue ran down her slit until it found the entrance to her body. Sarah threw her head back, bumping it into the wall as Lester's large tongue pushed its way past her pussy lips inside of her body. The slick juices already coating her entrance mixed with his saliva as his tongue burrowed deep inside of her.

“Mhmmmmmmmmfuuuckkk,” Sarah moaned, pinned to the wall and off balance. The strength in her one leg was under fire as Lester’s probing tongue lapped and explored her sensitive insides. His tongue felt large, like an expanding water balloon, licking over every slick crevice of her insides. “Uh, ooh, uhhh, oooh.”

Lester moaned into her pussy in approval at her taste. Sarah opened her eyes and started at the closed office door, knowing that someone could come through at any moment. That she needed to be quiet, or else their illicit affair would be discovered. But when had she ever been quiet with Lester? Her worry disappeared as she realized the wrongness was driving her lust.

“You’re so fucking wet. I bet you were wet during that meeting, weren’t you?” Lester said as he took a breath before diving back into her pussy. Sarah groaned. The squelching sounds of his tongue in her pussy filled the room. “MmmmmHHMMMmmmm. You’re such a good little slut.”

Lester’s hand moved to cup one of her ass cheeks. “You know how many guys I’ve caught staring at your ass?” Lester asked as his tongue withdrew behind that shit-eating grin. “I’ve lost track. You think you need job security? This ass, this ass is it.” He shook her cheek roughly, his large fingers dangerously close to her asshole.

She knew her ass looked incredible. She worked on making sure it did. And she knew the attention that she received. Her body shuddered as she thought about the eyes that would follow her. The leering gaze of that grubby janitor Otis who looked at her like he knew who she was behind her corporate facade.

“You’re so gross,” Sarah said. Lester gripped her by the hip and spun her around, pushing her back towards a low table and the new sofa that sat off to the side of the room. The back of Sarah’s knees connected with the cool pleather and Lester pushed her down into it. A shiver ran up her spine at the cold material pressing against her body.

“Open them up for me,” Lester commanded. Sarah’s knees were together as she sat there looking down at Lester’s ugly face kneeling before her. She was missing one heel and her pristine white pants we dragged across the floor, one pant leg still dangling around her ankle.

With a deep, calculated breath, Sarah’s knees spread open for Lester as she watched his face. His gaze was focused on her clean-shaven pussy in front of him. In a quick motion, much like a practiced predator, Lester shot forward with Sarah’s knees hooked over his elbows. His hands grabbed a mound of flesh on each thigh as his head disappeared between her legs.

Sarah's head rested on the back of the imitation leather chair as Lester's tongue swirled around madly inside of her. He was touching what felt like every single inch of her, his tongue spinning in erratic circles like a tornado. One of Sarah's hands lay on the back of his head while the other gripped the arm of the chair tightly.

Lester came up for a breath and stared up at her wickedly, "I fucking knew I'd get you naked in my office before the end of—"

Sarah's hand cut him off by pulling his head back to her soaking wet pussy. His lips smashed against her pussy lips while he was still talking. He quickly got the hint, and his tongue dove back into her. Sarah's heel rested on Lester's shoulder, pressing into the flabby flesh under his work shirt.

"Uh, fuckk. Lester. Don't stop," Sarah moaned. Her hand left the arm of the sofa and was gently teasing the upper area of her breasts, running up and down against the lacy material of her bra. Lester pushed his tongue further into her, making her gasp. This new seated angle gave Lester more access to consume her precious privates.

One of Lester's hands started to roam over her body, stopping to compete with her own hands, mauling and groping at her breasts. Then it continued upwards, briefly clasping her neck. As Sarah moaned, Lester stuck two of his fingers into her mouth. Instinctively she began sucking on them, her tongue wrapping and lapping at the underside of them like sucking on a cock. Faint Cheetos flavor could be tasted on his fingers, but Sarah quickly sucked off whatever remnants remained as she took his fingers further into her mouth.

Lester's tongue continued to swirl around inside of her, pushing as deep as he could get it. Sarah's hips rose off the chair to meet his plunging tongue. The heel of her shoe dug into the flesh of his shoulder, causing a dark bruise he'd find later. Lester tried to withdraw his finger from Sarah's mouth, but her free hand snapped up and gripped the back of his hand, holding it in place. She lapped at it, imagining she was simultaneously being eaten out and sucking Lester's cock, a new fantasy she wished he could fulfill for her.

"Mhmm fuck Lester, right," Sarah moaned around the digits in her mouth. She pulled his hand hard, forcing his fingers deeper into her mouth as she moaned and sucked on them. Imagining Lester's large cock head filling her mouth.

Two of Lester's fingers pushed inside of her pussy as Lester's tongue pulled out. He started finger fucking her, his fingers making a 'come here' motion inside of her, the tips of his fingers running across her sensitive G-Spot. Lester's tongue descended back onto Sarah's exposed clit as he finger fucked her and sucked on her. The fingers in Sarah's mouth were relentless. The tension in her body from everything that had happened today was ratcheting up until Sarah could feel her orgasm ready to burst open inside of her.

Sarah's heel dug down harder into Lester's shoulder, ripping a hole in his shirt. Her hand held his head in place between her legs while the other gripped the hand with the fingers in her mouth like a hard cock.

"Fuck, don't stop. I'm gonna, gonna – FUCK" Sarah moaned loudly as a wave of pleasure crashed down on her. The nerves in her body all lit up at once as her leg kicked out straight, and her body writhed with pleasure. Her orgasm had been dialed up expertly by Lester. Sarah's muscles tensed, and her hips lifted off the seat, her pussy pressed hard into Lester's ugly face as she came. Lester continued to hum around her clit, ensuring that her orgasm kept rocking her body.

Sarah finally gasped for air, feeling a sudden headrush. She quickly reminded herself that she needed to stop holding her breath when she came. Her body slumped down in the chair as Lester continued to finger fuck and lick her clit. Sarah could sit here all afternoon and enjoy this treatment. Maybe things were starting to look up at work. This could become a regularly scheduled meeting between the two of them.

Lester's fingers kept making the 'come here' gesture, and as electric as it felt inside of her, Sarah wanted to try something.

"Lester," she whispered, realizing that she might have been moaning too loud. "Stop."

Lester didn't stop but his eyes snapped open as he looked up at her. At one time Sarah would have been disgusted with the troll-like man's head buried between her legs, his fat face red from exertion and his eyes seemingly bulging out of his head. But now all she saw was one thing.

"L-Lester, Lester get up, I want… to, to." Lester paused his assault and stared into her eyes. He pulled back and Sarah could see her moisture covering his mouth and cheeks.

"Let's try this." Sarah's hand ganly coaxed him to stand up. The short ogre stood, his eyes never leaving Sarah's perfect breasts. She got up off the couch and stood next to him, pointing at one end of the couch. "Lay down. There. Yeah, yes."

With a grin on his face, Lester did as he was asked. He lay down on the couch, the cushions hissing as the air was forced out of them. Before he could ask what was next, he saw Sarah's leg rising and stretch across his vision until her ass was directly over his head.

"Heennhh, heh-heh, yum-" the fevrish wife once again cut off his words as she unceremoniously pressed her slit down on Lester's face. She could feel his lips and stubble against her lips as Lester got used to the new situation. A moment later, his entire tongue erupted from his mouth into her drooling opening.

“Haaggh-” Sarah quickly bit the palm of her hand to keep her from screaming in the office, now much warmer than it had been. Her eyelids fluttered as she relished in the sensation of Lester’s tongue coming from this new angle. She exhaled loudly through her nose as Lester slowly worked her back up to her previous level of excitement.

Catching her breath, the flustered mother looked around the room dazedly before her eyes settled on what she now needed. Sarah leaned forward, inadvertently opening herself up more to her ugly lover. As his tongue threatened to steal her sanity and his lips sucked on her pussy, the unfaithful wife’s hands began to undo his belt and fly. Lester’s semi-clean pants were tented and bulging. She impatiently tugged the fat man’s briefs down until his trembling monster shook in the flourescent light of the office.

Saliva filled her mouth as she saw his swelling cock, and as she leaned down to kiss it, Lester drilled his tongue into the rough patch of her G-spot. The resultant full body tremor nearly made her yelp, but she was focused on her prize. As the maelstrom tensed up acorss her entire being, Sarah concentrated on planting deep kisses up and down Lester’s monster shaft. Finally, when the primal aroma of him had filled her nose, she sucked as much of the large flesh pole into her mouth as she could, the spongy dome of its head pushing at her throat. For a few minutes in the room it sounded as if a delicious meal was being consumed by two ferocious animals, the two of them in 69, each of their genitals being feasted on by the other. Sarah was nearly nude, her bra still on, pushing her own head down on the short man’s cock. Lester wasn’t able to keep his tongue as deeply inside her as he had and jammed his two fingers inside her while moving his tongue up to her taint. Lester let his tongue run wild, the taste of her was exquisite.

“MMmmhhmmm-Grrckll” Sarah looked as if she was trying to inhale his entire cock into her face. Lester felt the two fingers still inside the young wife press together tightly as she squeezed them from inside. Deep moans came from her throat as Lester added a third finger and pushed it into her drooling pussy.

“Suck me how I like it. Do it.” Lester pushed his hips off the bed forcing the head of his meaty column against her the opening of her throat.

Sarah’s head pulled of the towering appendage and she took a gulping deep breath. After moment, she seemed to have caught her breath. Lester still had her on the verge of the kind of explosion only he could ignite. Sarah looked behind her and smiled. “Yes, boss.” Then she dropped her head down the massive cock below her and repeatedly took him into her throat, throwing her head down on it, fucking her mouth on it. Using her memory of the night before, she opened her throat but still managed to gag repeatedly on the mammoth, hoping that this would make him give her his cum.

“GhhchcccLL-agglllch.” The sound was music to Lester’s ears. It was the sound of a complete departure of her professional facade within the walls of this building. His plan kept delivering beyond what he’d initially imagined. While gloating, his large tongue probed out of his mouth and first prodded, then swirled against Sarah Williams’ clenched butthole. He savored the sensation, breathing in deeply, then pushed the tip of his long tongue past her anal ring and into her ass.

“MMMMMhhHHHHHMMMM!” Sarah was finally feeling what she had sensed earlier, that having Lester in her pussy and in her mouth would be beyond amazing with him, and, being Lester he knew what to do with his mouth. He continued to tease and poke at her asshole with his agile snake of a tongue, his fingers rougly pistoning in her dripping pussy. Suddenly the tension shot to a higher level and a freight train of an orgasm blew through her as she slammed her head down on Lester’s cock. Tears dripped from her eyes and strands of spit and drool ran down the massive cock, her unseeing eyes rolled back in her head. Nothing else felt half as good as this, nobody else could do this to her.

“GLLMMMMMGGLLCHH!” Sarah’s ecstacy felt endless, but she wanted more. She took her mouth off of Lester’s unflagging erection. Her stomach felt the butterflies that signaled another impending explosion. She fought the urge to go for it and pulled herself forward.

“Stop. I need you inside of me. Lester, fuck me. Please.” Sarah begged.

Lester pulled back from her ass, and his fingers plopped out of her. He made a show of licking them clean as she scooted off him. He stood up and pulled his shirt off over his head, exposing his flabby torso to Sarah. He was taking too fucking long.

Sarah sat up and leaned forward, quickly undoing Lester’s belt as he dropped his shirt to the floor. Sarah pulled down his boxers and pants in one fluid motion, grasped his girthy cock by its base, and pulled it towards her.

She laid back in the love seat, and Lester kicked off his pants and shoes before quickly kneeling between her legs. The sofa was a little small for two people, but Lester had judged the dimensions correctly. Lester slowly thrust forward, his big cock splitting Sarah open.

“Holy fuck….me,” Sarah groaned as her head lolled to the side as inch after inch of Lester’s behemoth cock pushed deeper and deeper into her. Sarah's hands came up to grab Lester’s back and shoulders as he crawled on top of her. Sarah’s fingers were slick with Lester’s sweat, her fingers knotting the hair on Lester’s back.

“Ugh,” Lester grunted breathily as he buried his entire length inside of her, “Squeeze me.”

Sarah didn’t even think about objecting as she squeezed and flexed the muscles in her pussy around Lester’s fat cock. God, it felt so fucking good. Long gone were the thoughts of

Mary and anyone else putting stress on her. All there was now was Lester and his magnificent cock buried fully inside of her.

“Fuck Lester. It hurts so good,” Sarah moaned into his shoulder. Lester pulled back and thrust back into her. The wooden legs of the sofa squealed against the floor. “Fuck, I could do this all fucking day with you.”

“Don’t forget all fucking night,” Lester chuckled. He hadn’t even waited to strip her naked. The only thing left on was her dark emerald bra. And one heel. “You feel so fucking good. Lick my chest.”

Sarah’s tongue was out of her mouth before Lester finished his sentence. It danced across the flabby skin of Lester’s chest, ignoring the curly hairs. Lester shuddered at the delicate, wet touch and renewed his thrusts into her.

Soon, the pleather sofa rocked across the floor, and Lester pushed off with each thrust. Sarah was licking Lester faster, almost as if it would help her cum soon, she found his nipple and took it into her mouth “Mhmmhmmmmmmmmm.”

Lester steadied himself, grasping the back of the sofa with one hand, gaining leverage to keep fucking Sarah at the pace he’d established. His cock felt so deep inside of her. She wasn’t sure if it was the angle or maybe it had grown larger somehow, but she felt so incredibly fucking full. Lester’s cock was making her delirious as it pulled and pushed against her insides, tantalizing, touching, and exploring every inch of her. Sarah whimpered as she licked his chest and tasted his sweaty, pasty skin. It felt so fucking good.

No one had the ability to make her forget about everything else like Lester did. His cock was meant for her. She wished this feeling could be with her, inside of her all the time. That they never had to stop fucking each other.

“God,” Lester groaned, “I’ll never get enough of you.”

“I want all of you, I love you,” Sarah moaned into his chest, “I wish I could have you in my mouth while you fucked me. God, I want you to stuff me. I want your cum to explode inside of me, to fill my mouth and drip down my chin. I want it everywhere.”

“That can be arranged,” Lester grunted. “Next time I get you at night, I’ll fuck you every way possible and cover you in my fucking cum. Maybe I’ll invite a friend or two to just blast their cum all over you too.”

Sarah’s hips started bucking off the leather chair faster with each depraved syllable Lester spoke. Her mind raced at the possibilities. At the idea of laying on a bed surrounded by men

stroking their cocks until they came all over her. All of them hard for her. Just the idea of that much cum....

Sarah's legs wrapped around Lester's waist, pulling him into her and holding him there. Her nails dug into his back, trying to will him closer and closer to her, trying desperately to take more of his cock in her stuffed opening.

"Fuck don't stop, Lester," Sarah moaned, "I love fucking you."

"Mmmhmm, that's music to my ears. I love fucking you too. Especially now that I've broken you so much." Lester grunted as he thrust into her hard with a firm push.

"B-broken?" The words didn't make sense to Sarah, but the way Lester said them was fucking hot.

"Fucking you here at work. Again. Doing whatever I fucking want to you, and you begging for it. Broken. You're not a professional, and you're just my professional fucking whore. Whenever you're not under me or on your knees, you're just a slut playing dress up, nothing more."

"Fuck you're so right," Sarah moaned as her tongue made a circle on Lester's chest. "I'm just you're good fucking little slut aren't I?"

Lester's hand snaked around one of Sarah's knees and lifted it up to hit her pussy from a different angle.

"OOh! Ohfuck," Sarah moaned.

"Like that?"

"Uh-huh...mhmmmhmmmmmfuck."

"You feel so fucking good. Cum for me. I can feel you're close. Do it. Cum on my cock my dirty little slut," Lester grunted.

Sarah clenched her jaw and closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of Lester's cock dragging up and down inside of her. How full of him she felt. The electric jolt every time his cock dragged across her G-Spot and outer lips. The way it was going to feel when his cock expanded and unleashed a torrent of cum inside of her.

"Fuck. Lester. Fuck. Don't. Fucking. Stop. OHMYGODFUCK," Sarah's knees pressed into Lester's chest as she suppressed a violent scream. Her body shuddered as another orgasm ripped across and through her entire body. Everything tensed up, her nails dug further into Lester's back flesh, and her thin ankles pressed into his flabby ass refusing to let him loose.

Lester pushed through her clenched ecstasy and didn't stop fucking her. Despite the iron-like vise grip of her pussy around his cock, he wanted to keep pushing her over the edge. He kept thrusting into her violently. The sofa's legs scraped and dragged against the floor as it shifted closer to the closed window.

"LESSSTTEEEERR," Sarah groaned into his chest, reveling in the feeling of his cock jammed inside of her as her nerves danced with another orgasm. Sarah never got a chance to catch her breath as Lester just kept fucking her senseless.

Her hands left his shoulders, grabbed the back of his fat head, and pulled him in for a deep, sloppy kiss. Their bodies kept pushing into and against each other as their mouths met. Tongues and teeth collided as they both fucked forcefully on the couch. Lester turned his head to the side, and his tongue dove all the way into Sarah's mouth, smothering her own. Sarah just moaned back into his mouth and sucked on him as her tongue was utterly suppressed by his.

Lester slowed his thrusts and focused on kissing her. Sarah's hips still pushed up off the love seat, fucking Lester's unmoving cock. She didn't care if he'd stopped. She still needed more. Her body continued to thrust itself up off the seat onto his cock, over and over. Lester knelt there stoically as Sarah fucked herself on his thick meaty pole as she lay before him.

Lester broke the kiss first. His hands reached behind him, and unclasped Sarah's ankles, and he slowly pulled his cock out of her. Sarah moaned in disappointment as his cock left her. She felt so empty and unfulfilled.Why did he do that?She needed more of him.

"Turn around," Lester uttered, "I'm going to fuck you from behind."

Sarah quickly complied, swiftly turning herself over on the ugly piece of furniture. Her knees knelt on the seat while her arms and upper body pressed against its back, "Just hurry up and put it back in me."

"Sure thing," Lester chuckled from behind her. Sarah felt his wet tongue lick across her slit from behind, up her taint, and up her asshole and butt crack. Her body shuddered at the detestable sensation, and she moaned into the dead air of the office. Lester's cock pressed up against her opening for a second before thrusting all the way in. The large seat lurched forward again, and Sarah's head hit the wall of the office, next to the window.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah moaned, not at all upset with him. She just wanted more.

"Shhhhh," Lester said from behind her. Sarah stopped and heard voices nearby, likely from some of the remaining coworkers of the IT department. Sarah bit her lip, trying not to moan but it was difficult because Lester was still doing shallow thrusts into her and he continued to play with her butthole. He gripped her hip tightly, holding her in place.

Sarah's mind was torn between wanting to keep fucking Lester and the utter humiliation of being discovered. The voices were getting close. They must be walking down the hallway, near the window. It had to be two men who were walking —

WHAP

Sarah bit into the leather chair to stop herself from screaming. The pain from Lester's slap on her ass was overwhelming, but now he started to pick up the pace of his shallow thrusts. He'd removed the hand in her ass to slap her. Sarah moaned into the leather, hoping, praying that it wasn't as loud as it had sounded.

The voices must have stopped because she didn't hear them anymore. All she heard was the slapping of their skin colliding and Lester's big balls hitting against her clit. One of Lester's hands gripped her hips tightly while the other dug into her shoulders, pulling her back onto his swollen cock. Sarah held on for dear life as Lester started fucking her in earnest.

She had to change her angle so her head wouldn't keep pounding into the wall. Her ass and shoulder hurt from how hard Lester was gripping onto her, but she didn't want to fucking stop. Sarah could faintly hear the voices outside the window somewhere. She didn't know if they had heard anything, but they seemed to have gotten further away from –

WHAP

"FUCK," Sarah grunted, feeling a hard handprint on her ass.

"You better be careful, or someone is going to hear you," Lester chuckled from behind her. She could feel his fat stomach resting on her perfect ass, "Don't forget that door isn't locked."

Sarah momentarily glanced at the door next to them and saw the lock. The turnpiece was completely vertical, which meant Lester was telling the truth. She reached out to lock the door, but Lester pulled her arm and pinned it behind her back.

"Here, I thought we were supposed to have an open-door policy," Lester chuckled again as he rammed his cock unyieldingly into Sarah. He stopped for a beat and pulled it all the way out so only the head was embedded inside of her before thrusting all the way back in, completely bottoming out inside of her.

"Did you ever think you'd be one of those women that fucked their boss in the office?" Lester grunted.

Sarah's eyes shot open wide at the realization. It didn't feel like it, but he was right. The hospital hierarchy was clear. She was fucking her boss.

“No,” Sarah muttered, shaking her head, “Never. Fuck. I am fucking my boss, aren’t I? God, thats so fucked up.”

“You seem like you're enjoying yourself. Such a little corporate slut using sex to climb the ladder. I bet you used to look down on those women, didn’t you?” Lester chuckled behind her as his girthy cock slid in and out of her making her moan.

“I think you should thank me,” Lester whispered.

“Thank you? For that meeting again?” Sarah breathed, “Or for the sex?”

“For saving your fucking job,” Lester punctuated the sentence with a hard thrust into her, causing Sarah’s whole body to lurch in response. “And you could even look at it as a promotion. Now you don’t have to do any work besides getting fucked by me. Isn’t that great? Getting paid to get fucked?”

Sarah wanted to shake her head, but every word he said was true. He did save her job, and here she was getting fucked while she hadn’t really even done any work yet.

“Thank you,” she groaned as his cock hit a particularly sensitive spot inside of her. “Thank you, Mr. Marshall.”

“Oh, I knew you were into it,” Lester grunted again, not slowing his pace as his cock continued to swell inside the young mother.

“Mhhmmhmhmmhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned into the pleather. If she opened her mouth again, she knew she would just fucking scream in pleasure, and everyone would know what was happening behind the closed window.

“That’s it,” Lester said, letting go of her arm. “My good little slut. Squeeze me if you’re enjoying yourself. We need to be quiet, after all. Squeeze me down there.”

Sarah’s already tight pussy squeezed Lester’s cock.

“Squeeze me again if I’m fucking you deeper than your husband ever has,” Lester grunted.

Sarah’s pussy squeezed Lester’s monstrous cock again.

“Wait, I meant to say squeeze me again if I’m fucking you deeper than your pathetic husband ever has,” Lester said.

Sarah delayed for half a second before her pussy squeezed Lester’s cock again, this time more firmly. She focused on holding him as long as she could.

“That’s what I fucking thought,” Lester grunted, pushing his cock deep into her.

“Here, let's see who’s around,” Lester whispered. Sarah could feel his body shift and more of his stomach press into her back. His shadow ran across her vision, and Sarah looked up in horror. Lester was twisting the metal rod next to the window.

“Hey. What? Lester, don’t,” Sarah whispered.

“Relax,” Lester chided her. He twisted the metal rod just a bit, allowing the smallest sliver of a gap in the blinds, “Take a look, tell me what you see.”

Sarah felt mortified at the prospect of being discovered, but a dark surge ran through her body too. Biting her bottom lip to try and prevent any sound from escaping her, Sarah raised her head from the back of the leather chair and peeked up, looking through the slit in the window. The office was mostly empty, but there were a few people walking around or talking to each other. Sarah recognized several people from outside of the IT department who had stopped by to visit or to have someone troubleshoot a technical issue.

“Keep watching them while I fuck you.” Lester grunted as he began picking up his pace again, “I want you to watch them do their boring fucking jobs as I cum deep in fucking side of you.”

“Lester….” Sarah breathed. This was too fucked up and way too big of a fucking risk. Her eyes were locked on one of her colleagues, but her mind was focusing on the feeling of Lester’s giant cock inside of her, “Oh fuck. Fuck.”

“You going to cum for them? Put on a show? What do you think?” Lester grunted with both hands on her slim hips, gripping them tightly as he plowed into her from behind. The base of his cock spread her open and the shaft dragged across all her sensitive areas. Her pussy was on fire. Her arms pushed back against the faux leather seat so she could push her ass back against him to meet each thrust.

“Uh fuck Lester, I don’t. Fuck this isn’t, fuck I don’t know. Oh god, just don’t fucking stop. Please Lester. Uh…mhmmhmmhmmmmmmm feels so fucking good. I can’t –”

WHAP

“UHHHHHHHHH,” Sarah grunted way louder than she expected. Her eyes turned to saucers as she saw several people’s heads turn, looking for the source of the sound. A few glanced towards Lester’s office, but their heads continued to swivel, unsure where the source had come from.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah scolded, “We almost got….uuhhhhhhh….mhmmmmmmmmfuuck,”

Lester decided instead of arguing with her. He would just make her stop complaining by thrusting his cock into her some more. He increased his pace, and Sarah felt another

orgasm swiftly building inside of her. She lowered her head down to the leather chair, bracing for it.

“No. Uh-uh, look back up at them,” Lester ordered. Sarah kept her forehead pressed against the leather chair, focusing on herself. Lester reached forward and grabbed the hair at the base of her neck, balling it into a fist, and yanked her head up. Sarah yelped as the knotted pile of hair on the nape of her neck was roughly pulled. Lester held her head up to the sliver in the window.

“Keep looking at them, Sarah,” Lester said, “They’re so fucking close to you right now. While you’re stuffed full of my cock.”

Sarah’s eyes were wide, looking out the window at the coworkers on the other side. It was like how Dan used to put her on display for Lester. Igniting one of her hidden kinks that always pushed her over the edge. Now, Lester was in the driver’s seat, pushing her further than ever before and indulging in her wanton desires, giving her exactly what her body craved. Dangling her in front of her coworkers, sending a shooting thrill through her body.

“Fuck Lester, please,” Sarah moaned. Another of his hands came up and roughly mauled her breasts as her hips fucked back into him.

“Please, what?” Lester growled.

“Please….don’t stop. Fuck. Please. I’m so close. I want to cum. Please.”

Lester chuckled again from behind her, “I’m getting close too. But there’s one more thing.”

“What?” Sarah moaned against the blinds, “What?”

“You kicked me out of your house in the middle of a cold night,” Lester sneered, “I told you, you owe me one.”

“Fuck, then keep fucking me. Cum for me, Lester. I want it,” Sarah’s hips started fucking back against him in a pistoning frenzy.

“I want something else after this,” Lester grunted. Sarah’s pussy was clenched around his cock, squeezing him hard. Desperate to make him cum so she could feel his hot cum pour inside of her.

“Whatever you fucking want,” Sarah moaned, her head hitting the blinds, mashing against them. She was watching her coworkers go about their day. A shadow flashed across her visions as one of them even walked right past the window, unaware she was getting the life fucked out of her on the other side of it, “I’ll do whatever you want, Lester.”

“That’s my good little slut. Now hold on because I’m going to drop a fucking gallon inside of you,” Lester was breathing hard. He was slamming into her relentlessly, without a care in the world. It was like he didn’t even give a shit if they got caught.

“Oh fuck. Oh FUCK,” Sarah moaned against the blinds as she felt Lester’s intensity pick up, “Lester….”

“I love how you say my name, Sarah,” Lester grunted, “Fuck I’m going to cum.”

“LESTER,” Sarah moaned for him. She felt his cock twitch and expand. A giant spurt of hot, sticky cum blasted into her rocking her body forward, “OH FUCK.”

Sarah’s head snapped backward as she dug her knees into the seat. The pleather sofa hit the wall again. Sarah’s body convulsed as a massive orgasm descended onto and through it, shattering her mind. It was like every nerve just lit up at once and burned with the power of a thousand suns.

“MHMMHMMMMGODFUCK,” Sarah whimpered as Lester emptied more and more cum inside of her. Sarah’s pussy had already felt so fucking full with just the mass of Lester’s cock inside of it, but somehow she managed to take in all of his cum. Lester’s cock kept spurting more frothing jets of cum inside of her. Over and over again, creating ripples of pleasure that continuously kept washing over her trembling body. It was like she couldn’t stop cumming. Any thought of looking out of the blinds had been abandoned. Sarah was slumped over the back of the sofa as her body automatically continued to milk Lester’s enormous cock for more of his illicit cum.

“Uhhhhh—FUCK,” Lester grunted as his cock finally stopped spasming inside of her. He stood there behind her as her body finally came down from cloud nine, the aftershocks of her orgasm slowly subsiding.

WHAP

Lester slapped her ass again hard, making her body jump. She hadn’t been expecting another one of those, and her ass was already so fucking sore, “Asshole.”

Lester just chuckled, and his cock made an audible ‘plop’ as he pulled it out of her. Within seconds his potent cum started to drip out of her and pool on the seat of the couch. Sarah was still slumped over the back, trying to catch her breath. She finally moved so that her ass wouldn’t be on display for Lester to spank again, but one of her knees pushed into the cum on the seat. Sighing, she eventually freed herself from the chair and grabbed a tissue to wipe off her knee and catch some of the cum streaming out of her pussy.

Sarah closed one eye and looked out through the sliver in the blinds. Everything looked normal. It didn't appear that anyone had noticed anything, but she was positive that she had been loud at the end. She took a moment to lock the door.

Better late than never.

When she finally looked back over her shoulder, Lester was sitting naked in his office chair. His stomach jutted out, making him look like a fat frog sitting on its ass.

"So, about what you owe me," he said with an evil look on his face.

Sarah's heels clicked against the cold concrete. She rounded another corner and found yet another hallway lined with all sorts of pallets and boxes, among other things. She steadied her nerves and kept walking down the dark, dingy basement corridor. Several lights must have burnt out, casting long, eerie shadows everywhere.

She was an anxious mess about doing what Lester had asked of her. But the dark thrill she'd felt earlier continued its journey through her body. Just the idea of it was so....wicked. She still couldn't believe this is what Lester had wanted from her. But one some level she understood it. In his own way, he was doing this for her. Helping her to realize another fantasy, as he said. He always seemed to have his finger on the pulse of her desires unlike anyone before. She would have never have considered doing this on her own. She felt safer doing so knowing he was with her in it.

Sarah slowed her pace as she turned another darkened corner. She was getting close now, and she knew he wasn't far behind her. There wasn't even a doubt in her mind that he was following her. She could hear him trying to follow her discreetly. Even with the resounding clicks of her stilettos echoing off the walls, she could still hear him. Still hear that –

She had finally reached her destination: the boiler room in the hospital's basement. This area had always unnerved her. While she'd been working as the hospital's administrator, she'd only been down here a handful of times. It had never been an area of the hospital that was critical to her job, but it was one of the best places she had thought to grant Lester's request.

Sarah slipped inside the room and left the door open a crack so he would know where she'd gone. The room was dark, with two large boilers against the wall. Pipes affixed to several dials ran to it and up into other parts of the hospital. As Sarah looked around, part of her wanted to jot down all the improvements that could be made in here, strictly from a health and safety perspective, and a few others that occurred to her on the fly. But that wasn't her job anymore. Now, she had to focus on what her boss had asked of her.

She spotted the ratty-looking chair in the corner and quickly removed her clothing, dropping it over the back of the chair. Next, she gently removed her heels. She winced at the cold concrete against her bare feet.

Sarah took another deep breath and stood there in her dark emerald bra and panties. Her heart felt like it was beating out of her chest, and soon, it started beating even faster. The door opened a crack wider.

Sarah put her hand on her hip and pushed her chest out in front of her. Even if she felt nervous, she knew how to present confidence. She still couldn't believe she was actually doing this. It was definitely crossing a line—an ethical one and a professional one. But since she wasn't the hospital's administrator anymore, maybe it was okay. Besides, Lester had told her to do this. Just thinking about him got her excited again.

A familiar head looked in from the door, his eyes wide as saucers at the sight before him.

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Otis had seen that stuck-up, unapproachable woman as she was crossing the lobby. He had followed her like he usually did, letting his eyes feast on her curves. He still couldn't believe his luck that he'd caught her in her car that one time, but he needed to have her again.

For some reason, she had gone to the basement alone, somewhere no one but the maintenance staff usually needed to be. He'd kept his distance, following her down the dark corridors. He'd had to leave his cart behind, he knew the squeaking wheels would be too much of a giveaway in the deserted hallways.

He was going to be in a lot of fucking trouble if he got caught by her. There wouldn't be any good excuse for why he had followed her all the way down here. Maybe he'd be fired, but his cock was doing the thinking right now. There was a possibility he could at least cop another feel before they fired him. When she'd gone into the boiler room, he didn't know what to think.

So he inched closer to the door and peeked in. He felt like his heart was going to beat out of his chest right then and then. That sexy woman, Mrs. Williams, was standing there in nothing but dark green lacy underwear, her hand on her hips like she was posing for something.

"Took you long enough," she said, staring at him with an intense gaze as he stepped into the warmth of the room. Otis felt like he could cum right then and there just by the way she was looking at him. No one had ever looked at him like that before. The dark desire behind her eyes was making his heart beat in his chest faster and faster.

“You going to stay out there, or are you coming all the way in?” she asked him, shifting her stance.

A grin spread across his face, and he stepped fully into the room, pulling the door shut behind him.

“Looking real good there, blondie,” Otis said. There was no way he was walking out of here without a piece of that. Otis walked across the dirty room directly to where she was standing. She took one step back, and Otis just stood there, letting his eyes roam over her body. Damn, she knows how to fucking dress. Those tits….

“Otis, right?” Mrs. Williams asked him.

“Uh-huh,” He murmured as his eyes couldn’t stop running over her body.

“Eyes up here, big boy,” she said, “just for a minute.”

Otis just let out a chuckle and finally met her gaze.

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Sarah shuddered at the intense, hungry look in the old janitor’s eyes. He was so different from either Dan or Lester. Old crow's feet marked the corners of his eyes. The rest of the skin on his face and what she could see of his arms was weathered from a lifetime of manual labor.

Sarah was about to speak when the old man said, “Turn around. I want to see all of you.”

Sarah shuddered at the command. Before her brain had processed what it was doing, Sarah was already slowly spinning around to give the old man a view of her body. Before she had completely turned all the way around, she yelped as his rough hand grabbed a handful of her succulent ass.

“Wha -?” Sarah turned around but found Otis right there next to her, his hand still firmly gripping her ass. This wasn’t how this was supposed to go.

His lips were pressed against her before she knew it. His tongue penetrating her mouth as the rancid flood of cigarettes and cheap whiskey filled her mouth. His hand continued to maul her ass while his other calloused hand crept up and was roughly kneading both her breasts over her bra.

Sarah sloppily kissed him back before pushing back on his chest to give herself some breathing room. She needed to take back control before someone she hadn’t planned happened.

“Sit down,” Sarah said, gesturing to the chair. Otis just stood there. His lanky body and paunch around his stomach seemed filled with anxious energy—like someone had just put a plate of food in front of a starving man and told him to wait.

“Otis, sit down. Please,” Sarah said once again. His eyes were still desperate and hungry, but he seemed to get the message. With his eyes still glued to her, he backed up and sat down in the ratty chair.

“What's going on here?” He asked as he brazenly stroked his cock through his coveralls. Sarah’s eyes momentarily stayed glued to the bulging shape of it before she quickly regained her composure.

“I’ve seen you. Watching me. Following me,” Sarah whispered as she stepped up closer to him. She steadied her nerves. She still couldn’t believe this was what Lester had asked for. Asked her to do. She knew she could have said no. Kicking him out into the cold hadn’t been so bad. But still, she found herself agreeing to his instructions quickly. She’d even kissed him deeply in his office when she’d agreed to it. It was like a dark persona had taken over and led her down here into the bowels of the hospital.

“I thought that maybe,” she said as her leg brushed against his knee, “Maybe you’d gotten tired of watching.”

Sarah lowered herself onto her knees in front of him. Her manicured finger nailed running up the thighs of his dirty overalls, “Maybe you’d like to get a taste?”

Her hands ran over his protruding stomach and up his undefined chest. They slid over to the zipper at the top of his coveralls, and she slowly lowered it down, “Or, to be more specific, maybe I’ll be the one getting a taste.”

She lowered the zipper all the way to the bottom around his stomach, exposing the faded white t-shirt underneath. Otis just leered down at her with a stupid grin on his face. Was she really going to fucking do this?

Sarah glanced at the closed door. She could still leave. She didn’t have to follow through with Lester’s orders. She had plenty of other things she could be doing. How had she even gotten herself into this situation? Kneeling in front of a dirty old janitor in the hospital’s basement?

Otis eagerly shuffled out of his coveralls, plopping back down in the chair in just his shirt and boxers. Sarah caught the movement out of the corner of her eyes and turned back, the tent in his boxers as evident as the hungry desire in his eyes.

“Oh, I got something you can taste already,” Otis grunted as he grabbed his crotch, “Why don’t you take it out and get a better look at it.”

Before Sarah could protest, Otis was lowering his boxers, and his hard cock flopped out and pointed right at her. With a delighted sigh, Otis flopped back down in the chair and looked at Sarah expectantly. She momentarily froze as she stared at Otis’ angry member in front of her. Part of her was still ready to walk out that door and get back upstairs. But she didn’t want to disappoint Lester. And the cock in front of her seemed to call to her, demanding her attention.

Sarah tentatively reached out and lightly touched it. Her fingertips brushed and pressed over the shaft, exploring it.

“Take off your bra, let me see those tits,” Otis grunted. Sarah retracted her hand and it moved to unclasp her bra. Why am I just doing whatever he says?

Sarah lowered her bra straps until the cups fell away from her breasts.

“Fuck,” Otis breathed, his gaze stuck on her breasts. He’d watched these things sway seductively in the hallways for years and now had an up-close and personal view of them, “Give it here.”

He held out his hand, gesturing for the bra. Sarah bit her lip and handed it over before meeting his gaze. It was so similar to the look that first Dan, and then later Lester would give her. She felt herself growing wet just by his proximity and the hungry look on his face. Fuck, I’m going to do this, Aren’t I?

Otis kept his eyes trained on her but raised the emerald bra to his nose and took a long sniff. He groaned as he did, one hand going to his cock and waving it at her.

Sarah steeled her nerves and wrapped one hand around his shaft, eliciting another groan from the old man.

“Oh fuck yeah,” he said, smiling down at her like a fat kid in front of a birthday cake, “Fuck me, I must have a concussion or something because this can’t be happening.”

Sarah’s eyes turned mischievous. “Believe it, big boy. Now sit back and let me taste you.”

Before he could say anything else, Sarah gripped his shaft and lowered her mouth to his straining cock. Her nostrils flared at the smell of dried sweat on his untoned body. She probably shouldn’t have waited until close to the end of his shift to do this, but she wouldn’t let his bitter, sweaty aroma deter her.

The head of his angry cock pressed against her tongue as her mouth descended further and further down his cock. Sarah licked the undersides of his pole, whipping her tongue from side to side until it was nice and wet so her hand could effortlessly slide up and down the old man's shaft.

Otis put his hands behind his head and marveled at the young beauty eagerly sucking his cock. Never in his wildest dreams did he expect anything like this to happen. Sure, he'd jerked off and spilled plenty of cum to thoughts of Mrs. Williams, but this was something else entirely. Who knew what the future would hold for the old boy now?

And then, he heard music to his ears. Sarah moaned around his shaft as she serviced him. Otis lowered a hand to rest on the back of her head. His dirty fingers intertwined with strands of her beautiful blonde hair. He gathered his strength and stood up, pressing Sarah backwards. He angled her as she sucked him and soon her upper body was wedged between the old man and one of the hissing boilers.

Never would he have been able to approach someone like her, let alone lay a hand on her. But now he was running his hands through her hair while he stuffed his cock into her mouth. When he let his hand rest on the back of her head, he noticed she moaned again.

Otis balled her hair up into a fist and thrust his hips forwards, eliciting another lusty moan from her. He could only grin, knowing it was he himself who was making her react like this, turning her on. He didn't give a fuck where that other guy was or what her deal was with him, but he sure as hell knew he'd be following her around the hospital much more often from now on.

Sarah continued to moan around Otis' spit soaked cock so he decided to see just how far he could push her. He tightened the grip on her hair and held the side of her face with his other hand. Then he leaned forward on the boiler, thrusting his cock deep into her mouth.

The head of his cock hit the back of Sarah's throat as he pulled her onto it. Otis didn't stop thrusting, he used Sarah's head like a fuckdoll, roughly fucking her mouth with his cock. To his amazement, Sarah gripped his shaft tightly and held onto the base as he power fucked her mouth.

"Ah, yeah," Otis groaned as Sarah's sloppy sucking and choking sounds echoed off the walls of the boiler room. Slowly, Otis let go of Sarah's head, but she still kept up at the same pace he had set. Sarah was going buck wild, relentlessly sucking on Otis's cock and taking it as deep into her mouth as she could as her skin was warmed by the metal behind her. Her hand rejoined the party and started stroking him in time with her mouth.

“Fucking hell,” Otis groaned as Sarah worshipped and drooled on his cock. The old guy was leaning against the old boiler, letting Sarah do whatever she wanted to him, “Ugh yeah, that's it. Suck my cock, baby.”

“Mmmmm-hmmmm,” Sarah moaned around Otis’ cock. Sarah pulled her mouth off Otis’s cock and looked up at him, staring him in the eyes. She stuck out her tongue and licked all the way down his shaft until she reached the jungle of white pubic hair at the base.

“Jesus Christ,” Otis muttered, watching Sarah keep eye contact with him while her tongue licked up and down his shaft, “Give my balls some love.” He sat back down to let her work.

A wicked smile spread onto Sarah’s face, and she raised her eyebrows at him, “I’m not done with my new toy yet.” Sarah licked up to the top of Otis’ shaft and swirled her tongue around the tip of his cock, licking up the bitter, salty pre-cum that had just oozed out. Otis just groaned as Sarah’s mouth hungrily descended again on his shaft. The tip pressed against the back of her throat, momentarily making her gag. Sarah looked up at Otis as his cock was in her mouth. The old man was just gazing down at her in astonishment, the hunger on his face replaced by unexpected pleasure.

Sarah smiled inwardly at the results of her actions. How Otis just seemed to melt into his seat, her words putting him back in his place. She reveled in that feeling. In the power she held over him. The level of control she had in bringing him off or continuing to torture him. Fuck, its addicting.

“Mmmmmmhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned around Otis’ hard cock. She was acting just like the slut Lester said she was. At no point in her professional career would she have planned to be on her knees in a dirty boiler room blowing the fucking janitor of all people. But here she was, loving every minute of it.

Otis just sat there and groaned. He’d never had a blowjob this fucking good before. He knew that Sarah had to know how to use her lips, but this was oral sex on another fucking level. That uptight woman sure knew what she was doing, and he thanked his blessings to the man who had taught her so well.

Sarah’s mouth plopped off Otis’ cock, and she took a deep breath. A single line of saliva connected her cock and his mouth for a second before Sarah bit her lip and looked at Otis. She licked her lips and slowly lowered her mouth to his balls, her tongue parting the dense foliage of his public hair as she found the dappled skin of his nutsack to tease.

Otis groaned deeply as Sarah’s tongue danced across his balls, and her lips kissed and sucked on both of them. Sarah’s hand never left his engorged shaft. She continued to stroke it. Up and down, her wrist twisted and pumped him for everything he had.

“Mmmhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned breathily into Otis’ fetid balls, his thick public hair pushing against her nose and eyes. Sarah continued to lap and slurp all over Otis’s dangling nuts, completely covering them in her spit. She slid down, lowering, making sure she didn’t miss a single spot on the underside of his balls either.

Sarah’s worship of Otis’ balls, combined with her expert stroking of his shaft, was beginning to be too much for him. He could feel his balls beginning to tighten and knew it wouldn’t be long before he blew his fucking load. But he didn’t want it to stop yet. He wanted to relish every fucking second of the time he had with Mrs. Williams.

“Stop,” He grunted. Sarah slowed her eager licks and strokes and looked up at him with pleading eyes, not wanting to stop at all. “I want to slide my cock between those massive glands. Your tits. Fuck, they look amazing.”

A dark chuckle escaped Sarah’s lips as she pulled back from him.

“Like this?” Sarah asked as she scooted forward. She held his cock in one hand and placed them between her bare breasts. Otis groaned as Sarah held the sides of her warm accommodating breasts together, fully encapsulating Otis’s cock between them. Then she started to rock up and down, letting his slick pole run up and down, fucking her breasts.

“Ah fuck yeah, just like that,” Otis groaned. It felt like what he imagined it was like titty-fucking a Playboy bunny. The kind of perfect tits that didn’t exist in real life, only in a magazine or on the internet, yet here they were in all their magnificence, wrapped around his dirty old cock.

“Uuhhmhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned at the prickly sensations. Otis’ large thick cock was sliding up and down her between her breasts, her nipples pressing against his legs each time she came back down. She licked her lips and closed her eyes, letting herself get lost in the stimulation.

Over and over, Otis’ blood-filled cock slid between her breasts, titty fucking the young mother. Both of them were lost in the licentious rapture of the moment. Neither noticed that the door to the room had slightly opened at some point.

“Mhmmmm fuck,” Sarah groaned as the head of Otis’ thrusting cock disappeared into her cleavage.

“Ah yeah, you like that?” Otis grunted, “You like my ol’cock between your big tits?”

“Fuck. Yes.” Sarah moaned, eyes shut, “Feels good.”

Otis just grunted in response, unsure exactly how to deal with this firecracker of a woman. All he knew was that he needed more of her, and he was getting dangerously close to exploding all over her face.

“Fuck it,” he grunted as he pushed himself up off the chair to tower over her. Sarah tried to keep her tits wrapped around his cock, but the angle was too awkward. She stared up at Otis’s ugly face staring down at her in the dark, grungy boiler room.

“Mm-hmm,” Otis groaned as he grabbed the base of his cock, pushing her back against the boiler again. “Close your eyes.”

Sarah knelt there and closed her eyes. She was losing control but didn’t want to stop herself. Her large breasts heaved as she breathed, waiting for whatever Otis was going to do. Then she felt his cock slap down against her face, the head of the cock hitting her eyebrow. Then Otis did it again, slapping her on the cheek.

Then, the other cheek. He dragged his dirty cock all over her face, pre-cum leaking out and trailing behind it. He slapped it down over her eye and nose again, taking twisted pleasure in her just sitting there and letting it happen.

Over and over, he slapped his cock around her face. To Sarah’s surprise, a soft moan escaped her own lips as he dragged his cock once more all over her face. She didn’t know why, but she was loving this.

“Stick out your tongue,” Otis commanded. Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at the old man. Then, she opened both eyes and stuck her tongue out. Otis grinned as his cock head slapped against her outstretched tongue. He did this over and over, beating his cock against her warm, wet tongue. Sarah had to restrain herself not to take his cock into her mouth and devour it. Her rate of breathing increased with her excitement.

“Fuck I’m so close. Beg for. Say my name and beg for it,” Otis grumbled.

“Please. Otis. Give it to me,” Sarah moaned as her hands came up and started fondling her shapely breasts. Otis kept beating his iron hard cock on her tongue. Sarah roughly grabbed her breasts, punching one of her nipples. “I need it. I want your cum, Otis. Give it to me. Please. Please fucking give it to me, Otis.”

“Ugh, fuck,” Otis grunted. He was rapidly stroking his cock while he beat the head of it against Sarah’s waiting silky tongue. “I’m gonna cum, girl. Where do you want it? Where do you fucking want it?”

“Everywhere,” Sarah moaned as she tweaked her left nipple, “I fucking want it everywhere. All over my chest, down my throat, on my face. Just fucking give it to me, Otis.”

“Open wide,” Otis grunted.

Sarah didn’t need any more encouragement. One of her hands quickly wrapped around his shaft and gripped it hard, running it up and down his length. Her mouth opened wide, and she took his cock on her tongue in her mouth. Sarah felt the veins in his cock pulsate in her hands and knew he was about to cum.

“FUUUCK. SHIT,” Otis grunted, “Here it fucking comes!”

He grabbed the back of Sarah’s head and thrust his cock forward violently. His cock hit the back of her throat as her lips mashed down against the base of his cock. Otis grabbed two handfuls of Sarah’s hair and used her mouth as a fuckhole until his balls tightened and his cock slit spread open menacingly, unleashing a torrent of hot and sticky cum into Sarah’s mouth. Sarah swallowed the first bitter load. And the second. But the third came too fast, filling her mouth with his seed. The fourth shot did the same as Otis was reveling in unleashing his cum into the young mother’s mouth. He’d never cum harder in his life.

Cum spilled out of Sarah’s mouth and dripped down her chin and onto her heaving breasts. Sarah was still massaging her nipples and aereola. She didn’t stop as drops of cum began peppering them. She massaged them into her skin without a second thought.

“Holy shit,” Otis grunted, pulling his cock free of Sarah’s sucking mouth. Another long rope of cum blasted her in the face, landing across her nose and one eye that winked shut. More cum leaked out of her mouth as Sarah swallowed yet another of his prodigious loads. She meticulously licked her lips of any cum still there while wiping the slimy sperm off her chin.

Otis fell back into the folding chair, exhausted. He stared at Sarah in disbelief, watching this blonde beauty swallow and eat his cum while still playing with her tits. Her perfect knees were marred with dust from the concrete floor, and her bra was nowhere in sight.

Sarah finished cleaning her face with her fingers. For a moment, she thought about cleaning her fingers with her mouth, but instead, she flicked the gooey substance off her fingers onto the floor. Otis just sat there with the dumbest smile on his face, watching her as she stepped beside him and retrieved her bra from the floor and the rest of her clothes from the back of the chair. He had to lean forward to free her pants and top.

The way he stared at her while watching her get dressed just felt awkward. She would have preferred that he just left instead of leering at her like a piece of perfectly cooked filet mignon.

“Can I help –” Sarah caught herself, not wanting to give him an opening for more, “Like what you see?”

“Just admiring the view. Fucking perfection,” Otis grumbled. He fished his phone out of his coveralls, “Say, let me get your number, and maybe we can meet up again.”

“We’ll see,” Sarah said, taking her own phone out. She opened the camera app and looked at herself. Well, my makeup is fucked. She’d have to find the nearest bathroom and wash her face. There were makeup remover wipes in her purse so she could look at least halfway presentable instead of the hot mess she was at the moment.

Sarah finished adjusting her clothes and looked back at Otis, “I hope you enjoyed yourself. I know I did.” She waved at him, the large diamond on her finger flashed sparks of color on the ceiling from the dim lights in the room.

Before the old man could respond, Sarah left through the open boiler room door.

“Yeah, don’t wory sweetheart. I know how to find you” Otis grinned as he leaned back in the chair. He absently stroked his cock as he lazily spun himself around in the chair.

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Both Otis and Sarah were too enthralled with her face fucking to have noticed Lester prop the door open. He’d peered into the room and watched Sarah do just as he’d demanded. To debase herself with the janitor. And from what he’d seen, she’d loved every moment of it.

Otis was the perfect pawn to push in the next phase of Lester’s plan. Sarah had already let herself go with Jesse. Now, with Otis in her workplace, his financial stranglehold on the couple could truly begin.

Sarah’s eyes suddenly locked with Lester’s for a moment. She gave him a knowingly look which Lester returned with a smile. Her eyes seemed to go wide seeing the phone in his hand, so he tried his best to appear reassuring. He hadn’t planned on her noticing him but she seemed to like it. Still, she might raise questions he otherwise wouldn’t want to answer.

Lester stopped recording the video on his phone as Sarah began looking for her clothes. He quickly thumbed his phone, sending a copy of the recording off to his secure cloud drive. Lester retreated silently back the way he’d come, eager to see if Sarah would come to find him in his office to report back or if she would just sneak out of the hospital and head home.

Either way, Lester had won another important battle: the deconstruction of Sarah Williams as a professional and the destruction of Dan’s marriage. Lester had never had so much fucking fun.

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 27 (Patreon)

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Content

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lester chuckled, “Why would I do that?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“About yesterday,” Sarah started.

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

“Umm,” Sarah started, “I need to read the menu. I don’t come here often.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Did you enjoy it?” Lester asked.

“Lester, I don’t think –”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Doing what?"

"Worshipping a cock," Sarah whispered.

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

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

"Whose?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It's….." Sarah started, "Different."

“Different how? Say more.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHAP

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

WHAP

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Open wide," Otis said from the phone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Confused, she looked at him for an explanation.

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

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

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

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

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

I fucked him on a bed of Cheetos….

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

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

“Maybe for my birthday,” Lester said.

“Didn’t you just have a birthday?” Sarah remembered his birthday request from a few months ago.

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

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

***

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dan exhaled. "Just what?"

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

“What did he do?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What happened?” Dan asked softly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t know. I think I would have shut it down, Sarah.”

That wasn’t what she expected. “What do you mean?”

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

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

“Dan, I’m not cheating. I’m not. All of this is part of our fantasy. We even said last time that we’d continue things with Lester for now. So don’t try to make me into the bad guy saying I’m still fucking around with him.”

“But you are, I’m not there and you’re still –”

Sarah sighed, “Okay. We should stop then. But what about your rent? Lester is still paying for it, well actually I’m paying for it with my body, aren’t I?”

“That’s not fair, Sarah.”

“No, maybe it isn’t, but that’s the reality of things. So I’m doing my part to get us through, and I don’t think it’s fair that you make me feel guilty about it when you’re not even here.”

“The deal is rent for a date. I don’t see how fucking Lester in his office and then in his hotel in just a couple of days counts towards that. Even if our rent just went up, it still doesn’t make sense.”

“That’s not fair, Dan,” Sarah said. All this time, she had been indulging in Dan’s fantasy play. And now, she was beginning to explore new things. Things that she was just discovering she liked, he was lashing out at her and trying to put her in a corner right at the beginning of her journey.

“How is it not fair, Sarah?”

“Because! We do all this fantasy stuff, all this fantasy play, and it’s always on me, centered around me. It was your fantasy to start with, but now when I find some parts about it that I like and want to explore, you push back, and suddenly it has to stop when you say.”

“I’m not pushing back on anything. I’m pushing back on you doing these things without my knowledge. I can’t protect you if I don’t know what’s happening, Sarah.”

“I’m a big girl, Dan, I don’t need a man’s protection all the time.”

“Lester is a manipulative fuck Sarah, I don’t think you’re seeing things clearly. You’re not seeng him clearly.”

“Oh my god,” Sarah rolled her eyes, “Dan, I know you’re still pissed about the hotel thing with Jesse. And I’m not going to let Lester off the hook for that, but he isn’t some grand master mind here. He isn’t some hacker. I’ve seen him at work. There’s no way he did the things you put on him. Besides, he’s had my back, and you know what? He even saved my job. Without him, we wouldn’t have my income and we’d be really fucked. So yeah, maybe I have given him a little extra slack lately, but he’s earned it.”

“Yeah, okay, and what about this random janitor? Have you even thought through what he might do? What if he goes to HR? What if he tries something again? Who is going to be there to help you?”

Lester will she thought but knew saying that out loud wouldn’t help her argument. “Like I said, I’m not some delicate flower, Dan. I can handle myself. You’re not the only who’s managed to build a career, okay?”

“But we never even talked about this janitor. I’m in the dark on the whole thing, just like I was when you got fucked in that hotel room by Lester and Jesse,” Dan said.

“Fine, what do you want me to do? Text you every time I’m about to do something?” Sarah asked.

“N-no, uh, look, when it comes to the fantasy stuff, yes, I don’t want to be left in the dark on it,” Dan said. “That stuff, we need to talk about beforehand. Before you do anything with anyone else.”

“That sounds really hot and spontaneous,” Sarah said, shaking her head. Then she sighed, “But I get it. I get you not wanting to find out out of nowhere. Things just kind of happened. They weren’t what I’d intended to do, but in the moment, they just sort of happened. I didn’t plan on them, on any of it. I’m sorry. I’m sorry you’re finding out on the phone.”

Sarah felt like a weight had just been put on her shoulders. She thought back to the days when Dan still lived at home. Things were simpler. Things were easier with their family back then; neither of them was exposed to all of this. The stress and the excitement about all these new situations they found themselves in. She longed for those days but also wondered whether going back to that would put an end to these new wild experiences she was finally having. Would it kill that side of her while she was just discovering it?

“I get it,” Dan said. “In the moment, things can just kind of happen, but Sarah, there have been so many of these moments lately. That's why I think we need to take a pause and figure all of

this out. Even with the whole rent thing, we should have time before the next date. “We need to talk through all of this.”

“Do you hate me?” Sarah asked, defeated.

“No, I don’t hate you. It’s complicated,” Dan said, “Not that it’s complicated like my love for you or anything like that. It’s just a fucked up situation. Like on the one hand, the whole janitor thing…..the idea of it is hot and in any other situation it would turn me on to watch it. To be there with you. Even to just know it happened. But it’s all of these things together. All this unknown territory. The Lester stuff. Even knowing you are out there doing things without me knowing is kind of hot, but right now it’s just……I don’t know. I’m worried and scared, and that’s not turning me on.”

“You really think Lester is pulling strings or something?” Sarah asked.

“I think so. I don’t have any proof, but I feel it in my gut,” Dan sighed.

“Dan, I’ve seen him at work. He can barely navigate our shared drive. I think he is more of a security person than someone who is a mastermind hacker. Sure he is an asshole and yes he liked to control things. And maybe even try to put you down at times, which weirdly turns me on, but I’m still not sure.”

“Well, I’m still going to keep looking into it, but don’t tell him, Sarah,” Dan said.

“I won’t,” Sarah paused for a second. “Dan, where do we go from here? With you in Chicago and me here. With the fantasy stuff?”

“I don’t know, Sarah. But I think we need to put a pause on it for now.”

“I don’t think Lester will like that,” Sarah said.

“Too bad. It’s just you and me in this marriage. He doesn’t get a say. If he wants us to play nice and we let him be a part of things, at least until I can prove he is involved, then he needs to play by our rules. And if it wasn’t for this whole rent thing, then I’d stop it all together.”

“You mean we’d stop it. Together. We’d make that choice, right?” Sarah challenged.

“Yeah, that’s what I meant,” Dan said.

Neither spoke for close to a minute, each of them wrapped up in their own thoughts.

“Look,” Dan said, “I don’t want to fight. We’ll talk through all of this like we always do, okay? We’ll figure it out together. I do want to hear more about it. Hear more about some of the things that have turned you on about it so we can explore them together.”

“I’d like that too,” Sarah said.

“I know we’re both at work….so I don’t want to get into it now and cut it short. We need to talk through this. But we’ll have that chat. For now, though, how are the girls?”

They talked for another few minutes about normal life things. The conversation almost seemed normal, but Sarah felt they were ignoring the elephant in the room hanging over the entire conversation. Eventually, Dan had to go because of a client call.

“I love you,” Dan said softly.

“I love you too, Dan. I can’t wait to see you and make sense of all this.” Sarah said.

“We’ll figure it out together, baby,” Dan responded.

After hanging up, Sarah found many emails waiting for her, while her thoughts drifted back to their conversation and Lester.

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Dan rested his head on the back of his office chair, resisting the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose. It had been a couple of hours since his call with Sarah, yet his mind constantly drifted back to her words.

That she had been pursuing her adventures both aroused and scared him. Before all of this started, he had fantasized about something like this. About Sarah going off on her own and being bad, only to slide into their bed later and seductively tell him all the details. But now….

He didn’t know how to feel. His dick was hard at the idea but he couldn’t help but feel a pit in his stomach. Was she really doing this on her own? Or was it because Lester was manipulating her, just like he manipulated everything else?

Sarah’s words rang in his ear, and he still didn’t have proof of Lester’s misdeeds. But his gut feeling should be enough, shouldn’t it? He still felt trapped by his bargain with Lester, exchanging time with his wife for help with the rent. It felt like he was losing control over his life, and he and Sarah were dancing to the tune of Lester’s machinations.

His wife was crossing lines he didn’t think she would normally. Not only had she played around at work - something she would never have been brave enough to do before. She had actually included a coworker, albeit a janitor, in it. That sent Dan’s whole mind on fire, not knowing who this person was or what Sarah had done with them, how it had all come together. What had they said to each other? How had Sarah looked at him?

He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, adjusting himself. He cursed his arousal and the entire situation his family found themselves in. He just wished they were together, experiencing these things together.

Now it felt like his fantasy was out of control. Before, he felt like he was out of control, unable to reign it in. Now it felt like it was running away without him, taking on a life of its own with Sarah along for the ride. She had clearly begun to adopt the fantasy as her own, and he had seen a wild side to his wife that he always knew was there. Alive, but restrained. Now? Now, he wasn’t sure what was going on.

He realized that he and Sarah had never actually finished their conversation about pausing the fantasy and stopping all of this. Had she let that conversation thread naturally wither? Or had Dan said the words and not entirely meant them?

He wasn't sure. It would be easy to blame her. But he knew part of him wanted this. Wanted more. But things still didn't sit right with him as they were. Not with Lester involved. Dan felt impotent, unable to extract Lester from their lives. How the hell had he managed to ingrain himself so far into the hospital to be able to be there with Sarah when Dan couldn't?

Dan felt like an outsider looking in on his own life as things spiralled out of control.

He shook his head and had his hands over his face as he sat up in his chair. Speaking of out of control, he eyed his inbox and the blistering amount of unread emails on the screen. He knew a similar amount awaited him on his cellphone from his side consulting business.

It was like everything was happening at once, conspiring to overwhelm him. Even his investigation into Lester was beginning to bear fruit, threatening to distract him entirely. He had finally uncovered a thread that might lead him to Lester's ex-girlfriend.

He just needed to….someone was shouting out on the office floor. Usually, things were quiet. Especially with the low staff levels, most of his colleagues were keeping their heads down.

Dan rose and opened his office door. Loud voices were coming from the other side of the office. Cautiously, Dan stepped out and walked to where the noise was coming from. He locked eyes with someone, and he stopped in his tracks, his blood going cold.

Jesse.

Why was Jesse back here? Was he trying to get his old job back? No. Dan could see it in his eyes and the dark expression on his face that this was something much more threatening. Something personal.

"There he is," Jesse motioned to the small crowd of nervous co-workers standing around him.

"What's going on?" Walt stepped forward, trying to cut in. He looked back and forth between Jesse and Dan, confused.

Jesse ignored the old man's question and marched right up to Dan, drawing the eyes of everyone in the office.

"You need to let her go," Jesse said with gritted teeth.

"Jesse," Dan said, holding his hands out, palms down placatingly. His eyes looked around at his coworkers, trying to show he was just as confused at Jesse's appearance here as they were. "What are you doing here?"

"I know what you're doing, Dan. I didn't think you were such a bastard," Jesse said loud enough for everyone to hear him. Dan didn't like this. Didn't like Jesse's tone and making a

spectacle in front of everyone. Maybe it was the remaining tension from his call with Sarah, but Dan felt his hands form fists at his sides.

“Jesse,” Dan said through gritted teeth, trying to keep his voice calm, “Let's go talk in my office.”

“No way,” Jesse said, looking around at everyone. “I’m not going anywhere with you. You’re a gaslighting, controlling bastard. Keeping your wife locked up when she wants to leave you. Making her fuck other men because of your sick fantasies. That’s done.”

Dan saw the confused expressions appear on his coworkers' faces as they digested Jesse’s words. Dan felt a rising heat of anger in his stomach as those confused expressions turned into ones of horrified concern.

“I have no idea what he’s talking about,” Dan said, looking at his coworkers. “Jesse, are you off your meds or something? What are you doing here?”

“I told you. You need to let her go,” Jesse said, his hands coming up quickly and pushing Dan back. Murmurs spread through the assembled coworkers.

“Dan, Jesse. Let’s go talk in my office,” Walt said, trying to deescalate the situation.

“No fucking way,” Jesse murmured, “I’m not going. He needs to let his wife leave him so she can be with me like she wants. We’re in love.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? You’re delusional. Get out of here.” Dan squared his shoulders and stepped back to where he had been. His anger was boiling. First Lester’s manipulations and now Jesse here, talking about private matters in front of his coworkers. Dan had always been careful to keep his personal and work life separate and now this little shit was fucking it up in the worst way possible.

“You can’t keep her locked up and away from everyone anymore, Dan. She loves me. And I love her and will do anything for her. I knew for sure that night in the hotel room when I made love to her.” Jesse spat and pushed Dan again, trying to corner him. Where had this massive set of balls developed from? Jesse had never acted like this before.

“Jesse,” Dan said firmly. Anger seething. “Shut the fuck up, you need to leave.”

What the fuck was he doing here? This reeked of Lester. Everywhere he looked, Lester was there pulling this shit with him. When the fuck would he be free of all of this? Free of Lester. Dan clenched his fists, the nails digging into his palms.

“I’m not going anywhere until you let her go,” Jesse barked back, “The way she looked at me while I was inside of her. The way she touched me. She didn’t need to say anything, Dan. She loves me and –”

Dan's right fist connected with Jesse's eye socket. Jesse stumbled back, his jaw limp-looking. He looked confused, not understanding what had happened. His brain was not processing the sudden jolt of pain while he was talking.

Then his eyes fluttered, and his body slumped to the floor.

Dan winced at the pain in his knuckles and wrist. For a second, he worried he had killed Jesse, but thankfully, he saw him breathing. A few people quickly knelt beside Jesse to check on him.

"Dan!" Walt pleaded with a horrified expression, "What the hell is going on?"

Dan just stood there silently as he felt his life unravelling.

***

The TV was on, but Sarah was only partially paying attention to it. Her mind kept going back to the events of the day. Between her call with Dan and her rendezvous with Lester in his hotel room. The two men in her life.

She shook her head disbelieving her last thought and took a long sip of her red wine. She looked at the TV, eyes unfocused as the conversation with Dan played back in her head. It still felt unresolved, like her and Dan were dancing around the different issues they had.

Dan brought up stopping this, all of this. This fantasy of theirs. Originally his but now hers as well, though it was intertwined now with other things Sarah hadn't realized she needed. The need to be seen, to be told what to do. To submit to someone. Those triggers had always been there but now it felt like they had been uncovered for the very first time, like a live wire just waiting for someone to touch them. Use them.

Could she really stop? Now, when was she just learning about this side of herself? Yes. She could. She could if that is what Dan and she decided. At least, that's what she told herself.

Was she really slipping like Dan had said? She downed the last gulp of wine and walked to the kitchen to refill her glass. Thankfully her daughters had gone down easy. They'd been asleep for around an hour now and Sarah was ready to relax.

As she refilled her glass, she decided she wasn't slipping. She was just experimenting. Experimenting with Dan's fantasies while embracing some of her own. She could stop. She could stop this when she wanted to. When did things get to that point?

But what was that point? Where was that line that she shouldn't cross? She didn't know. And she hadn't ever talked with Dan about it. Not really. Was it blowing a janitor in the basement of the hospital? Apparently not.

While she didn't think Dan was right about Lester being a master manipulator. The idea was appealing. If he was, then all of this wasn't her fault. She could absolve herself of what had happened. She wasn't slipping. At least, that is what she clung to. Deep down, she knew the truth if she was honest with herself. Knew that….

Sarah clicked a button on the remote to change the show. She needed to find something better to distract her. With a deep breath, she thumbed her phone and dialled Dan's number. They needed to talk again. To talk through everything. She needed to talk to him about what she was feeling and how all of this was impacting her. So they could find a path forward together, even if it meant stopping all of this. She didn't know how Lester would react, but Dan was the one who mattered. Right?

The call rang and rang until she heard his familiar voicemail message. This wasn't a conversation she wanted to have with an answering machine. Sarah hung up the phone and took another sip of wine before noticing an unread text. It was from Lester.

L: What are you wearing

Sarah rolled her eyes and put her phone on the couch beside her. For the next half an hour, she tried to focus on the trashy reality show on the screen. Her mind kept drifting back to the message from Lester then to the way the way he fucked her today. So deep, and hard while making her watch the video of herself sucking off Otis.

As a beautiful couple fought on screen, Sarah felt herself getting wet at the memory of that afternoon in the hotel room. All of that stimulation. At seeing herself from another's point of view. At being on display like that.

Sarah's mind was at war with itself. Trying to focus on the show while the other part of her. The darker part of her kept trying to pull her focus back to those memories and back to that phone with the unanswered text message. It felt like it was burning a hole in her subconscious, just waiting for a response from her.

Sarah moved her hand to grab her glass of wine off the table and was surprised to find her phone already in it. When had she grabbed it? Sarah slid her phone open as if on auto-pilot and stared at Lester's message.

L: What are you wearing

She vowed to herself that no matter what, she couldn't meet Lester. She wouldn't let him into her home. Not again. Though, with the girls gone, it wouldn't be as bad as last time. They could be as loud as they wanted, not needing to use the old futon in the basement. Lester could fuck her on her bed, maybe even tomorrow before work in the morning…No. No. No. She couldn't do that. Wouldn't do that. Was she slipping? No, Sarah was in control like she always had been. So, maybe she could just indulge herself – just a little bit.

S: Just some frumpy pajamas

Sarah felt a light sense of self-condemnation when responding to Lester. At the same time, a sharp thrill ran through her. Maybe it was just the idea of being bad, of doing the wrong thing that made her feel so wet…

L: I bet you make those frumpy pajamas sexy. Nothing can change how fucking hot you are.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. As she tried to figure out a response. Denial? No, that would just open herself up to more flattery. Maybe something quick and then cut off the exchange.

S: Thank you. Heading to bed. See you at the hospital in the morning.

There. That was good. She made sure to include 'hospital' in the message so he wouldn't show up on her door when the sun rose.

Just then Sarah's phone rang. It was Lester. She put the phone face down on the couch and ignored the call. The phone went silent before ringing again shortly after. Sarah waited until this one went quiet too. The episide on the TV ended and another began playing.

Sarah stared at the screen, forcing herself to think of nothing else but the show. Fifteen minutes later, she sighed and grabbed her phone. A message from Lester waited for her.

L: Do you always ignore your boss's calls?

Sarah's thumb hovered over the screen. She knew it was just him playing a game. She knew, though, that she shouldn't ignore a call from her boss, even though it was Lester. There could be an emergency at the hospital. Something she was needed for.

But was that true anymore? Now that she was cast out of that role? What kind of emergency would require her any longer? She decided the best thing she could do was send a quick message back to him saying she was tired and was going to sleep.

She started typing out the message when her phone began to ring, and Lester's name appeared on it. Shit he must have seen her typing a reply. With some reluctance, Sarah swiped to answer the call.

"Hello?" Sarah said softly into the phone.

"Hey there, beautiful," Lester's lecherous voice whispered into her ear.

"You know," Sarah breathed, "That is not an appropriate way to speak to your subordinates."

"If you don't think that's appropriate, just wait until you hear the dirty shit I'm going to say to you when I come over," Lester chuckled.

"Don't," Sarah mustered the determination to say, "You can't come over tonight."

"Get those girls to bed. Tell them Uncle Lester needs some time alone with Mommy," Lester said. A shiver ran up Sarah's back at his words. Those dangerous, disgusting, and arousing words.

"Lester. Tonight isn't going to happen." Sarah said firmly.

"Oh? You got enough of me earlier, and now you're cutting me off?" Lester asked with a tone of mock hurt.

“Something like that.” Sarah wasn’t paying attention to the TV anymore. She was fully engrossed in the phone call.

“So,” Lester’s tone turned more jovial, “Tell me about these pajamas.”

Sarah chuckled softly to herself, “They aren’t sexy. Like I said. Just a pair of plain black pajamas. Pants go to my ankles, and the top goes down to my wrists.”

“How tight are they?” Lester whispered into the phone.

“Baggy,” Sarah said flatly.

“Come on, don’t be like that,” Lester grumbled.

“I’m about to go to bed. I’m tired. We’ll talk tomorrow,” Sarah steeled herself, knowing this was the right choice. Some time away from Lester might be good. It would let her get her head on straight again.

“You’re no fun. You must have been talking to Dan.” Lester said.

“What the hell did that mean?” Sarah immediately said. She could almost hear Lester smile at her outburst, finally making her break from her script.

“Oh, you know. Just how he makes you feel bad about doing things you enjoy. Like you're making a mistake. Judging you. He doesn’t like not being able to control you. Possessive husband stuff,” Lester said nonchalantly.

“That's not how he is at all,” Sarah said. “He’s my husband, and he cares about me. He wants to make sure I’m okay. We talked earlier, and we are good.”

“Oh? And how did he react today when you told him all the things we’ve been doing?” Lester asked. “Did you tell him how much you enjoyed moaning my name today? Screaming for me on my bed while watching yourself suck the janitor’s cock?”

“It’s honestly none of your business.” Sarah felt herself heating up as Lester recounted today’s events. She wondered what it would be like to watch a video of herself and Lester together while getting fucked.

“So you didn’t tell him, did you?” Lester challenged.

“Like I said, it's none of your business. But he knows about all of it,” Sarah snapped back.

“Even about when I fucked you while your daughters slept upstairs?” Lester said seriously.

Sarah opened her mouth to respond, but no words came out. She had held back on telling Dan that, knowing he wouldn’t react well.

“It’s okay,” Lester said quietly. “We can have our secrets too.”

“You’re such a bastard sometimes, you know that?” Sarah said.

“I never said otherwise,” Lester chuckled. “Now are you going to show me those pajamas or what?”

“No, I’m going to bed, Lester. Goodnight. Don’t call me again,” Sarah said, and she hung up the phone. Lester immediately tried calling back, but she ignored it. Her phone rang again and Sarah set it face down on the couch. It rang several more times before going silent.

A few minutes later, she finally opened her phone again and found Lester's message.

L: Just one pic, then I’ll let you go to bed. Show me those PJs.

Sarah rolled her eyes then held out the phone in front of her and snapped a quick pic and sent it to him.

L: I told you it was sexy. I can even see your nips through it.

Sarah looked down at herself and cursed. She wasn’t wearing a bra under her pajamas and totally forgot about that when she took the picture.

L: I’m so hard right now. Just looking at this pic. Take another one for me.

S: No

L: Please. You have me all worked up over here. It hurts.

Sarah chewed her lip, picturing Lester staring at his phone, looking at her, watching her—the same phone she had watched herself on earlier in the day. He had been fine with letting her delete the video, touching himself. Touching his….

L: Are you playing with yourself, too?

S: No, Lester I’m trying to go to bed. Stop texting me.

L: Fuck I got blue balls. I need something more to finish.

The image of Lester’s face painted with lust staring down at her face in the palm of his hand while he furiously stroked himself.

S: My face in that pic isn’t enough?

L: Are you thinking about me jerking off to your pic?

She was. The stupid show on the TV was just background noise to her now.

S: Obviously, that's all you keep texting me about

L: I wish I still had that video to use right now.

Sarah's thumb hovered over the keyboard, unsure how to answer his message. How should she respond to him? What did she want to happen? Did she really want him to stop so she could go to bed?

Before she could think up a response, Lester called her again. Without thinking she answered her, determined to tell him off one more time.

“Lester, I’m seriously leave me alone so I can go to bed –”

It hadn’t been a phone call.

Lester’s thick, veiny, juicy, hard cock was on her screen. His hairy knuckles gripped it, and he was stroking it. Up and down. Up and down. Sarah gulped. It had caught her off guard. She was too shocked to formulate a cohesive thought. Lester’s ugly face could be seen in the corner of the screen, past where his giant cock took up most of the screen.

“Please,” Lester’s hoarse voice said. Pleasure and desperation laced his words, “Don’t hang up. I need this. Let me keep looking at you. I’m so close.”

“No. Lester, I can’t…..”

Sarah’s chest felt flush as she watched Lester pleasure himself, staring at her live while he did. Before all this had started, Sarah would have found this abhorrent. Some disgusting troll of a man jerking off to her, watching her over a video call. The ugly look on his face as he did so. But now, she couldn’t take her eyes off the screen. Horrified and fascinated by it. And its control over her.

Sarah didn’t hang up. She just watched. Marvelled at Lester’s rough treatment of his cock. Her mouth began to water, and her thighs rubbed together. She should hang up. Dan wanted her to stay away from Lester…..but technically, she wasn’t with him. This was just her…..taking a work call…..

Sarah didn’t respond to Lester but let him keep watching. Let him pleasure himself to her. The sounds of Lester’s fist stroking his cock filled the room. Sarah eyes went wide as she saw a dribble of precum leak out of the tip of Lester’s cock.

“I need to go to bed…” Sarah trailed off.

Her eyes darted to her own picture in the corner of the screen, and she was surprised to find her mouth hanging open and her face painted with desire. This was only the second time she had seen herself so aroused. Just like she had been in the video with Otis…..

“Just say my name,” Lester groaned. “I want to hear you say my name.”

Sarah hesitated, her bare breasts rising and falling with her breath. Nipples brushing against the thin fabric of her pajama top.

“Lester,” she whispered, staring into the phone. Her hand found the remote and muted the TV.

“Again.”

“Lester,” Sarah said louder. She could hear the sex dripping off her voice.

“Fuck, you’re so sexy,” Lester grumbled as he beat his cock faster. Sarah's breath hitched in her throat.

“Tell me what you’re looking at,” Lester said again.

“You’re cock,” Sarah breathed.

“Show me those pajamas again,” Lester said.

Sarah breathed deep and extended her arm, letting Lester see her form, from her head down to her waist.

“I can see how hard your nipples are for me,” Lester grunted again. “Open up one button.”

“Lester…” Sarah questioned.

“Just one. Please. I need it,” Lester said.

Hearing him beg like that pushed buttons inside of her. Knowing how desperate he was for relief. Sarah bit her bottom lip softly and deftly undid the top button on her pajama top with one hand.

“Just for a second, I need to go,” Sarah said softly.

“Ugh, yeah,” Lester licked his lips, “That’s it. Show me that skin.”

Sarah hesitated before undoing another button. Part of her protested, knowing this wasn’t what she had wanted a few minutes ago. Knowing that it was part of a pattern that she was helplessly falling into.

Her fingers trembled on the third button before an overwhelming desire to expose herself for Lester drowned out any dissenting voices in her mind.

“That’s it,” Lester breathed. “Show 'em to me. I want to stroke to you. Come on, Sarah, give me what I want.”

Sarah undid the rest of the buttons on her top, letting the material hang limply from her shoulders. She stared into the phone, seeing Lester squeeze himself while looking at her. It was too fucking hot.

She teased Lester, playing with her open shirt. Slowly and deliberately, she finally pulled both sides of her shirt apart, letting Lester’s beady eyes feast on her naked chest.

“Jesus Christ,” Lester groaned, staring at her, “I want to gobble those up.”

“Its too bad you can’t,” Sarah breathed, “I think we need some time apart. Dan does too.”

“Fuck him,” Lester growled, “I think we need more time together. Me and my cock, connected to you. Fuck apart, I need to be inside you.”

Sarah shuddered at his words.

“If I can’t touch 'em tonight, you need to.” Lester commanded, “Play with them. I want to stroke to it.”

It was such a bad idea. Up until now, she could consider herself just a participant in this. Half-heartedly invested in the call. But if she touched herself, well…she’d be performing Lester. Kind of like the performance she watched herself give earlier.

Tentatively, one of her hands came up to the breasts. Sarah moaned at her own touch, closing her eyes. Her fingertips danced around her sensitive skin before touching the sides of her nipples. She heard Lester groan in appreciation as her took her nipple between her finger and thumb and gently played with it.

“Mmmhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned at her own touch. She hadn’t realized how on fire her body had been until she gave it the slightest bit of relief. Her legs shifted together, enjoying the subtle touch of her panties pressing against her sex.

“Fuck,” Lester grunted, “My cock is so hard for you Sarah. So fucking hard it hurts.”

Sarah’s eyes fluttered open, looking at the bright screen in front of her. Lester’s throbbing member was staring back at her. “Then we need to do something about that big boy.”

“I want to watch you cum for me,” Lester growled. “I want to explode while I watch your face when you cum.”

“I thought you were the one who was supposed to cum? That's what this call is for.” Sarah said slowly.

“When have I ever let that happen? I’m not that selfish. I always make sure you finish,” Lester said, licking his lips again, “Because it's so much better when you do.”

“What do you want me to do?” Sarah said breathlessly.

“Lay down on your side,” Lester said.

Sarah slowly lowered herself down onto the couch, holding the phone in front of her. Her hand was still slowly, teasingly massaging her breasts, causing her bottom lip to hang open.

“Take your hand off your tit and lower it. Touch yourself,” Lester said. Sarah’s body responded to his words. It was heating up, and she was craving her release. She didn’t need much convincing.

“I shouldn’t,” Sarah breathed, her eyes darting to Lester’s face. From the angle with is cock taking up so much of the screen, all of his chins were pushed together making him look like an obese frog. He glared down at her, not saying anything, watching to see what she would do.

Sarah let go of her breast, and her hand slowly trailed down her stomach. Goosebumps appeared under her fingertips as her hand ran over her sensitive skin. She saw her hand

disappear off-camera. She doubted Lester would ask to see where she touched, wanting instead to see her face. She could have just played along, but as her fingertips grazed the waistband of her pants, the sensation was too hard to resist.

“Mom?” one of her daughters said from somewhere upstairs. Sarah’s eyes went wide, and she held her breath. The sound of light footsteps moved around, and then a door closed. She motioned for Lester to stay quiet.

The toilet flushed, and she heard the footsteps again. Thankfully, they didn’t come down the stairs. It sounded like one of the girls just had to use the washroom. Another door closed, and thankfully, Sarah didn’t hear any more footsteps.

Sarah’s hand disappeared beneath the fabric of her pajama pants. Slowly, savoring the sensations her fingers travelled further down until she found her clit and the lips of her pussy.

“Uhhmm,” Sarah moaned as her fingertips gently explored herself. She closed her eyes, focusing on the feelings of her fingers dancing over herself.

“Open your eyes,” Lester said over the sound of his hand jerking his cock off. She opened her eyes and saw him squeezing lotion into his palm before gripping his cock again and stroking it slowly. “I want to see your eyes staring at me.”

“Fuck. Lester,” Sarah moaned his name. Each syllable tasting delicious and forbidden on her tongue. She had never done this with Dan. Touching each themselves, getting each other off over a video call. After all the time he had spent in Chicago alone, they’d never done it. Yet here she was doing it with Lester, even though he was in the same town, less than two miles away.

Sarah stared into Lester’s beady eyes. His intense gaze and the mask of arousal on his face, spurred her on, moving her fingers faster over her clit. Maybe that was what had turned her on all this time. It wasn’t just that look both Dan and Lester got when they saw her in these situations. It wasn’t just the act of being watched. It was the desperate, hungry look of desire when she was exposing herself. Affecting someone on that level, prompting them to do something about it. Do something to her.

“That’s it, Sarah,” Lester nodded, “Keep doing that. Put on a show for me. Don’t fucking stop. I love watching you while you get off. So fucking sexy.”

“I love it that you’re watching,” Sarah purred. The words were out of her mouth faster than her brain could comprehend if she really meant them. But she did love being watched. And…and she loved being bad. Doing something taboo like this,....it just…..felt so fucking good. Like eating the forbidden fruit. Doing something she wasn’t supposed to. Skinny dipping at night.

“I know,” Lester said with a gleam in his eyes. “Speaking of the show….what do you think of this one?” Lester slapped his cock against the camera and kept stroking it.

“It’s……” Sarah tried and failed to find the right words to describe how she felt. She was mesmerized watching Lester’s thick, meaty shaft on her screen. How hard it was for her. She knew how fucking good it could feel. She also felt pangs of disappointment that she had to settle for watching it over a screen. The size of her phone screen didn’t do the real thing justice.

“It’s fucking hot,” Sarah finally breathed. “Seeing how hard you are for me. Stroking yourself while looking at me. Knowing how much you want me. It’s wild.”

“My cock only has eyes for you Sarah,” Lester said, “I could watch you all day. But I’m starting to think that you’d enjoy anyone watching you like this. Stroking themselves to you.”

“What do you mean?” Sarah said breathlessly.

“Watching you with Otis and seeing how you reacted watching yourself today. I think you’d get off on any guy stroking it for you. Hell, I bet half the guys at the hospital jerk off thinking about you,” Lester said.

“I don’t think so, that’s a bit –”

“I know it. Close your eyes,” Lester said. Sarah licked her lips and closed them.

“I want you to picture all the men you see at work. From the moment you walk in to the building until you leave. Think of all their faces and bodies.”

“Okay.” Sarah said as her mind started to run through all the men. From the families of patients to the doctors, nurses and other staff.

“Now picture yourself lying on your bed, with all these men standing around stroking themselves for you. All of them eager to see your naked body.”

Sarah’s breathing grew more erratic as she pictured it. Naked men standing around her. All of them staring at her with that intense, semi-crazed look while stroking their cocks. She knew it should scare her. Or she should find it comical. But at that moment, just the simple idea of it made her soaking wet.

Sarah’s thighs clenched around her hand, her hips slowly pushing into it.

“Picture Otis there, right next to you, stroking his cock. Leering at you like he does.”

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned as her fingers started working herself up faster than expected. The mental image Lester was painting for her was adding fuel to her already burning fire.

“I’m not there. And neither is your husband,” Lester whispered, “And you don’t stop do you?”

“No,” Sarah whispered, “No, I don’t.”

“Because you love it, don’t you? You love being exposed and for men to see you. To want you. To want to fuck you and bury themselves inside of you. You love the attention.”

“Mhmmm fuck,” Sarah moaned, “I do. I love it. Fuck Lester. I never knew how much I fucking loved it until you. Until you pushed me to it.”

“We’re just getting started,” Lester said, furiously stroking his cock.

“But you know what I love more?” Sarah opened her eyes. Her expression darkened, and her eyes mirrored Lester’s—filled with lust.

“What?” Lester said.

“That big fucking cock of yours,” Sarah said, her voice dripping with sex. “The way it fills me. Fills me up so fucking good.”

“You like how deep I can get?” Lester snarled.

A call notification appeared on her screen, but Sarah quickly dismissed it. She didn’t even read who it was. She just didn’t want anything to take away from her impending release.

“God. Lester, you go so deep. So fucking deep. At first, I didn’t think it could actually fit inside me. You fill me completely,” Sarah moaned, her lips forming a small ‘O’ as the words escaped her lips. Her fingers started picking up in speed and intensity as she spoke.

“You gonna cum for me Sarah?” Lester asked.

“Soon,” Sarah breathed, “God Lester I love watching that cock of yours.”

“It loves you too,” Lester chuckled, “But you know what it really wants?”

“What?” Sarah breathed, desperate to know the answer.

“It was jealous of the video of you and Otis. It wants to make a new video with you.” Lester said.

“Oh fuck. Mhmmhmmmm,” Sarah bit her lip, her face blush. Breasts rising and falling alongside her shallow breaths. The idea of watching herself on video with Lester. Fucking him. Fucking him knowing she was being recorded. That moment could be seen by her in the future. Or Lester. Or even someone else. She licked her lips, her dark streak putting a hand on the steering wheel inside of her.

“Fuck. Thats such a bad, fucking hot idea Lester,” Sarah moaned. “Mhmmmmmffuck.”

A sinister smile spread across Lester’s fat face. “That's it then. We’re going to do it. We’ll film ourselves. Me fucking you until you forget your own name, begging for my cum. Then you can watch it again anytime so you can touch it yourself. Got it?”

Sarah’s mouth went dry. Her brain screaming what a bad idea it was. The screams were just whimpers in her mind, her impending climax dosing them like a blanket over a smoldering fire. She just nodded to Lester, intensifying his lecherous smile.

“Yeah, Sarah. I’m going to record you. Film you. Capture every fucking second of you,” Lester’s hands beating off his cock, faster and faster. “I’m getting close, baby.”

“Uhhhhh cum for me. Cum for me Lester,” Sarah’s own hand frantically moving, touching herself, playing with her own sex. Exploring the depths of herself while always, always making sure her clit wasn’t neglected. “Mhmmmm, I’m close too Lester. So fucking close.”

“Then cum for me Sarah. Keep staring at my cock. I want you to see how much cum I have stored up for you.”

“Mhmmmfucck Lester,” Sarah moaned, eyes wide staring as Lester’s fist clenched around his cock, pumping it for all it was worth. “Cum for me baby, show me. Show me all of it. I want it, Lester. I want you’re cum. Give it to me. Give to me, baby.”

Lester smirked at her comments, “Fuck. It’s coming. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue. Show me where you want me to shoot it.”

Sarah’s body felt like it was on fire. Her thighs clenched around her hand, hips bucking against herself. She did her best to hold the phone steady with her other hand, but her back arched, and her heavy breasts swayed, making the phone shake. Her orgasm was about to descend onto her.

“Oh. Ahmmmm…Lester…Fuck. FUCK. LESTER,” Sarah moaned, closing her eyes as her climax started to rip through her.

“Open your eyes, Sarah! Look at my cock. Stick that tongue out,” Lester grunted, hunched over like a bridge troll.

“FUCK,” Sarah screamed as her body shuddered, “GIVE IT TO ME LESTER. SHOOT IT ALL OVER ME. I WANT IT EVERYWHERE.” Then she stuck her tongue out as her body began to convulse.

“UGHH,” Lester grunted. Sarah’s eyes went wide as she saw a geyser of cum blast out of Lester’s cock. She watched it shoot straight up into the air before gravity took hold and brought it back down, streaming over his cock’s shaft and encircled fist. Seeing that much, hot sticky cum made Sarah’s body shudder as her climax ripped through her, all her nerves bursting like fireworks. She clenched her legs around her hand and, through sheer force of will, kept her tongue out stretched, even though her body wanted to grit its teeth.

Rope after sticky rope of Lester’s overwhelming viscious cum shot out of his cock, Sarah’s eyes trained on it until her orgam was too much. Her tongue disappeared into her mouth, and her eyes snapped shut as fields of stars exploded behind her eyelids, her body and mind rocking from her powerful orgasm. The mental image of all of Lester’s illict cum shooting out of his cock was seered into her memory.

Finally, her orgasm began to wane. All the tight muscles in her body went limp, including the hand that was holding the phone. It clattered to the floor as Sarah turned on her side, catching her breath and letting her mind make its way back to her body.

It was a few minutes before Sarah remembered about the phone. Reluctantly, she rolled onto her side and reached around blindly on the floor until she grasped the device. Her mind and body were exhausted, and she could feel sleep ready to claim her.

She pulled the phone up to her face and saw Lester wiping his crotch down with Kleenex. Cleaning all the cum from himself. What a waste Sarah thought. All that cum just going into kleenex that would be thrown in the trash. She lightly chuckled internally to herself, her own thoughts surprising her.

“Lester…” Sarah said softly, “There’s no way I can stay awake. I’m going to fall asleep.”

“I gotta clean this shit up anyways,” Lester said, still cleaning off the massive amount of cum covering his crotch, “Go sleep. I’ll see you in the office tomorrow.”

“Okay,” Sarah said, her thumb hovering over the hang up button, “Goodnight.”

“Night,” Lester said absently, “I love you.”

“Love you too,” Sarah said automatically before hitting the red hang up button. Her frown deepened as she realized what she had said. Love you too? It was such a knee-jerk response. Probably conditioned into her by her relationship with Dan. She hadn’t actually meant to say that to Lester. She didn’t actually love him. Not like that…

Her phone clattered to the floor as she rolled back over. Her mind drifted to sleep as she thought about the last few minutes. Surely Lester hadn’t meant that he loved her. She wasn’t sure he actually knew what love was. And she….obviously didn’t mean that. Hopefully, he didn’t take that the wrong way. Still…..she had just said it, blurted it out like it had been natural.

Sarah forced herself to her feet and dragged herself up the stairs to her bedroom. That last orgasm had taken the wind out of her sails. She felt exhausted. As she climbed into bed, there was a strange form in the darkness. Sarah’s heart beat in her chest for a second, and then she realized what it was.

Her daughter, who called out to her earlier, must have gotten into her bed after using the bathroom. Sarah smiled and immediately felt guilty at her exchange with Lester. Sarah settled into her side of the bed, not wanting to disturb her child. And as much as she wanted to cuddle with her, she didn’t, not after what she had just done. She closed her eyes and let sleep take her.

The wild torrent of cum spewing out of his cock flashed back into her mind. Her dreamy brain focusing on it and seemingly playing with it. Her thoughts and dreams began to fuse as she drifted off. Thoughts of all of that cum. Cum that she loved and was disappointed she didn’t get that night. Thoughts of her and Lester making a video together….

[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 whats 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.

Thats enough from me, I know you guys prefer the other stuff I write so lets 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 theraputic. 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 placed 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 someway 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 thats 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' 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 thats 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 botle 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 apaprently 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. Great.

The two men escourted 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 escourted 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 Sentienl Securities a quick email letting them know he could increase his workload with them. Hopefully, that could help keep his family afloat.

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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 one 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 obssessed 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 curiousity, 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 lengthly proposal. His eyes widened as several notifications appeared on his screen from the software he had developed. The properitary software Lester had created to protect himself online and prevent anyone from tracking or hacking him.

Mother fucker. 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. Another reason to get back there.

Lester opened discord back up and replied.

Darkspire: Nice try asshole.

Then he blocked Cronos. The money was great but comprimsing 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 Jesee 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 mimiced Sarahs birth control pills were almost ready to ship out. He ordered extra to test them. The last thing he wanted was Sarah to accidently 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 seemd like Emily had a secret. One she didn't want her fiancee 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 forgetten 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 plently of competitors who would gladly pay for their information.

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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 immediatly. 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 circumsances 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 embarassing 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 subconsiously 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 thought 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 hinm 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, its 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, its 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 comparisson.

“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 you’re 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, its 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 embarssed 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 admiting this to her. He looked up at her and she smiled back, "Want to go upstairs?"

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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 idoit. 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.

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"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 surpisingly 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 greated 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 jealously 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 underneth.

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 surpising 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 akwardly 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 excitment 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 saunted 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 beforre 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.

Fuck 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.

Fuck. Fuck Fuck 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 silloette 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 tigher and she slowled pushed her ass back against him.

“Mhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned, her eyes still locked onto the intruder. A shit eating grin spread across the old man’s face, crows 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.

“Thats 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. Ahhhhhhh," Sarah moaned as she came.

"There it is," Otis grinned, stroking his growing cock through his coveralls.

"Ffffffff," Sarah grunted as her body shuddered. Her torso collapsed onto the desk, "Uhmmmmm."

"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 cooly 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.

“Uhhmmmmm,” a guttural moan escaped Sarah’s lips. She braced her hands against the desk as her head titled 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.

Fuck 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 add cheek. She moaned at the rough treatment. His fingers kneaded her ass and Sarah shuddered, imagining all the dirt under his fingernails.

Fuck, was this what he meant by paying his debts? 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.

“Mhmmhmmfffuuu,” 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, mhmmmm, 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.

“Argghhhhuummmmhmmmm,” 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! Mhmmm!” 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 hand’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 inisde of her.

“Mhhmmmgodddd,” 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, beconing 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 qucikly closed her lips arround 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 fron 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 conitnued to stoke the file 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 wrised, 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.

"Urrnnnhnnn," Sarah's tongue stuck 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 thats 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 gutteral 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. He body rocked from her orgasm and her legs held Otis in place like a vice.

Dan shuddered as he watched Sarah orgasm and writher underneth 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 event 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 the 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, bother 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 recongnized 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 ecasty 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.

“Unhnnnnnmhmmmmhmmmm,” 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.”

“Fffffucck,” 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.

“Mhmm. Mhmmmm. Mhmmmm,” Sarah started mewing, “Mhmmm. Mhmmmm. Mhmmm. Ahmmhmmm.”

“Ah fuck, don’t hold back. Cum for me. Who are you going to cum for?” Otis barked.

“Uhhh. Mhmm. You. You. YOU. OTIS. FUCK. OTIS. FUCK I WANNA CUM FOR YOU. FUCK. OH. OH. OH GOD. OH. GOD. OH GOD. FUCK. YES. FUCK. OTIS. YES. YES. YES. YES!” Sarah’s back arched and she screamed like a demon as another powerful orgasm rocked her body “AAMHMMHMHMHMMMHMHMMMNFFFUCCMHMMMMM.”

Otis’ face twisted in exactsy as Sarah’s pussy clenched hard around his cock, holding him in place. Her ass pressed against his crotch, his full length buried deep, deep inisde of her. On her hands and knees like this, Sarah looked like a wolf howling at the moon as she came hard. Explosion, after explosion set off inisde of her, rocking her from the inisde. She couldn’t feel her toes and her head felt light. It felt like she was having an out of body experience.

Sweat dripped off her forehead and fell into the couch. Another bead ran down her back and disappared into her ass crack, mixing with her own juices coating Otis’ cock.

Dan’s cock twitched again and cum just shot out onto the floor. He couldn’t believe the sight before him. Earlier when he had watched his wife kiss their daughters on the head and say goodbye when they dropped them off, how the hell could he have known this would have happened?

As the orgasm finally finished washing over Sarah, she finally took a breath. Her arms collapsed from the strain and her torso crashed into the couch. Otis let go of her hips and withdrew his cock. Sarah’s hair stuck to the sweat on her back and face and she looked utterly spent.

Sarah groaned as Otis flipped her over onto the back and crawled on top of her.

“My turn now,” Otis said as he spread her legs and pushed her ugly cock into her. Sarah moaned again, her eyes going back in her head. Otis grunted and buried himself fully inside of her. Sarah’s body jolted at the sensation, her breasts jumping on her chest.

“Who fucked you the best tonight?” Otis said loud enough for Dan to hear.

“Uhm, You,” Sarah said without hesitation, her eyes still closed as she revelled in post orgasmic bliss, “You did. Fuck. Your cock….so good.”

“Mm-hmm,” Otis licked a bead of sweat from Sarah’s neck. She visibly shuddered as his tongue ran up the length of her neck and flicked her earlobe.

“Fuck I can’t wait to get my nut,” Otis grunted as her grabbed Sarah’s wrists and pinned them down onto the couch above her head. Sarah’s ass pushed off the couch to meet his thrusting cock. “Tell me again how good it is,” Otis said.

“Oh fuck, it feels so good,” Sarah moaned, “Fuck don’t stop. Ugh I don’t want this to stop. I love it.”

“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?”

“YYess,” 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 bed. 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 widly 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 when to his back and bicep bracing herself against him.

Dan knew that if he didn’t intervne this cretin was going to cum inside his wife. That notion filled him with excitment and jealously. The plan had been for that not to happen to tonight. Sarah hadn’t wanted that, thats why Dan had pulled out earlier. But now it seemed like that plan was completely out the window.

He still felt embarssed 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 dazzed. 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 togeher. 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 strepped forward and put a hand on Otis' shoulder. He grimmaced 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. He 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."

"Mmmhmmmffuuck," Sarah moaned. His words stuck her body like lightining, electricity coursing through her veins lighting her on fire. The ball of fire in her stomach was engulfed in the feeling, magnifing 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 taunt, her legs locking Otis furhter 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 thicky, 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 chemstry 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, overiding 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 conflcted 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 viscious 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. Thats probably how he knew that Dan was Sarah’s husband. He’d seen the broken pricture 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 Middelton. There were still clients he’d need to take care of but there was a real possiblity 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 asumed 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 - Sentienl 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 apolgozize 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 apolegtic 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 piecing blue eyes and smelled really good.

“He’s busy at the moment,” she gave him a polite smile, politely dismissing him.

Iriving 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 Iriving had an update and didn't say anythign right away…

Iriving 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," Iriving blathered.

"Okay," the woman looked back at her computer, "Go on in."

Iriving 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 unpleast gower.

"Iriving," 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 dialled 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."

Toxic Attraction

By Don Silver

Final

Ch 29

As the elevator doors opened, Dan felt a familiar nervous anxiety run through his body. It had been quite a while since Sarah had been to the apartment in Chicago. A lot had happened between the three of them since then, much of which he was still trying to process. He wasn't sure which direction things were progressing in; all he was sure of was that this apartment had been the catalyst to all of this—the apartment and the beast who lay within.

He exhaled and tried to steady his increased rate of breathing. The anticipation of the unknown made his mind race, and he started sweating. He knew that Lester was definitely going to try something. And he knew that Sarah would almost certainly be open to it. That both horrified and aroused him in equal measure. When they'd first come to this apartment, there was no way in hell she would've ever given someone like Lester the time of day. But now, over the course of months, he had somehow wormed his way into their lives, and Sarah was okay with it. More than okay with it. She wanted to keep exploring this side of herself.

He still didn't know how to reconcile that. He just knew that he needed to embrace it and try to be a part of that. That way, he could keep one hand on the steering wheel. Would she stop if he asked her to? He knew that she would. But deep down, he was afraid she wouldn't want to. And he was afraid to confront that. So, he didn't ask. Not yet. Part of Dan didn't want her to claw back on this completely. It had been such an injection of adrenaline into their relationship. But Dan wasn't always in control. That was both exhilarating and terrifying.

Sarah's fingers interlaced with her husband's as they stepped out of the elevator and walked down the hallway towards his apartment. He couldn't shake the image of her trembling under the janitor at the hospital. The way her body thrashed under him as she came, her eyes rolling back as he emptied himself inside of her. How the fuck did we get here? Some creep like Otis, emptying himself inside Sarah. Unprotected, risky sex like that. Thank god she's on the pill.

"You okay?" she smiled at him. Dan couldn't help but smile back. Her smile reminded him of all of their shared memories, the loving relationship they'd grown into, and the life they built together. It stung his heart seeing her smile like that at anyone else. His dick involuntary stirred at the suggestion.

"Yeah," Dan said, "I'm fine."

"You've been quiet. Ever since we got into Chicago," Sarah's grip tightened around his fingers.

"Just got a lot on my mind. Work stuff. I'm wondering what's going to happen when I go to

Washington," Dan said, cherishing his wife's touch. The warmth of her fingers interlaced with his. Dan didn't want to go to D.C., not now. Not when they were supposed to be packing up his life in Chicago. Not when he would be leaving Sarah alone here. He wished her parents weren't coming, so she could just drive home and leave this behind. But now they wanted to make a weekend out of this. And Dan needed to keep what was now his main client happy. Fuck.

"Are you wondering what's going to happen in Washington or what's going to happen in Chicago?" Sarah said. Dan let out a long breath and saw Sarah's mischievous smile gracing her face. She was teasing him, but she also seemed to be testing the waters. With her parents in town, hopefully that might put a damper on any raunchy escapades with Lester.

He decided to sidestep the question: "I think I'll survive missing dinner with your folks." Sarah

slapped him on the arm, "You know that's not what I was talking about."

"I know," Dan said as they turned a corner. The doorway to the apartment came into view. He tried to think up something to say, some way to talk about what she did with Lester without putting his own heart on the line. He knew he wanted to watch it happen, to see her in that situation again, but he was so afraid to lose control. The more he looked into Lester and treated him like an adversary instead of just his gross roommate, the more intense all of this had become. The more intense his feelings towards their grotesque coupling. It was wholly fucked and he felt fucked in the head and he could feel himself slipping. It was more than just the whole Beauty and the Beast fantasy thing. Now it felt like he was actively participating in letting an enemy steal away his most precious possession. Dan's heart was beating out of his fucking chest, he felt his face flush as they stepped up to the apartment door.

He opened his mouth to say something. Anything. But no words came out. His throat was dry, and he didn't know what he wanted to say.

Sarah slid the key out of her purse and put it into the lock. She gave him a painfully sexy, teasing smile and said, "Don't worry, I'll be good this whole weekend. Even with your little trip, I'll make sure you know what's happening."

"And," she added as she turned the key, "I want to try something tonight. Something for me. I hope you like it and that you'll go along with it."

Dan didn't move for several seconds as his brain had a flash meltdown. What was she talking about? Sarah smiled at his reaction and pushed open the door to the apartment. She was already taking off her shoes by the time Dan's brain finally seemed to wake up. He quickly followed her into the apartment, shutting the door behind him.

Dan stood and looked around the living room. It looked like it always did, the same new furniture and decorations that had mysteriously just appeared one day. But now Dan was seeing it for what it really was – a facade hiding the creature at the end of the hall. How intentional had all of this been? Maybe Sarah was right, that Dan was spiraling, looking at

everything as some complex Machiavellian plan. He tried to shove that instinct down. After their last big conversation back home, he wanted to support Sarah and be here for her, with her. But he couldn't help it. His gut instinct was screaming at him that this was all wrong.

Dan tried to suppress his feelings for the moment. He took his suitcase and Sarah's into the bedroom while she settled into the living room. When Dan returned to his wife, he was surprised to see that she already had a glass of red wine in her hand.

"Where'd that come from?" Dan asked.

"Lester must have picked it up," Sarah said. "He doesn't usually drink wine, so I'm guessing it's for me, for us."

"He…knew you were coming?" Dan asked.

"It came up while we were at work," Sarah said. "Nothing like that," she was responding to the look of concern that marked Dan's face. "Just weekend plans sort of thing. But I'm sure he would be clever enough to have a bottle on hand regardless."

Dan felt his skin begin to crawl. He hadn't known that Lester was expecting them. That would've given him time to plan. Dan suddenly felt at a disadvantage again. He took a deep breath and tried to center himself, trying to will these anxious feelings away. All this suspicion and doubt couldn't be good for his relationship.

"It's okay," Sarah shook her head and smiled at him, "Pour yourself a glass and come sit with me. I can already see the gears turning in your head. You need to relax."

"It's hard to relax," Dan said as he walked to the kitchen, "With all the shit going on work wise."

Dan poured himself a healthy glass of wine before joining Sarah back in the living room. He sat down next to her on the couch.

"Talk to me," Sarah said.

"It just feels like it did the last time I got laid off. I know Walt said it was just a temporary thing and I want to believe him but I know that it's bullshit. So I need to double down on working for my clients, but I hate traveling so much." Dan said, looking down at the floor.

"The fact that you already have your own book of clients is impressive," Sarah said, "You're doing good. Things will grow there. It might seem bleak now, but maybe all of this is for the best. You'll have more time now to dedicate to your clients and spare time to attract new ones."

"Yeah. I know. It makes sense on paper, but I won't feel good about it until it translates into money in the bank," Dan sighed.

Sarah gave him a sad smile, scrunched her eyebrows in sympathy, and put her hand on his

thigh. “Maybe we should go talk to an employment lawyer and sue the pants off them.”

“Illinois is an at-will state,” Dan shook his head, “They can let us go whenever they want.”

“Still, it can’t hurt to talk to someone,” Sarah said, “When you lay it out on the table, it sounds promising. An ex-employee who was fired comes back in and harasses a current employee in good standing? Then they fire the good employee because the other guy is a friend's son?”

“Sure, but then Jesse gets his day in court to talk about you and us, and it just gets messier and messier and messier. Things are already messy as they are,” Dan said, gesturing to the apartment around him.

“Things are messy, they are,” Sarah said, taking a large gulp of her wine and stroking his thigh. “But we should try to make the most of these messy moments. At some point, life will be back to neat and normal for us, and all of this will just be a distant memory.”

Dan eyed her suspiciously. “What exactly are you planning?”

Sarah gave him a wicked smile and raised her eyebrows, “You’ll see.”

Dan felt his cock stir. She spoke in her sultry voice and looked at him with those wild eyes. Those eyes that were unpredictable. Maybe he should just give in and embrace whatever it was she wanted to do. Just enjoy it like she said. But he was still uneasy. He couldn’t shake the feeling that he was being boxed in.

“You scare me sometimes, you know that?” Dan said. He wasn’t lying. He truly was beginning to wonder where the line was for his wife. He thought he’d known, back before all this shit started but now he wasn’t as sure. The sneaking around and spontaneous sessions with Lester were gradually driving him crazy. “It’s like this wild side of you has been unleashed.”

Sarah gave him a predatory smile, “Maybe it has.” Her hand rose up his thigh and began running up the length of his cock through his pants, “Mhmm, but it feels like you enjoy me like this.”

“My dick might,” Dan said, exhaling, “But the rest of me still isn’t so sure.”

“Well,” Sarah said, biting her lip and leaning into Dan’s ear. With a whisper she continued, “Maybe for tonight it would be best if you thought with your dick.” She squeezed his crotch firmly.

Sarah pulled back and gave Dan a deep kiss on the lips. Dan kissed her back, but his mind was pulled out of the moment by the plodding of fat footsteps on the floor. Dan broke the kiss and turned to look over his shoulder from his seat on the couch.

Dan’s eyes narrowed, and he felt his jaw clench. Lester, his short, overweight roommate, was standing in the hallway watching the two of them. The only item of clothing he had on was a

ratty pair of previously white boxers, his large stomach hanging over the waistband. Dan subtly shook his head, taking in the sight of Lester's disheveled form. Dark hair covered most of his body. He was unshaven, and his hair shone with a greasy sheen.

"Am I interrupting something?" Lester chuckled before stepping into the living room with them.

Dan stared daggers at his unkempt roommate. Sarah patted him on the chest, "Now, let's play nice, okay? For me, hmmm? Lester, why don't you grab another glass of cab and come join us?"

Dan shot Sarah a look as Lester chuckled and walked behind them to the kitchen. "What?"

Sarah asked sheepishly.

"Join us?" Dan whispered back.

Sarah leaned in and bit Dan's earlobe, "Please Dan, I want you guys to try and get along."

"Really?" Dan whispered back, "Why?"

"Would that be so bad? With everything else going on, do you really want more conflict? Besides, it could spill over to me at work; you know how Lester is. It's better to try and clear the air and have him on our side."

"The only side Lester will ever be on is his own," Dan said.

Before Sarah could respond, Lester emerged from the kitchen holding a full glass of wine along with another bottle. He looked so out of place nearly naked holding the wine glass but nothing seemed to bother him.

"So what are we talking about?" Lester moved around the couch and sat down in one of the chairs opposite Dan and Sarah. The same chair Dan had sat in so many times, and watched them together.

Sarah didn't pull her hand from Dan's crotch, but she turned to face Lester before taking a sip of her wine.

"Oh, this and that," Sarah said, "How have you been, Lester? It was a quiet week at work."

"I'm getting better by the second," Lester took a sip of his wine, and his face briefly twisted in revulsion. He looked between the glass and Sarah a few times, then took a large gulp before

belching. Sarah shook her head, "Always the gentleman."

"I'm no gentleman. That's what you like so much about me," Lester quipped.

Sarah scoffed and looked at Dan, shaking her head, "I guess it does hold a certain appeal."

Lester sat in the chair with his legs splayed wide open. The air in the room was thick with tension. Beneath the small talk, all of them were on edge, trying to discern what was going to happen next. Dan didn't know what Sarah had planned, but he felt his heart beating out of his chest with anticipation. His dick was already hard as a rock but the sight of Lester across from him repulsed him. It was a strange, heady cocktail of emotions that Dan was just beginning to understand – revulsion and arousal playing together in his mind.

"What are we doing here, Sarah?" Dan heard himself breathe in. Sarah bit her lip and tentatively looked between the two men.

"There's something I want to talk to both of you about," Sarah said. She looked at Lester, "Lester you've been kind of an asshole. And I know you like messing with Dan. I want that to stop."

Lester sighed heavily and raised his chin indignantly, "I don't know what you mean."

Sarah looked at Lester flatly. "Please, Lester, don't insult my intelligence. How about the whole hotel room thing with Jesse, for starters?"

Dan felt a pang in his chest at Jesse's name on Sarah's lips. A stupid smirk spread across Lester's face, and he held up his hands, palms out in front of him, "Okay. Guilty. But I'm not seeing where this is going."

"My… our life is getting complicated and messy," Sarah said, "And I don't like messy. Neither does Dan. This is all supposed to be fun, and I want to keep it that way. That's why I'm asking that you two stop being so hard on each other."

Dan wanted to ask why any of this mattered. They were here to grab the last of their things from the apartment. But he knew better than to say that out loud. There was no point in giving Lester more information freely. Besides, a courtesy place to sleep could be convenient to take advantage of after late meetings with clients in the city. Unless… Sarah intended to continue things with Lester regardless.

"And start getting hard for me," Sarah breathed as she stroked Dan over his pants in full view of Lester. She turned her head back towards Dan and planted a wet, sloppy kiss on his lips. Dan's mind froze as it was overwhelmed with the sensation of her lips, tongue, and touch. Dan kissed Sarah back hard, even though it was weirdly uncomfortable doing this under Lester's watch again.

Before his mind could focus on one thought, Sarah broke the kiss and gave him a sly smile. Her hand slowly pulled away from his aching dick and she turned her body towards Lester. Dan's eyes widened as Sarah stood up, and her hips swayed back and forth. She slowly and seductively walked towards the slovenly creep in the chair. She threw Dan a sexy look over her shoulders, perhaps looking at him for reassurance or perhaps just gauging his reaction to what she was about to do.

Dan's dick throbbed in his pants and he felt himself stop breathing as Sarah sat on Lester's leg and planted her immaculate lips on his. Her beautiful, flawless face against his ugly features. Her blonde hair cascaded over his slumped shoulders.

"Mhmmm," Sarah moaned loudly as Lester eagerly began kissing her back. Dan's ogre-like roommate didn't waste any time, his fat hands grabbing the flesh of Sarah's ass, pulling her further into him. As if on instinct, Sarah's hand dropped to Lester's boxer-clad crotch and started massaging it. Lester's cock quickly sprang to life as Sarah stroked him through the flimsy fraying material. She let out another muffled moan as her fingers wrapped around the boxer-covered shaft of Lester's impressive outline.

The taboo coupling across from him continued for several minutes. Dan watched in disgusted arousal as his loving wife, mother of his children, made out with this degraded pervert of a man, freely moaning into his mouth and stroking him between his legs. He had been here so many fucking times. Witnessing this, powerless to stop it. He had tried to cut himself off, but somehow he always found himself right back here, witnessing and thereby participating in the degradation of his life partner and their marriage.

It was such an incongruent, bizarre display that he couldn't look away. Her tight, toned body against his flabby, hairy one. How the hell had they gotten to this place? After what felt like an eternity, Sarah finally broke her kiss with Lester. She tried to push herself off of him, but Lester held her tightly. She wiggled out of his grip and forced herself to her feet.

She flashed Dan a guilty look before composing herself, taking a few deep breaths.

"Okay, boys. I've been doing some thinking," Sarah said, looking between them, "Dan, I've embraced this fantasy of yours, going further than I ever thought possible. Lester, you've pushed me to do things that I know get you off. Things that I never would have dreamed of on my own. Frankly, I'm discovering a new side of myself that is equal parts exciting and terrifying. But the point is, I've done a lot for both of you."

Sarah unzipped her hoodie and threw it at Lester's chest.

"It's time that both of you do something for me," Sarah walked past Dan, brushing her hand against his chest. "It's time you make one of my fantasies come true and learn how to cooperate."

Sarah walked towards the hallway and turned to look back at both men, who were still seated, staring at her. She pulled her shirt over her head exposing her flawless, white skin and a lacy, blood red bra that emphasized her impressive bust. Dan felt his jaw drop open as Sarah bent at the waist, pulling her pants down her long, toned legs. The top of her breasts was purposely on display for both of them. When she stood back up, Dan's eyes finally noticed the matching blood red lacy panties his wife was wearing.

He did the mental math. She would have had to put that on before they left home. She had been planning this all this time. Sarah ran her hand tantalizingly slowly up the door frame and

licked her lips, a gesture Dan associated with Lester as she stared back at them with a dangerous glint in her eyes.

"Coming, boys?" Sarah said in a sultry tone before turning around and walking down the dark hallway. Dan watched her perfect bubble butt disappear into the darkness. Before Dan could process exactly where Sarah was leading things, Lester was on his feet.

They locked eyes. Dan sat uncomfortably on the couch while Lester's grotesque body towered over him. The shorter man's frame seemed to fill the room. Dan wanted to stand, to square his shoulders and push past Lester, but he didn't. He flinched.

Lester stared hard at Dan for several seconds, as if trying to read Dan's mind. Those intense beady eyes made Dan shift in his seat and break eye contact.

"Listen, Lester…" Dan started.

"It doesn't matter." Lester glanced down the hallway. "We're not friends. This is all for her. You should just stay at the peephole where you belong. You're not going to be able to keep up with me."

Dan opened his mouth to speak before his brain could come up with something to say. Without caring what Dan wanted to say, Lester pushed past him. His boxer clad cock eye to eye with Dan as Lester shuffled past the couch and plodded into the hallway.

Dan sat, transfixed, watching the darkness for several seconds by himself. He felt the familiar immobilization, his mind detaching from his body. Prefering to be a spectator. Maybe it was some kind of mental defense mechanism, he wasn't sure. Dan balled his fists and powered through the blanket of helpless feeling.

He stood and marched down the hallway after them, forcing one foot after the other. Dan felt his heart beating in his chest. His face felt flush and warm. He tried to steady his breathing as he walked down the dark hallway into the unknown. Sounds came from ahead of him, but he didn't know where they were. He knew what the sounds were, but his mind was disassociating again, demanding he confirm the event with his own eyes.

He pushed open the door to his room. It was dark in here too. He didn't know why he opened this door. He knew they wouldn't be in here. That Sarah wouldn't be in here. She had bypassed this room and gone to Lester's. Dan tried not to read too much into that.

With tentative steps, he stood in front of Lester's closed door. That bastard had obviously closed it behind him. Dan reached out and grasped the doorknob, bracing himself for the inevitable resistance of it being locked. To his surprise the knob turned all the way.

The door pushed open, and the room was dark, except for the pale glow of the computer monitor. Even in the low light, Dan's eyes widened at the sight before him. Lester's massive, unclothed frame had his wife's lithe body pinned against the foot of his bed. She was still

slightly taller than him, but his obese girth threatened to overwhelm her. It was hard to see Sarah, but her bra straps were already hanging limply around her biceps. His roommate's hands gripped her ass roughly, pulling her against him.

Dan stepped into the room, and his foot touched something. He managed to break his gaze away from the unholy sight in front of him to Lester's pair of discarded boxes in front of him. Only then did Dan realize that the floor was littered with all sorts of dirty clothes, boxes and other assorted trash. And in the middle of it all, his prim and proper wife was being groped and slobbered on by this cretin of a man. She seemed to be loving every moment of it.

Dan steeled his nerves and walked further into the room, scanning his surroundings. He saw the taped- over hole in the wall where Dan had watched several of their couplings before. The computer seemed very high-end and possibly custom-made. The bed was large and looked impressively expensive, even though it was unmade, and crumbs and other filth could be seen on the sheets. It didn't quite fit with the rest of the room.

"Dan," Sarah's throaty voice snapped his attention back to the scene in front of him. She had a hand on Lester's hairy chest, temporarily holding him at bay. The obese man didn't look happy about it, but Sarah held her hand out towards her husband. Dan stepped towards her to take her hand, but she grabbed his shirt and tugged it up.

Holy shit. This is what she wants. Both of us. At once. Together. Dan shuddered at the thought. His arousal for his wife, battling with the abhorrence of being so close to Lester's naked body.

Dan pulled his shirt over his head. Before he'd even pulled it all the way off, Sarah's hand was already expertly loosening his belt and tugging on it. Dan dropped his shirt to the floor, where it landed amongst the disparate piles of Lester's refuse. There was some kind of symbolism to that, but his mind didn't want to work through it. Sarah had his belt off and undid the button. Dan gritted his teeth and pulled his pants and boxers down in one fluid motion.

He was naked, standing in Lester's room, next to Lester's naked body. The comparison was uncanny. Dan's above-average build stood out against Lester's obese body. But his moment of confidence turned to a dread of inferiority when Sarah grasped both of their cocks. Her fist wrapped around Dan's entire shaft while several inches of Lester's prodded out from her other hand. The distinction was evident to everyone present.

"I've wanted this for so long," Sarah breathed, "To have both of you. At the same time."

Dan glanced at Lester, who had a stupid, smirking grin on his face as Sarah lowered herself onto her knees in front of them. She licked her lips and stared at the two cocks in front of her. To Dan's relief, his wife leaned towards him first and pulled his pole into her mouth.

"Mmhmmm," Sarah moaned around Dan's shaft. Her grip tightened around his shaft, and Dan suppressed a groan as her tongue ran under his organ's head. Her wet, warm mouth felt amazing around his dick. Sarah had always given him excellent blowjobs but seeing her kneeling here amongst all this filth holding….no stroking Lester's cock at the same time was

nearly overwhelming.

Dan's eyes kept shifting between Sarah's angelic face, eyes closed, concentrating on pleasuring him, and her other hand, stroking up and down Lester's thick, veiny shaft.

"Mhmmm," Sarah moaned again, lost in what she was doing. Sarah was slurping up and down Dan's dick while her other hand furiously stroked Lester. Dan steadied himself at the sight. It had been a long time since he was in a room in a vulnerable state like this with Lester. Seeing his wife moan like this and act like such a wanton slut was staggering to an incredible degree. He knew he should be processing this moment in some manageable way but all rational thought seemed overridden by his lust.

Sarah pulled her mouth off Dan's dick and dropped her head low, licking his balls while stroking his engorged shaft. Her soft tongue running over his clean shaven balls before slurping up and down his shaft. Sarah couldn't help but moan to herself as she licked her husband.

That's when Lester grew impatient, no longer satisfied with merely being jacked off by Sarah's hand. He stepped forward, Sarah's hand still stroking his cock, and he butted its head against her cheek. Sarah didn't waste any time, her tongue left Dan's dick and planted itself against Lester's hulking shaft, licking up his length before taking the enormous head into her mouth.

"Mhmmhmmm," Sarah groaned as Lester's cock pushed into her mouth. She still stroked Dan's dick but now seemed less enthusiastic than a second ago. Wet slurping sounds filled the room as Sarah's head eagerly bobbed up and down on Lester's massive cock. But Lester wasn't content to just stand there and let her worship him. His fat fingers gripped her hair into a ponytail and he pulled her head down onto his cock.

Sarah's grip tightened around Dan's shaft and her stroking slowed. Her hand held still onto him for support as more and more of Lester's thick meat pushed into her mouth. Dan's eyes widened as Sarah's nose pushed into the thick patch of pubic hair at the base of Lester's cock. How had she taken so much of his cock into her mouth? There was no way that was possible…

Lester roughly pulled on Sarah's pony tail, the elongated shaft of his cock slid out of her mouth for a few seconds before the brute pulled her head all the way down onto his cock again. A gag escaped Sarah's lips quickly followed by a soft plaintive moan.

Sarah's hand still held Dan's cock but she wasn't stroking him.

"Glluccckk, gluucckk, gllaaack!" strange noises erupted from Sarah's throat as Lester's cock pistoned in and out of her mouth like a wild runaway freight train. Sarah's hand desperately stroked Lester's thrusting shaft each time in the brief moments it was exposed from between her lips, before the rest of his cock quickly buried itself again in her mouth.

"Mhmmhmhmm,.. Glaucck, mhmm, glucckk. Mhmmmm," Sarah was making wild moans and noises, her hips seemingly humping the air around her. Her body was thrusting in time with

Lester's cock pistoning into her mouth, deftly pushing into her throat. And she was loving every second of it. Her bra clad breasts were bouncing up and down in time with her cock-sucking face, while several lines of drooling spit dribbled onto her quivering tits.

Dan wondered whether he himself could manage pushing his cock all the way to the back of Sarah's mouth and into her throat like Lester was doing effortlessly. Sarah seemed to be losing herself to his actions. Was this thorough drilling something Dan could ever possibly give her? His cock twitched at the mere thought.

Sarah pulled her face off Lester's unyielding cock and took a huge breath, fresh teardrops dotted the corners of her eyes. Her hand never stopped stroking his ugly cock right in front of her reddened face. Sarah turned back to look at Dan's dick and grabbing it, pulled him towards her. Dan obliged, stepping forward as she yanked on his tumescent dick. Her lips parted, and she took it into her mouth for several seconds, bobbing up and down on it, making sure his shaft was properly coated in her copious saliva so her hand could move up and down it freely.

Then she turned and her mouth was back on Lester's enormous cock. He wasn't gripping her by the hair anymore, allowing her to bob her head up and down on his cock in a near manic frenzy.

"Mhmmhmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock as it shot over her tongue. Lester let out a groan and placed both hands on his hips, staring down at Dan's beautiful wife worshipping his fat slimy cock.

Sarah's hand was still lazily stroking Dan's shaft but her full attention seemed devoted to the oversized cock in her mouth.

"Lick… lick, nng, lick my nuts," Lester croaked. With the words not even out of his mouth for a full second, Sarahs gasped as she pulled Lester's cock out of her mouth, a single drooping line of saliva running between his cock and her lips. Sarah flashed Lester a devilish smile before dropping her nose down below his girthy shaft. Her face disappeared into the fetid jungle of his knotted and unkempt, neglected pubic hair around his balls.

"Mhmhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's nuts, her tongue pushing past the matted public hair to dance across the sensitive skin.

"That's it, Sarah," Lester grunted, "Just like that. That feels good, baby."

Sarah just moaned in response. Sarah's perfect blonde hair draped over Lester's coarse, dark pubic hair, creating such a strange contrast to Dan. He couldn't quite put his finger on why it was so succinctly odd. Maybe it was because of Sarah's dedication and care in her hair, or the length of time she spent on it before going out. But now to be intermingling with hair that might not have been touched by water or soap this week, if not the one before, was such a wild, insane contradiction.

Sarah lapped at Lester's nuts with extreme dedication, dragging her tongue across each different part of his colossal ball sack while her hand never stopped furiously stroking Lester's equally huge cock. Her other hand around Dan's shaft was still by comparison.

Sarah licked up Lester's shaft and flicked her tongue across the bottom of his flared pulsing cock head. As she was about to dive back down onto his cock, she looked back over at Dan. It was almost like she'd forgotten he was there for a second. Her hand resumed stroking him in time, and her other hand stroked Lester. She turned her head to move back to Dan's cock.

"No. Not yet," Lester grunted while grabbing the back of her head and pulling her back to his cock. His fat cock head split open her lips and pushed into her mouth again. The unexpected force of the action caused Sarah to involuntarily moan again, "Mhmmhmhmmmmmmm."

"That's right," Lester licked his lips, "Suck my fat cock in front of your husband. You like showing him what a slut you are, don't you? You're not done yet."

"Mhmmm-hmmmm," Sarah moaned in agreement. Her eyes flicked to Dan's. Her stare bore deep into his soul, and he felt a deep, involuntary shudder. She looked wild. "I'm not. And I do," Sarah said, addressing Lester after pulling her mouth off his. "I love showing off for him."

Lester frowned, "Stop it. Stop for a second."

Sarah looked up at him confused, as he'd just interrupted her from putting her mouth back on his cock.

"Put both your hands at the bases of our cocks," Lester said. Sarah slid her fists down both of their shafts until the bottoms of her two pinkies rested against each man's pubic skin. Sarah looked up at her lover expectantly.

"Ok, now bring each of your hands up at the same time." Lester had fixed Sarah with his glare, and they stared into each other's eyes. The short man blinked slowly, enjoying Sarah's lingering caress. "Ah, yeah, that's good." Dan was enjoying his wife's touch as well when her hand slipped off the end of his dick. Sarah and Dan both looked down at the loss of contact. The hand she had on Lester's cock had not yet reached its swollen head.

"Oops. Sorry hon. Let's try that again." Dan blushed slightly with embarrassment. Yet he could tell he'd gotten even harder than before in the last few moments.

The young mother sensuously returned her hands to their starting positions on the two men's organs. She leaned over and gently kissed the tip of her husband's dick as her hands began to move up again. Seeing the gesture, Lester put his hand on the back of Sarah's head and pulled her in, away from Dan, inserting his meaty cockhead into her welcoming mouth. Sarah began delightedly sucking so intently that, once again, Dan's dick had slipped out of his wife's hand before Lester's could. Lester abruptly pulled himself out of her mouth, and all three looked at the results.

Sarah's hand was now just below Dan's dick, not touching him, the organ still hard as an iron bar. Her other hand remained on his roommate's bigger veiny cock, which inexplicably seemed larger than it had moments earlier. Lester coughed and cleared his throat. "Aw man, it happened again. Alright, Sarah, let's try this one more time. Put your hands back… ah, ah yeah, right there." Sarah's hands went back around the bases of both men. She encouragingly squeezed each of them, a playful grin on her lips.

"Now slowly, very slowly, bring them up at the same time." Lester said. Sarah's grip felt amazing on Dan's dick as she deliberately, teasingly slid her hand up his shaft. Dan watched as Sarah did the same to Lester. Dan felt desperate for Sarah to put her mouth back on him.

"Stop. Right there," Lester coughed. Dan looked down, Sarah's hand was sitting firmly beneath the head of his cock.

"Notice a difference?" Lester asked Sarah. Dan's wife looked between both dicks, her mouth hanging open with anticipation.

"I…" Sarah started. Dan could read the conflicted emotions on her face. "Say it," Lester barked.

"It's bigger," Sarah said looking at Lester's cock. Sarah's hand was only part of the way up Lester's shaft. More of his shaft and his ugly cock head was still sticking past her enclosed fist. The length left sticking out was almost as long as Dan at his hardest.

"See that Dan? See all of that thick cock not in her hand? That's how deep I can get into your wife, how full she gets of me. My cock touches places you've never even been to. I've touched sensitive parts inside your wife you've never known and never will. Unexplored fertile, married ground that only my cock can have." Lester said, "Isn't that right Sarah? When we fuck, my cock goes deeper and makes you cum harder because of it."

"Okay, okay, enough Lester. Sarah and I aren't stupid. We've read about this. What you're saying is all a myth." It felt weird to make this point while Sarah still held both of their manhoods in her hands, and Dan wilted a little while he explained. "Size doesn't really matter in whether or not a woman has a good time in bed with a man. That's just a porn trope, it's not real." He'd been speaking directly to his roommate, and he turned to his wife for confirmation.

It wasn't quite clear that Sarah had heard him, silently still looking with fascination at what she held in her hands.

"Sure bud, size doesn't matter. I guess I'd say the same thing if I were you." Lester replied with a withering look.

Dan didn't say anything. Couldn't say anything. Lester was right. As much as his brain desperately tried to think of a face-saving rebuttal, it came up completely blank.

"Lester please –" Sarah started.

“Do you believe that horseshit?” Lester was talking to Sarah. He’d gotten through to her, breaking her reverie.

“You are supposed to be civil,” Sarah admonished Lester, “And cooperate. Get along.”

“This is me getting along,” Lester’s ugly face smiled at her. “You know he likes this shit and gets off on it. I’m just giving him what he wants,” he shrugged.

“It’s just…you’re so mean sometimes. It makes me feel like I’m …” Sarah trailed off as she looked at Dan and then back to Lester, uncertain. She seemed to be waiting for some kind of reaction from Dan, but he felt his hand slip from the steering wheel.

“What’s it like?” Lester asked.

“What’s ‘what’ like?” Sarah said.

“Having a real cock in your hand,” Lester said. “Squeeze me. Look at it. You can see the difference. For so long, you had to be satisfied with something less than. Inadequate. But now you know what a real cock is like, how it feels. You’ll never have to be stuck wondering if you’re even going to cum ever again.”

Sarah let out a long, haughty breath and stared at Lester’s gigantic cock. The hand on his shaft started stroking it again while her eyes stared at the cock head as if she were being hypnotized.

“It’s, it’s absolutely amazing,” Sarah whispered, “Before all of this, I never knew….never understood how much difference size actually makes. Never knew how wonderful it could be.”

It felt like a cold jab to Dan’s heart.

“Look at your husband, tell him what you want tonight.” Lester breathed.

Sarah parted her lips and took Lester’s cock into her mouth. She moaned around the shaft and closed her eyes. Her hand on Dan’s cock slowly began stroking it again, while the one on Lester’s pumped him in time with her mouth. Sarah thoroughly tongued Lester’s cock, licking up the vein crossed shaft before swirling her tongue all around his bulbous cock head. Then she looked up at Dan.

“Dan, my love. Tonight in this room, I want a real cock to fuck me,” Sarah trembled as the words escaped her lips. She breathed hard and looked down at Dan’s cock. She gripped it tightly in her fist as she pumped his shaft, “I’m sorry, honey, I really, really am…”

“...but I don’t think your dick is going to cut it tonight,” Sarah’s eyes snapped up to Dan’s, “I know it’s not fair. Don’t hate me, but I need a real cock.”

The combination of Sarah’s sultry, traitorous words, her firm grip on his shaft, and every erotic

second leading up to this moment proved to be too much for Dan. He didn't even know he was so close to cumming.

His body tensed and he grunted as a long rope of cum shot out of his dick. Sarah moved to intercept it with her mouth, but Lester's hand was already there waiting, gripping the back of her hair, holding her in place. Dan's cum shot onto the floor between them as Sarah slowly pumped his pulsing shaft.

Dan let out an exasperated breath as the last drops of his spent seed hit the floor, disappearing into the scattered refuse below.

"Heh," Lester chuckled, "And you know that I last longer than that."

Sarah kept stroking both of their cocks for a few more seconds. Her hand on Dan's shaft slowed and stopped. She removed it, reached down and wiped the dripping cum off on a random article of clothing on the floor. She turned back to Lester's throbbing cock in her other hand and bit her bottom lip. Her eyes turned up to look at Lester's ugly face.

"Fuck," Sarah breathed, each pump of her fist on his shaft seemingly arousing them both further and further, "I need it inside me."

Lester smirked, "Give it a nice kiss then. You know how."

Sarah puckered her lips and leaned forward. The lips that kissed Dan's daughters' foreheads goodnight touched the slit of Lester's cockhead and pressed against it. This was a tender, loving kiss, but deep, urgent moans still escaped from Sarah's throat. Her tongue tentatively licked at his cock slit while she continued to plant small affectionate kisses against the head of his expanding cock. Sarah's eyes opened, and she looked up at Lester expectantly.

"Now tell me how much you want it. Ask it nicely and don't forget to say please," Lester breathed.

Dan felt disgusted at himself and the lewd display in front of him. How could he have let this happen? His post-nut clarity was beginning to unfreeze his brain, and the scene unfolding before him was just beginning to fully register for him. It was so extremely depraved, there was no way a strong, independent woman like Sarah would just bow down and say the shit that Lester want—

"Please," Sarah said, staring at Lester's cock like it was alive with a mind of its own, as if it would answer back. Her manicured fingers ran up and down its shaft. The hand that had previously been stroking Dan had joined the other on Lester's cock. "God, I want you so badly. I want you inside of me. Please. Please, I want you inside of me. I want to feel you inside of me. Filling me all the way up. God, I need it. Please, please fuck me."

Sarah licked her lips and leaned in, planting more kisses on the head of Lester's cock, whispering to it now, "Please. Please. Give me what I need. Please." Sarah planted more ardent

kisses. Each one seemed more desperate than the last. Her pleas grew louder and more anguished, "Please! I want to feel you inside of me. God, I want all of you in me. The whole fucking thing. Fuck, please. Please! I'm begging you!"

A familiar shit eating grin spread across Lester's face. He put a hand to her chin and pulled her to her feet.

"Take it off," Lester growled. He flicked his wrist indicating he meant her scandalous red lingerie panties.

Dan's wife didn't even bother to look at him. She shrugged out of her unclasped bra and let it drop to the floor, fully revealing her perfect, heaving breasts. She was breathing hard, causing them to rise and fall. Without breaking eye contact with Lester, Sarah quickly dropped her panties to the ground.

"God, I'm gonna enjoy this," Lester spat the words out as he stepped forward. Sarah held her ground and soon Lester's portly body was pushed up against hers. His hard cock jutting into her thigh as his hand grabbed her ass and the other pushed on her back, smushing her flawless breasts against his flabby ones. Lester's lips pressed into hers and they hungrily devoured each other. The sounds of wet, smacking mouths filled the room. Silence only heard in the brief moments that their lips momentarily parted for their tongues to entwine and play against one another.

Lester continued stepping forward until Sarah's ass pressed against the high foot of his bed. Lester let out an animalistic growl and broke the kiss, using his hands on her hips to impetuously turn Sarah around to face the bed. One of his meaty hands gripped the back of her neck and bent her over as his other hand grasped his fully erect cock.

"Uhhmhmmmm," Sarah grunted at the sudden imposition. Her hands braced themselves on the bed, her neck bent as Lester held it in an iron grip. Then the fat man ran his solid heated cock up and down her copiously dripping slit from behind.

"Say it again, tell us all what you want," Lester snarled as Sarah's ass wiggled and pushed back, seeking more connection to his cock.

"Fuck me. I want your cock. I need it. Please Lester. Please fuck me," Sarah whined. "Now tell

Dan," Lester said.

"Umm," Sarah hesitated. "Uhhh…Dan. I need it. I need a real cock. Lester's real cock. I'm sorry baby but I, I can't help it. I can't help it at all. I need it. I need it – oh god Lester just shove it into me. Fuck." Sarah cried out.

"That's my good girl," Lester smiled and gave her ass a hard slap. WHAP

Sarah lunged forward in pain. At the same instant Lester forcefully rammed the full length of

his cock into Dan's wife, giving her the feeling of nearly being split in two.

"Ahmhmmhmhhahhmm," Sarah shrieked, her feet going onto the balls of her toes. Her fingers splayed out on the bed, then tightly gripped the bed sheets.

"Oh God," Sarah moaned, Lester's meaty hand still holding her down at the neck. He gripped it tightly and with his next thrust, pulled back on her neck, impaling his cock as far into her as possible.

Lester stayed connected but didn't pull back. He had her thighs pinned between himself and the bed. He swayed from side to side, still buried deep inside of her.

"Do you feel how deep my cock is?" Lester sneered. "YESSS," Sarah said out of breath.

"Yeah? Dan has never touched you here, has he?" Lester said. "No…….never," Sarah cried.

Dan felt his cock stir back to life at her response. The disgust he felt was combined with his sudden arousal. He was experiencing too many emotions at once, and all of them were now being colored by the erotic scene in front of him. He worried about the long-term ramifications to his psyche. But in this moment, here, tonight, nothing else mattered.

Lester let go of Sarah's neck, and both of his hands gripped her hips. He leaned down and licked up her spine before standing upright and pulling his cock almost all the way out of her before recklessly slamming it completely back in.

"Ahh," Sarah cried, "Uh! Mhmmfuckmee, uhh!"

Dan couldn't see Sarah's face. Her luscious blonde locks hung all around her head, obscuring her expression. He desperately wanted to see her face.

"God, so fucking big," Sarah panted. She was already out of breath, "Oh my god! Oh. Mhmm. Yess! Oh god YES!"

Lester licked his lips and bucked his hips back and forth at a relentless tempo. The skin on Sarah's bubble butt rippled pliantly with each thrust. She desperately grabbed the bed sheets for leverage, anything to hold onto to keep herself upright.

Dan's eye caught sight of Sarah's wedding band sparkling in the low light from the computer monitor.

"Fucking hell," Lester muttered, "You feel so fucking good. So goddamn tight. I'll never get tired of this. Never."

"Fuck I want this all day, everyday," Sarah grunted, "God Lester you fill me up so fucking good."

“I don’t think Dan can hear you; you need to get louder,” Lester barked, a bead of sweat traveling down his cheek.

“FUCK ME!” Sarah wailed, throwing her head back. She looked over her shoulder, her eyes briefly connecting with Dan’s before shiiting back to Lester, “Fuck me Lester. Jesus, please give it to me. Give me every fucking thing you have.”

“I love your cock,” Sarah whined, “I fucking love it. I love your huge cock Lester. Don’t stop! Don’t fucking stop! I’m close. Oh god, please.”

“I’m not stopping, no fucking way,” Lester grunted, “I want to feel you cum for me. Cum on my fat cock. Is that what you want?”

Fff-fffuck,” Sarah moaned, rolling her head lazily, “I want it. I want to cum on your fat cock. God, I want to feel you explode inside of me.”

“Do you remember when Dan tried to make us wear condoms again?” Lester chuckled.

Sarah let out a breathy laugh and looked at Dan, “I’m sorry, baby, but that isn’t ever happening again.”

Lester picked up his pace and started rapidly pistoning his cock in and out of Sarah. “Oh fuck. Lester. Please! Don’t. Don’t stop! I need it. I’m so close. So close. Oh god! Yes! Yes! Lester. Lester!”

“Give it to me, baby. Cream on my cock, really let go,” Lester blurted.

“LESTER! OH GOD! OH MY FUCKING GOOOOOOD! LESTER!” Sarah screamed again. Her back arched, breasts swaying freely as all the muscles in her body went tight, locking up all at once. It felt as if a dam burst inside of her as she came. Her pussy clenched airtight around Lester’s cock as her fingers splayed out on the bed. A low, dangerous moan escaped her lips as her eyes squinched shut. Fireworks exploded throughout her body and colors flashed behind her eyelids as Lester groaned in her ear, feeling her sweet pussy grip him so incredibly tightly as she came. Wave after wave of bedazzling pleasure washed over her.

Both Sarah and Lester were panting as if in a heated competition. Their frenzied fucking slowed as they caught their breaths. Sweat dripped down Lester’s fat body and ran onto the rounded cheeks of Sarah’s perfect ass. Her gorgeous face was flush from holding her breast as she came. She felt deliriously light headed.

Dan watched all of this, watched every single debauched second, his breath matching theirs as he took in the scene. Lester and Sarah were breathing entirely in unison. Their bodies seemingly connected on some unseen deeper level. A stray thought occurred to him wondering whether their brain frequencies were in sync as well. It was like Dan was witnessing some primal fateful affair. Both of them operating on their most basic levels.

This was his moment. Dan's dick was now hard as a rock again. He could sit back like he always did or he could change the game and step up and take action. He shook off his earlier failures and his premature ejaculation from only a few minutes ago. He took a step forward, "Move. My turn."

Both Sarah and Lester looked at him slightly surprised. Neither saying anything for a moment. Dan was worried that he was about to be rejected. That his wife wouldn't let him in on the fun. That her fantasy of a threesome had gone out the window the moment Lester's thick cock had entered her.

"Take a break Lester," Sarah breathed. Anger flashed on Lester's face and he didn't pull out.

"Lester," Sarah said more sternly. Lester grunted and stepped back, his large cock plopping out Dan's wife, coated and dripping with her juices. Dan didn't hesitate. He stepped up behind his wife and pushed his firm dick into her.

"Uhh," Sarah moaned. Dan gripped her hips just like Lester had and began fucking his wife. He needed to show both of them that he could do just as good a job as his fat fuck of a roommate. Dan didn't waste any time, pumping fully into Sarah, trying to mimic the same thrusting tempo that Lester had been delivering.

Dan's thighs slapped loudly against Sarah's ass, making her perfect ass jiggle. Soft moans escaped Sarah's lips but Dan couldn't see her face. Her head hung low between her shoulders as she thrust back into him.

Dan felt uneasy about Lester being somewhere behind him, out of his view. He didn't think Lester would hurt him but his roommate had proven to be unpredictable. He looked over his shoulder and saw Lester sitting in his computer chair, arms crossed with a scowl on his face. This is what Dan needed to start doing. Putting Lester in his place. Properly showing Lester who was in charge of all of this. And showing Sarah that she didn't need someone like Lester, that Dan could fulfill all her fantasies and desires.

"Mhm," Sarah moaned encouragingly. Her pussy squeezed his dick and Dan felt his face contort in pleasure. God, she was amazing. Dan kept up his momentum, hoping to bring his wife to an orgasm soon. He was thrusting hard and fast into her just like Lester had. The way she liked it. He grabbed the back of her neck tightly and held her in place before pulling her back further onto his pole, making sure to slam every inch of himself into her.

Dan heard a sound from behind him. Turning, he saw his roommate's disgusting naked backside. Lester had gotten up and was facing away from them over by the wall. Dan tried not to let it bother him that Lester wasn't seeing this. He redoubled his effort to make it clear who was doing the fucking now.

He was grunting deeply as he pounded her.

"Mhm," Sarah moaned again softly. Her hands were still on the bed, but they weren't bunching up the sheets fiercely like they had been a few minutes ago. Sarah was eagerly pushing her ass back against him but it didn't seem as intensely frenetic as before. Maybe she needed a few minutes to work herself back up into that frenzied pre-orgasm state.

"You're doing it wrong," Lester's voice chuckled from behind him. He'd returned to his chair, watching the married couple together.

Dan ignored his roommate and kept fucking into his wife. His wife. Not Lester's. He knew her better than anyone else. Knew what she needed and how she needed it.

"That's not how she likes it," Lester said in a low voice.

"Whatever," Dan said over his shoulder, "I, I didn't say anything when you were doing this."

"Lester he's my husband and it's –"

"Hey, Sarah wants us to cooperate. I'm just giving you some pointers," Lester said.

"I don't need your pointers, Lester. I know how to fuck my own wife," Dan said rolling his eyes. His thrusting had slowed from the distraction and now it looked like Sarah was just standing there bent over, not passionately thrusting back onto his cock as she had before.

"Sure," Lester said quietly. He didn't say anything else, but the echo of his words hung in the air all around them. The words wormed their way into Dan's head, and the seeds of self-doubt began to creep in.

"Sarah, let's, ah, let's change it up," Dan said, "Let's get onto the bed."

"Okay," Sarah said as Dan pulled himself out of her. Sarah crawled up onto the bed and laid down, "Which way do you want me?"

"On your back," Dan said as Sarah complied, nodding.

"Tsk," Lester made the sound from his chair, but Dan ignored his chiding.

Dan was going to fuck his wife on Lester's bed the same way that that asshole had done in their martial bed. He climbed up and joined his wife, who calmly opened her legs up to him. Dan slid himself inside of her.

"Ohh," Sarah moaned softly as Dan buried his dick in Sarah's welcoming pussy. He bent over her and kissed and licked her neck in the areas he knew usually set her off. He kept a slow and deliberate pace with his thrusts. Sarah's eyes were closed, and her mouth hung slightly open.

Lester's words were still rattling around in his head. Everything was being colored by the tone of his comments. Was she not breathing fast enough? Did that mean she wasn't enjoying it? Her

face looked almost blank, not ecstatically contorted in pleasure. Her hips were pushing up off the bed to meet his thrusts, but he felt like she was just making a token effort.

"You're being too gentle," Lester said from his chair. "Lester please," Sarah said looking at the

rotund man. "Shut up, man," Dan said.

"I'm just trying to help," Lester said.

"It's not helping," Dan said, "Just be quiet."

"Hey, Sarah wants us both involved here tonight," Lester said, "I'm just trying to make her fantasy come true and the best that it can be."

Dan gritted his teeth and ignored his obese roommate. The chair squeaked, and Lester stood up. Dan saw him standing there in the low light out of the corner of his eyes.

"What are you doing?" Dan said.

"Sarah wants us both at once," Lester said, walking towards the bed.

Dan didn't slow his pace but kept a wary eye on the fat man as he approached the bed. Sarah's eyes opened, and his wife silently watched Lester's approach. Lester was absently stroking his raging hard cock staring down at Sarah.

"I know what she needs," Lester said, "What she craves."

"Lester –" Dan started as Lester got onto the bed, kneeling next to Sarah's head. His cock was pointing right at her face. Before Dan could utter another word, Sarah's hand left his bicep and grasped Lester's thick cock and brought it to her mouth.

"Mmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock. Her hips started bucking up off the bed against Dan. Sarah's fist wrapped around Lester's shaft as she sucked on him, bathing his cock with her tongue.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned again as her head bobbed on Lester's cock. Sarah's hips continued to increase their delicious tempo. Almost like her body was coming alive for the first time since Dan put himself inside of her.

"That's a good girl Sarah, gooood girl. Suck my cock, suck on it. Yeah just like that baby," Lester said as he stroked Sarah's hair. "Now fuck her deeper Dan, give our girl what she needs."

Dan started pushing as hard into Sarah as he could. Her hips were bucking off the bed at an incredible speed and Dan was trying to keep up with the pace.

"Use your hips to drive into her, don't just push up with your legs like some kind of clumsy

teenager," Lester said as he stroked Sarah's cheek. His hips were rocking forward, effortlessly pushing his cock deeper into Sarah's mouth. Her unseeing eyes rolled back in her head, she seemed to be revelling in the two men's attentions.

"Mhmhmmmhmm," she moaned like a wanton slut around Lester's glistening cock.

"Lester just shut the fuck up, I know what I'm doing," Dan said as he moved up into a kneeling position, trying to get his face away from the spectacle of Lester's fat thrusting cock.

"We're in this together," Lester said, "Giving Sarah what she wants. Yeah girl, suck my cock, take it deep. Don't be so sensitive. I'm just trying to make sure she gets what she needs."

"I know what I'm doing," Dan said, "I've been with her for years, remember?"

"Ah yeah," Lester shook his head balefully, "Years of one orgasm a week, maybe, if she was lucky. Come on, really work your hips, I'm just trying to help."

Sarah's torso fully turned to face Lester, her hand and mouth wrapped around his cock, eyes closed as she focused on pleasing Dan's fat roommate. Her other hand reached down between her legs and was stroking and flicking her clit as Dan pounded into her.

"Mhmmhmhmmm," Sarah moaned again, louder than before. Louder than earlier when Dan had just been fucking her solo. This, here and now, this is what she wanted right? Both of their cocks inside her together at the same time. That had to be why she was moaning so loudly. It wasn't only because of Lester here. Right?? Every reaction from his wife was magnified now, bigger. With each thrust Dan made, he could tell he was overanalyzing her every reaction. He tried to push deeper into her, but she didn't react to it. Her hips were grinding up against him, and his thrusts were matching the same tempo.

Lester was looking at him out of the corner of his eye and grinning. What the hell was that about?

"That's it, give her what she wants, Dan," Lester said dryly. Sarah pulled her mouth off Lester's cock and started licking up and down his shaft. From Dan's angle, it looked like she was cleaning a particularly large ear of succulent corn. Trying to lick all the spread butter off of it. She looked like a woman possessed by need. Could she even remember he was here?

Sarah's face disappeared into the gelatinous heft of Lester's nutsack, this jungle of black public hair obscuring her beautiful face. She never stopped constantly stroking Lester's cock. Her plunging fingers on her clit were massaging herself quickly, like she was trying to get herself off. Like her husband's cock inside her wasn't enough.

Dan couldn't help but feel like a third-party observer again. Just a passenger watching as someone else drove the car to their destination. Dan grunted perfunctorily and slowly pulled his dick out of Sarah.

Fuck. Dan's dick was presently only semi-hard. No wonder Sarah wasn't getting anything out of it. What the actual fuck was going on with him? Lester's earlier words kept playing in his head, and his self-confidence was entirely shot. Can I really not give my wife what she needs?

"Mhmmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned again and lapped at Lester's sagging nuts with her tongue. She stroked Lester's giant cock and turned her face back to Dan. She looked slightly confused at why he wasn't still inside of her and then she looked down and saw his soft dick lying in his open hands. A conflicted display of emotions played rapidly across her face.

"That's not on you, baby," Lester said to her, then to Dan "It happens to a lot of guys. Don't worry, buddy, it happens to the best of us."

"Honestly, just shut up, Lester, really," Dan said.

"Come on now. Don't be like that. This is supposed to be a special night for Sarah." Lester said. It was awkward. They were both looking at him and his increasingly flaccid cock.

"Dan, it's okay, really," Sarah said.

"Yeah, just give it a second, we'll wait for you to catch up," Lester said with what Dan heard as fake encouragement. Dan tried tugging on his own cock but their stares and the mental soundtrack of total inadequacy was blaring on a loop in his head.

"It was feeling good with Danny, right, Sarah? It sure looked like it." Lester asked her.

"Y-Yes, yeah, it was, baby. You felt great inside of me. Amazing. I need it again. When you're ready." Sarah said to Dan. She let go of Lester's cock and turned her body fully towards her husband. She reached out and grabbed his dick. She tugged on it, trying to will it back to life. But Dan knew it wouldn't work. Seeing her try to coax it back up made him feel more impotent. Sarah bent down and her warm mouth took in his cock. She was so singularly beautiful, and she was trying so fervently to get him hard again. But the more she tried to revive his erection, the more flaccid he became. It felt humiliating, and he didn't know why it wasn't working. It looked like Sarah was sucking on a soft piece of noodle from his vantage point, a snapshot of the mental image played on a billboard in his brain. No matter what he did to try and dislodge his thoughts and power through this, he found it wasn't enough.

"You already came once," Lester said, "Maybe that's why."

Dan shook his head, trying not to focus on Lester's words, but his mind echoed them repeatedly. A deep sense of inadequacy ran coldly through his veins.

Sarah stopped sucking Dan's cock and looked up at him. Defeat was apparent on her face, and sadness had crept into her eyes. "It's okay, baby. Lester's right. You already came. Usually one's enough for you."

The words stung. They were the absolute last thing he needed to hear. She was trying to be sweet and reassuring but the unsaid meaning of the words fucking harshly stung. The look of disappointment and vulnerability on her face was now burned into his brain. The idea that she might feel that she wasn't turning him on fucking sucked and made any chance of his getting another erection less than zero.

"Don't worry, buddy, I'll tag in," Lester said. Lester brutishly grabbed at Sarah's legs and flipped her over onto her back.

Sarah grunted delightedly at being manhandled, but Lester's obese form was already crawling over her with purpose. He spread her legs with his fat hips, "I'll give Sarah what she really needs."

Dan wanted to say something, but he didn't know what would be right—something that could act as a silver bullet to solve this entire situation. But before his brain could figure out what that might be, Lester shifted forward decisively, causing Sarah to moan in coital bliss.

"Ughnnnn," Sarah moaned as her legs splayed out to the sides and Lester's familiar weight pressed down onto her hips and chest. His fat frame looked like it was crushing her. Unlike Dan, Lester's knees were bent at the sides, up next to Sarah's ass as he pumped his enormous cock into her. Her long white legs wrapped around Lester's hairy ass. She hooked her ankles together and held Lester in place.

With a wicked smile, Lester turned his attention down on Sarah. He lasciviously licked his lips then grabbed both of her wrists and pinned them to the bed.

"Let's show Danny how it's done," Lester chuckled, then his hips started to rapidly piston forward and back, thrusting his immense meaty cock into Sarah's drenched pussy. The sodden wife's breasts bounced up and down with each thrust. Her hips rising off the bed to meet Lester's cock.

"Mhmmmmgod," Sarah moaned, her head lolling from side to side. She opened her eyes and looked up at Lester dreamily. "Fuck, Lester you feel so, sooo fucking good."

"That's what a real cock feels like," Lester chuckled back before dipping his head down and kissing her. Sarah moaned and returned the sloppy kiss. Lester let go of one of her wrists and grabbed the back of her head, holding her in place, dictating how they would feast on each other. They both broke the slobbery kiss and took a breath as they continued to fuck enthusiastically. Lester licked his lips and stuck his tongue out as it slowly descended down into Sarah's mouth.

Her lips parted in anticipation as Lester's fat tongue disappeared inside her waiting mouth.

"Mhmmm," A throaty moan escaped Dan's wife's lips as Lester's tongue swirled around her mouth, running over her tongue. Both of their tongues danced together, battling one another,

each savoring the other.

"Tell me how much you like having a real cock inside of you," Lester muttered. "Lester, I…"

Sarah glanced at Dan, "It's not right –"

"Shut up and fucking tell me," Lester grunted and slobbered on her face, sloppily kissing and licking her.
Sarah continued to kiss Lester's ugly face, licking his lips as she said, "I fucking love it. It feels so big inside of me. I feel so full. Lester. Your cock. Your real one. Your big fucking cock. God. I need it. I want that thing all the time."

"Were you craving it just now? A second ago when your husband Danny was inside of you?" Lester asked.

Sarah bit her lip and gave the smallest imperceptible nod as Lester loomed over her. A shit eating grin spread across Lester's face, "I knew it baby. I could tell. I knew what you needed. Now, you tell me what you need."

"A real cock," Sarah whined as her hips thrust up off the bed again, "I needed a real cock inside of me."

"That's my girl," Lester grunted. Sarah's large, perfect breasts were smooshed against Lester's flabby, hairy chest. Her arms held Lester's biceps, her carefully manicured nails digging into his pasty skin.

Lester held her chin and licked up her face, "Now let's get you to cum again."

With that, Lester dropped his full weight onto Sarah and buried himself inside of her. Sarah's arms grabbed onto Lester's sweaty, hairy back as he power fucked his cock into the wanton bride. Their faces were buried into each other's sweat sheened necks, Lester's unrelenting hips expertly dipping forward as he slowly and powerfully thrust his meaty cock into Sarah's drenched pussy.

His hefty balls slapped an uneven beat against her asshole. She could feel his hairy pubic hair tickling parts of her backside but it was all just a distant secondary sensation to the feeling of being stretched and filled by his expanding degenerate cock.

Dan watched, not knowing what to do as this troll of a man rutted epically into his precious wife. The mother of his children was being thoroughly consumed with lust by someone so far, far beneath her. A stray thought of protest drifted into his mind. Don't cum for him Sarah, don't do it. If you cum for him again you're his…

"Oh god. Yes. Lester," Sarah whined. Her knees pinned to Lester's side as she held them up with her hands, trying to allow as much of Lester's cock into her as possible. "Fuck me baby.

Lester. My god, fuck me!"

"We're just getting started," Lester chuckled and bit her earlobe, making Sarah quake to her core. This is just the warm-up."

"God, I want it all night," Sarah moaned as she licked the bitter, salty sweat off Lester's neck. Her tongue swirled around his coarse skin.

"It's been too long since I had you in my bed. I plan on taking fucking advantage of you," Lester grunted. Dan could barely see his wife. He could only see her legs, arms, and the top of her head. Everything else was buried beneath the mass of Lester's body.

"Fucking god." Sarah mewed, "I need to come to Chicago more often."

"I could make you cum in Chicago more often," Lester snorted, "You should be the one to live in the apartment," Lester said, "We could do this all day, every day."

"Fuck," Sarah breathed, just thinking about it.

"Damn Sarah, you feel so fucking good," Lester groaned. "Yeah?" Sarah asked.

"Fuck, too good. It's like you're milking me for whatever cum I have left," Lester said.

"That's. Because. I am," Sarah teased, tightening her lips on his shaft with each word, "I want it. I want it all. I want all of your cum. I want to feel it inside me. Flood into me. Fill me up completely. Lester. I need it. I need you. Fuck I love how your cock feels inside of me. Your very real cock."

"You're such a slut now. I love it," Lester grunted.

"Fuck," Sarah's head rolled to the side before her tongue went back to Lester's neck, "Lester don't stop. I'm so close. I can feel it. Baby. Keep – don't stop."

"Mhmm, do i,t Sarah. Cum for me. Cum on my cock. Clench me and let it go," Lester grunted.

"Fuck. Lester," Sarah whined, her nails digging into Lester's flesh. Sarah's ankles had a vise-like grip around his fat ass.

"Sarah," Lester's voice was hoarse in her ear.

"Lester. Lester," Sarah moaned into his neck, "Lester. Lester, I lo-" "Fuck Sarah. Cum for me

baby," Lester grunted, "Cum Sarah."

"Fuck, I'm– I'm going to," Sarah moaned, "Lester. Oh, god, Lester. Oh my FUCKINGGOOOD! LESTER. LESTER."

"Give it to me," Lester growled.

One of Sarah's legs kicked out in a spasm and went completely straight as she screamed blissfully into Lester's neck. A ferocious shockwave detonated in Sarah's stuffed pussy as she came. It washed over her body but didn't dissipate. It just kept thumping throughout her insides, setting each one of her nerves on fire. Her toes curled sharply, and all the muscles in her body went rigidly tight. Her nails dug deeper into Lester's skin, and she held whatever breath was left in her lungs.

Lester never stopped pumping his massive cock into the screaming wife of his roommate. Even as her pussy clenched down around his cock, his battering cock pushed through her resistance easily and he kept hammering his incredible tool into her.

"Ffff–ffffuck. Oh. OOOOHH! Oh shit. I'm….again? Holy, holy fuuuuuck, I'm gonna-Jeessssussss," Sarah screamed as another life-altering orgasm rose up from the depths inside of her and smothered every nerve in her body with intense warmth and boundless pleasure. Tears ran down Sarah's cheeks as her brain was flooded with endorphins from back to back, powerful and connected orgasms.

Lester kept rutting his cock into her like a pig, eager to wrack her body with more and more pleasurable sensations. Sarah finally gasped for breath, filling her lungs with fresh oxygen. Holding her breath had made her dizzy and she tried to center herself. It was hard as Lester had never stopped fucking her.

"Holy shit that was intense," Sarah finally murmured.

"Never had anything like that with Dickless, huh?" Lester licked her ear lobe. Dan heard the

vicious barb. It didn't even register.

"No…never," Sarah said with her eyes closed, just focusing on the feeling of Lester's powerful manhood inside of her, "Wait, wh-what? Dickless?"

"Heh," Lester chuckled, "Dickless Danny." He nodded to her husband.

"That's not…." Sarah started as her hips involuntarily bucked off the bed to meet Lester's thrusts with a new, faster pace. "It's not…Lester that's mean."

"Calling it like I see it," Lester said, "Look at him. Look how soft it is. How can any man not get it up for a sexy gorgeous woman like you?"

Sarah's head turned to see Dan still on the edge of the bed, his soft dick had somehow receded even further. She could see the hurt and confusion in Dan's eyes.

"If you were my wife I wouldn't let you go to work. You'd be tied to the bed," Lester said.

"Dan?" Sarah asked with real concern, looking at her husband.

"I…I don't know what's wrong," Dan muttered. Everything. Everything here is wrong

"And something else," Lester said, ending their ongoing discussion. He grabbed Sarah's face, "If you were my wife, I'd have fucked more than just two kids into you."

Sarah's hands gripped Lester's shoulders tighter at his words. Her body responded on its own, her pussy clenching greedily around his rock hard column of a cock and she bucked her hips up frantically to meet his cock. Her breasts rose and fell faster, nipples brushing against the hair on Lester's chest.

"And my dick would never be soft like that," Lester said, "How did Danny's dick look just now?"

Sarah bit her lip. She knew she shouldn't say anything. Lester slowed his thrusts at her silence. Her hips continued to push up to meet him eagerly, but he wasn't giving it to her the way she needed. He was holding back, waiting for her to answer.

"It's okay," Lester said, nodding, "Little Danny gets off on this shit." "Soft," Sarah finally said,

looking up at Lester, "Really soft."

"Like a little guy, small," Lester said. He flexed his cock inside of her. "Uhh," Sarah moaned.

Lester did it again, "Uhfff."

Dan felt like he'd been punched in the gut again. It was worse this time than any and all of the times before. Even at his worst, when he'd just stood there with that out-of-body experience and watched, he was still hard. He could at least have that. But today, all of his dignity was gone.

"You feel that?" Lester said as he flexed his cock inside Sarah again, "That's what you really need, isn't it?"

Sarah closed her eyes to steady herself and nodded to Lester. He just sneered.

"You should have always known a threesome with you, me, and Danny was going to end up like this. You should have known that. He can't do THIS!" Lester said as he resumed thrusting into her. The head of his cock reached deeper inside of her than Dan had ever experienced before. Touching parts of her that her husband would never know.

"Mhmmmm well…." Sarah started, "Maybe I should invite Otis to join us next time." "What?"

Lester stopped, pushing up off the bed to look down at her, confused. His body went completely still, ceasing all thrusts. Sarah gripped his forearms in her hands and unlocked her legs around his waist. She impatiently pushed her feet into the bed and thrust herself up onto his cock anyways. She kept dropping her hips and then thrusting back onto his cock, each time she gripped onto it with the muscles in her pussy, not wanting to stop.

"Well, y-you were gone the past few days. I needed to find some way to get my fix," Sarah said.

The rage in Lester's eyes grew to an all-consuming fire. Seemingly with a mind of its own, his right arm cocked back with his open hand at its end. Right then it occurred to Dan that if he didn't move, his roommate was going to slap his wife across her angelic, passion-reddened face, showing more of a response to her fucking Otis than he had himself. While he truly wanted to get up and end this madness, he found himself fixed to his spot on the bed, leaving the two lovers to settle this unexpectedly violent development. Leaving Lester to vent his anger at both of his wife's bedmates.

A moment later, Sarah noticed Lester's extended arm as well, and what it meant for her. Her eyes widened, and they moved from his open hand to face him with a look of complete submission on her face. Then she moved her head, looking away slightly, offering her cheek up to him as a target. Lester felt a new clenching tightness on him from Sarah's pussy as she turned away. A moment ticked by as they all stayed still, waiting to see who would move first and break the tension.

Eventually, after a few seconds, the slap having not landed, Sarah turned back to Lester, still holding his hardness firmly within her. She slowly reached out and pulled his open hand toward her face. She placed her cheek in his palm, offering herself completely. The sensuous young mother looked up, facing her overweight creep of a boyfriend, and she slowly sucked on the tip of his middle finger, and then took it to the second knuckle.

She'd also started moving her hips again, but she'd clasped Lester so powerfully that they couldn't achieve the full range of her lover's monolithic shaft.

Pulling Lester's finger from her mouth, her green eyes met his again. She said, "Otis ate me out in your office. He made me cum hard on your couch."

Lester's nostrils flared, and a storm of anger flashed again behind his eyes. As Sarah was attempting to thrust upwards, the fat man dropped all of his weight down onto her, running through her snaring, contracted pussy lips with his incensed cock. Otis wasn't in Lester's plan. She couldn't do this. She was going to ruin everything.

"You're mine," Lester snarled, "Stop fucking around. You. Are. MINE!!"

"Well, a girl has to –" Sarah started to say. But Lester abruptly thrust into her again. Hard. He picked up his pace, unrelenting.

"YOU ARE MINE," Lester snarled viciously, "FUCK!"

"Uhhhhhmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, her body thrashing under Lester's wildly unconstrained fucking.

"Uh, uuh, uh, uh, mhmm, uh, uh, uh, fuck, uh," Sarah moaned with each juddering thrust from Lester's dynamic cock. The monstrous ogre grabbed her hands off of him and pinned them to the bed again. His fingers were tightly interlaced with hers.

Seeing ther fingers locked together like that reminded Dan of the way he and Sarah had held hands just a bit earlier in the hallway, fuck.

"Fuck Otis. Fuck Byron. Fuck Jesse, Fuck Dan, Fuck. Them. All. You are mine. Do you understand!?" Lester spat with venom. Some of his saliva hit her face. She had never seen Lester so enraged. So forceful. So absolutely primal. His face was red. It radiated waves of heat. Lust, anger and frustration seethed potently behind his eyes. She couldn't help but find it incredibly arousing. Like he was actually laying claim to her in front of her husband.

"Then fuck me Lester. Fuck me like only you can. Show me why you are the only one who should matter. FUCKING BREAK ME," Sarah screamed into Lester's face. She tried to pull her hands free. To grab his face and kiss him but Lester held her firmly in place. She couldn't stop him if she wanted to. Lester could just take whatever he wanted. Take her over and over again.

Sarah's pussy shuddered at the thought and it gripped down on his cock even tighter. "I'm

gonna fucking break you," Lester snarled, "FUCK. FUUUUUUCK!"

"Do it!" Sarah screamed in ecstasy, her body squirming under him as she felt another orgasm quickly ramping up inside of her, "Fucking do it. Break me. Own all of me. Claim me, claim me now Lester!"

"Arghhh," Lester grunted in frustration and let go of her fingers. His mouth hung open and he was breathing hard on top of her. Saliva dropped out of his mouth and landed on her lips. Sarah instinctively licked it up in a frenzy. One of his hands grabbed her by the neck and pushed her down onto the bed.

Sarah gasped at the slight pain but it only served to embolden her as she feverishly thrashed and bucked her hips up to meet his increasingly erratic thrusts. Lester's grip tightened around her throat and Sarah gasped for breath. Their foreheads touched as their enraged furrowed brows met, each angrily glaring at each other in a sexual fury.

Dan's eyes widened at the frenzied, anger filled fucking happening in front of him. It was surreal. His loving wife was lashing out at Lester with such venom and he was fucking it right back into her. It only seemed to add fuel to the fire to both of them and their tempo somehow increased again. He had never seen either of them like this. Never seen Sarah like this. It was like she was a strange woman posssed and Lester was performing some kind of fucked up

exorcism by fucking the demon out of her and back to hell. Maybe Lester was right. Maybe this is something I couldn't ever give to her.

"F-ffuck," Lester snarled, "I'm going to fucking fill you with my seed and knock you up. I'm going to fuck a baby into you and there isn't a damn thing anyone can do about it. You are mine!"

Sarah's hips were bucking off the bed wildly, "Fucking do it! Fucking do it already then. Fucking fill me with your disgusting cum."

Dan felt his cock grow at Sarah's illicit words. What the actual fucking fuck? Why? Why now? What the hell?

"Arghhhh," Lester snarled as he angrily pressure fucked Sarah. Sarah gripped the side of Lester's fat head and pulled him down into a scalding hot kiss. It was all tongue and teeth, neither of them letting the other gain an inch of submitted ground. The room was filled with the mad, wet smacking sounds of their coupling and their lips and the clicking of their teeth smashing into one another.

Finally, Sarah broke the kiss and stared up hard into Lester's eyes, "Do it. Fuck me. Impregnate me. Breed me. Do it before I find someone else who can."

Lester seethed. He bared his yellowed teeth at her like an animal ready to strike. Lester pushed up from the bed into a kneeling position and grabbed onto Sarah's legs. He hooked his arms under each knee and held her legs in place as he rapidly fucked her with a relentless pace. Sarah's naked breasts bounced up and down, faster and faster, as Lester didn't let up and drove her to new orgasmic plateaus.

"You want it? You want my cum?" Lester barked. Dan couldn't look away. Surely all the neighbors could hear this. They were way too loud and were basically shouting and having an argument with each other while they powerfully hate fucked each other.

"FUCK. YES. I WANT IT. GIVE IT TO ME LESTER. FILL ME," Sarah screamed, out of breath. Her arms splayed out to the side, grabbing fistfuls of the white, luxurious satin bed sheets.

"FUCKFUCK," Lester spat, "I'M GOING TO FILL YOU WITH ALL OF IT."

"EMPTY YOUR BALLS INTO ME, DO IT!" Sarah screamed. "GIVE IT ALL TO ME."

"F-FUCK," LESTER shouted at the ceiling as he felt his balls begin to swell. Sarah's feet were kicking into the air, desperate to try and wrap themselves around Lester or push off the bed into him. But he held her legs still, not letting her dictate anything as he fucked her. Sarah could feel a mind-shattering orgasm on the brink. It was so close. So fucking close.

"GOD." Lester grunted, "SARAH. TAKE IT. I'M GOING TO CUM. I'M GOING TO FUCKING CUM. GOING TO FUCKING FILL YOU."

"YES!" Sarah screamed back at him, "FILL ME. FILL ME LESTER. KNOCK ME UP."

As the words left Sarah's lips, it happened. Her body tensed yet again, and her breath was knocked out of her by the eruption of a blisteringly exquisite orgasm inside of her.

"FFUCKYES," Lester shouted as his balls slammed against Sarah's asshole. He buried himself to the hilt as his cock hugely expanded and unending streams of cum exploded out into Sarah's pussy. Her left leg kicked into the air, going out in a straight line as her entire, sweat-covered body went rigid.

Sarah wailed, "AHUUHUAHHHH." She needed air, but her body wouldn't, couldn't seem to gasp for it. Concentrated pleasure filled every square inch of her body, making her feel as light as a cloud. Her green eyes rolled back into her head, and her brain was so overwhelmed by the sheer input of accentuated pleasure coursing through her body that it short-circuited.

Streams of cum exploded inside of her as Lester emptied his humongous balls into her snatch. His cock swelled and pumped more and more of his illicit seed deep into the sobbing young mother. Each rope of cum blasting into her, showering her insides was like a line of pure cocaine delivered right to Sarah's pleasure receptors. Her lids shuttered closed as her eyes continued to roll back in their sockets, her body actually shaking from how hard Lester was making her cum repeatedly.

This chain of orgasm felt never-ending, and Sarah was riding the enhanced high that came with it, uncaring where it led her to. Lester let out a last primal roar as his final blasts of cum shot into Sarah. The fat man slouched and tried to catch his breath as more cum dribbled out of his thick cock inside of her.

Sarah's eyelids finally stopped fluttering and closed completely. Her head slumped to the side, and all the muscles in her body relaxed, unclenching. She was finally able to take a deep breath of air as her mind shut off and she passed out.

Lester groaned and pulled himself from Sarah. Her legs fell limply to the side as he rolled onto his back. His thick cock, soaked with Sarah's juices and his copious cum. He was breathing hard, unable to catch his own breath. Both of their bodies were slick with sweat and other fluid evidence of their fiercely hard fucking.

The only sound in the room was both of their deep breathing as they tried to catch their breath. The scent of sex and Lester's musk filled Dan's nostrils. He sat back on the bed, his mind reeling from the intense battle of a fucking he had just witnessed. Despite his cock, still rock hard from Sarah's taboo words, he still felt as weak as he had earlier.

He watched his wife's naked form, seemingly comfortable remaining nude in Lester's bed. The naked curves of her body didn't look out of place in the low light of the computer monitor. Somehow, they even looked more erotic here than anywhere else in the apartment.

He couldn't remember the last time Sarah had just passed out from sex like that. Usually she would get up and go to the bathroom and try to clean out some of Dan's cum. So either she was fine with leaving Lester's in, or she really had passed out immediately and entirely. Her deep breathing suggested the latter.

Now that the festivities were over and everyone had entirely forgotten about his presence in this threesome in name only, Dan needed to get some space from it all. Sighing, he got up and navigated the minefield of clothes and refuse on the floor. He tried to find his clothes in the low light, but they just blended into the rest of the neglected refuse swathing the room's floor. After a quick scan, he gave up and walked into the hallway before heading to the bathroom and closing the door behind him.

He stayed there for a few minutes, just staring at himself in the mirror, trying to process the unholy violent union he had just witnessed. The sounds that Sarah made and the way her body responded to Lester and his horse cock were completely foreign to Dan. Was he really what she needed?

Dan shook his head and splashed some water on his face. Lester's words had acted like poison, infecting his mind and softening his dick. Dan should have been able to perform better, but in the moment it was like his body had just given up and forfeited the argument. Just given in to allowing Lester to step over him and mount his Sarah. Is this what it felt like to be replaced? Not only had Dan been laid off from his job but had his position as Sarah's number one also been usurped?

Dan splashed more cool water on his face. He used the facilities, cleaning up carefully and then crossed the hall to his room where he quickly found some pajamas to wear. He was thankful that he could finally hide his dick and end the acute shame he'd felt over the last hour's events. He glanced at the clock and was surprised to see how late it was.

Just how long had they been going at it? It was all a raucous blur.

Finally, Dan steadied himself and walked back to Lester's room. His nose scrunched as it was hit with the renewed scents of his wife's complete defilement. As he stood at the threshold to Lester's room, which in his mind now was more like a cave, Dan could see his sweet, resting wife lying on the bed. The computer monitor coldly illuminating her slumbering form. Like a princess in a story surrounded by trash and garbage but sleeping innocently like an angel. She even had a blanket draped over her now and looked to be sleeping soundly. Lester was sleeping in the bed as well but thankfully wasn't cuddling up behind her. He seemed content to snooze on his own.

Dan tiptoed his way through all the crap on the floor accidently crushing a Red Bull can, continuing to scan for any of his or Sarah's clothing and again failing to find any of it. He came up next to Sarah and in a low voice said, "Sarah."

"Mm-hmm," Sarah responded dreamily.

Dan nudged her shoulder, “Sarah, let’s go back to our room.”

“Mm-hm,” Sarah said without opening her eyes or her mouth. Dan tried again to nudge her. He gently shook her shoulder but Sarah’s eyes stayed closed and she didn’t stir. She was still deep asleep.

“Sarah?” Dan said softly, “Can you hear me? Can you just get up for a second, and we can go to our room?”

“Mhm,” was the noncommittal sound Sarah made in response.

The only way Dan could wake her would be to shake her awake physically. But he didn’t want to do that. He hadn’t realized how hard she’d passed out after Lester was done with her. He sighed and weighed his options. Leave her here or try to wake her physically.

In the end, with a deep sigh, he decided to head back to his bedroom alone. But before he left, he crouched down next to Sarah and in a low whisper so Lester couldn’t hear asked, “Do you like having sex with Lester more than me?”

“Mm-hm,” Sarah dreamily agreed, managing to nod her head slightly. He was reasonably sure she didn’t mean it. She wouldn’t ever agree to something like that out loud if she were fully awake. Her mind was barely cognizant that he was even speaking to her. But the agreement stung anyway, how easily it came. Dan felt his dick stir.

He stared down at his wife's sleeping form, her angelic face, and the curves of her body underneath the blanket. He dick ached and he absently stroked it, the events of the last few hours playing back in his head. Dan kept staring at Sarah as he rubbed his dick, slowly increasing the temp. Watching her chest rise and fall as she breathed, how her lips parted, the soft sounds escaping her mouth.

Dan felt himself getting close to the point of no return. To blowing his load in his now hard dick – the dick that couldn’t get it up for her earlier and allowed Lester to have his way with her. Dan let go of his dick and stepped back from the bed. What was he doing?

Was he really about to just jerk off and cum staring down at his sleeping wife like some kind of pervert? What the hell was he becoming? He needed to leave the room. He was afraid of the depths he would sink to if he stayed. Still…leaving Sarah here with Lester…it felt wrong.

The computer monitor turned off, bathing the room in complete darkness. With a sigh and slumped shoulders, he turned away from his precious wife's sleeping form and returned to his bedroom alone.

For the next half hour, Dan tossed and turned in bed, wrestling with his thoughts and profound insecurities while he tried to find a comfortable sleeping position. A position that made him forget about his hard dick that now wouldn’t deflate.

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The room was dark when Lester began to stir. He blinked lazily. He intuitively knew it was sometime in the middle of the night, even though his blackout curtains concealed the outside from view. The memories of his coupling with Sarah slowly entered his mind, and a smile crept onto his face.

He licked his lips and stretched his body. He froze. Something was off. Then his smile widened. Nestled against his chest was the naked sleeping form of Sarah Williams. He didn't remember her nuzzling up next to him. The last he knew, she had been passed out on the other side of the bed. But it looked like, even in her deep slumber, her subconsciousness had sought out the superior male whose potent seed would soon make her stomach swell with child. With Lester's offspring.

His cock stirred to life. Lester raised his head and glanced around the room. Where had Dan gone? It didn't really matter either way, but he would have liked to have watched him slink back, defeated, to his bedroom, leaving his naked wife here with his replacement. No, not his replacement. That wasn't nearly accurate. Lester was superior to Dan. So, his… upgrade then. Yes, that made more sense, but it still didn't encapsulate how utterly outclassed Dan was, how outmanned.

Sarah sighed in her sleep, snapping Lester back to the bedroom. He reached up, stroked her hair, and planted a soft kiss on her forehead.

"Mhm," Sarah lightly moaned. Even asleep, her body instinctively knew how to respond to him. Knew he was there. Capitulated to him. His hand lazily stroked the naked flesh of her arm, running down from her shoulder until he grasped her hand. He pulled her hand to his now hard cock and wrapped her sleepy fingers around his shaft and began using her hand to begin stroking himself.

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Sarah was having the time of her life. She sipped on a fruity drink that warmed her stomach and swayed to the music. She could barely get her hand around the glass. Dan twirled her, and she laughed as the music picked up. The dance floor was packed, and she could feel the beat of the music in her soul. Light flashed across the ceiling, and somehow, the club was shooting fireworks indoors. It seemed normal, no one else cared, so neither did Sarah.

Dan dipped her and pulled her back up. She was sweating. They both were, their bodies rocked together, and were somehow making the music that beat through the entire club. Sarah kissed her husband, and the music changed. When she pulled back, the face staring back at her wasn't her husband's. It was uglier and fatter with beady eyes. It was Lester.

He twirled her and ground with her. She was impressed he knew how to move like that. She laughed and pressed her body against his. Her ass against his crotch. When she looked back

over her shoulder at him, it was now Jesse staring back at her.

She wanted to move away, but also felt his hardness pressing against her. Against her better judgement, she grinded herself fervently against it, revelling in the feeling of its heat against her. Jesse grabbed her hand and led her across the dance floor. Bodies were packed tight around them. She couldn't see Jesse anymore, too many people crowded between them, but she followed, still holding his hand.

Finally, the bodies parted, and she saw she was holding Otis' hand. His janitor uniform looked so, so very out of place in the nightclub. But maybe he worked here part-time? It didn't matter. The older man led her further and further into the club, off the dance floor, and into the employees' only area.

It was dark in here. So dark that she lost track of Otis as his hand slipped away. She turned around, looking for him. Looking for any sign of which way to go. She passed by a door with Byron's name on it. She could hear him speaking inside. No, it wasn't speaking. She cracked the door open and saw herself kneeling in front of the smarmy man sitting back in his office chair. His cock was out and Sarah's mouth was lovingly wrapped around it as he spoke angrily to someone on the phone.

Sarah closed that door and stepped back into the hallway looking for someplace else to go. She was somehow back on the dance floor shed left, dancing with someone new. His hands roamed over her body, and she knew she wanted more than to dance with him. She looked down and saw his hands cupping both of her breasts through her sheer shirt. She was taken aback by the color of his skin. The hands were a black man's. She had never been this close to a black man before. It just hadn't happened.

She bit her lip not hating the juxtaposition of their skin colors and looked over her shoulder. He was large and she couldn't quite make out the details of his face..

She looked around the club and saw all the men were staring at her, scanning every part of her body. She was the only woman present here. She knew that they were all waiting their turn with her. Waiting for their dance. Waiting for their turn to take her. She could feel someone from the crowd watching her. His desire far outweighing everyone else's. But his desire wasn't just to dance with her. It was far more possessive. Far more menacing, far more confident. She couldn't explain it but his presence deeply frightened her.

The large black man dancing with her led her over to a couch. He laid her down on it and she realized for the first time that he was completely naked. The imposing outline of his large black cock swinging freely between his stout legs. Sarah bit her lip and spread her legs, scanning the crowd for Dan or anyone else she knew. The crowd of men seemed to press in on her. Circling her. Enveloping her.

She moaned as the dark man pushed himself inside of her, his cock head pushing deep. So unbelievably deep. Deeper than she had ever experienced before. His cock seemed to go on for infinity into the very core of her. Then Lester was there, his cock filling her mouth. Another

cock appeared in her hand.
Jesse's. Otis' slick organ was in her other hand. The crowd pressed against her body a needy soup of male desire. Hard cocks dragging over her naked flesh leaving slimy trails of cum on her perfect skin.

Something changed and the music stopped. The hardened cocks all left her at once. The club was empty but the menacing presence was closing in on her. Sarah closed her legs as the man approached. She couldn't see him. He was entirely wrapped in shadows. He stepped up to her and her legs spread open on their own, as if in the thrall of this shadowy man. And then he was over her, pressing his weight down on top of her. His cock spearing her open, threatening to wholly shatter her reality.

Sarah's eyes opened and the ceiling was dark. She was rocking back and forth. She blinked her eyes trying to figure out where she was. The memory of the attempted threesome with Dan and Lester came back to her. But where was she now? This wasn't Dan's room and what was it that was happening to her?

"Mhmmhmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily. Only then did she realize why she was rocking back and forth. Her legs were spread open and someone was between them, was entirely inside of her. At first she thought it was Dan but her brain instinctively dismissed that. It couldn't be Dan. It didn't feel like his size. The body over hers was too thick, too odd. The cock inside of her was much, much bigger than her husband's.

"Lester?" Sarah moaned.

"Yes, my love?" Lester whispered softly in her ear. Sarah touched the back of his head and felt his thinning hair and the excess skin there. It was him. His tongue grazed the side of her neck, sending small jolts of electricity throughout her body. Sarah deliberately blinked her eyes again, trying to hold onto her single shred of fleeting consciousness.

She looked around the room for Dan but didn't see her husband anywhere. How long had she been asleep? Where had he gone?

Lester's cock pushed all the way into her, embedded itself deep inside her body. He pulled it back, and it ran across her G-spot, snapping her back to reality. Lester was fucking her. No, he was going much, much slower than previously. He was making sweet love to her.

It was such an odd sensation compared to their ravenous, almost violent fucking from before. Their fucking that she couldn't remember the end of.

"Sarah?" Lester whispered into her ear.

"Mhmm?" Sarah said softly, turning her attention back to the troll of a man on top of her. Waking to him inside of her would have once sent her into a righteous rage, but now, she didn't mind at all. Now she almost welcomed it. She let her mind fully wake up and focus on the amazing sensations that accompanied his actions.

“Mhmmmm, that feels good,” Sarah moaned. Lester grunted into her ear. The primal male sound touched something deep inside of her, and her hips slowly began rocking off the bed in time to meet her mate’s insistent thrusts.

“You feel good,” Lester murmured. Sarah felt her body waking up faster than her still fog-enshrouded mind. Her breasts felt slick already, but the room felt comfortably cool. It wasn’t sweat…had Lester been licking her chest before she woke up? That seemed so wrong, but her body didn’t care. Her hips were already rolling off the bed, eagerly pulling Lester's lengthy meat pole into her. She could feel his hairy body all over her. His large hairy balls slapping gently against her ass, his hirsute legs garishly splaying her thighs open. His thick, unfit gut pressed down on her soft, toned skin. She loved the feelings.

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned into Lester’s neck. Her tongue lazily darted out and licked the side of Lester’s neck. She could taste him. Stale sweat and the other flavors of his slob-like nature danced on her tongue as it swiped around the strands of his hair. It should have been objectively revolting, but it was somehow deeply arousing. She would probably do well to see a therapist at some point to unpack this deviance, but for now, she was content to let it drag her down to this aberration and consume her.
Corrupt her. God, he could do whatever the fuck he wanted to her.

“I woke up and saw you here. Naked in my bed. I couldn’t resist,” Lester bit her earlobe before sucking it into his mouth. Sarah took a sharp intake of breath, her back arching off the bed and pushing her slick naked breasts into Lester’s chest.

“Mhmmmm, you’re bad,” Sarah whispered as she ran her hands through Lester’s thinning hair.

“I just love being inside of you, is that so bad?” Lester pulled back and turned her face to his. They looked deeply into each other’s eyes before Lester’s fat lips kissed hers. Sarah moaned as Lester planted a soft series of kisses against her lips. He didn’t stick his tongue into her mouth. This was more….loving. More respectful. More cherishing. Sarah’s mind raced with the feeling. How Lester could make her feel so loved and safe yet he could also be so fucking dirty and degrading. She never knew which version of Lester she was going to get. That unpredictability excited her and made her want to spread her legs open further for him. God, it was so wrong an so fucked up but Sarah couldn’t stop herself. She needed to have him.

“God,” Sarah groaned, “I wish I could wake up like this every day.”

“Stay here with me and you can,” Lester stared into her eyes as his cock took strong, slow, deliberate strokes into her. Sarah felt her face instinctively contort into an ‘O’ shape as Lester’s cock teased and pleasured her most sensitive nerve endings.

“You can. Dan can stay in Middleton. You come here. Live with me.” Lester continued to stare into her eyes.

God. That idea was so depraved. Just leaving her life behind and committing to degrade herself

over and over here in the apartment with Lester. She knew it was the antithesis of what a good wife and mother would ever consider. What a good person would do. But the more taboo the idea was, the more and more it sent an electric thrill through her body. It was tantalizing and the inherent guilt she felt at even mulling the idea over somehow only served to amplify her strange and fucked up desire for this awful man. Just the idea of losing herself and her identity to him. Maybe it could be fun – just to indulge in it once. Or perhaps twice.

She knew it would be playing with fire if she gave in and responded to Lester. Instead, she said, "Where's Dan?"

"Dickless? I have no idea. Wasn't here when I woke up. Probably in the other room, now that he knows his place." Lester muttered absently.

"You're too mean," Sarah said, "You're bad." She kissed her boyfriend lovingly.

"He left you with me," Lester chuckled, "He left his wife with a man like me. What do you think that says about him?"

"I don't know," Sarah said through shortened breaths. She didn't want to think about it anymore. She just wanted to focus on Lester's shallow strokes with his massive dong into her tight pussy. He felt so insanely large inside of her. So incredibly, impossibly gigantic. Even though it was probably only a few hours since he'd been inside her, he still felt so unbelievably immense. She couldn't believe how fucking full she felt.

Lester's cock was gently massaging her G-Spot and every other sensitive nerve inside of her pussy. Her hands grasped onto Lester's back, pulling him further down on top of her. Smothering her entirely under the weight of his slowly driving frame.

Slow, deep thrusts into Sarah's pussy were driving her crazy. Occasionally he would switch to a shallow thrust that drove Sarah insane, craving the whole fullness of his monster cock.

"Mhmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester looked down at her. She stared up into his eyes and licked her lips, a smile spreading across Lester's face. He extended his tongue and dipped his head, likcing her lips as well. Sarah repeated the motion, her tongue running over her lips again. Lester's tongue followed hers until her lips were coated with a mix of both of their saliva. When Lester finally let his tongue sink back into his mouth, Sarah's tongue darted forward and adoringly licked Lester's own lips. His body shuddered for a moment on top of her.

Lester's tongue flickered out of his mouth and ran across Sarah's waiting tongue. She moaned and let her tongue massage his in turn. Their taste buds running over each other's. They tasted one another,

savoring each other, delighting in their varied flavors. It was such a raw and intimate feeling. Sarah couldn't help but squeeze her filled pussy around his powerful cock.

Lester pulled back and looked into her eyes, "Did you really sleep with Otis?"

Sarah saw something in his eyes she hadn't seen before. Concern. She didn't have a good read on Lester's emotions, other than when he was being a complete dick. Was he hurt by her actions?
Suddenly she felt incredibly guilty. It didn't make sense. She didn't owe Lester anything. Logically she knew that. But she still felt it.

"Yes," She finally breathed. "I'm sorry." She hated herself for saying that. It still didn't make sense but she said it anyway.

"Dan and I were playing in the hospital. And he surprised us. And one thing led to another," Sarah felt her face growing warm. Like she was a child admitting to doing something bad. Her cheeks and chest suddenly felt warm. She waited with bated breath for Lester to punitively fuck her like he had earlier.

Silence hung in the air between them. Lester didn't respond. Sarah waited, her mind racing, wondering what Lester was going to say. Finally, he spoke in a soft voice Sarah hadn't heard him use before.

"I'm sorry," He breathed, "It just caught me off guard. You know I support you. And I love seeing you try new things. I didn't expect to feel so jealous but I do."

He stroked her cheek, "I was surprised how upset it made me." "I know. I'm sorry," Sarah said.

"I lov-"

"Shhhh. Hush now, babe." Lester shook his head and straightened his face. He cleared his throat, and his face morphed back to his usual intense expression. Just for a second, Sarah felt like he had shown her the real Lester. The one behind the mask he usually wore. How many people had seen that side of him? She felt her heart beating loudly in her chest.

But now that door had swung closed as Lester said, "We're going on a date tomorrow, and you're going to do the things I want."

"Mhhmmm, I–we–Dan's going away for work tomorrow," Sarah said, suppressing a moan.

"I thought you said he was let go from his job?" Lester asked, dipping his head down and planting soft kisses along her jawline. Sarah closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of Lester's wet lips igniting her skin.

"He was," she eventually said. If her eyes were open, she would have seen the calculating smile spread across his face for a split second before it disappeared. "It's for his side clients. Not tied to his old company."

"It's okay. We can still play without Dan there. I know how important it is for you to keep him

involved. We can get him on the phone or via video chat. You'll love it. I promise," Lester kissed up her jawline again, "I'll know you'll enjoy every. Second. Of it."

"I–," Sarah started as the tempo of Lester's thrusts increased, catching her off guard. She bit her lip as her G-spot was being hit over and over again, in much shorter intervals by Lester's large organ. "We, we can't. My parents are in town. Dan and I - I'm going out with them tomorrow night."

"I'm not shy," Lester muttered, "I'll fuck you right in front of your parents."

"Fuck," Sarah moaned as her hips began thrashing off the bed. Desperately trying to seek more and more of Lester's cock despite his deliberate, controlled pace. "We can't – that's just so – god that's so wrong."

"I bet you got a real thrill as a teenager. Sneaking around. Being a bad girl. You were probably the perfect daughter to them but they didn't know what a slut you really were. What if I show them? Show them what a slut their daughter has become for my cock?" Lester's breath was on the base of her neck, and she could feel goosebumps readily forming.

"Just shut up and fuck me Lester," Sarah said, trying, desperately to side step his latest comment.

"I'm going to fuck you now and tonight," Lester growled, "I'll bend you over right when your parents get here so they can hear you wail as you cum on my cock."

"F-fuck," Sarah groaned, grinding her hips up into Lester at her frenzied pace. Lester just smiled and picked up his own cadence. He pressed his forehead against hers as they rutted into one another freely. Sarah was fully awake now, even if her body and mind were exhausted. She needed Lester just as badly as Lester needed her. Her body was on the verge of a cataclysmic orgasm. Just there, out of reach, ready to possess her body and discard her mind.

"They'll see their precious princess for what she really is," Lester grunted.

Sarah gritted her teeth and focused on the growing feeling inside of her. Her bubble butt bouncing off Lester's mattress as the odd man made love to her in the embrace of missionary position. It was such a strange sensation, being aroused at Lester threatening to expose their illicit affair to her parents. For her worlds to collide in such a spectacular fashion. For her life to be torn down and rebuilt by him.

"God, Lester," Sarah groaned. Her body still weak from the effects of their last fuck session. She couldn't think straight. All she could picture in her mind was getting railed in the nude in front of her startled parents, the looks of abject horror on their faces as she came hard with Lester plowing unyieldingly into her from behind.

"Oh fuck. Lester, don't stop, please!" Sarah whined, her fingers digging into the disparate tufts of hair on Lester's moistened back. His skin was slick with sweat, and Sarah knew she herself

was covered in it. Lester's sweaty musk was filling her nostrils and seeping deep into the pores of her skin. He was marking her inside and out.

"I should never have gotten that stupid operation," Lester cursed. "If only I had waited. Waited until I got between these sweet open legs of yours."

"Operation? What?" Sarah said, confused, Lester's words distracting her from the rampantly building orgasm inside of her. She refocused on the growing bud of heat inside her body, ready to embrace it like an old friend.

"You know, sometimes vasectomies don't take. Accidents still happen. Life still finds a way. Especially when unavoidable fate is involved," Lester bit her earlobe hard as his hands dug under her, aggressively grabbing each of her ass cheeks. He pulled her lower half up off the bed, the head of his cock hammering directly into her sensitive G-Spot now.

"Oh fuck. Uh. Uh. Uh. Ah. Uh. Uh, My god. God. Fuck. Lester. Shit. Shit! Holy Shit! Holy FUCKING SHIT! Yes!. God Yes! Give it to me. Oh Fuck me," Sarah moaned as she thrashed wildly under Dan's roommate.

"Look at me," Lester growled.

Sarah turned her head and focused on Lester's beady eyes. "Say it. Say 'Accidents Happen',"

Lester grunted.

"Accident-," Sarah started. Her mind ablaze at the implications. At the idea that Lester's vasectomy may have been a failure and that he could accidentally impregnate her with his lewd sperm. Fill her with his illicit seed. His DNA explosively flooding into her womb - seeking out one of her eggs. Trying to wriggle in and claim it as his own. Who knew, maybe even some of Otis' cum was even still alive inside of her. They'd be competing against each other for the right to claim her outright.

"Accidents h-happen," Sarah breathed the phrase haltingly. As the words left her lips her orgasm reared its head, threatening to suffocate her entirely .

"Oh god. Accidents fucking happen," Sarah cried.

"If you don't want it to fucking happen, leave the room and go to back Danny," Lester said. "Go to your little husband or stay and get knocked up by someone else."

Sarah couldn't leave now. Not when she was so close. Lester's cock kept pumping into her pussy, slamming against her G-Spot with unyielding vigor.

"I'm not fucking leaving," Sarah cried again. Her body rocked against Lester. Skin slick with Lester's sweat. Her pussy clenched around Lester's cock not willing to give it up. Not willing to stop what was about to happen.

"If you don't leave I'm going to flood your pussy with my cum," Lester taunted in her ear, "And I will absolutely put a baby inside of you. My baby. Lester junior."

"Ugh, oh god Lester. Fuck. Fuck it! Just do it! Give it to me," Sarah panted into his ear. " I want it. I want it all. Give it to me. I want your cum. I want it all – inside me. Jesus Christ, I want it. Your entire load. Fuck!"

Lester let out a guttural growl, his smooth, controlled tempo going out the window. His thrusts become erratic as the head of his cock pounded, jack hammering into Sarah's pussy.

"O-oh, oooooh god Lester, Lester I want it in me. I want it splashed on me. I want it in my mouth. I want it everywhere. I want your fucking cum Lester. I need it." Sarah said.

"I'm gonna give it to you," Lester croaked, "I'm gonna empty my balls inside of you. They're full, you did that."

A primal whine escaped Sarah's throat, "Ugghhhhhhhhhh!"

Lester's cock pounding into her G-Spot was too much. Her body rocked and she could feel Lester's balls contract against her puckered asshole. She knew he was about to cum ridiculously. The veins coursing through his plus sized cock pulsed in an ominous beat. The way he was talking to her, the roleplay about her parents, the heat of his cock and the knowledge of his impending explosion inside of her was too much for stunning wife to handle. She couldn't hold back her next orgasm if she tried.

"Hmhmmmmfffffffffff-uuuuccccckkkk!," Sarah wailed as her abdomen tightened in pleasure. Her chest seemed to burst open like a doomed hot air balloon, and a pleasing sticky warmth flooded every inch of her body. Her pussy clamped down on Lester's throbbing, driving cock, despite its being nearly frictionless, coated with her overflowing juices. Every inch of her skin became hypersensitive. She could also feel all of Lester's plunging. Sagging mass on top of her – the sensation driving her to the edge of complete madness.

"Ahhhhh-FUCK!," Lester roared as his cock exploded inside of his greatest conquest. Blasts of his vile cum flooded into the hot young mother coating her insides. The warm, sticky substance seemed to pour into Sarah. Her orgasm hit another previously unaccessed level of intensity, and the resultant warmth rushed throughout her body, coming in distinct waves, each one hotter and stronger than the last. Her heartbeat pounded in her ears and she held her breath as she felt absolutely full of Lester's potent living cum.

Lester grunted and pulled out of her. His hand went to his cock and he aimed it over her alluring curves. Ropes of cum blasted out coating Sarah's delectable body. The first blasted across her ample, heaving chest. Sarah's naked body quaked, her sensitive skin pulsed under the patter of Lester's ubiquitous cum. A random new rope hit her square in the chin making Sarah quiver again as a mini- orgasm seemed to explode up from the depths to slap her across the face from the ocean of pleasure in which she'd submerged her body. Rope after rope of hot,

sticky, fetid, foul, glue-like cum blasted across Sarah's heaving masterpiece of a chest.

Her hands instinctively grabbed her model-perfect breasts, massaging them. His sticky white smegma ran between her delicate fingers as she massaged it into her skin. Sarah's hands were coated in Lester's sticky off-white, life-carrying baby batter.

Without thinking, and as the last ropes of Lesters foul seed fell across her naked flesh, Sarah raised her finger to her mouth and sucked Lester's heavenly cum off of each of them.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned, tasting the salty bitterness of Lester's abundance of cum. Her body was slowly coming down from another earth-shattering orgasm, and her taste buds revelled in epicurean bliss as they tasted his latest vintage.

Lester collapsed onto the bed next to her as Sarah licked her fingers clean of his essence. She cleaned all the cum off her breasts and stomach and didn't waste a single drop of his tasty gift. She licked each of her fingers clean again, moaning every time a drop of Lester's foul seed touched her tongue.

Sarah closed her eyes as her body felt lighter than it ever had. Her breath slowed, and the sweat on her skin – hers and Lester's – began to cool in the stale air of his lair.

The final, perfect note of her orgasm played throughout her body, and Sarah let it wash over her. She turned to the side as Lester's arm draped over her shoulder. She nuzzled into his hairy, sweaty chest and fell deep asleep.

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The noises from the next room had stirred Dan awake. At first, he thought it was just a dream, but the earlier events in Lester's bedroom replayed in his mind. But Sarah's shrieks of pleasure in the night woke him in a cold sweat.

Dan squinted and peered into the peephole on the wall. It was uncovered on Lester's side. He hadn't known when the fat man had done that. Maybe Sarah had when she'd walked into Lester's room earlier. Either way, the implications rattled his brain. Was he just destined to end up here, on this side of the wall, watching his wife be ravaged by Lester?

His roommate's room was pitch dark. He couldn't make out anything happening besides the moans, whispers, and ruffling of sheets. But the movie of his wife's submission to Lester played in his mind. He could see her face twisted with pleasure, of Lester's ugly face and grotesque body rutting into his perfect wife.

He knew he could go to the door. Walk into Lester's room and be in there with them. But it felt wrong. Like, he wouldn't be welcomed. Like he was intruding on something private. That thought fucked up his exhausted brain more than he wanted to admit.

Dan left out a soft groan as he stroked his hard dick. With his forehead resting on the wall, one

eye closed while the other squinted to see anything. He stroked himself, each small sound emanating from Sarah's lips threatened to make him explode right then and there.

And then a rasping primal whine from his wife broke the silence, "Ugghhhhhhhhhh!"

Dan's breath caught in his throat as he pictured the lewd scene on the other side of the wall. He desperately wished he could see something, anything from his makeshift vantage point. His balls swelled and he knew he couldn't hold back any longer.

"Ahhhhh-FUCK!," Lester roared from the other side of the wall. Like a conquering lion, mating with one of the females of the pride. Dan knew that Lester was emptying himself into his wife again. Dan's hips bucked involuntarily as cum blasted out onto the drywall in front of him. It splattered against it and dribbled down.

Dan breathed hard, leaning against the wall as more oozing cum splattered onto his boxers around his ankles. His hand was covered in his own glistening spunk. Why? Why couldn't I get hard like this earlier? Why now?

Something was seriously fucked in Dan's brain. Here he was, jerking off and cumming into his own hand while his ugly, fat piece of shit roommate was unloading into his wife, bathing her in long ropes of his cum. Maybe Lester really is able to give Sarah what she needs.

He always thought they'd been solid in the sex department. But now, maybe things have changed. Maybe Sarah had discovered something she didn't know she had been missing out on. But would she ever just be satisfied with him again?

[Insider] Toxic Attraction: Chapter 30 Alpha Draft

Hey folks, this one has been a long time coming and I'm excited to bring it to you. It's a little wild and I'm pretty sure I had an fever dream while I wrote the last scene and didn't get out of my chair for a couple of hours straight.

Look for me on discord or on here tomorrow to chat with you all about it. Also Neighbor Encounter CH4 is dropping before the end of the month - I promise.

Now as always with these insider releases, plenty of typos and other grammatical errors in here that will be fixed upon final release. I have a couple ideas for another scene at the end with Dan but let me know what you think.

I really appreciate all of you that enjoy this series and keep coming back for more.

Anyways, here it is:

The plane vibrated around him as it taxied on the runway. Dan had his eyes closed and was focusing on keeping his breathing under control. He gripped the arms of the seat like someone with a fear of flying. But the plane and everyone on board weren't even on his mind.

He was vaguely aware that the plane was getting ready to take off and of the lady sititng next to him. But it was all background noise to the war waging in his head. Dan stomach was in knots as he tried to process what had happened last night and the scene burned into his head from this morning.

He had finally manned up and stepped into the abyss of Lester's room. He'd done it. He had pushed past that constant immboilization he felt so often when Sarah was with Lester. And it had all been for nothing.

Dan had managed to get Lester out of the way, to put himself inside his wife and feel her around him. But then – then he'd lost it. Maybe it was Lester's contant pestering or maybe it was the fucked up situation but he'd lost his erection. While inside his wife.

She'd been sweet and supportive and disappointed in the moment. All of it was like a wrecking ball to his ego and a knife to his heart. And Lester capitlized and took his wife from him. Took her right in front of him, making her moan and thrash on the bed like a demon possessed woman.

And somehow, after all of that. After all of that embarssement Dan managed to get hard. Staring down at Sarah's sleeping form he almost stroked himself to completetion again. Despite Sarah's words that he usually could only get off once in a night, he had been ready to go again.

Would he have lost it again? Or was he only hard because he was standing there watching? What the fuck was he turning into? And then later at the peephole....

Dan mentally pushed that memory aside, his face burning with shame. He knew the deck was stacked against him. He'd been hard as a rock and unable to sleep and then the noises started.

His nostrils flared as he breathed out hard. Dan opened his eyes and looked around the plane, hoping to see the stewardess pushing the cart so he could get something with alcohol in it. It was still early by most people's standards but Dan still felt like he was riding last night. And he needed things to quiet down.

But the plane was still just there, on the runway waiting for its turn to takeoff. A kid was crying from somewhere behind him and Dan could already feel the annoyed tension from the other passengers.

When he'd woken up this morning, the door to Lester's room was closed. He hadn't been able to see anything from the peephole. It was just darkness on the other side. He'd hoped to have woken up to Sarah in his bed but she spent the night with Lester. Probably tired and exhausted from the marathon sessions his obese roommate had given to her.

Dan had tried to clean the cum from the wall. During the night had just passed out. In the morning he was greeted to the stained white and yellow streaking running down the wall. He'd gotten some of it off but the evidence was there to anyone who looked for it.

Evidence of his shame. Evidence of giving his wife to Lester and enjoying it.

He'd made noise on purpose as he got ready. Between the shower, flushing the toliet, brushing his teeth and closing the door loudly as he got dressed. He'd hoped something would wake Sarah up but his mind buzzed with her being otherwise occupied.

When he couldn't deliberately waste anymore time, Dan found himself in the hallway. The handle of his carry one suitcase held tightly in his had as he stared at Lester's closed door. He wanted to say goodbye. As much as it pained him to leave Sarah alone in the apartment, he needed to go.

Would she even miss him? She couldn't even see him off. Did she even care? He knew these were the thoughts of a weak man. Perhaps a broken man. He knew deep down that the reason was that she was exhausted and had no sense of the time but his brain was throwing every other possiblitiy at him. Intrusive thoughts had become a constant companion to him.

But then she had come out. Not when he was standing there alone in the hallway. When he had one foot out the apartment door and his Uber was just around the corner – she came out. His stunnding wife hurried into the living room with nothing but a formerlly white, now beige bed sheet drapped around her body. The skin of her exposed, naked shoulders sent a shiver down his spine. Her hair was a mess and she looked tired but still radiated that overwhelming natural beauty only a few women possessed.

Before he could even react to her presence, she had closed the distance between them and her lips were on his, kissing him goodbye. The same lips that had been wrapped around Lester's cock the night before as she went wild for it. She had stared up at him with those piercing green eyes and told him not to worry and that she loved him. To have a safe trip and to return to her soon.

His heart felt like it was going to jump out of his chest. He wanted nothing more than to stay there with her. She had come to him. She hadn't forgetten about him. Despite everything she was still his wife and she loved him.

As Dan reluctantly stepped into the hallway, he looked back at Sarah one last time to capture the memory of her. Something to keep him going while he was gone. But then the fat form of Lester slide up behind her and wrapped his arms around her, bis big head with the thinning greasy hair nuzzed into her neck and his wife's lips parted involuntarily.

She gave Dan one last look before her eyes closed as Lester's lips danced across her neck. A soft moan escaped her lips and echoed into the hallway. Dan felt the familiar paralysis spread across his body as Lester groped his wife through the bedsheet. Any other tenant could have heard that moan. Hell, they probably heard all the moans from the previous night. But here they were on full display with the door completely open.

Sarah moaned again and that was when Dan realized that Lester was completely naked. His intimadingly large cock was probably pressing into Sarah's perfect backside. Dan's throat went dry as Sarah's grip on the bedsheet loosed and it inched down, exposing the tops of her heaving breasts. HIs wife moaned again, sounding like she was ready for more of the disgusting man.

And without even looking at Dan, the door closed and he heard the lock click. He knew it had been Lester but part of him whispered traiterous doubts that it had been Sarah. Dan just stood there, alone in the hallway. His mind raced but no coherent thoughts formulated. His body was still, waiting for some kind of command from the brain telling it what it should do in this situation.

He heard shuffling on the otherside of the door and the familiar plooding of Lester's fat feet on the other side, moving away. Dan had taken a stepped towards the door, reaching out towards the knob when his pants vibrated.

He grabbed his phone and read the notification. The Uber waiting to take him to the airport had arrived and was waiting downstairs. Dan tried, desperaetly to push the thoughts of Sarah and Lester out of his mind as he turned and walked towards the eleventor, dragging his carry one behind him.

When they were in the air and the stewadess finally stopped the drink cart at his aisle, Dan ordered a double rye and coke. The stewadess and the women next to him shared a look but Dan pretended not to notice. No one knew what was going through on with him and they had no right to judge him.

He downed his drink and tried to focus on the upcoming days in D.C with his client Sentinel Securities. There was going to be a lot to do and he desperately needed to focus. He needed to nail this and try to expand his business with them. His family needed it. His marriage needed it.

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Lester was awake but he didn't open his eyes. Dan was being obviously loud, like a toddler trying to get the mother's attention. But Sarah was still sound asleep next to Lester in the bed, sleeping softly with her face nuzzeled into his flabby chest.

The night had almost been perfect. Sarah had tried to fullfill her fantasy, not yet fucking understanding that she was past that moronic fantasy of a threesome. Now that she had Lester, she needed to grow up and put these childish fantasies to bed. Maybe she had believe she wanted it, back with she just had Dan and his pathetic cock to satisfy her.

She had known deep down she always needed more, craved more. But now she had him. And Lester should be enough to fullfill all her fantasies.

He felt the anger boil inside of him again. The same anger that rippled across his body when she told him she had fucked Otis in the hospital. His lip twitched as he looked down at Sarah. She was his. Yet for some reason she still was going off the script and doing things on her own. Some idoitic notion that all of this between them was still something for her and Dan. Some vomit inducing fantasy fullfillment. Maybe she was delusional. But she needed to stop.

He couldn't have her doing things behind his back. Not when he went through all this effort to condotion her into his perfect little wanton slut. Not when he was so close to getting his products from the dark web and completing his goal. She was ripe and ready for plucking. That good two shoes wife of yesterday was gone, replaced by a woman molded by Lester's desires. He sure as hell wouldn't let anyone else ruin that.

But he needed to teach them a lesson. If she wanted to fuck around, so be it. He'd force her into something overwhelming. She needed to be punished. Then he would put the final parts of his plan into action.

Lester carefully slid himself out of bed, careful not to disturb Sarah. His naked body rolled off the bed until he pushed himself up into a sitting position. His gut spilling out across his thighs. He itched his hairy ass cheek and looked over his shoulders at the angelic face laying in his bed.

Soon.

Lester stepped defly through the piles of crap all over his floor until he hefted himself down into his command chair. The pistons squealing as his weight settled down into it. He moved the mouse to turn on the computer. It fired up quickly, the fans on the PC tower coming to life.

Lester looked back at Sarah again, making sure she hadn't stirred. She continued to breath sofly, naked covered only by the thin bedsheet. Lester couldn't remember the last time he'd washed it.

He strategically positioned the window on the monitor between himself and Sarah. If she opened her eyes she wouldn't be able to see what he was looking at. He opened World of Warcraft but kept it silent. He could quickly use a keyboard shortcut to minimize the other window so Sarah would never see it. She'd just think he was playing some WoW.

Lester pulled up the camera feeds from last night. He quickly cut and spliced all of the ones from both of their sessions last night. Starting from Sarah in the living room to being on her knees in front of Lester, Dan's soft dick all the way to end of the night.

He cocked his head as he watched Dan stroking himself on screen, staring down at Sarah as she slept. That's creepy. Lester smiled realizing how far he had wormed himself into Dan's head.

He moved onto the next clipping, with Sarah in the middle of the night. He made sure the audio on this one was crisp based on the levels on the screen. He wanted to hear all the things she said to him last night. As the scene played on he saw Dan at the peephole, stroking himself again. So he couldn't get it up for Sarah in the moment but it was easy to stroke it after? Interesting. That'd be something to plant in Sarah's ear, the complete demasculization of her husband in her eyes. She was still trying to fullfill fantasties with him. She needed to view Dan in a completely non-sexual way.

The door from the other side of the wall slammed shut. Lester quickly switched to the live camera feed and saw Dan standing in the hallway, facing Lester's door. He just stood there, staring at it. Lester held his breath, wondering what his roommate was going to do. Had he finally grown his balls back and was about to come in and say something. Sarah stirred behind Lester and he gritted his teeth.

With a few quick mouse movements he quickly closed out the surveillience screens and waited for the door to open. But it never did.

He heard the familiar sound of suitcase wheels rolling away.

"Ugh," Sarah said sitting up with her hand over her face. She held the sheets around her chest., "What time is it?"

Lester snorted and kept his attention on the screen, "Morning."

He eyed the corner of his screen where he knew the surviellence cameras were minimized. World of Warcraft was still in full screen mode but he'd never had someone in his room while those windows were open. She was so very close to knowing the depths of his future control over her. To close to discovering his illicit business practices.

She didn't respond. They both sat in silence as the server fired up and Lester's avatar appeared on screen.

The unmistakeable sound of the front door opening came from behind the door.

“Dan,” Sarah breathed, “Shit, Dan.”

She pulled the bedsheet free and draped it around herself as she rushed out of hte room. Lester kicked himself. He should have had made the bed and tucked that sheet in. And once Dan rolled his suitcase away he should have turned the sound on his computer to muffle out that door opening. He’d wanted Sarah to keep sleeping, to miss her husband’s depature but that man child was slamming doors and making a ruckus.

Oh well. Lester heaved himself up out of his chair and plooded towards the open door. Already this day wasn’t going his way. Sure, Dan was leaving and Sarah was staying but her parents wanted to see her later. Lester didn’t need that distraction. He needed her focused on him. Submitting to him fully.

Lester felt his jowels jiggle as he marched down the hallway, his cock dangling free and proud.

“Don’t worry about me baby,” Sarah said in a low voice from the living room. Lester paused for a at the threshold for a second listening. “I love you. You’re going to do great. I’ll be fine. In a few hours I’ll be with my parents. Get there safe and come back to me soon.”

Disgusting. Lester didn’t wait any longer. It was time for Dan to leave. Lester walked across the living room and slid up behind Sarah, ignoring Dan completely. He knew the open door, the potential exposure to the rest of the building’s residents would already be on her mind. He wrapped his arms around her slim form and nuzzled his unshaven face into her neck.

Lester surpressed a smile as he head a small, unexpected gasp escape Sarah’s lips. He knew Dan was just standing there, watching them. His tongue snaked out of his mouth and lick her neck making her moan, louder this time.

He pushed his naked cock against her bare ass and wedged it between her cheeks. He felt the bedsheet slip from her, just as her control over the situation slipped as well. Her love for Dan fleeting into the background as her lust for Lester took over. It was time.

Lester put one fat hand on the door and pushed it close, elimintating Dan from the equation entirely. He quickly engaged the lock and pushed Sarah flat upagainst the door. Her breasts smashed against it as Lester's gut pressed into her back.

Sarah's ass arched off the door and grinded itself back against Lester's cock. He grunted in her ear, running his hands down her arms until he gripped her hands and pinned them against the door. She moaned and her body shuddered.

Lester pushed Sarah hard into the door, slamming his cock against her. Her pushed her head to the side and squinted looking through the door's peephole. Dan was just standing there, frozen in place with that dumb look on his face. Just like the previous night, Lester had managed to short circuit the idoit's brain. This was too easy. Now it was time for Lester to reap the rewards of his hard work.

Lester backed off Sarah, a soft moan of disappointment whined from her throat. He tugged on her arm, pulling her away from the door. Her other hand still fruitlessly clutched the bedsheet to he chest. Lester's lip snarled and he yanked the bedsheet from her, tearing it away from her body.

Sarah's hands instictvely went up to cover her large, heavy breasts. Lester grabbed her wrists and pulled them apart, revealing her rising and falling breasts to him. He took his time, running his eyes over every inch of them, making sure Sarah knew she belonged to him. He felt the resistance in her arms weakened as the rising and falling of her breasts increased. Her arousal growing as her stared at her.

Lester felt his cock growing. He continued to stare at her breasts until Sarah made a sound.

"Ohh," Sarah softly moaned. Lester smirked and looked up at her. She was staring down at his cock. It's head was poking into her bare thigh.

"See something you like?" Lester asked.

"Jesus," Sarah said, "I haven't even had a coffee yet."

“A slut like you needs cock in the morning to wake her up,” Lester growled dropping her hands and grabbing both sides of her head. He pulled her face towards him and kissed her hard. Her body tensed against him. He could feel it. But she could feel his fat cock pressing hard against her.

“Mhnmmm,” Sarah softly protested the kiss. Lester turned her face to the side and stuck his tongue out. It pryed opened her lips. She squealed as he held her face in place, pushing his tongue past her lips until it emerged into her mouth. As his tongue ran over hers he felt her resolve weaken – her knees bend and her soft hands fall onto his biceps.

Lester’s hands mauled Sarah’s body while his tongue invaded her mouth. He grabbed handfuls of her ass, breasts, anything he could grab. He needed to be unreleting and overwhelm her senses.

With a growl, Lester broke their kiss – happy to see Sarah’s eyes still closed and she was breathing hard.

“Come on,” He grumbled and pulled her back down the hallway towards his lair.

“Lester,” Sarah started as she followed. He held her wrist and pulled her into his bedroom, “I just said goodbye to Dan, I need a second to wake up and check my phone.”

Lester didn’t answer. He pulled her to his desk and sat down with a plop. His naked gut squishing between the arms of his chair. He didn’t let go of her wrist as he stared up at her.

“What you need to do is get on those knees, pucker up those sweet little lips and clean up my cock,” Lester said.

He could see the conflict on Sarah’s face. He knew she loved sucking his cock. Her phone was still out in the living room from last night. She hadn’t checked it. Her parents were supposed to be in the city today.

“On your knees,” Lester said. He pulled her wrist forward until her hand landed on his cock. She took in a deep breath, her eyes glued to his cock as her fingers wrapped around it. A

grin spread across Lester's face as he watched the once proud young wife and mother slowly, sink to her knees in front of him, her eyes never straying from his cock.

He'd trained her well. She knew her place. It was right here. Sarah's knees sank into the filth of Lester's floor, brushing against dirty clothes and other garbage Lester had long forgotten.

"Thats a good girl," Lester chuckled lightly with Sarah kneeling in front of him.

"Time for you to get to work," Lester said as he scooted forward. Sarah shuffled back until her head touched Lester's desk.

"What, what are you doing?" Sarah asked, finally breaking her eyes from Lester's cock to look up at him.

"I'm going to game a little bit," Lester said.

"Really?" Sarah asked as her hand slid up and down his shaft, "Right now?"

"Why shouldn't I enjoy all the things I like at once?" Lester looked down at her, feeling the rolls of fat on his neck push against his chin. He tapped her on the back of the head as he returned to his character on Warcraft.

"Fucking asshole," Sarah said shaking her head. But Lester didn't need to give her any further prompting. The young mother obediently leaned forward and ran her tongue up the length of Lester's shaft. Lester shuddered with delight at the sensation. He'd never had one of his conquests on their knees at his command centre but he quickly decided it should be a permenant fixture.

Sarah's saliva coated his shaft as her hand began stroking him. She used her fist expertly, twisting it as she stroked his large cock up and down. Her warm mouth finally descended onto the head of his cock. She instantly moaned, "Mhmmhmmmm."

Lester patted her on the head, "Good girl."

Sarah moaned in response as she took more of Lester's cock into her mouth. Her tongue ran against the underside of his cock, her mouth so wet and soft.

Lester groaned and tried to focus on the screen in front of him. He pressed some keys and his avatar Darkspire was running across the town to meet with his guildmates. The other guys were all in voicechat on Discord but Lester didn't want to reach out and grab his headphones. Sarah's blonde lockes tickled his thighs as they bobbed up and down with her head.

She was going to town on his cock. Lester surpressed a chuckle, wondering if Dan was still standing out there in like a lost puppy dog in the hallway. Hoping that its master would open the door and let him back into the warm apartment. But Dan better get used to being left out in the cold.

Lester followed his guild mates towards a dungeon. On the chat interface, Ned was asking him why he wasn't on mic. Lester ignored it, not giving a shit what Ned or Eugene or any of the others thought.

"Mhmmmffff," Sarah moaned as she pulled herself free from Lester's cock. She dived back down, lips and tongue on his shaft, one hand pumping him while the other steadied herself on his thigh.

"F-fuck," Sarah moaned at the base of Lester's cock as she rested her head against him. Her hand stroking the shaft above her face. Lester pulled her hair back so he could see her face. Her soft little tongue was darting out, gently and lovingly lapping at the base of his cock.

His matted pubic hair threatened to envelope her angelic face. Lester never got tired of looking at her. Those stunning eyes, that beautiful face lapping at his cock. Worshipping him. She'd fallen so far, now he barely had to apply pressure for her to do whatever he wanted. His cock controlled her, whether she wanted to admit it or not. She wasn't Dan's wife anymore, she wasn't a mother – she was his wanton, eager slut who would do whatever her master desired.

It was exhilerating.

She softly moaned as her tongue continued to dart out and lick the base of his cock, dancing between his dirty pubic hair. Her hand kept pumping his shaft, slick with her saliva and still coated with her dried juices from the night before.

“Mhmmhm,” Sarah moaned softly, getting lost in what she was doing. Lester took his hand off the keyboard and ran it through her hair. She moaned again, enjoying the way he petted her. His fingers dug into the back of her head, pulling her closer to his cock. Her lips pressed against his shaft in a pucker. Soft moans continued to escape her lips as Lester held her head and directed her. He moved her head back and forth making her tongue look like it was licking a popsicle. He pulled her head down to his nutsack and buried her face in it.

Lester wasn’t sure if she’d be able to breath but her moans only grew more desperate. His balls tingled as her moans vibrated from the back of her throat to her lips. Her face was completely covered by his cock and bushy pubic hair. Her tongue continued to lick and slather his nuts as she moaned. It pushed through the matted hair and found the skin of his ballsack, sucking and licking it. Bringing it into her mouth as her hand continued to stroke his shaft, up and down, up and down.

Lester let out a groan and closed his eyes. Sarah was way too good at this. She’d really missed her calling. Soon she’d be unemployed and could do this full time for him. He revelled in the sensation of his balls on Sarah’s tongue, her fist continued to pump his cock, her second hand joining the first.

On screen, the chat was going crazy as Lester’s avatar just stood there. His guild mates being beaten back by a group of high level orcs. Ned was calling for Lester’s help as they tried in vein to defend him. Lester peered at the screen through squinted eyes. He suddenly didn’t give a shit anymore.

With a grunt he sat forward, the weight of his gut pressing down on Sarah’s head. His cock wedged between his gut and her face. He exited out of WoW and and opened his Sarah folder. His heart beat in his chest and he felt a thrill run through his body. Putting her in a position where she was so close to knowing the truth. To discovering the web of lies of deception she was at the center of.

He made sure his computer was muted and sat back. Sarah took in a large deep breath as Lester's gut left her face. She sat up on her knees and looked up at Lester, then down to his cock. She was stroking it with both hands. Sarah licked her lips as she stared down at it.

Behind her the screen showed a scene from months ago. When Sarah timidly walked up to Lester's door in the middle of the night to have sex with him for the first time. It was one of Lester's most played videos, especially because she came to him – stepped into his lair with the intent of sleeping with him. If it was a VHS tape, it would have been well worn out by now.

Lester couldn't help but smirk as Sarah lowered her head back down onto his cock. Her wet mouth enveloping him again. As Sarah sucked his cock, he watched the Sarah on screen being pentrated by him for the first time. Watching, as he had dozens of times as her face contorted in pleasure and pain as he pushed his cock into her pussy. The way her body reacted to him for the first time. The storm raging outside as the first barrier of Sarah's resetiance fell and her retraining could begin.

"Mhmmm fuck, your cock Jesus," Sarah muttered as she took a breath before descending back onto his cock.

"God its just everything," Sarah moaned as she licked up his shaft and twirled her tongue around the head of his cock. She didn't even look up at him, her entire attention was focused on his cock. Lester put his forearms on the arms of his chair and let Sarah worhship is cock as he watched the secret porn of her. Watched as under false circumstances she finally gave into him, changing her life forever. Knowing what his cock felt like inside of her.

Sarah moaned around his cock as the Sarah on screen's mouth opened, wailing as she came. Lester licked his lips watching his favorite conquest on screen as the future her knelt before him, taking his cock into the back of her throat.

She hummed around his cock. He felt it, the moment the head of his cock disapepared into her throat. The reflexive gag that Sarah had learned to push past. She'd become a pro at cock sucking. Her head bobbed up and down on his fat cock as he hands worked his shaft. It was glorious, watching her secret porn tape, unknowingly performing for him while she stroked and sucked his cock. One of her hands dropped down and began softly messaging his balls.

The Sarah kneeling before him had her eyes closed, focused on his cock. Lester wanted to take her, throw her on the bed and make her watch herself get fucked on screen while he slid into her from behind. He wanted her to see all the vile videos he had secretly collected since her husband moved in.

But not yet. No, he needed her aching for it. To make sure she didn't go back with her parents tonight. That she was so worked up she was desperate for him.

Lester balled Sarah's hair into a fist and thrust his cock up. It hit the back of her throat. Sarah squeezed Lester's cock reflexively as she steadied herself. Lester didn't give her a second to composure herself. With her hair gripped in his hand, he tugged it up then pushed her head back down onto his cock.

"Ummffff," Sarah sputtered around his cock but Lester didn't let up. He used her mouth as a fuck hole. He thrust up as he pulled her head down. Sarah's hands left his shaft and went to his thigh, bracing herself, trying to slow his pace. But Lester didn't relent. He grabbed her head and brough it up and down his cock.

Sarah grabbed onto Lester's shaft with one hand, squeezing it tight. Lester slammed her mouth down again, this time it hit her hand. She was trying to control the pace by putting a roadblock in Lester's way. He held her hair tight with one hand, and with the other grabbed her wrist and turned it, making her wince and realease his cock.

Lester held her wrist to the side while he held her hair in a pony tail and fucked her face again. Sarah kept moaning and her throat noises filled the room.

"Glllluck. Gllaack, Glllaaack," the saliva in the back of Sarah's throat splashed against Lester's cock as he fucked her mouth.

"I'm gonna cum right down your throat," Lester grunted, lifting his sweaty, hairy ass off his chair. His skin stuck to the leather seat before peeling away as he shoved his cock into Sarah's pretty mouth.

On screen, Sarah was in the throes of ecasty, cumming all over Lester's cock again. Lester watched as the damn of resistance broke inside of her. He held Sarah's head and hair in a death grip as he fucked the young mother's pretty little mouth. Spit and saliva ran uncontrollably out of Sarah's mouth, dripping down Lester's shaft and covering her hand

Lester heaved his body up into a standing position. His fat gut pressing into Sarah's forehead, forcing her to change positions. Sarah didn't miss a beat. Her hand still pumped Lester's shaft as best she could while he held her hair into a ponytail and fucked her mouth. His entire length of his cock disapepared between her sweet lips and down the back of her throat. She was having difficulty breathing but he could hear the sharp intakes of breath through her nose when he pulled his cock back.

She was too busy with her mouth and throat full of Lester's cock that she couldn't see the monitor behind her. The way the Sarah on the screen's body tensed and gripped Lester hard as he continued to fuck her and bring her yet another orgasm.

Lester let go of Sarah's hair and grabbed her other wrist, pulling her stroking hand off his cock. He held both of them in his hands as his hips continued thrusting forward into Sarah's waiting mouth. Without the grip on the back of her head, she had more control. He couldn't slam his cock into her mouth like before but it didn't stop the young mother from taking almost his entire length into her mouth and just down the back of her throat.

He roughly pinned her wristed over her head, against the desk with one hand. She whimpered as he used his weight to pin them there. Her blonde hair flowed back and forth over her shoulders as her head bobbed. Sarah's hands were just inches away from the computer. Inches away from the unmute button on the keyboard that would fill the room with the sounds of her experiencing orgasmic bliss.

Sarah kept bobbing her head forward onto his cock. She had to back up and reposition herself but now her head was between the edge of the desk and Lester's hefty gut. Lester groaned as his massive hips bucked back and forward again, sliding his cock in and out of Sarah's waiting mouth.

She tried to stop. To talk to him. To take back control of what was happening but Lester wasn't interested. Not this time. He was too far past that point. He needed to cum. He wanted to blow his load and fill her stomach. And she was going to take all of it.

He held her wrists firmly against the desk with one hand. The other grabbed the back of her head as he stood there. He roughly grabbed her hair and balled it into a fist and force fed her his cock.

He grinned as he felt the head of his cock push down into her throat. Sarah tried to twist her shoulders, to free herself from his grip on her wrists but it was useless. Lester held her in place as he fucked her mouth like a cheap common slut.

“Mhmhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned around his cock. She liked it rough like this, Lester knew that. She loved aggression.

“Fuck Sarah,” Lester chuckled, “I have so much pent up cum ready for you. I’m going to flood your throat with it.”

“Ughmphmm,” Sarah continued to moan as she struggled to breathe. Lester couldn’t help but smirk as he stared down. He rammed his cock into her mouth and down her throat making her gag. Tears welled in the corners of her eyes. Lester’s face felt beet red as his hairy balls slammed against her chin over and over.

“Mhmhmhmmm,” Sarah moaned followed my the wet squelching sounds of her deep throating Lester’s fat cock. He was still impressed she managed to take so much of him into her.

“Look at me,” Lester barked down at Sarah.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him. He pushed thrust his cock forward, causing her eyes to shut involuntarily for a split second but she obediently opened them up again. He could feel his jowels pressing against his jaw. He knew she didn’t have the best view of him but he didn’t care. All he wanted was those sexy eyes, staring up at him beginning for me.

“Do you want it? Do you want my cum Sarah? I can’t wait any longer. You’re going to get it all.” Lester murmuered.

“Mhmm-hmmhmmm,” Sarah said from around his cock. That’s all Lester needed to hear to be sent over the edge.

Lester’s balls tightened.

“Get ready,” Lester gritted his yellow teeth. His grip tigthened on Sarah’s wrists and knotted her hair. Sarah yelped around his cock as he pulled her hair tight.

“Fucking take it Sarah,” Lester bellowed as his balls released his pent up cum. It rushed down his expanding, throbbing cock sending a shiver up his spin. Lester licked his lips and looked down at Sarah’s whose eyes were closed tight, bracing for it. His cock swelled as he ramemd it into the back of Sarah’s throat and the first blast of hot, sticky cum blasted out of his cock. Sarah somehow gulped, even with Lester’s cock embedded in her throat – taking his load into her.

Lester’s cock didn’t let up. It spurted load after load of his hot sticky cum deep into Sarah’s stomach. Sarah struggled against Lester’s grip on her wrists, wanting to be free. Lester didn’t relent. He held her firm and in place, pinned to the desk as he buried his cock into her throat and unleashed the torrent of cum from his balls.

“Ugh,” Lester wheezed, half bent over as the last ropes of cum dribbled out of his cock. His fat gut was sitting on Sarah’s face, obscuring her. He let go of her wrists and pushed off the desk to stand up right. Then he collapsed back in his chair, dragging his cock out of Sarah’s mouth.

She took a deep breath and started coughing, her throat lined with his sticky substance. As her coughing fit subsized she held her hand to her throat and gave Lester an annoyed look, “What the hell Lester?”

Lester’s fat legs spun him side to side in the chair. He had an amused smirk on his face, “Shut up, I know you liked that.”

Sarah just sighed and stood up on unsteady feet, “I’m going to go shower. I need to get ready to meet my parents.”

She didn't even bother getting dressed. Her hair was a mess and you skin coated with dried sweat and other bodily fluids from the night before. Sarah turned to leave the room, giving Lester a great look at her naked ass, causing him to stare and hold his breath for a split second. It was fucking perfect.

As Sarah got to the door, Lester said, "Want a coffee?"

She looked back at him with tired eyes. Despite that, the framing of her naked body in the doorway could have been on the cover of penthouse.

"Sure. That would be nice Lester," Sarah disappeared from sight and a few moments later he heard the shower start. An idea formed in his head. Perhaps a regression to simplier times but was the cleanest solution to achieve his goal today.

He went to the peephole in his closet to make sure Sarah was truly in the shower. He closed one eye as he watched Sarah just standing there, naked, letting the warm water hit her body. Satifised that he had a small window of opportunity, Lester left the closet and opened the locked drawer in his desk.

The drawer was filled with his most prized possessions. Rows of harddrives, each meticlously labelled with a different woman's name. There was even a few VHS tapes from when he was younger. It had been sometime since he had watched those. Most of them were filled with his amateur filming of voyeuristic opportunities but there were a couple of gems in there.

It was a mistake to horde all of this in his room. If he ever made a mistake, these files could put him away for a long time. That is why he didn't make mistakes. Lester reached into the back of the drawer. He ran his fingers along several small tincture bottles. He settled on one and pulled it out. He held it up to the light and saw it was still half full. More than enough.

He tighted his grip around the bottle, closed and locked the drawer and plodded to the kitchen. He quickly made Sarah a coffee with the Kreuig. He knew from his notes she only took it with a bit of milk, which he added. Lester untwisted the top of the bottle and used the attached dropped to withdraw one miliileter of the liquid within.

He put it into Sarah's coffee and stirred it around with a spoon. The heat of the coffee wouldn't break the liquid down. It was completely tastless. The milk should cover texture issues. Lester put the bottle back into his locked drawer before joining Sarah in the bathroom.

She opened the shower to look at him. He just smiled back and put the coffee down on the counter and let her enjoy the rest of her shower.

Back in front of his command centre, he dimissed the discord notifications of Ned and the others asking what he was doing or if he was okay. He'd have to answer eventually or mother hen Ned would be at his door. But for now, he pulled up the camera feeds and watched Sarah finish her shower. As she dried herself off, she took her first sip of the coffee. Lester started a timer on his phone and waited.

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"Have you seen my clothes?" Sarah asked as she peered aroudn Lester's room. She was wearing just a white towel, her naked shoulders and legs on full display.

Lester didn't even look up from his computer, "Nope."

Sarah sighed and rolled her eyes at him. He could be such a dick for no reason sometimes. She still had trouble reading him when he was like this. There were times when she geniuelly felt affection for him in some kind of fucked up way. But not right now. It's like he got what he wanted and was more interested in his computer games than her. At least he made her that coffee though, that was nice.

Sarah stepped further into the room, eyes scanning the floor looking for her bra and panties from the night before. She blinked, forcing her eyes open. They were feeling so heavy. The shower was supposed to have helped wake her up. Her late session with Lester and the middle of the night one meant she hadn't gotten much sleep.

She continued battling against her eyelids as she neared Lester's bed. Her bra and panties seemed like a distant thought. They were here, somewhere in the mess that was Lester's floor. Maybe she did need just a bit more sleep.

With a quiet yawn she let the towel drop to the floor and laid down in Lester bed. She pulled the covers over herself and wanted to tell Lester to only let her sleep for another hour but the words never left her lips as she drifted off to sleep.

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The screen read 'Unlocked by Face.'

He was surprised that worked while she was sleeping. Lester stared down at Sarah's sleeping form before turning his attention to her phone in his hand. It was kind of funny he hadn't done this before now.

There were a few missed messages from Sarah's parents, checking in and asking to meet her. He didn't opened the messaging app but read the notifications without dismissing them. The next thing he did was silence all calls and notifications before opening her gallery and flipping through her latest photos. He frowned at all the pictures of her children doing idoitic things. He'd been hoping for something a little more racy.

He could go through her phone, app by app and see what he could exploit. Look through all of her emails and messages – but that seemed like such a waste of his time. Besides, he was already setting his snare he doubted there would be much on the phone that he could leverage beyond what he was already planning.

Still, being thorough had paid off for him in the past. He plopped back down at his command centre and quickly found a phone cloning utility tool and downloaded it. He plugged her phone in and within minutes downloaded the entire contents of the device. It wasn't perfect by any means but every photo, file and message on it were now his. He'd search through them later.

Lester tossed the phone on the bed and turned back to the bag of Cheetos next to him as he fired up Steam and found something to play.

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“Uhhmhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned. Her head was still groggy as he turned from side to side. All she knew was that she was feeling good. Really good. Her hands ran over the soft sheets and she balled them up in her fists. Her back arched off the bed, her naked breasts exposed to the room. He hips rose to meet something wet, her thights were clamped around what felt like a watermelon.

Something growled from between her legs, vibrating her clit.

“Mhmmmfucck,” Sarah groaned forcing her head up and her eyes open. She was in Lester’s room. A familiar, fat bulbous head was nested between her long toned legs. The greasy, thinning hair looking out of place between the smooth skin of her legs.

Ughhhfucck Lester?” Sarah dropped her head to the pillow and put her hand on the back of his hand. His hair felt slick with grease but she ran her fingers through it anyways – her nails digging into his scalp.

“Mhmmm-hmmm?” His lips vibrated against her clit.

“Uhgod,” Sarah moaned, “Whats…ah…time….isit? Fuckkk.”

She felt his shoulders shrug against her thighs. She felt around for her phone but it wasn’t anywhere nearby. If it was late her parents would have called already. She let herself relax as Lester’s fat tongue swirled inside of her. She didn’t know how long he had been down there but she already felt so fucking wet.

So fucking wet.

Lester’s tongue did a slow twirl inside of her, grazing all of her walls. One of her legs kicked up at the sensation. His fat tongue felt so large inside of her. She surpressed a soft moan.

His thumb found her clit and began gently massaging it as his the entire length of his tongue plunged into her.

“Ugh fuck,” Sarah groaned again, “Jesus Lester. I’m so fucking wet.”

“Mhm-Hmm,” Lester nodded his head as the vibrations from his lips made her groan again.

Lester lapped at Sarah’s pussy. His fat tongue pushing deeper and deeper into her. Her body roiling on the bed as he expertly flicked his tongue up over her G-Spot. Again and Again. His thumb gently caressesing her clit, drawing circles on it.

Lester stopped twirling his tongue inside of her. He slowly licked around her pussy lips before shoving his entire tongue inside of her. Sarah gasped. Lester withdrew his tongue and then pushed it back in. Out and In. Out and in. He was fucking her with his tongue.

“Oh fuck Lester,” Sarah moaned, “I need you. I need your cock inside of me. Please. Please. Just fuck me.”

“Nnnn-uhhhh,” Lester grunted from between her thighs. Sarah needed him inside of her. She needed to feel that big cock stretch her out. Touch her in places only he could reach. She wanted her body connected to his. To feel him inside of her.

“Please,” Sarah whined, “Lester please fuck me.”

Lester just shook his head and sunk his forearms into the bed, planting himself between her legs. His tongue darting in and out of her, fucking her at rapid speed.

Sarah dug her nails into the back of her head. Her other hand pulling the sheets free from the bed. She was loving every second of it but this was all just a tease. She needed his cock. She needed him inside of her.

“Lester,” Sarah whined, “Give it to me. I need your cock. Fuck me!”

His fat head just shook between her thighs. His thumb increasnig the pace of the circles it was drawing on her clit. His fat tongue pushed deep into her and flicked up, dragging itself across the top of her pussy.

Sarah shuddered. She was going to cum. It had come out of no where.

“Ohhhgodfuckk Lester,” Sarah shouted, “Don’t stop I’m…I’m….”

Lester’s tongue darted in and out of her at rapid speed. His tongue swirling as it bottomed out and dragged back across the roof of her pussy, her G-Spot throbbing as his rough tongue passed over it.

Her thighs clamped down around Lester’s watermelon shapped head. Her nails dug into the bed and into the back of his head as she pulled him against her pussy. His tongue and finger never stopped moving, stimulating, pleasing her.

“FFFFFFFFFFuuuuccccccckkkkk,” Sarah threw her head back and arched her back off the bed. Her naked breasts thrusting up towards the ceiling. Her body shuddered and she gritted her teeth, holding her breath as her orgasm ripped through her like a wildfire. But everything this fire touched burned with an intense, deep, pounding pleasure like a shot fo cocaine right to her brain. Everything was warm. So fucking hot. She could feel the heat burning within her, scorching her body, threatening to consume all of her.

“Mhmmuhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as Lester’s tongue continued to push deep inside of her. Even with her pussy cleneching around it, it still managed to slither into her. Like a worm or some kind of parasite. But jesus christ it felt amazing.

Sarah’s legs involuntary kicked out as she came. Lester’s tongue slowed but he still gave her powerful licks. Her orgam was slowly disaparting, her body still warm and extra senstive to the touch.

Sarah whined as Lester pulled his tongue out of her. He whipped his mouth on the back of his forearm and knelt in front of her. Sarah pushed her hips up in search of his cock. He held it in ond hand and stroked it.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah whined, hips moving on the bed, desperate for his cock. “Fuck me baby.”

Lester just stared at her, stroking his cock. He moved away from her and got off the bed.

“Please,” Sarah said. Lester didn’t say a word. He moved close to her face as he stood next to her. Sarah stuck out her tongue to take him into her mouth but Lester didn’t lean forward. She looked up at him confused and saw an angry, intense lust filled gaze on his face. She couldn’t read it. The only thing she could make out was that he was going to do whatever he wanted to her. She bit her lip and ran her thights against each other.

“Close yours eyes and take it,” Lester said.

Sarah did as Lester commanded. The last thing Sarah saw before she did was his balls pull up and the slit on the end of his ugly cock expand. Sarah licked her lips in anticipation. She didn’t have to wait long.

Warm, hot, sitcky, gluey cum blasted onto her face. The first rope landed across the brdige of her nose, clamping one of her eyes shut. Another hit her cheek. There her chin. She licked her lips as Lester’s cum ran across her face. She lasted his bitter, satly load and swalloed it before licking up more.

She couldn’t help herself. Her hands ran across her face, dripping with his cum as more and more cum landed on her, covering her face.

“Massage it in, lick it clean,” Lester growled from beside her.

Sarah barely heard him. Her hands ran over her face. Lester’s wam cum felt so fucking good on her skin. She still needed his cock inside of her. Her fingers tips massaged the cum into the pores of her face. But there was so much of it. Her fingers dragged more of his illicit

cum into her mouth. Sarah licked her fingers clean and went back for more. Cum ran down her face, onto her neck. She ran her hands over it, not wanting to waste a single drop ot it.

Her thighs pressed together tighy, her pussy burning with desire. She still needed for Lester's cock.

"Fuck Lester how much cum do you have in those balls," Sarah said as she reached out trying to find Lester's cock. Her eyelids was still caked shut from his cum. She couldn't find his cock. Something landed beside her, hitting the bed. She reached for it, her hands finding a kleenex box. She pulled one out and wiped her eyes clean of Lester's cum.

When she opened her eyes and looked around the room, she saw her phone just out of reach near the foot of the bed. Lester was back in his computer chair, still naked his fat girthy stomach sitting on his thighs.

"You know, you really shouldn't sit so much Lester. Sitting is the new smoking," Sarah said as she reached out for her phone.

"What else am I supposed to do?" Lester said without turning to look at her. She hated when he did that. Like he was so dismissive of her. Like what had just happened meant nothing to him.

"I just think that you need to take care of yourself a bit more. Maybe get up and go for a walk…SHIT," Sarah panicked as she saw the time on her phone. She unlocked it and there were several missed calls and messages from her parents and Dan.

"Why didn't you tell me my phone went off!?" Sarah said jumping out of bed clutching her phone. She looked frantically through the room for her bra and panties but couldn't find anything in the mess.

"I'm not your babysitter," Lester scoffed without turning to look at her, "And I didn't hear it."

Sarah checked her settings and everything was muted. Fuck.

It was almost dinner time. How the hell had she slept all day? She handn't been that tired in the shower. She needed to get ready. The last message from her parents said they would be there to pick her up shortly.

Crap. Crap. Crap. She sent back a quick message apolgoizing and that she would meet them downstairs. Sarah rushed into Dan's bedroom and threw open her suitcase to find something to wear.

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The knock at the door seemeed to startled Sarah as she finished applying her makeup. Lester watched from the monitor as she cursed under her breath and stood up looking over herself in the mirror.

Once Sarah realized how late it was, she had completely forgotten about him and hurried to get ready. So Lester did the same. He'd looked through his closet earlier for something nice to put on to meet Sarah's parents. There was a whole section of the closet full of clothes he had purchased to soften up his image for Sarah. Back before he'd stop giving a shit. He realized he didn't need to play dress up for her, she liked him how he was. Otherwise she wouldn't keep spreading her legs for him.

Still, sat at his command centre in his unworn dark blue jeans with a crisp white polo. He kept it untucked so he didn't emphasize his gut or show off the belt holding his pants up. He put on a watch and sprayed a bit of colgone on. He watched the monitor as Sarah nervously opened the door.

As always she looked incredible, wearing a tight hip hugging black dress with a tastful v-neck that said 'I'm sophiscated and sexy but not a slut.' The dress ran tightly down her arms to her mid-forearm and the skirt went down to her her knees.

She smiled at her parents who were waiting on the other side of the door. Lester felt his cock twitch as Sarah hugged her mother, pressing her cheek next to her mom's face. In her haste, she hadn't washed her face. Lester's cum was still embedded the pores that just brushed against her mother.

“Huh,” Lester muttered as he took in Sarah’s mom. For a woman in her late fifties or early sixties she was well put together. She looked more like Sarah’s older sister. Her loose white shirt and tight jeans did little to hide the curves of her body. It was very evident where Sarah had gained her perfect propotions from. Her blonde hair was just as striking as Sarah’s.

“My, my, my…” Lester licked his lips. This was an unexpected development. Sarah greeted her father but Lester’s eyes never left the mother. Lester had always been attracted to younger women but here was a specimen he wouldn’t mind sampling.

He tore his eyes aware from the screen and hefted himself out of his chair. He didn’t want to miss his window of opportunity. He plodded out of his room and revelled in the wide eyes staring in his direction as he entered the living room.

“Hello,” Lester his practice smile on his face as he walked across the floor with his hand extended. He shook Sarah’s father’s hand.

“Lester, Dan’s roommate,” Lester said.

“James,” Sarah’s father said with a smile, “And this is my wife Renee.”

“Wife?” Lester’s smiled widened as she shook Sarah’s mom’s hand. “I though you were the sister.”

“Oh,” Renee wagged a finger at him, “You’re good.”

She turned to Sarah, “You didn’t tell us Dan’s roommate was such a charmer.”

“Actually you haven’t told us much about him at all,” James said looking between Sarah and Lester.

“Oh well, Lester is usually quite busy with work so we don’t see a lot of him,” Sarah said. She was giving Lester a confused, pleading looking. She clearly hadn’t expected him to come out and talk to her parents.

“She’s right,” Lester said holding up his hands, “I’m usually not home. My clients are pretty demanding. I actually just got off a long call right now and was going to step out and see if I could grab dinner somewhere.”

“That’s what we’re doing,” Renee said with a smile. She looked at Sarah and her husband before turning her attention back to Lester.

“You should join us. We have a table for four but Dan had to leave for work,” Renee said in that insincece way. The way that people just do to be polite in social situation. The expectation was that you would polietely decline and they weren’t feel bad about not inviting you. A perfect opening for some social engineering.

“I heard, thats awful. On a weekend no less.” Lester smiled, “Are you sure? I wouldn’t want to impose.”

“No, not at all,” Renee said, the smile on her face momentariy falted before she turned to her daugher., “Right Sarah?”

“Yeah,” Sarah said flately giving Lester a sharp look, “Why not.”

“Great. Where are we going?” Lester said clasping his hands. He pretended not to notice the like of annoyance that passed between James and Renee or the glare from Sarah.

The drive to the Italian restaurant didn’t take long. It was just on the other side of the city. James drove them and he insisted on Lester riding in the passenger seat. Lester had hoped to get Sarah alone in the backseat but he was already pressing his luck, forcing his way into their dinner plans. There was a little small talk in the car but it was clear Sarah’s father was annoyed by Lester’s presence. Sarah and her mom spoke quietly in the backseat.

The restaurant was dimly lit inside. The ceiling were low and candles on tables provided the most illumintation. Sarah's mom had wanted to try this place for months. It had a reputation for great food and a romantic ambience. The hostess sat them at a half circle booth tucked back in the corner. Lester was last in, sitting in Dan's place next to Sarah.

They all sat in silence as they looked over the menu. Lester pretended to be reviewing the entrees while his hand crept to Sarah's knee. She quickly batted it away under the tablecloth.

"What's so funny Lester?" James eyes peered over his menu. Lester had been amused by Sarah's rejection given what he planned for her later that evening. The additional discerning eyes of Sarah's parents were a variable he would need to quickly adapt to.

"Ah, its nothing," Lester said meeting the man's eye. He pointed to a the linguini alfredo on the menu, "Just the last time Dan and I got take out from an italian place. He got the linguini alfredo. It didn't sit right with him. He was in the bathroom all night."

"Well, thats quite the image," Renee muttered as she took a large sip of wine while keeping her eyes on the menu. Lester couldn't help but widen his smile as the woman drank. A similiar reaction to how Sarah coped with uncomfortable situations. Even at her age, Sarah's mom was quite the specimen. Her face had some minor wrinkles around the eyes but otherwise still looked youthful. Not a strand of grey hair and her body was still nice and tight. That white blouse really hung to her big breasts, it was clear where Sarah had gotten her proporations from.

Lester felt James glare as he looked over his wife. Maybe he was being to obvious about it but sometimes he lost himself drinking in a woman's shape. Besides, since Dan and Sarah, Lester had learned that he really, really enjoyed taking women from another man. It was his primal nature to conquer. He wouldn't apologize for that. Without looking at James, Lester innocently returned his eyes to the menu to select his dinner.

After the waiter had taken their orders, Lester ordered a bottle of wine for the table, earning him another glare from James. Sarah just shook her head.

"So tell me, Lester. What is it you do for a living?" James held the bottom of his glass of beer on the table.

“I work in IT,” Lester said, mirriong James but holding his plastic cup of Coke.

James sighed, “What exactly in IT. It’s a broad field.”

“My Dad used to be a management consultant Lester,” Sarah chimed in next to him, “He knows his stuff pretty well.”

“Used to be? I assume you’re retired now?” Lester said letting it hang there. The implication of James being old. Clearly he was young enough that he could still be working.

James scoffed and gave Sarah a look before taking a drink of his beer. “Not retired, no. I still work and keep busy. But back to you. What field of IT do you work in?”

“Pentration,” Lester said without elaborating.

Renee coughed on her wine, her eyes going wide.

“What he means,” Sarah interjected, “Is doing things like pentration testing of a company’s network. He does IT security. Making sure that bad actors can’t get into and explot computer system.”

“That’s what I meant” Lester said. Sarah gave him a sharp look.

“Thats important work,” James said, “It must be hard. Keeping up with all the new changes in the field. Especially the emerging threat of AI and how that will impact thing.”

“It’s always hard,” Lester said putting his hand back on Sarah’s thigh and squeezing it beneath the table. “We’ll see how AI impacts it. The only thing we can do is to keep up with what the latest the industry and try to safely adapt it to our systems.”

“Aren’t you worried about some new artifical intelligence that can exploit your networks without you noticing?” James asked. “It seems like everyone is worried about the potential of AI.”

“Sure, I can see that. But at the sametime, we’ll probably have our own AI by that point that can monitor our network for attacks.” Lester said trailing off. AI was something he hadn’t played with too much. But the idea of training his own AI model on his hacking and network exploits could be an interesting tool that woudl allow him to scale up the number of companies he went after. There were other possiblities he would need to ruminate over when it came to AI and his true passion.

“AI is just the latest in a constate stream of new innovations,” Lester waved his hand, tiring of James line of questioning. “We’ll figure out the best way to use it as a tool and move on to the next thing. I’d be more worried about those in consulting roles. When the AI have the entire knowledge of the internet at their disposal there won’t be much need for consultants. Companies can just ask AI for the answers they need.”

“Huh,” James said contemplatively.

“What about you Renee?” Lester turned his predatory gaze to Sarah’s mother. “What do you do?”

“I teach the first grade,” Renee said with a warm smile. “I know its not as glamerous as James’ job or even yours or Sarah’s but I just love seeing their little faces and –”

Lester wasn’t listening. A schoolteacher. Lester’s cock stirred awake and his hand subtely trailed up Sarah’s bare thigh. She softly held his hand under the table stopping his advance. He’d never had a school teacher before. There was some, immature, juvenille part of him that needed to claim one.

Renee was still talking. Lester took a long drink of his coke, his hands trying to push past Sarah’s grip on them. She shot him a look that her parents seemed to miss. A warning. Who cared. She was his to do what he wanted with.

Her hand tried to pry his fingers off but he dug them into her thigh.

“It’s too bad Dan isn’t here,” Renee said, snapping Lester back to the conversation. “I don’t like how much his work makes him travel so much. Its not fair to do that to someone with a family.”

“It’s part of the job,” James said, “When you have clients around the country you have to take care of them.”

“Well he has a family to take care of too,” Renee added.

“We’re doing fine mom,” Sarah chimed in, her hand still tight on Lester’s fingers.

The waiter came by, carrying plates of food. He put plates of pasta down in front of Sarah and Renee first and another server behind him brough James and Lester’s food.

“I know dear,” Renee said, “It’s just. I know how hard its been. With him in Chicago and all. All I’m saying is he needs to get his priorities straight.”

“Thats what he is doing mom,” Sarah said.

“He’s doing what he needs to do to put food on the table,” James said.

“Yeah,” Lester said with a moutful of spagetti, “He works so hard. Always working. Nothing can stop the guy. Look at him now, even though he just got laid off again he’s still burying himself in work with one of his clients.”

“What?” James said putting his fork down on the plate. “Laid off, again?”

Sarah shot Lester a pissed off look.

“Sarah?” Renee said, “Dan got laid off again?”

“It’s not like that mom,” Sarah said tearing her eyes from Lester, “His company lost a few big clients and they had to reduce staff.”

“That’s twice in just a short time Sarah,” James said sitting back in the booth. “Are you sure its not just a Dan problem?”

“No,” Sarah said, “No, its not. He’s great at what he does. That’s why he has all these clients wanting to work with him. Its just how his last company was run. Dad you’ve always said Dan should go off on his own and now he’s doing that.”

“Still,” James said, “When you have a wife and kids at home. Thats risky to just bet everything on it.”

“I don’t know Sarah. I don’t like it. Maybe Dan should do something else. I might be able to get him into the schoolboard. In administration. They have to build and update schools sometimes.” Renee added.

Lester just sat there. Splurping his pasta, minding his own business as Sarah and her parents argued about what was best for her famiy’s future and talked at length about Dan’s short comings.

“Can we just eat?” Sarah finally said.

“Alright. Alright,” James said, “But we aren’t done with this conversation. When Dan gets back I’m going to talk to him about all of this.”

“Okay Dad,” Sarah sighed. James and Renee started eating their pasta. Renee’s wine was in need of a refill. Lester continued to absently slurp his pasta.

“Is everything okay dear?” Renee asked looking at Sarah.

“Yeah mom, everything is fine,” Sarah said.

“Then why aren’t you eating?” Renee asked.

Sarah’s right hand was firmly in place, holding Lester’s left hand from progressing up her thigh.

“Are you feeling okay?” James asked his daughter.

“I’m fine Dad,” Sarah said.

James’ eyes widened, “Look I know we came on a little strong about Dan’s situation but we’re just worried about you and the kids.”

“I said I was fine Dad, don’t worry about it,” Sarah said.

“Then let’s eat,” James said holding his fork up waiting for Sarah to dig into her food. She dug her nails into the back of Lester’s hand and then, reluctantly let go of his hand and grabbed her fork.

Lester didn’t waste any time. His fingertips began drawing light circles on Sarah’s inner thigh. He was a great multitasker. Slurping his spagetti with one hand, while the other fondeled Sarah in front of her parents. He saw Renee and James exchange a look, clearing about the way he was sloppily eating.

Sarah pretended nothing was wrong and began neatly twirlling her fork into her pasta the same way her parents did. He face went deadly still as Lester inched his hand up her thigh, under the hem of her dress.

“Are you sure everything is okay dear?” Renee asked Sarah.

“Yes mom,” Sarah said quickly, “Everything is fine.”

“You know,” James said as Lester’s fingers found Sarah’s panty covered pussy. His index and middle finger began tracing up and down her slit. “When you’re mom says she is fine,” James continued, “She never really is.”

Sarah sighed but Lester could hear the subtle, almost impossible to hear whine of desire in her throat.

“Dad, everything is good.” Sarah finally said, shovelling another forkfull of pasta in her mouth like a period on a sentance. She clearly wanted the conversation to move on and for Lester to stop what he was going.

Lester wasn’t going to miss an opportunity like this. He’s never been on a double date before. Much less one with the in laws. With this two fingers he pulled Sarah’s panties to the side and ran his middle finger up her naked slit, quickly finding her clit.

Sarah closed her eyes and let out a long breath.

“Dear, you can talk to us,” Renee said. “I know its hard. You’re basically a single parent these past few months. And there’s other factors at play too.”

“What other factors? James said looking at his wife.

Lester’s finger played with Sarah’s clit. It was an awkward angle for Lester but he was determined to make it work. His fat finger held her pussy lips open as he continued to massage one of Sarah’s most sensitive spots.

“Intimacy,” Renee said in a hushed voice to her husband who just rolled his eyes and went back to eating his pasta.

“I know it’s not really something we’ve ever talked about,” Renee put down her fork, “But its really important for a healthly relationship.”

“Mom. Please. Don’t,” Sarah said staring down at her plate. Lester pushed one finger inside of Sarah, making her bit her lip.

Renee nuged her husband and gestured to Sarah. From their perspective it looked like Renee had hit on a sensitive topic. Lester curled his finger into Sarah Sarah running against the inside roof of her pussy. She was trying to keep her breathing under control. Lester pretended to be completely oblivious to their conversation, opting to look like he was focusing entirely on his plate of food.

He slurped up a noodle while he moved his hand back and forth inside Sarah’s panties. His palm running over her clit while his fingertip pulled across her G-Spot. Sarah’s thighs clamped down around his hand, trying to stop him from touching her further. But his finger was already inside of her. There was no stopping him. No denying him.

“Renne. I don’t want to talk about this. Especially while we are eating,” James said.

“I know you don’t,” Renee said, “But look at her. She’s obviously having a hard time right now. Dan lives in a different city and then when they are together he just leaves her for a business trip?”

With a shaky hand, Sarah drank her wine, “It’s a wonder she hasn’t found a paramour.”

Sarah coughed on her wine and spit some back into the glass.

“Okay, thats enough. Lets just leave her alone. You can talk to her about this later. Not at dinner.” James said emphazizing the last sentance and gesturing towards Lester.

“Oh, right,” Renee gave Sarah an apologetic smile. Sarah twirled pasta onto her fork. As she raised it to her mouth, Lester stuck a second finger into her. Sarah surpressed a moan and just stared down at her plate while she chewed her food. Lester’s fingers slide in and out of Sarah as far as they could as she tried to immobolize him with her clenched thighs.

Both fingertips pushed and dragged across her G-Spot. Sarah was subtely shaking, trying to hold herself back from exploding at the table. Her breasts were rising and falling as she breathed hard, no longer concerned with the pasta on her plate.

“Sarah,” Renee said again, “Are you sure your okay?”

“I’m fine,” Sarah said.

“What happned to your wrists Sarah? They are all bruised up.” Renee said noticing the bruises from Lester pinning her to the desk earlier in the day.

“It’s nothing,” Sarah breathed.

Renee and James exchanged a concerned look. James put his hand on Sarah’s shoulder, “You sure honey?”

“Just,” Sarah breathed pushing his hand off her shoudler, “Don’t touch me rigth now. I’m okay.”

“Actually,” Sarah said looking at Lester, “I need to use the washroom. Could you move please.”

Lester gave her a levelled look of annoyance and relucantly pulled his fingers from her before getting out the booth. Sarah slide across and got out.

“I need to use the ladies’ room too,” Renee said, following behind Sarah as they disappered into the back of the restaurant.

James stared after them as Lester sat back down. He took the two fingers that had been inside of Sarah and sucked off her juices. James looked at him in disgust. Lester indicated to the sauce on his plate.

“What? It’s delicious,” Lester chuckled to himself.

James crossed his arms and stared at the ceiling, shaking his head.

When the women returned to the table, Renee politely asked the waiter for takeout boxes to put their food in. She whispered something to her husband who just nodded back.

“May I ask, is it one bill or will you be splitting?” The waiter asked. As James was about to speak, Lester made a show of opening his wallet and handing the waiter three hundred dollar bills.

“That should be enough,” Lester said. He noticed James’ take notice of all the bills left in his wallet.

“I’ll be right back with your change sir,” The waiter said, bowing slightly.

“No need, thank you for tonight,” Lester said.

“Thank you sir,” The waiter beamed before smiling to everyone at the table and then departing.

“You didn’t have to do that Lester,” James said, “But thank you for dinner.”

“Yes thank you,” Renee said to him, something having changed in her eyes.

“Thanks Lester,” Sarah said with a fake smile as she stared at him.

“Its the least I could do for crashing your family dinner. Besides work is going well, and I like to treat my friends,” Lester said. Renee gave James a look while finishing the rest of her wine. Soon they were all outside the restaurant heading back to the car.

“You know, its late,” Lester said as they crossed the parking lot. “I can call and Uber to take Sarah and I back to the apartment so you can head back to your hotel.”

“It’s fine,” James said not breaking his stride. “I’ll drive you.”

“It’s no trouble. There is an Uber around the corner,” Lester said holding up his phone to show James the open app.

“I’m going to drive my daughter back so I know she is safe and sound. I don’t trust Ubers and I want to make sure my little girl is safe. Chicago isn’t the safest town after dark.” James clicked the ignition button on his keys and the car turned on.

“Dad,” Sarah said, “It’s not that bad. But I’d love for you to drive me back.”

She looked at Lester, telling him to drop it. Lester just shrugged his shoulders and followed the group to the car. The drive back to the apartment was quiet. Lester could feel the tension in the car. He kenw Sarah’s parents wanted to talk to their daughter about Dan, his job and their relationship but weren’t going to do that in front of him.

When the car pulled up in front of the apartment building, everyone got out.

“Lester,” James said nodding to him. That wasn’t going to do.

Lester extended his hand to shake, “I’m a lefty. Great to meet you.”

Come on, shake it. This hand has been all over and inside of Sarah today.

James, awkwardly used his own left hand to shake Lester’s. A shit eating grin spread across Lester’s face as they pumped hands. James had a strong grip, trying, subtely to intimate Lester. He didn’t let it bother him, instead as they pull apart Lester made sure to slide his index and middle fingers across Jame’s palm.

“Renee,” Lester said turning to Lester’s mom, “I look forward to seeing you again.”

“Oh well you too,” Renee said surprised as Lester went in for a hug. He didn’t do the polite, ass out hug that was expected. Instead he pressed his entire torso and crotch against Sarah’s mother. She patted him on the back awkwardly, “Thank you for dinenr, again. You didn’t have to do that.”

“It was my pleasure. Next time I’ll make sure we get desert,” Lester held the hug for a few seconds too long before pulling back.

“Lester, give us a minute with Sarah alone would you?” James said staring at him, clearly not impressed by the overly familair hug with his wife.

“Sure thing,” Lester said waving over his head as he walked into the building. He stood around the corner in the lobby. He was waiting to intercept Sarah before she headed upstairs, but he could still see the animated discussion from outside from his vantage point. He stood there impatiently, waiting for Sarah. After everything that happened with Otis, she needed to be brought down a beg. Especially before his package arrived.

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Despite not wanting to have left Chicago, Dan had a pretty great day in Washington. He’d been in several meetings with important figures at Sentienal Securities. When the meetings had started, Dan had’t known many of their names but an interesting thing kept happening. At some point during the course of the meeting, Dan’s subject matter expertise had a chance to shine and many pointed questions were directed at him.

He’d been able to answer them with ease, giving plently of additional context and even going a step further by highlighting what the company would need to do down the road. He gave them a lot to think about. Those important figures left the meetings knowing Dan’s name and thanking him for his time. It felt great. Especially after al lthe shit he’d been through recently, just being able to be that guy again. The one everyone respected and sought out for advice.

He had even managed to land himself an invitation for after work drinks with some of team. Dan sipped his beer while the guy across from him, Carlos went on and on about his job.

“It’s like finding a needle in the haystack somtimes. I’m like the digital Sherlock Holmes. If the company needs extra resources they outsource to us. We’re better equipped than their internal teams, have more resources and aren’t constraiend by their beauracracy,” Carlos said.

“What do you mean? And which comany?” Dan said.

Carlos started to explain before another of his coworkers, Tricia cut in.

“The company,” she said, making air quotes with her fingers. She was an attractive brunette with pale skin, probably ten years younger than Dan. Despite his best efforts, he had noticed how gernous her curves were and the attention she recieved from her male collegues. “That’s what we call them,” Tricia said, “We’re not supposed to talk about them, especially in public places like this. So we call them the ‘company’. They are one of the three letter agencies you probably know from movies. Not the one that handles international stuff. The other main one.”

“Yeah them,” Carlos cut in, “Anyways they have all this red tape they need to follow. It can take weeks just for to get permission to look into something. Everything they do online is tracked so they need to account for it. Say they want to look into some darkweb edgelord, they need to fill out a form and run a request up the flagpole. Someone higher up needs to approve it, but with the current administration everyone is afraid of making the wrong move so they handle these by commitee. And those comitees take weeks to convene sometimes, when the people aren’t playing golf or doing whatever else it is they do.”

“And we are very supportive of however they want to spend their time, because it means they outsource more work to us.” Tricia said.

“Exactly,” Carlos said, “It’s faster for them to outsource some of their intel gathering to us. Things that aren’t top secret or critical. We package up all the information we can dig up on organization or individuals and prepare a docket for them to review.”

“I don’t remember Sherlock Holmes making dockets,” Dan smiled.

Tricia laughed and took a sip of her whiskey, staring at Dan over the rim of her glass. Dan knew that look and what it meant. He focused his attention Carlos.

“Maybe not,” the man said, “But I’m not in the field arresting criminal either. What I’m saying is that I follow the clues. I gather the information and draw conclusions. I finish the puzzzle and put a bow on it for the company to do what it will.”

“So how exactly do you track down a bad guy online? How do you even know who the bad guys are?” Dan asked as he felt someone leg brush against his under the table.

“Depends,” Carlos said, “Sometimes we gets tips and investigate. Other times we are asked to monitor and watch certain groups or individuals. Other times someone in the company wants to look good and hit a certain quota on a certain type of criminal and has us monitoring the darkweb, illicit message boards and other places where we these criminals lurk and do the degnerate shit they do.”

“Huh,” Dan nodded thoughtfully. Was there a way to get this guy to help him dig into Lester? “Does the company ever give you a real life individual and ask you to dig into their online activities?”

“It happens on occassion,” Tricia said, “We dig up what we can and prepare the docket on them.”

“That is really interesting,” Dan sat back in his chair, thinking. He wasn’t sure where his head was at. His gut told him to keep looking into Lester. But after his talk with Sarah, he’d put it on the back burner. But it still itched at him. There wouldn’t be any harm in this guy looking into Lester for him, but ethically it would be a strange ask. Especially from an outside contractor like Dan. He didn’t know the political climate well inisde Sentiel, or what how this guy would take the request.

“I’m going to hit the head,” Carlos said standing up. The other people at the table just nodded and went back to their discussions. The leg brushed against his under the table again. Tricia was staring sitting across from him, her eyes on his glass.

“You know what else is interesting,” she said in a low enough voice that none of her collegues could here. “Sentienl Securities has a very strict no fraternization policy. I checked it again today. The interesting part is that there is nothing in there about not fraternizing with our subcontracters like yourself. Thats interesting, don’t you think?”

Dan pretended to play it cool and took a sip of his beer. She was giving him subtle bedroom eyes and her finger danced around the rim of her whiskey glass. Dan leaned back in his chair, smiled, and held up his left hand and pointed to his wedding ring.

“You’re no fun,” Tricia faked pouted.

“Oh actually I’m a lot of fun,” Dan finished his beer and stood up. He made eye contact with the other people at the table, “I’m going to turn and head back to my hotel. See you guys.”

Tricia continued to eye up Dan as he settled up his tab at the bar. He half expected her to follow him out onto to the street but thankfully she stayed at the table with her collegues. He was dying to get back to his room and check in with Sarah.

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Sarah put on a relaxed face as her parent’s car pulled away from the building. When they were out of sight she sighed and walked into the building. She quickly crossed the lobby towards the bank of elevators around the corner, only to find Lester waiting for her.

“You’re such an asshole,” Sarah said walking past him.

“What did I do?” Lester said innocently.

“Oh I don’t know just put your fingers inside me at dinner making my parents think I was on the verge of crying. Oh and telling them all about Dan’s job.” Sarah said, “Now they want to stick their nose in my family life. You know that my mom is probably going to be asking all

about my sex life now? Or that my Dad is probably going to have some kind of awkward sitdown cnversation with Dan? You didn't have to do that."

"I'm sorry," Lester said as Sarah pressed the up button on the elevator. She sighed and turned to look at Dan's obese roommate.

"For not making you cum at the table," Lester sneered.

"Unbelievable," Sarah said, "That's what you took from that? Do you think I wanted you to do that in front of my parents? God that was so fucking awkward Lester. Why the hell did you invite yourself to dinner like that?"

"You're mom invited me," Lester said.

"No. She didn't. It was just her being polite, you weren't supposed to accept!" Sarah said, exhasuperated.

"Well in this day and age when everyone is on the spectrum she should know better than to assume people pick up on every social cue. Some school teacher she is," Lester said leaning back against the wall.

"You are a real piece of work sometimes, you know that?" Sarah said, "Tonight was too much. Fucking with Dan and I is one thing, thats our own thing. But my parents? My family? No, Lester. That's too far."

"Look," Lester said stepping up to her as the elevator doors opened, "I'm sorry okay. I've never met a girlfriends parents before."

He put his hands on her arms and gently rubbed them, "I have no idea what I'm doing. I'm sorry. Let me make it up to you."

"It's going to take years of therapy and a lot of wine to get past this," Sarah shook her head, standing there as Lester cotinued to rub her arms.

“Then lets go up and get you a glass or two. And then we’re going out,” Lester let go of her arms and walked past her into the elevator.

“Out? Out now? Where?” Sarah asked following him into the elevator.

“Well I was going to surprise you but your Dad shot down my Uber idea,” Lester chuckled, “We’re going to go see a movie.”

***

Half an hour later, with more wine in her system, Lester drove Sarah to a seedier part of Chicago she hadn’t been to before. Sarah looked out the window of Lester’s SUV at the run down buildings and empty storefronts.

“Uh, the movie theatre is around here?” Sarah asked.

“Yup, we’re close,” Lester said.

“And you’re not going to tell me what movie we’re seeing?” Sarah looked at Lester. Despite sitting back from the wheel, his portly gut still pressed against it. Part of her still couldn’t reconcile how she found herself in these position, being driven somewhere by a man like that. His shubby apperance and lack of hygeine. Before all of this, just being alone in a car with another man besides her husband would make her feel guilty. And now here she was, just a normal Saturday night being fingered at the dinner table and letting this troglodyte take her where he pleased.

“It better not be a Star Wars movie. I’ve never gotten into those,” Sarah said.

“How can you not like Star Wars?” Lester asked, “It has everything. Action, good versus evil, romance, space battles. Come on.”

“I don’t know. It’s just not my thing. Dan and I watched one of the new ones and I guess it was okay.” Sarah said.

“Which one?” Lester asked, peering at her while he drove.

“I don’t know the name of it. But the girl fought some kind of zombie guy who shot lightining bolts at the end.” Sarah said.

“Really? Really? That one you like? That one sucks.” Lester scoffed.

“I thought you liked Star Wars?” Sarah asked.

“That’s not Star Wars.” Lester complained.

“Really? I could have sworn it was a Star Wars movie.” Sarah said. She honestly couldn’t remember. And the wine probably didn’t help. Not that she really cared either way.

“It’s corporate facism,” Lester muttered under his breath as he pulled the car into a dark parking lot.

Sarah looked around for the AMC theatre but didn’t see anything even resembling a movie theatre. The street was dark, but there were a few illuminated signs. A Pawn shop, cash and loan, a run down pizza shop but no movie theatre.

“Come on, lets go,” Lester said getting out of the vehicle. Sarah suddenly felt very overdressed in her black dress with its v-neck. In this kind of neighborhood, she wouldn’t feel comfortable in jeans and a sweater.

Sarah hestiatenly got out of the car and followed Lester onto the dimly lit street. She didn’t see another soul in sight.

“Lester,” Sarah said wrapping her arms around herself, “Are you sure about this? Where’s the theatre?”

Even if she was fine following Lester’s plans, this area was really sketchy. If something happened, she doubted Lester would be able to protect her.

“Right here,” Lester said with a big grin on his face. He stopped in front of non-descript door that was painted black. It was just there, in the brick wall. She would have walked past it without even noticing it. She looked up above the door and there was some kind of sign there but it wasn’t illuminated. Lester grabbed the door and pulled it open revealing some kind of store inside. Sarah gave Lester a levelled look and stepped inside.

This was not a movie theatre. The hair on the back of Sarah’s neck stood on end. This was, some kind of adult toy store. There were rows and rows of adult mechandize from books to dildos, sex swings, something called a cock cage to other strange objects whose purposes eluded Sarah.

She stood there at the entrance, transfixed, taking it all in. But it wasn’t like one of those sex shops that you see in strip malls in the suburban neighborhoods back home. This one looked like it was from some bygone era. Like one of those hardcore ones you’d only hear about in theninties.

“Lester,” A man behind the counter barked. Sarah looked up, the voice was from an older man with greying hair pulled back into a ponytail behind the counter. He nodded at Lester in that stupid way men do. The guy was old, like Sarah’s dad’s age, he was white with one of those soul patches under his chin. He looked over his dark eye glasses at Sarah. His mouth made some kind of weird wet sound as his eyes ran up her body.

“Dale,” Lester nodded back, stepping up beside Sarah and taking her hand in his. She felt her heartbeat slow just a tick as Lester held her, steadying her. She realized she had unconciously leaned into him.

“What’s your pleasure tonight?” The man almost chuckled, both hand planted on the glass counter in front of him. His eyes still glued to Sarah’s body.

“We’re here to watch a movie,” Lester said leading Sarah towards the back of the store.

“It’s a good one tonight,” Dale said as they walked away from him around the corner.

“I haven’t had a chance to mop up yet,” he shouted after them.

They past by a few rows of adult movies that were apparently for rent. Sarah even saw a few VHS tapes tucked against a far wall. There was a sign about some kind of loyalty punch card but her attention turned to Lester who lead her through a black curtain on the wall. On the other side was a dark hallway illuminated only by black lights. The walls were covered in some kind of abstract expressionist art that Sarah thought was out of place. Along both sides of the hallways were a series of doors. Soft light and muffled moans and music emenating from some of the closed doors. Sarah’s flats stuck to the ground with each step she took.

Sarah’s mind was racing with the possiblities. Just where had Lester taken her. As they walked down the hallway one of the door’s behind them opened. Sarah turned to look behind her. The hallway was now bathed in light, loud pumping music. An middle-aged black man with a thick gut stepped out while pulling his pants up. Sarah’s eyes widened at the sight of his semi-hard cock.

The man’s eyes quickly met Sarah’s and he gave her a lecerhous smile. Sarah turned around and renewed her grip on Lester’s hand as she felt the piercing gaze of the black man on her ass in the tight dress.

“We really shouldn’t be here,” Sarah said in a low voice, “Besides we said we wouldn’t do anything without Dan.”

“We did plently last night without Dan,” Lester said, “And today. But I know. That’s why I think you should call him.”

“Call him? Here?” Sarah asked incrediously.

“Yes. Facetime him. Show him whats about to happen.” Lester said.

“What’s about to happen Lester?” Sarah said.

Lester smirked. The hallway turned and a pair of black double doors were abruptly right in front of them. Lester let go of her hand and grabbed a handful of Sarah’s ass. “We’re going to watch a movie, just like I promised.”

He squeezed her ass hard and pushed open the door, propelling Sarah inside. The room was dark with a bright light illuminating one way. Sarah squinted as he eyes adjusted to the bright light. She stood at the doorway for a second before Lester grabbed her hand and lead her into the room.

Sarah stifled a gasp as she realized that the bright light was an projector screen on the fall wall.

“I told you I was taking you to a movie,” Lester smirked as he looked back at her. On the screen was a woman with a ball gag in her mouth, hands strapped behind her back as a large, hulking man fucked her from behind.

Sarah had heard of places like this but never expected one to exist so close to her home. Lester tugged on her hand and pulled her forward, further into the room. The floors here were sticky, just like the hallway before. Sarah could only imagine why. It wasn’t a large room. Much smaller than a typical movie theatre. Lester was leading them down a central aisle way, with seven or so seats in rows on either side of them.

They weren’t alone in the room. There were several sillotes of people, men, sitting alone watching the movie. Sarah’s mouth dropped open as they passed a row and a man was openly stroking his cock while staring at the screen. His hungry eyes shift to Sarah as she walked by. She was sure that the man’s eyes never went back to the screen.

Lester led them to an empty row, thankfully away from anyone else. Someone coughed in the back of the theatre as Lester and Sarah took their seats. Sarah cringed as she sat down in hard plastic seat. It wasn’t comfortable but it was probaly easy to clean off for the staff. The thought revoluted her.

“Lester,” Sarah hissed low enough so no one would hear, “What the hell are we doing here?”

“I told you, seeing a movie,” Lester said.

She squeezed his hand, “You didn’t say this kind of movie! And this place? What the fuck?”

“You didn’t ask. All you wanted to talk about was the mickey mousification of one of the greatest franchies of all time.” Lester smirked. The muffeled moans of the woman on screen filled the room.

“Besides,” Lester let go of her hand and squeezed her thigh, making her dress ride up, “I know how you like being the center of attention. Everyone in here is looking at you, not the screen.”

Sarah tentatively looked over her shoulder and immediately made eye contact with someone sitting a few rows back. A rough looking older man who seemed to have lived a hard life. She imemdiately snapped her head back to the screen in front of her.

“See?” Lester asked.

Sarah rolled her eyes, “Not hard to be the center of attention in a place like this. Women don’t come in here.”

“You’d be surprised,” Lester said, “This place might not the be Ritz but it has a certain appeal.”

“Oh? And what is that? Used VHS tapes that other guys have exploded on? Suspiciously sticky everything? Let me guess, they do a good brunch buffet?” Sarah crossed her arms, “We shoulg go, now.”

“Anonymity. The freedom to let go,” Lester hand continued up Sarah’s now bare thigh.

“Stop,” Sarah said putting her hand on his.

“This again? It didn’t work at the restaurant,” Lester chuckled under his breath as he dug his fingers into Sarah’s flesh.

“Lester….” Sarah said.

“Admit it, you liked what I did in front of your parents,” Lester said.

“No, I didn’t. It was fucked up and –”

“You love fucked up. The only way it would have been better is if Dan and his parents were at the table too,” Lester chuckled.

“Fuck,” Sarah said as she imagined it. At the same time Lester’s hand wrestled free of hers and travelled up her dress until it found her panty covered pussy.

“This is so wrong Lester. All of this. I shouldn’t be here,” Sarah stifled a moan as Lester’s finger slid up and down her pussy lips.

“I know how much you want to be bad. Just let go. Embrace it.” Lester whisped in her ear. He was looking over her shoulder at something behind them.

“Lester….”

“Just call Dan. Now.” Lester said quickly. He softened a bit and said, “That’s what you want right, to include him? To surprise him? How wild will it drive him to see you in a place like this?”

Sarah fumbled with her small purse and grabbed her cell phone. There was a message from Dan, saying he was out having drinks with some new collegues at his client. Sarah would be mortified if they saw her like this. Mortified and insanely turned on that strangers in Dan's life would see her in such a position.

She stared at the phone, debating what to do. She knew that if she called Dan and saw that look on his face there was a chance she would completely lose control. And that wasn't good i na public setting like this with so many eyes on her. Eyes on her body. Watching her. Wanting her, desiring to be with her. Wanting to –

Lester's fat thumb pressed the video call option. It left a grease imprint on her phone. Sarah's eyes widened like saucers as she looked at Lester in disblief.

***

"So what are you going to do with the new administration comes in and scraps all these environmental initiatives with our buildings? Don't you worry that Sentienl will just cancel your contract?" Tricia asked as she twirled her fingers around her necklace, drawing attention to the plunging neckline of her shirt.

Dan's gaze snapped down to the tops of her breasts for a second before making eye contact with her. She smiled knowlingly, a self satisfied smile on her face.

"It's not all save the trees here," Dan said looking around the table at Carlos and the other people out with them from Sentienl Securities. "Sure, I can help you build and operate buildings that reduce your environmental footprint but we're also talking about being self-sustaining, still running when the power grid goes down, reducing operating costs for the life of the building, there are lots of other impacts to the bottom line other than just flash powerpoint slides touting how environmentally friendly a building is."

That seemd to shut her up for a second. Maybe she would back off and stop trying to rub her leg against his now. But from the look on her face, it only seemed to have emboldened her.

Thankfully, his phone rang just at that moment. Sarahs' beautiful face appeared on the screen, catching Tricia and few other's attention.

"Sorry, it's the wife, I need to take this," Dan said grabbing his phone and stepping away from the table. Sarah must be done dinner with her folks and checking in back at the apartment.

He answered the video call and cocked his head. Sarah's face was on the screen but it was super dark all around her. Like she had the lights off and was watching something on TV. She had a weird expression on her face. She said something but Dan couldn't hear over the noise as the bar. He held up a finger and fished his airpods out of his pocket and slipped them in.

His ears were immediately filled by the a weird slapping sound and muffled noises from a woman.

"Sarah?" What's going on? Are you still at dinner with your parents?" Dan asked.

"No?" Sarah said biting her lip. It was still hard to hear her. The TV was turned up too loud but he could at least make it out. She typed something on the screen and his chat notification opened.

S: I can't hear you. Too loud here

He typed back.

D: Where are you? Where's your parents.

S: They dropped us off a while ago. Lester took us to a movie.

D: Us? Lester went to dinner? A movie?

S: Lester invited himself. It was awkward and everyone hated it except Lester. And yes a movie.

D: I don't like that he met your parents. That's too far. I wish I had been there.

S: Dan. Lester took me to a porn movie.

D: What!!?

Sarah turned the camera. Dan saw a screen in some shitty looking room where a woman was bound and getting double teamed by two ugly men. How the fuck had she just happened to get to a porn theatre?

D: What the fuck?

S: I know. I'm sorry. I didn't know we were goining here

S: ....

S: ....

S: ....

Dan waited in frustrating agony as he waited for Sarah to finish typing. Her camera slanted and he couldn't see the screen anymore. Just the back of some ugly, old school looking red theatre chair.

She was still typing.

D: Sarah? What the fuck? The the hell is going on!?

***

Lester had managed to get two fingers inside of her. Sarah was partially aware that Dan was still on the video call but her phone hung limply in her hand. Her head was resting on the back of the gross red plastic seat, breasts rising and falling rapidly as Lester's fat fingers resumed what they had started at the dinner table, plunging into the depths of her sex and tantilziing her sensitive nerves.

Lester's breath was warm on her neck making her body tingle. His fingers pumped in and out of her, making a come her motion, finger tips dragging past her G-Spot before doing the same thing over and over. This wasn't awkward like at the dinner table when he was trying to be covert in from of her parents. Now, here in this porn theatre in front of all these degenerates, his entire body was turned towards her, his hand fully turned making it obvious what he was doing.

Wet, squelching sounds of her jucies around Lester's fingers seemed to echo into the room, battling against the moans of the women on screen for supremecy. She knew that couldn't be that loud. Couln't beat whatever sound system was rigger up in this room. But she still let herself believe it. Let herself believe that everyone could hear what was happening.

She heard shuffling behind her and pants unzipping. Someone was sitting right behind them.

Lester's fingers slowed down, pulling and dragging and pushing back in in some sort of twisted, exctasy inducing torture. Part of her brain was telling her this was going to far, that she shouldn't lose herself in a place like this but her body quickly slammed the door shut on that voice and just gave in to the deep seated pleasure Lester was giving to her.

She'd been soo horny all day. She had been craving a cock inside of her. Lester's cock. But he hadn't given it to her. All fucking day she jsut wanted to fuck and feel some of what she felt from last night. His fingers felt amazing but she needed the real thing soon. She'd drag Lester out of this place by his ankles and fuck him in the parking lot if she had to.

The phone in her hand vibrated and her ringtone fillled the room, ensuring all eyes turned to her. Sarah snapped up turning the phone towards her. Lester never stopped fingering her.

Dan was calling. The video call was still open but now he was calling her. She quickly dismissed the call and look back at the video chat, concern and something else written on Dan's face.

> S: Sorry. It's Lester he is touching me.

> D: Touching you? Like touching you?

> S: Yess, his fingers as inside me.

> D: Jesus Christ Sarah. In public like that?

> D: Fuck there is someone behind you watching us

Sarah wanted to turn her head and look but couldn't bring herself to do it. She knew a look in a place like this might be seen as an invitation. She closed her eyes and imagined what he looked like, stroking his cock staring at the back of her head. Staring at her blonde hair.

> S: Fuck baby, I'm so wet.

> D: Jesus Sarah you shouldn't be there

> S: I know. I want to leave soon. Need to get back to the apartment

> D: Need to?

> S: So I can have Lester. Fuck Dan I need it. Bad. Don't be mad, okay? I'll make sure to video call you so you can watch.

> D: Fuck I'm at dinner. I'll have to leave soon then.

> S: I want you to. I want you to stroke your dick while you watch.

> D: You really are worked up

> S: you hae no idea

> D: Tell Lester to bring you home now

"Lester," Sarah breathed turning to look at the ugly face that was right next to hers. "We need to leave now. I want to fuck you," Sarah was amazed by how slutty her voice sounded.

"We're not going anywhere," Lester whispered in her ear, 'I'm going to fuck you right here in front of everyone."

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned as Lester's fingers dragged across her G-Spot again. His words. The idea of fucking here in this dirty place in front of all these people. Putting on a real life porn show for them. All while Dan was on the phone. It was too fucking much.

"Uhhhhmhmmmhmmmmm," Sarah came on Lester's hand, her thighs clenching around his wrist. Stars exploded behind her eyes as a wave of pleasure washed over her body. Everything felt super sensitive. Her hard nipples straining against the lacy material of her bra. The feeling of the plastic under her nails as she gripped the seat. The way Lester's fingers filled and felt inside of her. The burning in her chest as she held her breath.

A shadow crossed over her vision and Sarah opened her lust filled eyes to see a stranger towering over her. It was the older black man from the hallway who had been stuffing his dick back in his pants. He must have followed them in here. He gave her a toothy grin, exposing a single gold tooth.

He took the seat right next to Sarah and didn't for a second even pretend to look at the screen. Lester's fat fingers slid out of Sarah and he took the phone that once again hung limply in her hand.

> S: Enjoy the show

***

Dan read the words over again. Enjoy the show. He doubted it was the porn movie on the screen.

Dan's felt his eyes bulge out of his head as the phone turned and some random older black man was kissing Sarah's neck, his hands out of sight but he was clearly fingering her. Who the hell was that and where had they come from?

The guy had a gut similiar to Lester but he was older. Maybe. It was hard to tell. His arm took up a lot of the screen as it moved back and forth. Sarah's head was resting back on the seat as the man kissed and licked her neck. Black men were a staple of any of the cuckold porn videos he watched and now one was right here with his fingers inside of his wife.

Tricia was watching him from her seat across the bar. He needed to get out of here and go back to his hotel room. He hated blowing off new connections like this, ones he desperately wanted to win over and network with but jesus fucking christ.

He looked back down at the screen. Someone else was standing behind Sarah, his fist was jerking back and forth as he masturbated looking down Sarah's top. His other hand gently grabebd some of Sarah's hair and he bent over and sniffed it while he pumped his cock.

Okay. Okay. What. The. Fuck.

Dan hurried back over to his group.

"Hey, sorry I have to go. It was really great meeting all of you tonight," Dan said.

“Is everything okay?” Tricia asked sweetly while staring at Dan with intent, “Trouble with your wife?”

“Nothing I can’t handle,” Dan said.

“Well, let me know if you need any help handling it,” Tricia raised her eyesbrows at him.

“Damn Tricia,” Carlos laughed, “Workplace harrassment much?”

“What?” Tricia smiled knowingly at the rest of the group and tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear.

“I’ll see you all tomorrow,” Dan said as the moans of the movie and wet sounds of the black man’s fingers inside of Sarah filled the single airpod in his ear. He towards the bar to settle up and get the fuck out of there.

***

Sarah’s mind was racing. Too much was happening too fast. Some strangers’ fingers were inside of her. She didn’t know him, didn’t know where he came from or who he was but his large black fingers were inisde of her. His lips and tongue danced across her deck. She was pretty sure someone was standing behind her too but she didn’t care. She was aware that Lester was watching her intently from the side. She could feel his eyes on her, judging her, juding every breath she took.

“Mhmhmm,” Sarah moaned. The black man pulled back his face from her as his fingers continued to explore her depths. She weakly opened her eyes and saw hsi ugly face staring down at her with a grotequse smirk on it. With his other hand he grabbed her chin and turned her fully towards him and leaned forward pressing his fat lips against hers.

“Mhmmmhmm,” Sarah moaned, her lips parting as the stranger’s tongue tasted her. His fat tongue slid into her mouth, gliding over her own. They intertwined as they tasted one another. He didn’t taste good but Sarah didn’t care. In that moment she craved him.

His long fingers weren’t as skilled as Lester but she was still soaking through her panties for him. His digits rapidly thrust in and out of her, finger fucking without finese but with raw intencity.

He shuffled out of his pants and took Sarah’s hands and placed it on his hard cock. Sarah was taken aback by how girthy it was. She wanted to look but her mouth was held in place by the man’s hand. Sarah broke the kiss. She had to see it. She twisted her head out of the man’s head and yelped as it felt like she caught her hair on something. She turned around and saw the rough looking man who she had made eye contact with standing behind her, a few strands of her blonde hair still clutched in his hand as he stroking his cock. His cock, that was just behind her head.

It was all happening too fast. Too much all at once. She didn’t know where he phone was or what Dan had seen. She looked around and then her eyes landed on it. Not her phone. The big black cock jutting up from the seat next to her. It shot up from the messy pubic hair, standing at full attention. It wasn’t as long as Lester’s but it was really girthy. Sarah froze for a second as she stared at it.

The man chuckled and pulled his fingers out of her. Sarah gasped as he did. The black man reached back behind Sarah and swatted the other man away. He grabbed Sarah’s hair himself and pulled her face over to his cock.

Sarah instively opened her lips and took her first black cock of her life into her mouth.

“Uh fuck,” the man groaned as Sarah’s wet mouth engulfed him. His cock tasted unlike any Sarah had ever tasted before. She couldn’t quite place it but she didn’t hate it. The taste was almost secondary to how big it felt in her mouth.

Sarah tried and failed to wrap her hand around the girthy cock. Her saliva already coated it as he pumped her fist up and down the shaft. “Mhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned. Lester was there, so was that other man. Watching her. She was their porn star. She was putting on the show for them. Her thighs squeezed togeher at the thought.

She pulled back and swirled her tongue around the man's cock head, pumping his shaft with her hands. He apply pressure to the back of her head and she let his cock slick all the way back into her mouth. His fist grabebd her hair roughly and he started thrusting his hips off the seat into her mouth. His cock slapped the back of her throat elicitng more muffled moans from her throat.

"Mhmmhgmmm," Sarah moaned around the cock in her mouth as someone pushed a finger inside of her. It wasn't the black man, he couldn't from where he was, his hand was wrapped in her air. She wanted to look over and see if it was Lester.

But it didn't feel like Lester's fat fingers.

"Ummhmmmhmmm," Sarah moaned as she pumped the cock in her mouth while another finger slid into her. Holy fuck. This was all too much for her.

She pulled off the cock, a thick strand of saliva connecting her mouth to the stranger's dick. Sarah was breathing hard, her tight black dress had ridden up to her waist, exposing her pink juicy panties to the entire room. She looked over her shoulder and saw Lester sitting there with an amused look on his face as the rough looking man was bent over the back of her seat, one hand disapearing between the back of her thighs while her jerked himself off with the other.

"Ohfuck," Sarah groaned at the sight. Two degenerates touching her at once, all under the watchful eye of Lester. She thrust her ass back onto the man's hand, taking more of his fingers into her.

"Suck my balls," the old black man croaked as he pulled Sarah's hair down to hit nutsack. Her tongue lashed out and stuck into the wild, untamed, busy pubic hair. He pulled her face down roughly, his matted jungle of hair pressing into her face. She had to close her eyes and stifle and sneeze as it pushed into her nostrils. Her face was buried in his public hair, her tongue lashing out until it found skin and swirled around. She coated this strangers balls in her saliva, leaving a part of herself on him.

The man was humping up, his hairy balls pressing further into her face. Her manicured hand never left his cock as she pumped his shaft. Up and down, over and over with

increasing frenzy. Sarah was soaking wet. She felt her sense of control rapdily slipping away.

“Off,” Lester barked. She heard a slapping down and the fingers inside of her disppeared, much to her disappointment

“What the fuck?” The black man said, relucantly letting go of her hair.

“She’s my toy,” Lester said, “If you want to play, its by my rules.”

“Sarah sit up,” Lester said.

Sarah slowly twirled her tongue around the black man’s nutsack, relucant to stop. But she listened to Lester. She sat up and adjusted her dress, looking around. There was more than just the rough looking man watching her. Others still seated in their chairs had seemed to completely forget about the movie playing behind her.

“Stand up and take your dress off,” Lester said.

Sarah wanted to object. But she was too horny and worked up to say anything. She wouldn’t deny him. She needed him. Sarah pulled up her panties that were down to her mid thigh somehow and stood up, straitning out her wrinkled dress.

“Look at the audience,” Lester said.

Sarah looked around and met several hungry gazes. She looked down and saw Lester still holding her phone. Dan’s face was there, eyes wide as he looked to be in the back of an Uber or something.

“Take off your dress,” Lester said. Sarah gave him a hard look, a momentary challenge to his authority. He held her gaze and felt her chest growing warm from his piercing gaze. He really was going to make her do this. And she was going to go along with whatever he said.

With a deep breath and trembling hands, Sarah reached behind her and unzipped the back of the dress. If she was going to do this, she was going to do it right. She looked around at the darkened faces, meeting each of their eyes and she slowly took off the dress.

The rough looking man was standing just in front of her, like she was putting on a private show for him as he jerked his cock. The black man was still sitting next to her, slowling stroking himsef as his eyes roamed over her body.

Sarah took one arm out of the dress. Then slowly the other, letting the garment fall to her waist, exposing her pink lacy bra to the full theatre. She heard a sharp intake of breath as her heavy breasts came on display. Then the pushed the rest of the dress down, wriggling out of it untl she was standing in just her bra and panties, in this room full of strangers.

Lester smiled, “Good girl.”

He pulled down his jeans and let his long, throbbing hard cock free, “Take off those panties and get on. I know you’ve been craving this all day.”

Sarah stared down at Lester’s hard cock, just in front of her. He was right. She had wanted to ride his cock all day long and she wasn’t about to let something like public exposure stop her. Sarah liked her lips and quickly dropped her panties to the sticky floor below and climbed on top of Lester’s lap. She took his hard cock in one hand and directed it to her entrance beforce sliding down on top of it.

“Ahhohhhfuuuckkk,” Sarah moaned as she felt his massive appendage disappear inside of her. He felt so fucking big. She loved how full he made her feel. Like he took up every square inch of space inside of her.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah breathed, hands on Lester’s fat shoulders as she looked down into his ugly face, “You’re always taking me to the nicest places.”

“Heh,” Lester chuckled as he grabbed both of her ass cheeks and pulled her down on top of him, “That’s what your boyfriend is for.”

“Not just my Chicago boyfriend anymore?” Sarah stared hard at him.

“No, we’re engaged now remember? Drop the Chicago,” Lester grunted as his hips rose off the plastic chair and thrust up into Sarah.

“Mhmhmmmmgod,” Sarah whined, “Fuck. Fuck me boyfriend. Fuck me in front of this whole room of perverts.”

“With pleasure,” Lester grinned. There was something more. Something else behind that smile than just fucking her here but she didn’t devote any mental resources to dwelling on it. She pulled up and pushed back down onto Lester’s cock.

“Ohfuck,” the head of his cock seemed to hit against her cervix, feelimg impossibly large inside her. Her entire pussy seeemed to stretch around his cock. His balls slapping against her asshole each time she came down onto him.

“Here,” Lester grunted shoving the phone with Dan’s increasingly aroused and concerned face into her hand. “If you want him to watch you have to hold the camera.”

Sarah had forgotten all about the phone once Lester’s cock was inside of her. She stared hard into it, making eye contact with Dan as her breasts bounced in the corner of the screen where it showed her camera feed. A shadow passed behind her in the small window. Dan said something but she couldn’t hear what it was. She looked over her shoulder and raw the black man was now standing up beside her, his hard black cock jutting out towards her. Precum dripped from its angry slit.

“Jesus,” Sarah muttered as she stared at it. She was vaguley aware the rough looking guy was still in the next row storking himself.

The black man reached one hand out and quickly unclasped Sarah’s pink bra, shocking her. She used the hand not holding the camera to try to hold the bra to her breasts but he quickly pulled one strap off. Lester pulled the other down.

“Let it go,” Lester commanded.

Sarah looked at Lester. Then at the phone she was holding in front of her. She winked at Dan and let her bra fall. The black man grabbed it and roughly pulled it the rest of the way off and chucked it into the next aisle. The back of her mind cringed and decided it would need to be dry cleaned after landing on any surface in this place.

The rough looking guy quickly grabbed it off the ground and put his face into the cups and sniffed. He threw his head back as if in exctasy and kept stroking his cock while sniffing her bra. The black man gave Lester a look and Lester nodded to him.

The man bit his bottom lip and flicked it out at Sarah as he stepped up onto the seat next to them. He held his big black cock in his hand and pointed it at her face. Sarah bounced up and down on Lester’s cock while staring at it. It was right in her face. He nudged it into her cheek. Sarah looked at Lester. She knew how possessive he had been in the past, with Vernon and others. But this time it was like he was encouraging this for some reason.

Lester looked up at her and licked his lips. Sarah shuddered feeling the mental control he had over her. He didn’t need to nod or anything to her to indict what he wanted. Sarah held the phone in her hand so Dan would see properly and she leaned forward and took the black man’s cock in her mouth again.

“Fuck’n A,” the man grunted as he ran his hand through Sarah’s hair before cupping her cheek tenderly while he fucked her face. Sarah’s hand left Lester’s shoulder and wrapped around the black man’s thick shaft as much as possible. It was still wet wit her saliva but she quickly added to it.

This had been what she wanted the other night with Dan. To feel completely full, with one cock inside her pussy and another filling her mouth. It was good that he was kind of her in spirit, at least. But now his spot was taken by some stranger. A big black stranger.

“Mhmhmmhmhmm,” Sarah moaned around the cock in her mouth. Her hand left his shaft and craddle his massive hairy balls, teasing them while she sucked him off. She wished she could let go of the phone and use both of her hands but there wouln’t be anywhere clean to set it down.

“I told you I’ll give you what you want,” Lester growled, his hands still grabbing her perfect bubble butt as it bounced up and down on his lap. “You wanted more than one cock. Dan couldn’t deliver but Lester does.”

“What’s that Dan? We can’t hear you, you’re going to have to speak up,” Lester chuckled in the direction of her phone.

Lester’s cock pounded into her, thrusting up off the sticky plastic seat as Sarah’s mouth took as much of the black cock as she could handle. She couldn’t hold make her moans, even when muffled with the cock. The girl on the screen didn’t hold a candle to her, the entire porn theatre’s rapt attention was on the illicit scene unfolding in front of them.

Sarah pulled herself off the cock in her mouth and took a sharp breath. She opeend her eyes and the guy jerking off whlie sniffing her bra was now seated right behind Lester, staring at Sarah’s breasts bouncing as he stroked himsel. Her bra was dangling around his neck. Other men were also closer now. Most of them had their pants down, openly stroking themselves.

She was litterally putting on a show for a crowd of me. A thrill ran through her and she felt her pussy clenched around Lester’s cock.

“That’s it. Let it out for me Sarah,” Lester groaned. “Cum for me. Cum for all these dirty men watching you.”

“Ahfuck close,” Sarah moaned, throwing her head back and closing her eyes, picturing all their faces rapt with desire.

“You know she’s married right? She ‘s somebodys wife. And a mom,” Lester said out loud for everyone to hear, “instead of being with her husband or with her kids she is here putting on a show for all of you.”

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned, drowning out the pornstar on the screen behind her. The cock in hand pulsef, his heartbeat in the palm of her hand. Lester kept thrusting up and she slammed down onto him. She rocked her hips back and forward, using his cock like a personal play thing.

“Ahfuck. Mmmgodlester,” Sarah whined. The phone in her hand slipped out of her gripe but she grabbed back onto it. Forgetting it was there again.

“Let it out baby. Cum for them,” Lester growled.

“Ahfuck. Mhmmhmhmmgodyes. Pleasedon’t stop,” Sarah groaned. She turned her head and opened her mouth pulling the fat black cock into her mouth. She couldn’t even remember what this man’s face looked like. Feeling two hard cocks inside of her, ridgid with their deisre for her, full of potent cum was too much.

“Mhmhmhgaamhmmm,” Sarah moaned around the fat cock in her mouth as she came. Her body tensed and the room felt a million degreees warmer as her thighs slammed down onto Lesters, taking as much of his cock into her as she could. Her pussy clenched around his cock like a vice and she held him still, her fist tight around the cock in her hand. She same hard, breasts rising and falling rapdily as she thrust them forward. Her body thrashed and she saw stars from the lack of oxygen.

She let the cock fall out of her mouth as she took a deep breath, but she never let go of it.

“Uhhhhhh,” Sarah whined, opening her eyes. There were two more older men in the row behind Lester, one was sitting the other was standing stroking their cocks. There was another in the row behind that. Sarah felt something touch her back. She looked over her shoulder and sure enough there was another older, sad looking bald man in the row behind her, reaching over and touching her bare skin.

“Holyshit,” Sarah breathed as she gripped the cock tightly in her hand. She looked down at Lester and saw him smiling with a sinister look in his eyes. The man siting behind him was still sniffing her bra, it should have upset her but it only made her body begin rocking on Lester’s cock again.

Something wrenched the phone out of her hand. Sarah looked up and saw the guy from the front counter….Dale, standing there. He looked down at the phone, likely seeing Dan’s face there before putting it on the arm rest of the chair. The grey haired man dropped his pants and took out a skinny long cock. Without asking for permission he stepped up on her other side, grabbed her fingers and wrapped them around his cock.

Sarah couldn't believe it. Lester's big cock was filling her up and she had two more in her hands.

"Oh my god," Sarah breathed, eyes wild as she looked down at Lester.

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"Oh what the fuck," Dan said in disgust as he got into his hotel room. The video feed on the phone had shifted from Sarah to the ceiling. Now it was looking up at a pair of old hairy balls and some guys taint.

"Sarah!" Dan said trying to get her to focus back on hin. He could see her hand, wrapped around this new guy's cock. His mind was going a million miles a minute. His wife was riding Lester while she sucked off a black guy and was stroking another. Just how many guys were in this place and what the fuck was going to happen next.

The new guy shifted his feet and the video spun until it was entirely black. He could still hear the moans and wet slurping noises but didn't know whether that was from Sarah or the movie on the screen.

He couldn't take not being able to see what was happening. He called her again.

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Sarah heard something that sounded like ringing but he brain put it on the backburner as she stroked two cocks at once while her hips pumped back and forth as she rode Lester. Dale's hand was on one of her heavy breasts as her roughly fondeled her. She could feel his wrinkled palm across her flawless skin.

Dale's other hand grabbed her head and pulled her towards his cock. Sarah opened her mouth and eaglery let his elderly cock slide across her warm tongue.

“Mhmhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as the tighten her grip around both cocks in her hand. Lester pumped his hips up into her, his cock making her bounce and groan around the cock in her mouth.

The black man’s cock pumped desperately in her other hand. Sarah pulled her mouth off Dale and turned and took the big black cock in her mouth, moaning again as she sucked him off. His cock was thrusting into her and Sarah pumped his cock at the same time.

She pulled her mouth off him and gasped for breath.

“Jeeeuss,” Sarah moaned.

“Look at all of them,” Lester groaned from below her, “Tell them you want to watch them cum.”

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah moaned and squeezed his cock with her pussy. Her eyes levelled with his before she bit her lip and looked up at her crowd of onlookers, “Cum for me. I want to watch all of you cum. Give me what I want. Cum for me boys.”

“Are you really a mother?” the rough guy sniffing her bra croacked.

“Fuck,” Sarah groaned, “Yes.”

“Fuckinghot,” the guy groaned and renewed stroking himself with a fervor.

“Stop talking and get that pretty mouth back on my cock,” Dale urged and pulled her head back towards him. Sarah greedily opened her mouth and took him in.

Sarah rode Lester and pumped and sucked both cocks for what felt like forever. A couple of other guys in the crowd coundn’t take much more and busted right there, adding their spunk to the sticky floor of the theatre.

Lester starting pumping his cock up faster and faster, getting more urgrent. His hands dug into her ass as she rode him. Dale and the black guy were mauling her breasts and tweaking her nipples as she she stroked and alternated sucking both of them.

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned taking her mouth off Dale. She looked at Lester.

“Going to cum for me big boy?” Sarah moaned.

“Going to fucking fill you up,” Lester licked lips, “Squeeze me. Milk it out Sarah. Be a good girl.”

“Ohgawd Lester. I want it. I fill me. Give it to me. I want all of it.” Sarah moaned not breaking eye contact with him.

“What about me?” The black guy said, “You want my black cum too?”

“Fuck yes,” Sarah cried, “I want it.”

“I’m gonna fuck you after he does and fill you up,” he sneered.

“No, she’s mine. You don’t get to fuck her,” Lester growled.

“Fuck come on I can fuck you better than this fat piece of shit,” the black guy said.

“He’s my boyfriend,” Sarah said, “It’s his pussy.”

“Then I’m gonna bust in that pretty white mouth of yours,” the black man said and pulled Sarah over to his cock. She opened her mouth and twirled her tongue around the black head of his cock.

“Tell me you want it. Tell me you want this BBC I wanna hear it,” the growled down at her.

“Fuck,” Sarah pulled her lips off the man’s cock and looked up into his ugly face, “I want it. I want your big black cock. I want it to cum int my mouth. I want to swallow your big black load,” Sarah cried and pumped his cock quickly.

“Ah shit take it,” the man growled and pulled her head back down onto his cock. Sarah just wrapped her mouth around it as it exploded inside of her. A hot torrent of cum pumped out of his cock and into her waiting mouth. Her pussy clenched around Lester’s cock and she felt herself about to have another orgasm. Her fist tightend around Dale’s dick.

Sarah swallowed. Each hot, sticky warm load flooded into her stomach adding more fuel to the fire that was building inside of her. When she pulled back cup dribbled off her lip. The black man slunk back into the seat, spent.

“Fuck I’m going to cum. Fuck me. Please. Please don’t fucking stop. Fuck,” Sarah cried. Her body was on autopilot, ready to explode again.

“I’m gonna cum,” Lester croaked under her. He was pumping his cock up into and slamming his ass back down onto the hard plastic seat, “Fucking cum for me Sarah.”

Sarah opened her eyes and looked at the men around her, “Cum for me boys. Cum for me.”

A couple of the men came right there at her urging.

“Fuck,” Lester growled slamming his ass off the seat, thrusting his cock into her. She knew how close he was. It was only second away. She couldn’t hold back any longer and felt the crescendo buiod up inside of her about to explode.

“Fuck here I cum,” Dale thrust his cock into Sarah’s face, hitting her nose. She snapped her head to the side and opened her mouth wide as the first blast of his bitter cum shot onto her tongue. Sarah quickly swalloed and closed her mouth around Dale’s elderly cock.

“Ugh,” Lester grunted and she felt his balls tighten near her asshole, his cock pulsed and his cum blasted up and out of his cock into her. Feeling two men cum at the same time inside of her destoryed the dam inside of her. Sarah’s pussy clenched and her fist tighted around the cocks as she came. Every nerve ending in her body light up like a Christmis tree as pure unadultered pleasure was pumped directly into them, corasing through them, overloaidng them. For a few seconds Sarah forgot where she was or what her name was as the love chemicals flooded her brain, making everything go haywire.

“Fuck,” Dale grunted as the last of his seed buried into Sarah’s mouth and slid edown her throat as she swalloed. His body convulsed and he staggered back, bracing himself against some of the chairs for support.

Lester’s nails dug into her ass as she empty his balls inside of her. He roared as he came and then fell back into the seat with a self satisfied smile on his face. Sarah slowed her riding of of Lester’s cock, feeling insally full with both his cock and his llicit cum leaking into every crevice inside of her.

She slowed, trying to catch her breath, coming down from one of the most intense and powerful orgasms of her life

“Agh fuck my turn,” came a voice. Sarah opened her eyes and saw the rough looking man standing right behind Lester. His face contorted as he stroked his cock and cum shot out blasted across Sarah’s chest coating them. Load after load blasted out covered her naked breasts like glaze on a gingerbread house.

He finished emting his batter onto her and sat back in the chair, holding her bra to his face. Sarah touched the sticky coating all over herself as she slowly came back to reality.

Holy shit, what did I just do?

She licked her teeth, tasting to waring different mix of cum in mouth. She had taken two loads into her stomach, one in her pussy and another all over her. Then she remembered the other men in the threatre. She opened her eyes and saw several hungry lmen staring at her. One was even tentatively making his way down the row towards them.

“Lester, I think we need to go now,” Sarah said stepping off Lester, his cum plopping out of her and onto the floor between her legs. The rest of it rain in a bead down her thigh.

Lester chuckled looking around, “Good idea. Let’s go.”

Sarah looked around for her panites but couldn’t find them. Her dress was bunched up on the floor. She went to ask for her bra back but the rough looking man was gone, stealing her bra. Sarah sighed and quickly pulled her dress on while Lester pulled his pants up.

“Show’s over folks,” Dale said putting a hand up blocking the man from coming down the row.

“Come back anytime,” Dale grinned at her and grabbed a handul of her ass, “Next time maybe we can go in one of the private booths.”

“Lester let’s go,” Sarah said pulled the fat man’s hand and urging him down the asile way, past several man who had stepped up and were still openly stroking for her. They left the threatre, down the dark hallway and out into the shop out front. The door was locked but Sarah quickly unlatched it and stepped bra and pantyless into the cool night air.

Toxic Attraction 31 (Alternate Universe)

Hi everyone, this is Writerinabox. I have been following the crazy journey of Dan and Sarah like all of you and admire Don Silver's work. I just got a crazy idea after reading chapter 30. Just want to let you guys know, I do not intend to write any further chapters; this just seemed like a fun plotline to explore, and all of you might enjoy it. I might not get permission to publish this anywhere else. So, I'm only posting this here. Feel free to share it with anyone or anywhere you think might enjoy reading it. Please do share your thoughts and comments below. Would love to hear your feedback. (writerinabox72@gmail.com) I wrote an alternate universe plot for Neighbour Chronicles. Do check it out. I have pasted the link below.

https://www.literotica.com/s/neighborly-chronicles-au-pt-11

I apologize for the spelling, etc., as I do not have a proofreader. I don't want to give you any spoilers, but I know there is a glitch in the timeline, but it's just fiction, and I hope you enjoy this crazy AU chapter as much as I did. Cheers.

The story picks up after Lester, Sarah, and her parents get back from dinner.

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There was an awkward silence in the car as they drove back to the apartment.

Sarah was annoyed with Lester for his behavior at the restaurant. The balls on this asshole to finger her right there under the table, in front of her parents. His arrogance that he could get away with anything pissed Sarah off. Sarah knew the moment her parents left for Middleton, Lester would try something tonight. She wanted to put some space between her and Lester. So I didn't think twice before saying, "Dad, you guys should stay over for the night. It's already late, and I wouldn't want you two driving to Middleton so late.'

"Baby, you know I have to leave for a conference tomorrow evening," James said.

"Ok," Sarah said with a sigh. She just had to think of another way to keep Lester away for the night. Maybe she could just lock herself in Dan's room, and Lester wouldn't bother her.

Renee looked at her daughter's face and knew something was bothering her. She placed a hand over James's shoulder and squeezed, saying, "Darling, if we start by tomorrow morning. We can still make it back for you to catch your flight."

After all their years together, James knew when he needed to listen to his wife. Most days her instinct as a mother was always right. The tone of her voice was soft, and the squeeze on his shoulder may have been gentle, but he knew Renee had already decided they were staying over for the night. He looked in the rearview mirror and noticed Sarah's face. Those sweet eyes tugged at his heart, and James knew he couldn't deny his little girl. The loud burp from Lester in the passenger seat reminded him of Dan's ogre-like roommate. James didn't like the idea of his Sarah spending the night alone in the apartment with Lester. So he said, "Sure, honey," which brought a smile to Sarah's face.

All three of them smiled and exchanged warm and loving looks while no one noticed Lester's annoyed sneer.

*****

The rest of the way back to the apartment, Lester was thinking of ways to put Sarah back in her place. Lester had planned to take Sarah again tonight, but she had invited her parents to stay over to piss him off. He needed to show Sarah who was in charge. He needed to show his slut that these little stunts couldn't stop him from getting what he wanted. So Lester began brewing up another plan to put Sarah in her place. His lips twitched with an evil grin as he came up with a wicked plan for tonight.

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As they headed upstairs to the apartment, Sarah was first, followed by her mother, and just before James could get out of the elevator. Lester squeezed past him to his annoyance. Lester's eyes hungrily roamed over Rene's fit body. He licked his lips as his eyes landed on her shapely ass.

Lester guessed Sarah's mom must be in her early 50s, but she could easily pass for someone in her 40s. The slight sag of her breasts and the wrinkles near her eyes showed her age, but it added to her appeal. He had never been with someone as old as Rene, but the taboo thought of seducing Sarah's mother made his cock twitch. He wondered what it would take to seduce Sarah's mother, what turned her on, and how wild she was in bed. Lester couldn't believe this hot piece of ass was a grandmother. Lester licked his lips as he followed them into the apartment. His train of thought was broken when he heard James clear his throat behind him.

As they entered the apartment, Lester immediately said in a cheerful voice.

"How about we end the night with one last round of drinks?" Lester said.

Sarah should have guessed Lester was up to something, but she was too tired to argue, and after the day she had had under her parents' scrutiny, she really could use a drink. And so she said, "Sure, why not."

James was not convinced of Lester and said, “I don’t know, Lester. We do have a long drive back home tomorrow.”

“Oh, come on, Mr. James. Your wife was kind enough to invite me to dinner with all of you. I am only offering you a drink,” Lester said.

“What do you say, Rene? Are you up for a glass of wine?” Lester asked. Knowing if he could convince the wife, James wouldn’t say no. And Reeni seemed like someone who was too polite to say no.

“Sure, why not? Just a glass of wine to unwind the day sounds good,” Rene said with a smile as she rubbed her husband's arm.

“I’ll even bring out good stuff,” Lester said with a grin.

“Alright, just a drink,” James reluctantly agreed.

“That’s great,” Lester said. “How about you all change into something more comfortable, and I will get things ready.”

Lester got to his room and went for his dresser. He pulled it open and moved things around. He knew he had it somewhere here. His lips turned up in a wicked smile as he found what he was looking for. Next he headed to his computer, and with a few clicks, he found what he was looking for. Tonight was going to be interesting, Lester thought to himself as his face lit up with a wicked grin.

*****

Ten minutes later, all four of them were seated in the living room with their drinks. Sarah’s parents were seated on the couch, while Lester and Sarah were seated on two single seaters on either side of the couch. James had wanted to put as much distance between Lester and his wife and daughter as possible, so he had seated himself closer to Lester. This only gave Lester a nice view of Sarah and her mother sitting close to each other. Lester’s lecherous gaze roamed over Sarah and her mother, comparing their curvy forms side-by-side. If only Sarah’s parents had known how many times he had fucked their daughter in the exact same spot they were sitting. She may have even stained the couch a little with her juices by the way he had made her cum on his cock, screaming his name. Lester grinned at that perverse thought.

Sarah had no clue what the four of them were going to talk about, but she just decided to focus on her wine. She was also surprised Lester had such expensive wine and a decade-old single malt, which pleased her father.

Just when the silence was beginning to get awkward, Lester said, “So did you watch the game last week, Mr. James?”

Sarah was surprised. In all the months she had known Lester, she had never seen Lester watch the game or discuss it. Ten minutes later, both the men were in deep discussion of how their teams were going to fare the next season. Dan was more of a movie buff and never really into sports. So that was one area; Sarah's father could not get over Dan, but Lester and her dad seemed to be hitting it off pretty well, and they were already in their second round of alcohol.

"Oh come on, Mr. James. We are having such a good time. Let me refill that glass of wine for you as well, Rene. One last round before we call it a night," Lester said.

"Sure, why not," James said; he knew he was feeling the buzz, but it had been a while since he had had someone to talk about the game.

Before Rene could protest, Lester got up and plodded over to the kitchen. He looked over his shoulder to see all three of them in deep conversation. He grinned inwardly as he refilled the drinks; it is amazing how much one can learn about someone on the internet with a few clicks. Now for the second part of his plan, he reached into his pocket for the sleeping pills and grinned as he popped a pill, one in each of James and Rene's drinks. Lester had already planned on fucking Sarah tonight one way or another. Sarah must have thought by asking them to stay over, he would not try anything with her tonight. But the thought of fucking Sarah with her parents so close only made Lester's cock hard; he didn't want her parents to interrupt them or get into a fistfight with James. For a man his age, the old bastard still did seem to be in good shape. So, Lester wanted them close by but not really awake to see their daughter getting defiled. But Sarah wouldn't know about the sleeping pill, and Lester wondered how far he could push her tonight.

Lester placed both their drinks in front of them and wondered what Dan might think of him winning over his father-in-law. He grinned and said, "I would like to thank you, James and Rene for such wonderful company. I have very few friends and would like a picture with you, good folks. If that's ok?"

"Sure," Rene said.

Sarah was skeptical about Lester. She knew he was up to something but decided to go along with it for now. "Here, use my phone. I'll share it with you later," Sarah said. She didn't like the idea of Lester having a picture of her parents in his phone. She gave him a stern look as if saying, Don't try anything funny with my parents around, and handed over her phone to Lester.

Lester gave her an almost innocent smile and took it.

James was in the center, with Sarah on one side and Rene on the other. He saw Sarah glare and stood beside Rene. He stood close by and placed one hand on her shoulder as he clicked a selfie of all of them together. Just the feel of her silk sleep shirt and the hint of her perfume made his cock twitch. He pretended to see if the

picture had come out well and discreetly sent the photo to Dan with the caption. ‘Just having a good time with the in-laws, buddy.’

Sarah had moved to the kitchen to get a glass of water. Her body stiffened as she felt the eyes of Lester on her back. Just as she was about to turn around and warn Lester of trying anything stupid tonight, she felt his huge hands on her hips, holding her in place as his body pressed against her from behind. Sarah prayed her parents didn’t look in their direction. Sarah felt his breath on her neck as Lester leaned closer and whispered in her ear.

“Make sure your parents sleep in the bedroom, and tell them you will take the couch in the living room.”

Sarah moved away from his grip and turned with defiance in her eyes as if questioning, ‘What if I don’t?’

Lester just gave a smirk and said, “Unless you want your dad to see me naked strolling around the apartment.”

“Lester,” Sarah hissed, trying to be as quiet as possible and warn Lester to back down since her parents were around. But Lester had placed her phone on the counter beside her and already turned, heading back to the living room.

Sarah immediately found the message he had sent to Dan. “Asshole,” Sarah muttered under her breath as she quickly messaged Dan back, saying, ‘Sorry, that was Lester.’

When Lester got to the couch, the sight of the two empty glasses brought a wide grin to his face. His plan was working, and it was going to be so much fun making Sarah lose control.

Sarah thought for a moment and questioned if Lester would really do what he said or if it was just an empty threat. But she knew Lester was capable of anything. She knew that would bring up a whole new line of questioning about Lester's behavior from her dad, and Sarah did not have the energy for it tonight. This would just give her father another reason to question Dan and her choice of the living arrangement and career choices.

So when her dad suggested he would take the pullout cot in the living room, Sarah convinced him otherwise. Her father would usually put up a fight, but maybe it was the alcohol, or maybe he was just tired. But to Sarah’s relief, her dad didn’t argue. Soon everyone said their goodnights, and Sarah’s parents retired for the night in Dan’s bedroom while she settled herself on the rather uncomfortable couch.

Sarah’s phone lit up with a notification of an incoming message. She smiled when she saw the message was from Dan.

Dan: ‘I figured. How was your day?’

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Sarah: “I was just on the edge with all the questions from my parents. Hope you had a productive day. Missed you.”

Dan: “Things went well here. Can’t wait to tell you about it. Keeping my fingers crossed.”

Just then a notification on Sarah’s screen from her social media popped up. It was a picture of Dan being tagged in a photo. It was a picture of Dan with a couple of people Sarah assumed were his new contacts at Sentinel Securities. It was mostly a bunch of guys, except for one busty blonde who seemed to be sitting a little too close and leaning towards Dan. She was wearing a blouse with a couple of buttons undone that showed off a little too much cleavage forwhat would have been appropriate in a workplace. Sarah’s hackles rose as she clicked on her. It said her name was Tricia. Sarah knew she was being a hypocrite with everything she had been doing with Lester, but she still felt territorial of her husband.

Sarah: “Where are you?”

Dan: “Still at their office, we were going over some last-minute revisions. Will head back to the room soon.”

Sarah: “So who's the blonde?”

Dan saw the message on his screen and was confused at first. He then saw the notification that he was tagged in a photo on social media. Dan saw the picture and smiled. He loved moments like these when Sarah was possessive of him. It made him feel special and wanted despite everything else that was happening. Dan's heart warmed, and he hit the call button, and Sarah picked up on the first ring.

“Someone’s jealous,” Dan said in a teasing tone.

“Just curious, is all,” Sarah replied.

“Oh really?” Dan said with a chuckle. He didn’t want to reveal Tricia’s suggestive comments, knowing it would annoy Sarah and raise more questions.

“Well, she better not try anything with my man,” Sarah replied.

Dan smiled. Just the simple words “my man” warmed his heart. With everything going on with Lester, it was moments like these that assured him how much Sarah loved her and nothing or no one could come between them.

Just then, Sarah let out a gasp as she heard the floorboards creak. She turned in the direction to see the silhouette of the ogre-like man that her body had become too familiar with. What the hell was he doing out here? Her parents were right there, and Lester better not try anything stupid. Sarah had to take control of the situation. So she said, “Honey, I need to go,” in a rush as she ended the call.

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Dan looked at his phone with unease, knowing the only thing, or the only person, that could distract his wife at this time. His own attention was briefly caught by the heels dangling off Tricia's feet. His eyes traced higher up Tricia’s stocking-clad feet, and then he looked up. He saw Tricia looking at him with a coy smile. Dan quickly averted his gaze, knowing he had been caught. Just then another colleague of Tricia asked, “Shall we call it a night?”

Dan had been working with Tricia’s team late to complete the final presentation to a potential investor. Dan knew this active involvement would definitely be appreciated by the Sentinel team. Dan had nowhere to be in Washington and had readily agreed to help them. They had been working in the conference room and ordered pizzas for dinner. Despite all the teasing glimpses of her cleavage and innuendos, Tricia was quite smart and contributed a lot to the project.

Just then a notification alert chimed on Dan’s phone, illuminating his screen. Out of instinct, both Dan and Tricia looked at the phone. The wallpaper was of Sarah and the girls when they had gone out to the park a couple of days ago. Dan saw it was a message from Sarah and opened it to find an image attached. His face turned into a frown.

“Yeah, sure. See you guys tomorrow,” Dan said distractedly as he got up and left for the small office that he had been working out of all day. It wasn’t a huge space, just enough for a desk and storage cabinet, but the Sentinel team had been kind enough to provide him a space to work in. Dan figured it must have been used by lower executives or for taking client calls, but it was more comfortable than sitting in the hotel room alone. It was also a little secluded from the main hustle of the office, so he was able to work in peace. Dan sat down with a sigh as he remembered last night and leaving Sarah alone with Lester this morning. He really needed this project to go through. He was feeling positive with all the feedback, but he knew in the corporate world nothing is for sure unless contracts are signed. Dan just had to send out a couple of last-minute emails before he could get back to the hotel and end the day with a cold beer.

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Just as Lester moved closer, Sarah gasped as she realized that he was completely naked. His huge meaty cock was semi-erect and swinging as he walked towards her. Sarah stared at his flabby body and his unkempt hair and knew she must be repulsed by such a man, but instead her body was starting to heat up in anticipation.

A sudden ping of her phone brought her out of her trance. She looked down at her phone screen, which displayed a message from Dan.

Dan: Is everything alright?

Dan's message brought Sarah back to her senses. Sarah's ears perked up, and the soft snoring coming from Dan's room confirmed their parents were sound asleep, but still it reminded her of how close they were. Sarah also knew how quickly things could get out of hand with Lester, and she had to put a stop to it.

"Lester, stop." She said in a hush tone, not wanting to wake up her parents. She knew she could not explain why Dan's roommate was standing naked next to her in the middle of the night if her parents ever caught them. "We can't do this, please. My parents are right there. My mom will be furious if she catches us and my dad…"

By now, Lester had moved within reaching distance of Sarah. He placed a fat finger on her lips and shushed her. "It's okay, Sarah. I just came out to get a glass of water," Lester said in a calm voice.

Sarah knew she shouldn't believe him, but as Lester placed his hands on her shoulder and squeezed gently, her shoulders slowly began to relax.

"It's okay, baby girl. Relax and take a deep breath," Lester said as his fingers pressed into Sarah's shoulder blade with the right amount of pressure.

Sarah's lips parted as she let out a soft sigh and closed her eyes. For a moment, she really believed Lester's words, although deep down she knew Lester always had a sinister motive. The day had been stressful, with her parents finding out about Dan's work and Lester accompanying them to dinner. She just wanted to relax.

"Take a deep breath," Lester said as he continued to massage Sarah's shoulders. Lester's lips quirked up in a wicked smile as he saw Sarah relax and let her guard down.

Sarah took a deep breath and could feel the tension leaving her body. She took in another deep breath, but this time, her body stiffened, feeling the presence of Lester

closer to her. When she took another deep breath, her nostrils were hit with the aroma of Lester’s strong musky scent.

Sarah's eyes opened, and her vision was filled with Lester’s thick member and his unruly pubic hair. When she tried pulling away, Lester’s hands held her in place. Sarah placed her hands on Lester’s thighs and tried pushing back, but Lester held her in place and pushed his crotch closer to her face. Sarah knew she had to stop, but her body had a mind of its own as she took more deep breaths. She was like a fish out of water, and Lester’s addictive musk was like her oxygen.

One of Lester’s hands was now holding Sarah’s head, guiding her face into his crotch. He pressed Sarah’s nose in his pubic hair while she took in the scent of his cock and sweaty balls.

Sarah couldn’t stop herself from taking deep breaths. Her mind was going dizzy with lust. She could feel her nipples harden and the wetness grow between her thighs.

Lester held Sarah’s face and guided it all over his crotch. Pushing her face deeper into his thick, unkempt pubic hair and stiffening cock. He loved the feel of her soft skin against her veiny shaft.

Sarah had never thought just the scent of a person could arouse her so much. It felt so primal as she took in the animalistic scent of Lester. Her body was heating up from the musk of this alpha male.

Lester's lips twitched in a wicked smirk as he could feel Sarah’s resolve weaken. Her hands on his thighs were no longer pushing him away but holding onto them as if, if she let go, she might fall deeper down into the abyss of lust. Lester shifted his legs wider and guided the young mother’s face to his sweaty ballsack.

The strong stench of Lester’s skin hit Sarah’s nostrils. His unruly pubic hair no longer bothered her as she pressed her face deeper into Lester's crotch and sniffed in his dirty musk. Sarah let out a low whimper as the last of her resistance broke down. She felt like an addict as she sniffed the potent load brewing in Lester’s balls.

“That’s it, baby girl. Take it all in,” Lester said with an ugly grin. “Give me some tongue, sweetheart.”

As if in a trance, she slipped her tongue out and wormed it through his thick mat of hair. She ran slow, deliberate licks along Lester’s nut sack. Bathing every inch of his salty skin in her sweet saliva.

Lester held his thick cock by the base and lifted it so that Sarah could reach every crack and crevice.

Sarah’s senses were overloaded with the sight, scent, and taste of Lester. Her tongue lapped beneath his ball sack and cleaned his taint thoroughly of the day’s grime and sweat.

“God, you are such a good puppy,” Lester praised her like a dog. He rested his meaty cock on Sarah’s face. The angry purple head with its slit oozing precum rested on her forehead.

These demeaning words only seemed to encourage Sarah, as she doubled her efforts and lapped her wet tongue along his taint and side of his ball sack, thoroughly cleaning him with her saliva.

Once he was satisfied with her tongue, he pulled Sarah away from his crotch by her hair.

With one hand at the back of her head and the other gripping the base of his cock, Lester slowly began rubbing his bulbous cock head all over the young mother’s face. His cock slit slowly oozing and smearing his thick viscous precum all over Sarah’s soft skin. He used his blunt cockhead to rub the slime all over her face as if it was her favorite skincare product.

Lester looked down to see Sarah’s eyes staring back at him in a ditzy daze, but the way her nostrils flared, craving the scent of his precum, made his cock twitch. Lester slowly drew his cock all over Sarah’s cheeks and forehead. He brought it down the center of her face and directly pressed his leaking cock slit right up against her nostrils.

And without having to instruct her, Sarah took in a deep whiff as if snorting her favorite drug. Her eyes rolled back as her mind was swirling with lust.

“That's my slut. Fucking snort in my scent,” Lester said, squeezing the base of his cock like it was a tube of toothpaste as more of the precum oozed into Sarah’s nostril. Sarah snorted in the thick leaking precum.

Sarah’s T-shirt and bra were pulled over her breast as one of her hands was pinching and tweaking her nipples while the other was in her shorts rubbing her aching pussy.

Lester drew his cock across Sarah’s lips, smearing a dollop of precum. Sarah’s tongue hungrily darted out to lick it off her lips. Once her tongue cleaned the viscous liquid off her lips, Lester smeared another dollop, and Sarah’s tongue repeated the motion to taste more of Lester’s cock slime.

“That’s it, baby girl. Everything is going to be alright. Daddy’s here,” Lester said with a smirk as Sarah’s tongue reached out for more.

Lester pulled his cock back and squeezed the base of his shaft, causing a thick dollop of precum to ooze out of his slit.

Sarah watched as if hypnotized as the drop slowly began to grow heavy and hung low on Lester's cockhead. She opened her mouth, reaching out with her tongue, and looked at Lester with pleading eyes, begging him to feed her his illicit cock.

"That's my good girl," Lester said as he let the lone drop of precum drip onto Sarah's tongue, causing her to let out a low moan. Sarah's tongue reached out again and this time swiped across Lester's cock slit, searching for more of the lustful elixir.

Lester grunted and moved forward. He slowly ran his fingers through her hair.

Sarah took Lester's purple head in her mouth and slowly began suckling on it, like it was her pacifier. The giant bulbous head really had a calming effect on her. His cheeks bulged with the fat cockhead in her mouth. She swirled her tongue, licking on the fat cockhead, swiping across the slit, eager for more of Lester's fresh cock concoction. Her fingers eagerly rubbed her swollen pussy for relief, but her shorts felt constricting. She slipped out of her shorts and tried pulling her panties down; they were midway on one of her thighs when Lester lost patience.

Lester began slowly moving his hips, pushing his cock deeper into Sarah's mouth with every thrust. He gripped her ponytail in one hand, using it to hold her head in place as she began to face-fuck the young wife. Soon the room was filled with the wet gluck, gluck, gluck sounds as Lester pushed his cock deeper down Sarah's throat.

Sarah held on to Lester's thighs, giving in to her lust as the fat, ogre-like man took control. Her pussy was dripping down her thighs from the rough manhandling. She looked up into the beady eyes of Lester, and at that moment she just wanted him to take control.

Suddenly the ringtone of her phone interrupted their eye contact. This annoyed Lester as Sarah got distracted and looked at the phone on the coffee table.

Dan was video calling to check on Sarah, worried after she had not texted him back.

Sarah tried pulling back from Sarah's cock to turn down the volume of silence on her phone.

But Lester was having none of it. He held her head in place and stuffed his cock deeper into her mouth. He leaned and picked up the phone. Lester thought of just cutting the call and making Dan stew in angst, but then he remembered last night. Although he was annoyed at first at Sarah's suggestion of a threesome, yesterday had been a pleasant surprise. The way he put Dan in his place in front of his wife made his cock hard. The way Dan's pathetic cock shrunk in his presence not only

made him feel so powerful but also made Dan look so weak. He had enjoyed the rush of seeing Dan in shame desperately tugging on his cock to get him hard while he fucked his wife's pussy right in front of him. Maybe he could have some more fun today taunting the poor bastard. He answered the call with a wicked grin.

Dan was surprised to see Lester's ugly face fill the screen. He was grunting, and his swine-like face was covered in a sheen of sweat.

"Hey Danny boy, sorry buddy, your wife's mouth is a little busy right now," Lester said with a chuckle as he pointed his screen towards his cock. "Say hello to your hubby, slut," Lester said in a mocking tone, not letting go of Sarah's hair as he stabbed his cock in her mouth.

Sarah slapped Lester's thighs and pulled away coughing. Lester just chuckled as Sarah grabbed the phone from her hand. With the phone in one hand, her other hand just reached out for support and landed on Lester's cock and held on to it firmly in her grip. A string of saliva still connected Lester's cock and her swollen lips.

"Sarah, what's happening? Your parents are right there," Dan said in a hushed voice, not believing how reckless she was being.

"I'm sorry, baby. I just got carried away," Sarah said apologetically. "Lester just…" She was interrupted by Lester's cock stabbing at her lips and cheeks.

Lester grabbed a handful of her fleshy tits impatiently as Sarah's attention was no longer on her cock. He took one hard nipple between his thumb and forefinger, pinching and pulling on it hard, making Sarah whimper loudly in pain and pleasure.

"Sarah, honey. Please lower your voice. Your parents might hear you," Dan said, now praying Lester had gotten Sarah's parents drunk enough that they didn't wake up.

Lester chuckled at Dan's words and had an idea. "Oh, I agree with you, buddy. We need to shut your wife up before she wakes up your in-laws, and I know exactly how," Lester said with an ugly grin.

Lester grabbed the phone from Sarah's hands and set it on the coffee table. Lester made Sarah lie on her back on the couch, and then he grabbed her legs and pulled her up on the backrest. He repositioned her so that Sarah was now lying on the couch with her head hanging at the edge of the seat and her legs on the backrest. For a moment her eyes met Dan's as she saw her husband's upturned face on the phone screen. From his ragged breathing and wide eyes, Sarah knew he was turned on too. She had seen it in Dan's eyes each time he had watched her. Now her husband's eyes on her seemed to fuel the burning lust inside her. She just gave him a naughty smile and a wink.

Sarah quickly understood what Lester had in mind but didn’t resist as she opened her mouth. Sarah complied, still hazy with lust.

Seeing Sarah’s position, Dan knew exactly what was about to happen, but he was helpless to stop it.

Lester grinned at Sarah’s obedience as he moved in front of Dan's wife. He bent his knees slightly to align his cock with Sarah’s open mouth and looked back at Dan. Lester gave him a dirty grin as he moved his hips forward, stuffing his cock in the young mother’s mouth pussy.

Sarah was caught off guard by how deep Lester’s cock could reach in this position and tried pushing him off of her by his thighs.

Lester grunted and moved back until only his bulbous cockhead was lodged in Sarah’s mouth. His hands were on Sarah’s thighs, splaying her sopping pussy more open and firmly holding her in place.

Sarah managed to take a few gulps of air before Lester pushed his cock deep into her again. This time pushing it deeper into her throat.

Each time Lester pulled his cock out and pushed in again, he would bend his knees slightly and angle himself so that he could drive his cock deeper into Sarah’s throat. While his lowered body was determined to stuff his meaty cock as much as possible into the beautiful woman, his beady eyes hungrily stared at her splayed open legs. The pink wet folds of her pussy on full display like a fully blossomed flower. The puffy and engorged pussy lips were like wet fleshy petals inviting him for a taste. Lester licked his lips like a starving troll and dove in hungrily, devouring Sarah's pussy like his last meal.

Dan watched in shock at how Lester was using the mother of his children. From his angle he could mostly just see Lester’s hairy back and fat ass pushing into his wife. He could also see Lester’s flabby hands holding the back of Sarah’s knees and spreading her more wide open, and from the wet slurping sounds, he could only imagine how this troll-like creature was enjoying his wife’s pussy to the fullest. What shocked Dan even more was seeing Sarah, a strong independent woman, let Lester treat her this way, like a fuck doll. How demeaning and degrading this position was, but still Sarah was willingly letting Lester do with her as he pleased. The only part of his sweet wife Dan could see clearly apart from her legs sticking out from either side of Lester’s head was his beautiful wife's upturned face. Sarah’s face was turning deep pink, and her eyes were bloodshot. Drool, precum, and sexual slime were running down her face, and Lester's huge balls, which hung low, were smashing into her nose and forehead.

The room was filled with sucking and slurping noises along with the gagging sounds of Sarah on Lester’s fat cock.

Lester’s cock throbbed, feeling the way Sarah’s throat was constricting around it and milking him. He was all consumed by lust and the way Sarah’s bright red clit glowed and twitched, taunting him like a target. On instinct, he gave a sharp spank landing right on the middle of her pussy, which made Sarah scream around his cock. Lester groaned, feeling the vibrations on his cock, but felt like he had crossed a line. He immediately pulled back and looked down to make sure Sarah was alright.

Even Dan was shocked by the stinging slap. Sarah’s legs were trembling like she was electrocuted. He thought this was it; Sarah was never into pain. Dan had rarely spanked her hard, and his wife had never been too much into it. He was sure Sarah would slap the shitty smile on Lester's face and ask him to crawl back to his cave but was shocked by what happened next.

Sarah had been caught off guard by the stinging slap on her pussy. She was sure she would have woken not only her parents but also the neighbors if it hadn’t been for Lester’s cock stuffed in her mouth. But what surprised her was how the pussy spanking had not only sent shock waves of pain but also pleasure throughout her body. Every pleasure point in her body had come alive and buzzed with energy. It was as if her clit was directly connected to every nerve ending, and it was like having a mini orgasm that washed over her body. A dark, masochistic part of her was awakened from deep inside her. Her finger found her sensitive nipples and pinched them hard as if trying to recreate that sensation of pain and pleasure. Her body craved more of the same, and so with a lusty gaze that shifted from Dan to Lester. She spread her legs even wider and opened her mouth and wagged her tongue lewdly as if daring Lester.

Lester’s ugly face lit up like a Christmas tree as he stared at Sarah and then at Dan. He couldn’t believe how much of a slut this hot wife was. He gave Dan one last wicked grin before taking his position back in front of Sarah. This time he did not hold back. One of his hands went behind Sarah’s head and bunched her hair, holding it like a handle while the other rubbed the wet flesh of her pussy. He drove his cock deep into her throat from the first thrust like it was a drooling cunt. Lester began to pick up the pace and fucked Sarah’s face like a whore’s cunt. He was leaning into the young mother, his whole flabby body on her. Both their bodies were sweaty and covered in sexual slime. Lester noticed the deeper he pushed his cock in Sarah’s throat and when she gagged. Sarah clenched her stomach and pelvic muscles, causing her pussy to ooze more of her delicious juices. He hungrily licked, sucked, and nipped at her wet pussy lips before landing another sharp spank on her pussy.

Dan watched in horror as Lester used his wife like a live fleshlight. Her hands were wrapped around Lester’s thighs and pulling him, begging him to abuse her throat. His wife’s forehead that he kissed goodnight every night was being smashed by Lester’s heavy, hairy balls. The lips that he kissed every day were being bruised and stretched by this troll’s unholy cock. Dan had no clue how the hell his in-laws were

sleeping through this ordeal, but he prayed they don't wake up to see their daughter being defiled like this.

Lester was no longer holding back. He was fucking her like a sex-crazed animal. Sarah's throat had opened up, and accepting his cock with it was its rightful place. Lester was fucking Sarah's face so hard Dan was sure his cockhead was punching her tonsils. Sarah's face was covered in her own throat slime and Lester's nasty cock juice. Lester's hairy back was dripping with sweat that ran down his back into his fat ass cheeks.

Shock waves of pleasure radiated from Sarah's core with every stinging slap on her pussy. She knew her pussy was going to be sore tomorrow, but it was a small price to pay for the pleasure she was experiencing. She grabbed onto Lester's ass and pulled him deeper into her throat as if thanking him for showing her pleasure beyond her wildest dreams.

Dan was shocked to see Sarah obediently not only accepting this rough face fucking but craving more as her finger sank into the pudgy flesh of Lester's sweaty ass cheeks and fucked her own throat on the fat bastard's cock. The wedding ring on Sarah's finger glittered in low light, and as Sarah pulled Lester in deep, she in turn spread his ass cheeks wide. Dan was disgusted seeing the old bastard's clenching asshole and his wife's wedding ring side by side on his screen.

Lester was close to coming. The way Sarah's throat was milking his cock felt divine. He wanted Dan to see that no matter what he did when he got back, he could never reclaim his wife back. Sarah will always be Lester's. He wanted Dan to fucking taste his cock on Sarah's lips even if he kissed her for a week, reminding him of whom she belonged to. And he wanted to make sure Sarah never forgets this night either. Lester stared at Sarah's wet pussy and her throbbing clit. "That's it, my sweet slut. Take it, take everything daddy gives you," Lester said, as he raised his hand and delivered a sharp slap on wet pussy which made Sarah's body spasm. He jammed two of his fingers deep inside her slick folds and hooked them to find that special spot. He fingered her cunt while he took her throbbing clit in between his teeth and tugged on it, making Sarah's body tremble and pushing her rapidly to the edge of her orgasm.

Sarah had no control of her body anymore and was at the sweet mercy of Lester. But she didn't care; she wanted Lester to be in control. He had been the only one capable of taking her to new heights of pleasure. She completely surrendered and let go as Lester's fat fingers drilled her pussy mercilessly.

"Come for me, slut. Cum for Daddy," Lester said as he began delivering a series of slaps on her tender pussy.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Sarah's mind went numb, and all of a sudden she left, like her body was so light and floating. The orgasm washed over her body in waves of pleasure and pain from the spanking. Her pussy gushed with her juices like a fountain.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Dan watched the perversely erotic sight as Sarah's orgasm hit. Her eyes rolled back, and her fingers dug into Lester's ass cheeks for support. Her legs quivered and trembled as the orgasm rocked her body. Dan saw Lester's ragged humps and the way his ass cheeks were clenching as the ugly troll was filling his wife's mouth with his vile spunk.

Lester muffled his own grunts by burying his face in Sarah's gushing pussy. He drank in her squirt like it was the elixir of life; in turn, he was feeding his life juice to the young mother in return. The way he growled and groaned into Sarah's pussy sent vibrations to her sensitive pussy, which prolonged her orgasm.

Sarah tried taking in as much of Lester's cum as possible, but it was too much, as her mouth bulged and cum started dripping out of the corner of her sealed lips. They started running all over her messy face.

Lester finally huffed from the exertion and pushed back from the couch. His body was covered in sweat and slime. He plopped down on the couch beside Sarah, breathing heavily. His face was red and heaving; Dan thought he might be having a heart attack. Dan thought at least the ordeal was over and Lester must have exhausted himself, but he would learn that the night was far from over. Lester helped Sarah as she sat up on the couch and removed her white t-shirt, which was not soaked in sweat. She used it to clean her face. Both of them were breathing heavily, but their hunger for each other had not been quenched.

Sarah was in a fog of lust as she came down from the orgasm, but her sore pussy was still on fire and ached to be filled. Sarah knew Lester was the only one who could satisfy her primal craving and put out the fire within her with his illicit cum. She stared at Lester's messy cock and looked up to meet his beady eyes. Lester returned the lust-filled gaze as both their lips met passionately.

Dan watched with horror as Sarah quickly climbed onto Lester's lap as their mouths met like long-lost lovers. The way Sarah looked at Lester longingly scared Dan and made him question whether mind-numbing orgasms could win over so many years of marriage and intimacy. Sarah's hands quickly wrapped around Lester's semi-erect cock and began pumping it, as if willing it back to life. The way their lips and tongue battle for control was so primal. Lester just stuck his tongue out, and Sarah was licking and sucking on it so lewdly. It was as if Sarah couldn't get enough of him and wanted to thank him for the mind-numbing orgasm. She licked the sweaty skin of

Lester’s neck and the side of his face like a dog that had not seen his master in days.

Sarah got on all fours beside Lester on the couch and took Lester’s messy cock in her mouth. She ran her tongue along his shaft, cleaning the mess off of it. She wrapped her lips around the bulbous head and swirled her tongue on his sensitive head. It was as if she was resuscitating a drowning person, but Lester was more than up for the challenge. He just grunted and flexed his cock as it began to harden again. Sarah stared at it with admiration as she quickly got back up to ride it.

Dan’s shocked face on the screen caught Lester's attention. Lester grinned widely; when Sarah moved to sit on his cock, he turned her around in a reverse cowgirl position so that she was facing Dan.

Sarah groaned as Lester’s meaty cock split open her aching pussy. She was still sensitive and sore from her earlier orgasm as she lowered herself on his thick shaft. Lester’s cock felt so good stretching her pussy walls and filling her to the brim. She was still wearing her baby blue bra, and her matching panties were scrunched up on one of her thighs.

Lester was slowly fucking Sarah in a steady rhythm to keep her distracted and on the edge. He really needed to break Dan, but fucking Sarah in front of him only seemed to be getting Dan off. No, Lester didn’t want to give Dan even that pleasure; he wanted to show Dan his place as a pathetic cuck. And he wanted to do it with Sarah by his side. He needed to mentally corrupt Sarah, and that delicious thought made Lester’s cock twitch. Lester needed to break the image Sarah had of her loving husband. He needed Sarah to see him no longer as the confident man she married and had children with, but as a weak beta male who could not provide for her or satisfy her needs. So, Lester gave a sharp slap on Sarah’s ass and drew her attention to Dan and asked, “Last night was fun, huh?”

Sarah groaned at the memory of Lester fucking her hard all night and in the morning, but Dan shifted his gaze uncomfortably, remembering his poor performance.

“Danny boy, we missed you during our second round? What happened, buddy? Did your dick get tired after you shot once?” Lester said in a teasing tone.

“Lester, don’t be mean,” Sarah said, slapping his thighs, which just made Lester chuckle. “You were amazing, honey. Don’t listen to this asshole,” Sarah said in a breathy voice as she continued to slowly bounce on Lester’s cock.

Dan blushed, although he knew Sarah was just saying it to comfort him. He knew Lester was again playing with his mind and wanted to put him down in front of Sarah.

Lester looked at Dan with an evil smile and whispered in Sarah's ears. "You were so hot, baby. So sexy. So damn perfect, but do you remember how Dan couldn't get it up? Do you remember how limp his dick was even when you were fucking him with your sopping wet pussy?"

An image of Dan with his flaccid cock in his hand flashed across Sarah's mind. The disappointment she had felt.

"It wasn't your fault, baby girl. I swear you were the sexiest woman alive at that moment. Any man would have had a fucking hard-on at the sight of you. You remember how hard my cock was, don't you, baby?" Lester whispered like the devil on her shoulders.

Sarah groaned, but Lester's poisonous words were seeping into her mind.

"Maybe it happens to all married couples after a while, or maybe Dan can no longer get it up just from normal sex. He needs something kinkier, something dirtier to get hard," Lester whispered.

Sarah thought back to how Dan had admitted that watching her act so slutty with Lester and talk dirty or disrespectfully of him turns him on.

"It's alright, buddy. Maybe you are a one-shot guy. I have heard of it, you know. Some men can only come once," Lester said loudly so that Dan could hear him.

Dan knew Lester was talking shit about him in Sarah's ears, but right now he couldn't do anything about it being in Washington. Maybe when he got back, he could have an open conversation with his wife, but right now he needed to at least defend his ego and not let Lester walk all over him. "That's not true. Of course, I came again last night," he said without thinking.

"Oh really," Lester grinned. He knew he had Dan by his balls. God, he was so predictable.

"When was this, buddy? My memory is probably hazy, but do you remember your husband being hard or cumming inside you again, Sarah?"

Sarah gave a slow nod, saying no. Sarah knew she would have remembered it because she had wanted to have both their cocks at the same time in a doggy-style position. I She had fantasized about getting fucked from both ends, but since Dan had not been able to perform, she had not brought it up.

"I, I…" Dan stammered, realizing yet again he had fallen for Lester's trap.

"When was it, Dan?" Sarah asked in a tone harsher than she intended, but she did feel disappointed and betrayed. Was Lester right? Did Dan not find her sexy or attractive anymore?

Dan blushed, knowing he had no way out of this but to come clean. He could see Lester's ugly grin, but he didn't want to lie to Sarah. "I watched you both when you fucked again later that night." Dan said, his throat going dry. "I saw you through the peephole and jerked off." Dan admitted. God, he sounded like a fucking creep when he said it out loud.

Lester broke into a laugh and said, "See, I told you. He can get hard only watching you with me. His dick works only when you act like a dirty slut for me.

"Is that true, honey? Did watching Lester fuck me again last night make your dick hard?" Sarah said in a sultry voice.

Dan could no longer feel the warmth in her voice, but instead, it was replaced by something else: disappointment, anger, and annoyance.

"Is it true that your cock can only get hard when you see me act like a dirty slut for Lester? And when I say all those dirty things, do I hurt your feelings, or do I turn you on?" Sarah said in a sultry voice. The warm smile on her face slowly was replaced with a wicked smirk.

Lester chuckled when he saw the dark side of Sarah flare up. "Ask him if he is hard right now." Lester said with a wicked grin.

"Are you, baby? Did you enjoy watching Lester facefuck your wife?" Sarah asked.

Dan gulped as his cock throbbed in his hands. Midway through Sarah's face-fucking session, Dan had looked around to see no one in the office. He had pulled down his pants and boxers and began jerking his throbbing cock.

"Oh, come on, my little slut. Look at him. You know this shit turns him on. You know this is what he wants. This is what makes your sweet husband happy. Don't you want to make your little hubby happy? Don't you want to give him a little happy hard-on?" Lester said as he flexed his cock inside Sarah's pussy.

Sarah groaned and shifted. She was trying to focus on the conversation, but the way Lester's words caressed his mind and his cock the insides of her body was clouding her judgement.

"Tell him. Tell your sweet little hubby how you really felt last night. Tell him what he really wants to hear from your sweet lips," Lester whispered.

"I, I…" Sarah hesitated.

Lester knew he had Sarah right where he wanted her. Her mind was in a lust-filled fog, and her body was aching for release. She just needed a little push, a little motivation to get her there. He gave Sarah's ass a hard slap and pulled her back by

grabbing her hair. With his lips right next to her ear, he growled, “Say it, slut. Tell him exactly how you felt when you saw his limp dick last night.”

Sarah sucked in a deep breath. Something inside her cracked. Something inside her gave in. Maybe it was the tone in which Lester commanded her, or maybe it was how she had truly felt. Sarah decided to be honest.

“I was disappointed. It made me feel unattractive, like I could no longer satisfy my own husband,” Sarah said, not holding back. “Having a threesome was always a dirty fantasy of mine. I really was looking forward to having more fun with two cocks to please me, but…”

Lester interrupted her with a hard spank. Sarah had said just the right things that he wanted Dan to hear. He smirked at how easy it was to manipulate both of them. Lester felt like a puppeteer, the only difference being he was using his hard cock to make his fuck doll dance to his tune.

“Did you hear that, Dan? You disappoint her. You cannot satisfy her. You cannot give her what she wants,” Lester said with an evil growl.

When Sarah tried to protest, that was not what she meant. Lester yanked her hair, making her squeal, and began pounding his cock into Sarah’s g-spot.

All rational thought left Sarah’s mind as her mind and body were thrust towards the edge of another earth-shattering orgasm. “Oh fuck, Lester. Oh fuck, yes, right there. Please don’t stop,” Sarah moaned.

Lester leaned forward and hooked his hands below Sarah’s knees and lifted her legs. He clasped his fingers behind Sarah’s head and held her in a full nelson position. Lester had no intention of stopping now; Sarah couldn’t get out of his grip even if she tried. His hips lifted off the couch as he pounded into the young mother.

Dan watched Lester pulverize his wife’s pussy. His cock was a blur as it rammed into Sarah’s pussy with little resistance. Dan had never fucked his wife in this position, and it really felt like Lester was showing him how to fuck his own wife. Her squashed breasts were bouncing up and down violently. Dan stared at the juncture between Sarah’s legs. The way her pussy was wet and puffy with arousal, the way it was split open by Lester’s girthy cock. Lester was using her like his own personal fleshlight.

Sarah could no longer think. Her mind was a muddled mess. She let out groans and grunts like a wounded animal. Her orgasm hit her hard and fast. It was as if she was thrown off a cliff. Her mouth fell open, and her eyes began to roll back. She even drooled onto her own bouncing tits.

Lester never stopped. He pounded Sarah’s pussy through her orgasm, making it feel like a series of explosions went off inside her. When Sarah let out a guttural moan,

even Lester was scared she might wake up her sleeping parents. He used his hands to cover her mouth as he fucked her through her orgasm. He finally relented as he felt Sarah's body go limp in his arms. He dropped back on the couch, heaving in exhaustion, and let his arms fall back on the couch's backrest on either side.

Sarah was slowly recovering from her orgasm, leaning back on Lester's sweaty body. Even the way his hairy chest and belly brushed against her back made her body frizzle. She leaned back to meet the lust-filled gaze of Lester. Sarah reached her arm behind Lester's neck and kissed him deeply for a sodden kiss. Both their bodies were dripping with sweat and heaving with their rapid breathing.

"Now, it's my turn, slut," Lester said with a growl, giving Sarah's ass a hard spank. Only then did it dawn on Sarah and Dan that Lester had still not come.

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Somewhere deep in the apartment, Renee gasped as she woke up from her sleep. She cleared her eyes, trying to remember where she was, and the sound of James snoring beside her calmed her down. She breathed out a sigh of relief as she checked the time.

Maybe it was her motherly instinct, but she felt as if her daughter cried out in pain. Her throat felt dry, and she could use some water. Renee wanted to make sure Sarah was okay as well.

From the snoring beside her, Renee knew James was deep asleep. Her husband had had a little too much to drink, but she was partly to blame for it too. Earlier that evening when Lester had presented her with a full glass of wine, Renee had taken two sips and felt uneasy. She had kept the glass back on the table, and when James gave her a questioning look, she had said she was done. But James thought it was a crime to waste such good wine and finished her glass as well.

Renee slowly moved to the door, still feeling groggy, but as she stepped out into the hallway, the sounds coming from the living room immediately brought her back to her senses. She didn't know why, but instinctively closed the bedroom door, not wanting to disturb James, and slowly walked towards the carnal sound.

Renee should have known what was going on by the moans and grunts coming from the living room, but her mind could not fully process what was happening as her feet slowly took her in the direction of the sounds.

A low moan from Sarah made Renee stop in her tracks. She smiled, thinking, maybe her daughter was pleasuring herself, or maybe she missed her husband, which was

perfectly normal. Renee remembered all those lonely nights when James would travel. She decided to give her daughter some privacy and turned to head back to bed when an animalistic grunt caught her attention. Then the rhythmic slapping of skin on skin registered in her mind.

Renee was confused for a second. ‘No, it couldn’t be. Was Sarah cheating on Dan with someone else? Who could it be? The only other person in the apartment was Dan’s ugly roommate. Her daughter would never choose someone like him. Would she? Maybe it was someone else. Sarah had snuck in after she thought all of them were asleep. Honestly, this wouldn’t be the first time Renee had caught her daughter sneaking in a boyfriend.

Then a darker thought appeared in Renee’s mind. What if someone was assaulting Sarah and she cried out for help? Maybe that’s what woke her up. All these questions were rapidly firing across Renee’s mind as she walked down the hallway.

Renee slowly peeked around the corner in the dark, knowing if she had to wake James up, she could sneak back to the bedroom without alerting anyone. Her eyes went wide and her jaw dropped. Nothing could have prepared her for the sight in front of her.

Sarah, her daughter, was completely naked and on all fours, sideways on the couch. Lester, Dan’s ugly roommate, was pounding into her from behind.

Renee quickly slumped back from view and couldn’t believe what she just saw. Maybe her eyes are playing tricks on her. She had to peek again to believe what she was seeing.

By the look of Sarah and Lester’s sweaty and flushed bodies, Renee knew they must have been going at it for a while now. She could not believe it. No, she did not want to believe that her beautiful daughter was having sex with that ogre of a man. She couldn’t understand. Why would her daughter want to be with someone like Lester? But something deep inside her knew why, but Renee pushed down those dark thoughts and memories and didn’t want to believe it. Maybe Lester was taking advantage of Sarah, maybe he had something on Dan and was blackmailing them, or maybe he was taking advantage of her daughter being alone and vulnerable.

And what about Dan? What if he found out about this? What if he no longer wanted to be with Sarah and filed for divorce? And her grandchildren—what would happen to those poor girls? However this may have started, Renee needed to stop this. She needed to talk sense into her daughter to keep her from destroying her own life. Just when Renee was about to step into the living room to stop this madness, Sarah’s sultry words made her stop in her tracks.

“Dan, honey. Are you watching this, baby? Does watching your ugly roommate fuck me turn you on? Is this what you wanted to see?” Sarah groaned as she felt another stinging slap on her ass.

Renee’s heart beat faster as she heard her daughter’s hoarse voice. She slowly peeked around the corner to see the lit screen of the phone propped on the coffee table.

“Sarah, please. You need to keep it down, or you might wake up your parents,” Renee heard Dan’s nervous voice from the phone.

After a few moments of groaning and moaning, Sarah said, “Why, baby? Are you afraid that I will need to explain to my parents why your ugly roommate is fucking me? Are you afraid that I would tell them how my husband’s little dick cannot satisfy me anymore and how he has been letting his ugly bastard of a roommate fuck me all these months?” Sarah said in a mocking tone.

Renee couldn’t believe the depraved words coming out of her daughter’s mouth. ‘Had Sarah really been fucking this ogre of a man for months while Dan knew about this? Why on earth would he let something like this happen?’

As if reading her mind, Sarah groaned and said, “Imagine what my parents would think of you if they knew you couldn’t afford to pay your share of the rent and you have been sending me on dates with your roommate,” Sarah said wickedly.

“Sarah, please don’t say that. You know how that’s not how things happened, and it’s a bit more complicated than that,” Dan said from the other side of the line.

“That’s true, but even if we did not have financial troubles. The pervert in you would still enjoy watching me get fucked by Lester. Or if you hadn’t moved to Chicago and we were still home. I may have still ended up fucking a dirty pervert like Otis at the hospital, and you would have still loved it, wouldn’t you?” Sarah asked.

When Dan didn’t answer back, Sarah prodded him. “Say it, Dan. I want you to hear you say it, baby.”

“Yes, it turns me on to watch you with Lester,” Dan admitted.

In the dark, Renee’s mind processed this shocking revelation. She couldn’t believe her daughter and son-in-law were into such a perverted lifestyle. Just then Renee realized how painfully erect her nipples were, and she could feel the unmistakable wetness growing between her thighs.

“Fuck, this was so wrong,” Renee thought to herself. This is Sarah; this is her own daughter. For Christ’s sake. How could she possibly get turned on by listening to her own daughter cheating? For a moment, Renee thought of going back to the room

and waking James to relieve the ache between her thighs, but by the soft snores coming from the bedroom, she knew James would probably not be up for it.

Renee thought back to her younger days; yes, James and she had gotten wild, but maybe not as wild as fucking with her parents just a few feet away. But she couldn't deny that the taboo scene was turning her on.

Maybe this was all just a dream. When she wakes up tomorrow, this will have never happened, and she can go back to being a normal mother, and Sarah will be her innocent daughter again.

Rene's mind was filled with questions. Why didn't she see this coming? As a mother, she should have sensed these things about her own daughter. Were Dan and Sarah having marital problems? Renee knew Dan was a good guy from the first time she met him. She had seen her daughter make mistakes before, going for the bad boy type during her high school days. But the first time Sarah had brought Dan over for dinner, Renee knew her daughter had finally come to her senses and was seeing a decent guy. She was happy for her.

Why didn't Sarah come to her if she was having problems in her marriage? Was she not spending enough time with her daughter? Was Sarah not comfortable enough to share things with her anymore?

Renee had never sensed this dark and wild side of her daughter, but she definitely knew from which side of the gene she had inherited it. It was as if she had never known her daughter at all. But Rene had to agree that there were different faces of a woman that no one fully understood. That every woman was more complex than what one saw on the surface. Memories of her younger days were a testament to that.

A sharp slap and a loud moan brought her back to reality.

Fuck, this was so wrong. But Renee couldn't deny that it was turning her on. She should not feel this way. Despite her protesting mind, her body was heating up. It craved to be touched, and the itch between her legs began to grow. Just the slightest graze of her sensitive nipples against the silky fabric of her nightshirt made her clit throb. Renee cupped her pussy and breast, willing it to calm down, and trying to reason how wrong this was. But the touch only seemed to flame the fire building inside her. It was as if her body had a mind of its own; she couldn't control it. One of her hands pinched her hard nipple over her shirt and palmed her own pussy over her silky pajama pants. The pressure of her palm over her aching clit felt so good. Just this simple action sent waves of pleasure across her body.

Renee struggled not to groan out loud. She knew this was so wrong, but it felt so good. Her knees buckled as she groped her own pussy and tugged on her

pebble-like nipples harder. She could feel the heat of her pussy against her sweaty palms.

Renee couldn't believe what she was about to do. She felt so dirty for doing this—listening to her own daughter—but she couldn't stop herself. Her mind justified saying she was listening to them just so that she could gather more information about how all this started so that she could help her daughter. Renee decided if she really was going to masturbate listening to herself, she just wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible and get back to the comfort of her bed.

It wasn't like Renee and James did not have an active sex life. She had always been proud of how James still went crazy for her and how passionate their lovemaking was. In fact, even the night before they had left for Chicago, James had been so horny he had kept her up all night and even in the shower the next morning. Renee had been so exhausted she had slept throughout their journey to Chicago. But Rene had to agree that something had been missing. It was as if both of them had been searching for something deep inside, trying to scratch an itch, searching for that old spark.

The damp hair at the back of Lester's neck rose. He could sense it. He could feel that they were being watched. Lester glanced towards the dark hallway leading to the rooms. For a moment, he thought he was just being paranoid, and it was probably just his own cameras, but then he thought he saw a silhouette in the dark hallway. He thought James would walk out any second now, running towards him in a fury and punching him in the face for defiling his daughter, but then he could still hear his soft snoring. Just when he was about to dismiss it, his nostrils flared and he caught a wisp of that fruity perfume. It was very subtle, but he could definitely smell it. That could only mean one person, Renee. But he wondered why she had still not stepped out and stopped him. Maybe he was imagining things, or maybe she had gone back to her room.

Suddenly an ugly and perverse idea popped into Lester's head. What if Renee was watching them? How far could he push her boundaries, and how far could he push Sarah's limits? Lester's lips curved up into an evil grin.

Lester pulled out of Sarah's pussy and rubbed his cock along her needy slit, teasing her.

"You want Daddy's cock in your slutty pussy?" Lester asked as he reached down to her swinging breasts. He pinched and twisted Sarah's nipples hard, causing her to whimper in pain and pleasure. Just the thought of Sarah calling him Daddy with her mother listening, just a few feet away, made Lester's cock rock hard.

Even in her face of lust, Sarah knew what Lester was trying to do. She knew this was wrong. She knew she shouldn't say it, but her body was craving Lester's cock. Her

mind and body were exhausted from her long day and earlier orgasms. She could feel her body had one last orgasm left in her, and it was building up fast. She reasoned that they were just words that fuelled Lester's ego. So, Sarah gave in to her lust and groaned, "Please, Daddy. I need you to fill my married cunt with your dirty cock," Sarah pleaded.

This brought a wicked smile on Lester's face. "I guess you not only have a Chicago husband but also a Chicago daddy now," Lester said as he lined up his cock with Sarah's entrance once again.

Lester pushed just the tip of his cock inside Sarah's sopping wet pussy. He moved his hips back and forth, causing his bulbous head to rub against Sarah's pussy walls, teasing and driving her mad with lust. Sarah's wet pussy made lewd wet sounds as it tried gripping on Lester's cock, trying to pull him deeper into her married pussy.

Sarah couldn't hold back and lost all sense of pride and reason as she begged Lester, "Oh please fuck me, Daddy. Fuck me with your big daddy cock. Ruin my married cunt. Make me your fucking mommy, slut. Give me your nasty dick, Daddy. Please," Sarah pleaded as she pushed her ass back and offered herself to Lester, shamelessly in lust.

In the dark hallway, Renee was shocked, hearing the filthy words coming out of her daughter's mouth. She knew she needed to stop this. She needed to wake James, and they needed to get the hell out of here, but her body froze. She couldn't fight the hot burning lust inside her anymore. She bit her lips as one of her hands slid inside her pants while the other was beneath her sleep shirt. Her lips formed a silent moan as her fingers slipped through her own wet folds. She was surprised how soaking wet she was from listening to this taboo coupling. Just the slightest graze of her fingers over her sensitive nipples made her shudder in pleasure.

For a moment, Renee looked back at the closed door of Dan's bedroom and wondered how the hell her husband was snoring through all this noise their daughter was making. But then a long-lost memory resurfaced and sent a depraved thrill up her spine.

Renee took her aching nipple between a thumb and forefinger and tugged on it hard. She rubbed circles over her slick wet clit, making her buckle in shame. She closed her eyes, and her mouth opened in a silent moan as the sounds of the illicit fucking filled the apartment. She could feel the wet heat and the smell of her own arousal.

Lester pumped his cock in and out of the young mother. He gave a stinking slap on her ass, making her moan into the cushion. Lester loved keeping Sarah on the edge and filling her mind with perverted thoughts.

An evil idea popped in his head as he ran his thumb along the rim of her puckering asshole. “I can’t wait to begin training your tight hole,” Lester said with a wicked smile.

Despite the fog of lust Sarah was in. Her mind bristled at Lester’s words. Sarah had enjoyed the few times Lester had rimmed her asshole, but she was nowhere near ready to let his cock anywhere near her tight asshole. “In your dreams, you dirty bastard,” Sarah growled in protest. Despite Dan having asked her a couple of times, after she had firmly said no, Dan no longer dared to go anywhere near her asshole. But a dirty pervert like Lester would of course be interested in something as nasty as anal sex. But the thought of letting Lester take her anal virginity after denying her own husband so long sent a taboo thrill through Sarah’s body.

Lester grinned, knowing he had planted the seed in Sarah’s mind. ”You know, your mom doesn’t look so bad for her age.”

Sarah turned around and gave Lester a steely glare and said, “Don’t you dare talk about my mom.”

Lester gave her an ugly grin, slapped her ass hard, and said, “You look so cute when you still think you can tell me what to do while you are taking my cock like a bitch in heat,” Lester said as he took hold of Sarah’s hair and pushed his cock deeper in an upward angle, hitting that sensitive spot.

For a second Sarah’s vision went blurry as Lester rubbed against her g-spot. “Oh fuck,” Sarah grunted as Lester pounded into her.

“So do you think your mom takes it up the ass?” He asked in a mocking tone.

“Lester, stop,” Sarah said, but this time it sounded more like a plea than a command.

“She looks like a wild one. One of those churchgoing milfs but a wild slut in the bedroom,” Lester said with a chuckle.

Sarah tried reaching behind with one hand and hitting him in his arm.

Lester just took hold of her arm and pinned it behind her back and began pounding her harder.

“Fine. I won’t talk about her, but on one condition,” Lester said with an evil grin as he stared at the dark hallway.

Sarah just grunted and groaned into the couch. Her mind was in a daze, and she couldn’t form complete sentences.

“I want you to imagine your parents standing right there in the hallway and watching you right now,” Lester said.

“Lester, no please,” Sarah groaned.

“I want you to tell them how good my cock feels,” Lester said with an ugly grin.

”No,” Sarah groaned. Despite her mind being a mess, Sarah tried not to give in to Lester’s sick idea.

Lester gave a couple of harsh slaps on Sarah’s ass to get attention and grabbed her hair so hard she got up on her knees, her back pressed against Lester’s chest. ”Tell me, you fucking slut, or I am going to drag you into their bedroom and fuck you right in front of them,” Lester growled in Sarah’s ears.

Sarah prayed inwardly that all of this was just some sick sex talk and Jack wouldn’t dare do anything so reckless. If it was just these sick words that he wanted to hear, she would give them to him. She was so close to cumming, and her pussy once again begged to cum.

“Mom, Dad, Lester’s cock feels so good inside me,” Sarah moaned as Lester began to pick up the pace and give her what she wanted.

“See if you are a good girl and listen. Daddy will reward you,” Lester said as he began pumping his cock faster into the young mother’s pussy.

“Tell them why you’re fucking me and not your sweet husband,” Lester growled.

Sarah no longer resisted. Her body was desperate for a release as she played along with Lester’s sick game. “Lester fucks me so much better than Dan, Mom. His cock is so much bigger. He stretches my pussy so good.”

‘Jesus, fuck.’ Renee thought to herself, listening to her daughter’s filthy talk. Her pants were midway down her thighs, and her shirt was pulled over her heaving breasts. She had three fingers deep in her sopping cunt while she used the heel of her palm to rub her clit.

“I’m sure your daddy would be so proud of you for taking my entire cock, baby girl,” Lester said with a nasty grin, giving an extra hard thrust. Lester's eye caught Dan's shocked face on the phone screen. He wanted to twist the knife even more and make Dan feel even more pathetic. So he gave Sara’s ass another stinging slap and asked. “And what is your little-dick husband doing right now?”

Sarah’s eyes stare into the screen of the phone. It looked as if she was staring into his soul as she said, “Dan is wanking his pathetic little dick while watching me get ruined by his fat, ugly roommate,” Sara said in a harsh tone, as if accusing Dan for not being there to stop this.

“Now tell your parents,” Lester said through gritted teeth. “Tell them.”

Sarah knew what the sick bastard wanted her to say. His ultimate fantasy. She just wanted to get this over with. She was at the brink of her orgasm; her body felt like she was almost in pain, and she just wanted to cum, and so she whispered, “Breed me.”

Lester’s face lit up with an ugly grin. He knew he had trained her well. His little slut knew exactly what he was thinking. Lester didn’t even have to egg her on; Sarah willingly went on, knowing it was the only way he would let her cum.

“Mom, Dad, I want Lester to breed me. I want him to fill my married pussy with his nasty cum. I want to carry this sick bastard’s child in my womb,” Sara groaned.

Lester had heard enough; his little slut had done well, and it was time for her reward. Lester got both his feet on the couch beside Sarah for leverage. It looked like the ugly bastard was squatting behind her as he began pounding her pussy.

“Fuck me, Lester, fuck me in front of my husband. Fuck me as my parents watch. Fucking fill me up with your dirty seed. Breed me like your married bitch. Make me yours,” Sara groaned.

Lester knew his little slut would get extra loud, so he pushed her head forward onto the cushion while he pounded her pussy relentlessly from behind. “Come for me, you little slut. Come on, Daddy’s cock. I want to feel your married cunt milk my cock.”

As if Lester’s words were a command, Sara let out a loud groan into the cushion as her whole body convulsed. The orgasm ripped through her body. Her mind went numb as her legs trembled.

Lester growled as he felt Sarah’s pussy clench around his cock. He pushed her face further into the cushions, muffling her growl, afraid she might actually wake her parents up. He didn’t last long. He couldn’t hold back either and grunted as his cock erupted into the young mothers pussy. He filled Sara’s pussy to the brim as Sara’s pussy squeezed and milked every drop. The wet squelching sounds Sarah’s pussy made around Lester’s pistoning cock made the scene even more dirty.

Dan stared at the rutting couple on his phone screen as his cock erupted. He had barely stroked his cock for fear of cumming too soon, but Sarah’s perverted words pushed him over the edge. It felt like someone was squeezing his heart and balls at the same time. His cock blasted spurts of cum all over his chest and crotch, leaving him in a heaving mess.

In the hallway, Renee bit her own hands, almost drawing blood to prevent herself from letting out a loud moan. Her pussy gushed into her palm as her hips bucked

and humped the air. She was scared the slick, wet sounds of her pussy could be heard in the living room.

As Lester pulled out, a thick glob of cum spurted from Sarah's pussy and made a wet splotch on the couch. Lester felt lightheaded as his sweaty body stumbled, as his feet still felt a little wobbly. He bumped into the coffee table, causing the phone to fall face first and ending the call. He plopped like a sweaty slob behind Sarah's slumped body, heaving and panting.

Renee stood panting as she slowly came down from her delicious taboo orgasm. A sheen of sweat had formed over her skin as goosebumps erupted all over her body. Her clothes were a crumpled wet mess. She had to pull herself together and get out of here before she got caught. But she couldn't resist one last glance into the living room. She almost let out a groan at the sight of Lester's huge messy cock still semi-hard as her daughter was on her knees sloppily cleaning it with her tongue. The sight was so perverted, as Sarah had both her hands wrapped around the thick slimy shaft, coaxing out every drop while her tongue slithered and swiped over his cockhead. Her wedding ring caught the soft moonlight streaming in from the window. The globs of cum on the glittering diamond emphasized how this ugly troll of a man was defiling her daughter's marriage.

"Fuck," Sarah groaned. What the hell did she just do? What the fuck did she just say? She really needed to get a grip on herself around Lester. She couldn't even imagine what her parents would think of her if they saw her right now.

What Sarah didn't know was that her mother was all too familiar with the feeling of getting lost in this depraved lust.

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"You better get yourself cleaned up." Lester said as he groaned and got up from the couch, leaving two huge sweaty ass prints on the couch. "Unless you want your parents to find you fucked senseless and caked in my cum," Lester chuckled as he saw the messy state of the young mother.

Honestly, Lester didn't care about what the sight was where Sarah's parents found their sweet daughter, but he guessed the look on the dad's face would be priceless. Lester slowly began moving back towards his room, waddling his sweaty and pudgy body. Once he reached the hallway, Lester's nostrils picked up the scent of Renee's perfume, confirming his suspicion. So, Sarah's mother had been there in the hallway watching them but was confused why she did not confront them. What mother would not stop a man like him from defiling her daughter? Maybe there was more to Sarah's parents than met the eye. Lester made a mental note to do some research on Sarah's parents background.

Lester was also surprised how Sarah's mother had been awake and not in a deep slumber after that dosage of sleeping pills. Maybe he missed something, but he needed to tread carefully and not make any mistakes like these. But this new unexpected development with Renee had Lester's mind working on a new plan to seduce the mature woman. He took a few more deep whiffs, taking in the scent of his prey, and licked his lips as he moved towards his bedroom.

*****

Dan was shocked by what he had just witnessed. Watching Lester and Sarah mate like animals left him in anger, arousal, and agony. Dan wasn't sure he could handle this dark side of his sweet wife. Watching Sarah the day before in the threesome and today, seeing how much control Lester had over his wife sent a chill up Dan's spine. He could feel his wife and the mother of his children losing control of herself and spiraling into a dark vortex of lust. Dan just hoped it was not too late.

Dan was deep in thought and was startled when he heard, "So this is why you never reacted to any of my advances."

He looked up to see Tricia staring at him with a coy smile. "Fuck," Dan thought; he had literally been caught with his pants down.

Tricia with a coy smile. "For a second I thought I was losing my edge."

"I'm sorry," Dan said as he tried to pull his pants and boxers up.

Tricia moved quickly and stepped over the pants in between his legs, stopping him and leaving him exposed. She stared at his spent cock and the mess on his lap in amusement. "Not so fast," Tricia said with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

Dan stared at the expensive work heels and the stocking-clad feet currently stepping over his pants that he had been admiring the whole day.

"Tricia, please can this stay between us? I really need this project to go through," Dan said. He didn't say anymore and really did not want to give away any more details than necessary because Tricia could be his future work colleague, and he did not want their complicated relationship with Lester to seep into his professional life.

After a pause, "So are you guys like swingers or something?" Tricia asked in a teasing tone.

"No, no, nothing like that," Dan replied with his cheeks burning hot. He tried pulling his pants up, but in his seated position and with the full weight of Tricia standing on his pants, he couldn't move. His head was at Tricia's crotch level, and she didn't

seem to mind this position. So, Dan leaned back with a sigh, realizing he didn't really have a choice but to answer Tricia's questions.

Tricia actually thought Dan looked cute when he blushed. But she wasn't going to give up that easily. It was just so much fun watching Dan squirm.

"So an open relationship then?" Tricia questioned.

"No, it's… It's complicated," Dan said, praying Tricia would drop the subject.

"So let me get this straight. Your wife is getting railed by another man in Chicago, while you, on the other hand, are here, turning down my obvious advances. And you guys are not swingers or…" Tricia paused for just a second before realization hit. Her eyes went wide when she looked up to face Dan.

Dan's cheeks turned a darker shade of pink, confirming Tricia's doubts.

A coy smile appeared on Tricia's lips. "My, my, I didn't peg this straight-laced married man from Middleton to be such a kinky pervert," Tricia said as she leaned forward, their faces inches from each other.

Dan could smell Tricia's perfume and the wine on her breath.

Tricia leaned closer, her knees now in between Dan's legs, as her lips brushed Dan's earlobe and whispered in a sultry voice, "So you are Dan the cuck."

"No, it's not like that," Dan said defensively. The word sent a jolt up Dan's spine. Sarah had never called him that, nor had Lester, well, at least not to his face. Despite what Dan may say to justify the situation, he could not deny the truth, at least not to himself. But he was not ready to admit that to a stranger like Tricia. She knew nothing about him, Sarah, or their relationship.

"I am not a cuckold," Dan said again defensively.

"Says every guy who lets his wife fuck another man," Tricia said with a smirk. "You sound like that one person at the bar who says I am not drunk," she said with a chuckle.

"It's just a fantasy between us," Dan said.

"Trust me, I know guys like you. I've had a few boyfriends back in college," Tricia said with a gentle smile. "Guys, who are in constant denial. You will tell anything to convince yourself that you are not a cuck. That this is just a fantasy that both of you share," Tricia said with her fingers gesturing a quote.

“I am not a possessive boyfriend, or let’s have a threesome. But you end up on the sideline, jerking your cock off while watching the other guy pound your wife’s pussy.”

Dan cringed at the last comment, as it hit too close to home. He remembered the night before and how he couldn’t perform or get hard while fucking Sarah, but how his cock was stiff as a rod when he watched Lester make his wife cum like he had never seen before. He didn’t realize he was such a cliche.

Dan was surprised by how quickly Tricia’s attitude towards him had changed. Her sweet smile and flirty tone had turned into a wicked smirk and domineering stance. She looked like a cat who enjoyed toying with her prey before going in for the kill. Somehow this persona of Tricia and the idea of her knowing his darkest secret sent a thrill through his body, and his cock twitched, which did not go unnoticed by Tricia as her coy smile grew wider.

When Tricia didn’t say anything and just waited for him to go on with a crooked smile. She considered how she could use this situation to her advantage.

“It’s not like that between us,” Dan said, but even to himself he knew he sounded weak.

“How about we make a little bet?” Tricia said in a sultry voice.

“What do you mean?” Dan asked, confused.

“You take a little test, a cuck test,” Tricia said, emphasizing the word cuck. “Nothing crazy, just a few questions, but you need to answer them honestly.”

Before Dan could say anything or get out of it, Tricia put her slender fingers on his lips, shushing him.

“Before you say no, I want you to listen carefully to my proposal. It really could benefit you, and if you still want to say no, I will not force you,” Tricia said.

This caught Dan’s attention, and he said, “Go on.”

Tricia smiled, knowing she had him, and said, “If you win. I will keep your secret safe and ensure you get the contract for this project. I already can think of another upcoming proposal that you can be involved in. I will convince our team of your value and experience. You know, I can be persuasive.” Tricia said, running a lone finger down Dan’s chest.

Dan knew that everyone in Tricia’s team was already half convinced of his ideas, but he needed to be sure. It would help if he had someone on the inside, and he knew Tricia could definitely be that person, but he wanted to be sure. “What if you can’t convince them?” Dan asked.

She leaned in closer and with a sultry voice said, “I will get down on my knees and suck every cock on my team if I have to. Trust me, most of them would give their right arm just to see me on my knees,” Tricia said with a coy smile.

Dan’s throat felt dry as the images of Tricia on her knees with cock after cock spurting thick ropes of jizz all over her pretty face flashed across his mind. Dan clenched his fist and asked, “So what if I lose?”

With a wicked glint in her eyes, Tricia said, “I just want you to admit you are a cuck.” Tricia said in a sultry whisper and bit Dan’s ears, making his cock twitch.

Dan thought about it for a minute. He wasn’t really cheating on Sarah; he would just play into Tricia’s stupid test. It would probably just be a bunch of embarrassing questions that could hurt his pride and ego, but on the other hand. If he won, it could really help if he landed this project and how much it could help their financial situation.

“Alright, I am in. But how will we know if you win?” Dan asked.

“Oh, we will definitely know,” Tricia said as she pushed the office chair with her knees.

The office chair hit the wall behind Dan, and Tricia moved to sit on the desk in front of him. Before Dan knew what was happening, he was trapped in the chair with his pants down.

When Dan glanced in between his legs, he saw Tricia slowly slip off her heels and place her stocking-clad feet right in on his crotch.

Dan’s breath caught, feeling the silky material against his skin. He stared at her fiery red painted toenails as his gaze slowly moved up her long legs. Dan could see the lacy tops of Tricia’s stockings and her perfect thighs beyond. Dan gulped as he saw Tricia’s tight skirt rise as she sat on the desk opposite him. It had ridden dangerously high, the V-shaped juncture of her panty just an inch out of sight. When Dan looked up to meet Tricia, she had a wicked smile on her face.

She pressed her feet on Dan’s cock and balls lightly to get his attention and said, “Shall we start?”

Dan squirmed and nodded in affirmation.

“Let’s get the obvious question out of the way. Shall we?” Tricia said with a smirk and asked, “Is he bigger than you?”

Dan gulped and remembered all the times he had witnessed that monster cock split open his wife’s pussy so many times now. Besides, Dan thought there was no point

denying it; if Tricia had seen or heard any part of his video call just now, she would already know the answer, so Dan nodded in affirmation.

“I need you to answer me, Dan,” Tricia said as she lifted his face with her index finger and looked into his eyes with a wicked glint. “I know this might be tough, but I need to hear you say it.”

Dan sighed and said in a low voice, “Yes, Lester is bigger than me.”

“Good boy,” Tricia said with a smile.

Despite being in such a vulnerable position, hearing Tricia address her like a pet dog angered him and sent a thrill through his body.

“When was the last time you fucked your wife’s pussy?” Tricia asked.

This time Dan answered quickly and confidently, “Yesterday.” Although he didn’t perform to his fullest potential, that was a detail Tricia didn’t have to know.

“Oh, that’s good. I guess she is not completely cutting you off from sex,” Tricia said. “Yet,” she said after a pause.

“So, does this Lester use condoms?” Tricia asked with an amused smile.

Dan considered lying for a second but then felt Tricia’s stocking-clad feet apply force on his balls as if she could read his mind.

“You need to be honest, remember,” Tricia reminded Dan. Just to give him a little incentive for telling the truth, Tricia shimmed her ass so that her skirt rode up. Her panty-clad pussy in full view. Tricia had chosen a purple lacey set for today.

“No,” Dan whispered. The sight of Tricia’s panties and a visible damp spot in the middle made his throat feel dry. Dan could almost smell the sweet scent of Trica’s wet pussy.

“That’s a good boy,” Tricia said raspily as she moved her feet tantalizingly along Dan’s shaft.

“Fuck,” Dan groaned, realizing what Tricia meant when she said they will know when she wins.

“You know, there is something so personal when a woman lets a guy fuck her raw. There's something so intimate about feeling that skin-on-skin contact. That friction when his bare cock rubs against your pussy walls. The way it feels when his warm cum fills your pussy is something that you would never understand,” Tricia said as she slowly made circles with the tip of her toes on the underside of Dan’s cock.

Dan squirmed in his seat as goosebumps ran all over his body. Tricia was using his own cum from earlier as lube as she teased his cock.

“Do you have a special chair, Dan? That special seat in the corner you watch your wife and lover from? A cuck chair?” Tricia said in a teasing tone.

Dan remembered the ottoman in the Chicago apartment living room, the number of times he had sat on it watching Lester fuck Sarah, Was that his cuck chair? He remembered the reading chair in his bedroom in Middleton; that night he watched Lester fuck Sarah on their marital bed. Was that his cuck chair? Or the peephole in his bedroom wall in the apartment?

Dan just groaned and gripped the chair handles tighter as Tricia’s toes teased his cockhead. The silky fabric rubbing against his sensitive skin was driving him crazy.

“Does he fuck your wife like you never have?” Tricia asked in a sultry tone.

Dan was so lost in the pleasure that his brain took a moment to process the question.

“Hmm, was that a tough question for your muddled brain?” Tricia asked in a mocking tone as if talking down to a child. “How about this: Has Lester fucked your wife in places you have never fucked her?” She said with a wicked smile.

Dan’s mind was filled with images of Lester fucking Sarah in her office, in his car at the parking lot in front of the homeless guy. “Fuck, yes,” Dan groaned, not sure if he was answering Tricia or moaning from the pleasure of her feet.

“Good boy, you are doing so well,” Tricia praised. “How about in holes you have never fucked your wife? Does he fuck your wife’s ass?” Tricia asked with a wicked grin.

“No, no, Sarah would never do that,” Dan said quickly, still squirming under Tricia’s feet.

Tricia moved her feet lower and applied more pressure with the heel of her foot on Dan’s ball, making him whimper. “I think the answer to that is not yet,” Sarah said. Dan’s dirty admission was getting her pussy soaking wet. “You would be surprised what a woman would be willing to give a guy who can give her mind-numbing orgasms.”

Dan gulped and wondered if there was truth to Tricia’s words. Lester had already convinced Sarah to do a lot of things he couldn’t. Can he convince her to try anal?

“Have you tasted her cream pie?”

“What?” Dan asked, confused.

“You know, has your wife made you eat her freshly fucked cunt, filled with his nasty cum?” Tricia said in a dirty growl.

Just the tone of her words made Dan shudder. “God, no, no,” Dan said as an image of Sarah’s pussy drooling thick globs of Lester’s cum flashed in his mind. “Fuck, no,” Dan protested.

“Has he fucked your wife in front of other guys?” Tricia asked as she slowly ran her feet up and down his rock-hard shaft.

Dan remembered how Lester had brought out the exhibitionist side of her. That night with his D&D friends and the homeless guy in the parking lot. “Yes,” Dan answered slowly.

Tricia smirked and said, “You know that’s how it starts, right? Your wife gets comfortable with being watched, and then slowly a guy gets to cop a feel of her breast or ass. Then one day Lester would share your wife with his buddy; it starts with just a blowjob, and before you know it, you are sitting in the corner jerking off watching your wife get stuffed with cock after cock, all her holes used and ruined right in front of you.”

Dan shuddered at the image Tricia was painting in his mind. Was Tricia right? He remembered that night with Lester’s friend, how Sarah got fucked by Lester while his friend fucked her face, that night with Jesse, or how that lowly janitor, Otis, fucked Sarah at the hospital while he watched. Just the memory of how Sarah had rimmed that bastard made Dan scrunch up his face in disgust. But something else occurred to him: it started out with Lester the same way. That night when Lester first saw them on the couch, he thought about the way he had cum on her breasts and how slowly that ugly bastard had wormed his way into their lives. Dan couldn’t deny there was some truth to Tricia’s words. Dan’s cock twitched and oozed precum from these twisted memories.

“Sometimes, it's not just you, bull. Sometimes, your wife is so addicted to his cock that she willingly surrenders; she willingly breaks your sacred wedding vows just to feel another cock inside her. That’s the ultimate betrayal, isn’t it, when the person you love, the person you thought was an angel, turns into the devil?” Tricia said in a sultry voice. The sight of Dan squirming and the way his cock was oozing precum made Tricia feel so powerful. It felt so addictive and made her clit throb with an aching desire.

Just the mention of the words ‘wedding vows’, ‘angel’, ‘surrender,’ and 'betrayal" made Dan tremble. That night in their own home, in their own marital bed, Sarah in her wedding dress, Lester’s sweaty body. Sarah’s face contorted in pleasure, moaning for Lester’s bare cock to fill her up, Lester grunting like an animal, licking the sweat off her skin. The way her wedding ring glittered in the light.

Suddenly scenes from their wedding day and that depraved night flashed in Dan’s mind, the first time he saw Sarah in the wedding dress and the way she looked like an angel. He suddenly saw Lester's fat, hairy hand reaching from behind, groping her breast and cupping her pussy over the pristine white fabric. That sweet smile on her lips slowly morphed into an O as her face contorted in pleasure with Lester’s sweaty body pounding her from behind. That soft kiss after they said “I do” morphed into a sloppy kiss with Lester, their tongues swapping saliva. The wedding ring, which brought tears to Sarah’s eyes as he slipped it on her slender, well-manicured fingers—Dan suddenly looked down to see Lester splatter it with his nasty cum. Sarah’s hands were no longer holding his but were wrapped around Lester’s thick and veiny cock as it pumped the never-ending ropes of thick cum. Sarah’s face was covered with thick globs of cum as she licked the cum off her wedding ring, looked him straight in the eye, and said, “I do.”

“Jesus, fuck,” Dan groaned as if in pain. But his cock was going to erupt any second if Tricia's feet rubbed against him like the way they were.

Tricia could feel Dan’s cock twitch and pulse under her feet and slowed down, making him groan in agony. She wasn't going to let him cum just yet. It felt like she could read every thought, every dirty memory of Dan as his face contorted in pleasure and disgust. Just watching Dan so submissive made her gush into her own panties.

“Please, Tricia, please,” Dan begged as his knuckles turned white from gripping the arms of the chair tightly. His hips moved up off the chair, trying to get any contact with her stocking-clad feet.

Seeing this, Tricia was quick to move her feet, making Dan hump the air desperately. A cruel smirk played on her lips.

“Please, make me cum,” Dan begged, not caring how desperate and pathetic he sounded.

“Oh, not so fast, Danny boy,” Tricia said with a wicked smile. “You know what I want to hear.”

Dan tried to resist. He didn't want to admit it, but everything Tricia asked made things fall in place. It was like the pieces of a puzzle falling into place. Gave him perspective of how all this started, what was happening, where it was heard, and finally who he had become.

“Say it,” Tricia said in a sharp and striking tone that felt like a slap to his face. “And I’ll let you cum.”

“I’m… I’m a cuck,” Dan said in a low voice. “A cuck, I’m a fucking cuckold.” The words themselves triggered his orgasm. As ropes of cum shot out of his slit. The first

almost landed on his own chin, two more spurts landed on his chest, while the others made a mess on his crotch and Tricia's feet.

Tricia smirked at Dan's admission as she rubbed her toes all over Dan's shaft and squeezed his balls with the heel of her feet to milk every drop of his cum. She felt so powerful. The way she could control Dan with just her words and make him cum with her feet. Tricia herself wanted to rub her pussy right there and cum hearing Dan's admission, but she decided to keep her dominant persona for now. "Fuck yes, you are," Tricia said through gritted teeth as she pressed her feet hard on Dan's cock and balls, draining every drop of cum. "You are such a good little cuck."

Dan was slowly coming down from his orgasm, and somehow confessing to Tricia made him feel so light. Like a huge weight had been lifted off his shoulders when he admitted and accepted his fantasy. He saw Tricia lean forward and drag one finger from her toe to her ankle, cleaning the cum. She slowly drew the fingers to her lips. When Dan's eyes met hers, she had a mischievous smile as she popped the fingers in her mouth to taste his cum.

Tricia popped down from the desk in front of Dan and leaned close to his face. She caught Dan by surprise when she kissed him softly. The kiss was tender and kind, unlike how she had just treated him, assuring him they were going to be alright. His secret was safe with her. When Dan realized what the salty taste on Tricia's tongue was, he tried pulling back. But Tricia's tongue pushed deeper into his mouth, more demanding and with more passion. Dan gave in as the kiss deepened. When Tricia pulled back, Dan looked at her in confusion. She smiled and whispered in his ears. "I think it's time you got used to the taste of cum," in a sultry voice.

Dan's eyes grew wide at the implication, and his cock twitched in response.

Tricia gave him a smile as she moved back and adjusted her skirt. She was surprised how slick her thighs were and how soaked her panties were. This kinky dom role really turned her on as much as Dan loved to submit to her.

"You know, before this, I always thought we would hook up once before this whole project was over and I would get you out of my system. But now, I like this new thing between us. I know it must feel strange, but I would like to explore this further if you are up to it," Tricia said.

Dan felt a thrill run through his body. Tricia was right; this strange feeling was new and exciting. Sarah was never one to fully take control in the bedroom. Yes, she would tease him; yes, she would initiate sex, but she was always submissive, and even more so with Lester. But this thing with Tricia was different. She hadn't even removed a piece of clothing but had made him cum like a teenager.

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The next day, by the time Sarah had woken up, her mother was already dressed and packing their things. Her father was in the shower.

Sarah walked into the room, and her mother's back was turned towards her. Sarah was pretty sure her parents had been exhausted and did not know about her activities last night. But the last stretch of last night was still a bit hazy in her mind, and Sarah felt she was pretty loud and had lost control of what she did or said. She just wanted to confirm and asked her mother, "Did you guys sleep well last night?"

"Sarah, I want you to pack your things and come with us to Middleton," Renee said without turning around.

Sarah was confused and saw her mother's stiff posture. "Mom, Dan will be here…"

Renee cut her off mid-sentence, "I know," she said in a cold tone.

With the expression on her mom's face, Sarah knew exactly what her mom was talking about. The color drained from Sarah's face. When people say a mother always knows, Sarah knew it was true. She herself could sense when something was wrong with her girls or if one of them was up to something. So, Sarah knew there was no use denying it or making excuses. She couldn't look her mother in the eyes. "Dad?"

"Your father doesn't know… yet," Reneee said.

Tears started filling Sarah's eyes. She didn't know how she was going to explain this to her mother. She wished the ground would open up and swallow her. "Mom, I'm so sorry…"

"We will talk about this later," Reneee said.

Just then, James walked into the room fresh from his shower. "What are you girls talking about?"

"Sarah wants to come with us to Middleton. She misses the girls," Reneee said, not giving Sarah a chance to find an excuse.

Sarah quickly wiped the tears threatening to fall and faced her father with a smile.

James smiled at his daughter. "Of course, honey. You need to be with family." He hugged Sarah and gave her a kiss on her forehead.

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The car ride back home was mostly quiet. Sarah was dreading the conversation with her mom and was wondering how she could explain the situation to her mother. She looked at her mother, who was in the passenger seat.

Renee was equally silent and contemplating her thoughts throughout their journey.

Later that evening, James left for the airport to attend his conference. Sarah was busy catching up with the girls, and finally after she put them to bed. She walked down to the living room, where her mom was waiting with a freshly opened bottle of wine. Well, we are definitely going to need the whole bottle. Sarah thought to herself as she sat down on the couch but decided to leave a little space between her and her mother.

***

Sarah felt like she had been living in a bubble of lust. Lester's dark perversities had been slowly getting to her. But her mother knowing about her illicit affair with Lester was like a slap on her face. Until now her life with Dan at Middleton and the people here was sheltered from her lustful Chicago persona. But now that both these worlds were colliding, Sarah felt like she was spinning out of control. It felt like Lester was everywhere, with Dan in Chicago, as her boss at the hospital, and now even people close to her were feeling his presence. Sarah didn't know how to stop this. She felt like a little girl again being scolded by her mom for stealing a cookie. Her vision became blurry as tears stung her eyes.

"Mom, I'm so sorry. I don't know how things got this far," Sarah said as tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Seeing her daughter so distraught made Renee's heart break. Renee moved closer and put her arms around her daughter's shoulder as she comforted her.

"Honey, things are going to be fine," Renee said.

"I can't imagine what you must think of me right now. I feel so stupid," Sarah said, sobbing against her mother's shoulders.

"Baby, calm down. All I care about is that my daughter is for your safety," Renee said. "Honey, I need to know, is Lester forcing you to do anything? Is he blackmailing you and Dan or something like that?" Renee asked in a concerned voice.

"No, no, it's nothing like that. Lester is not forcing me," Sarah said, wiping her tears. She took a deep breath and tried to calm herself. Sarah decided she did not want to hide things from her mother, and she would be as truthful as possible. "It just started out as a crazy fantasy between Dan and me."

Renee breathed a sigh of relief. Although she knew the truth, she needed to hear it from her daughter. “And what about Dan?” Renee asked in a calm, non-judgmental tone.

Sarah hesitated. She didn’t want to put Dan down, but she also knew that unless her mom knew that both Dan and she were in this together, her mom might think she was some cheating slut wife. Sara sighed and said, “Dan knows about this. He…” She hesitated before softly saying, “He kind of gets off on it.”

Sarah looked at her mother’s face, afraid she might give her a disgusted look, but her mother seemed to be more calm and deep in thought. She was glad her mom was not judging them or looking at her like a sexual freak.

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“Honey, every couple goes through different phases in their relationship. It’s true, sometimes you can’t get everything from your partner, but I just want to make sure you and Dan are doing ok. Because this could seriously affect not only you two but also the girls,” Renee said in a calm, non-accusatory voice.

Sarah knew her mom was right. She would never risk anything to put the girls in harm's way. She would give up everything to keep them safe. But what broke Sarah was the calmness in her mom’s voice. Even if she had freaked out and accused her of being involved with someone like Lester or being such a slut, she could have taken it because Sarah knew she deserved it. But the way her mother was handling the situation so calmly made Sarah feel so stupid, as a parent and as a daughter.

A fresh set of tears rolled down her cheeks. “Fuck, I’m such a mess. I wish I were more like you. I wish I could control these stupid sexual urges and think straight. But it just consumes me, Mom.” Sarah sobbed. She was so angry with herself.

Renee could feel her daughter was hurting, but she was a little taken aback. Her daughter surely didn’t think her parents were a bunch of prudes, did she? Yes, they had always been protective and careful of what they exposed their daughter to, but that didn’t make them some kind of puritans. In fact, what Sarah didn't know was that her mother knew the feeling of being totally consumed by lust all too well.

“You and Dad are the perfect couple; I just wish that someday I will be half as good as you,” Sarah said.

Reneee didn’t know if it was wine talking when she replied, “Oh trust me, honey, we had our share of fun.”

This piqued Sarah’s interest. She gave her mom a questioning look. “What do you mean, Mom?”

Ding Dong.

Just then the doorbell rang. Saved by the bell, Reneee thought to herself. Just as she was about to get up from her seat, Sarah placed an arm on her mother's shoulder and said, "I'll get that."

Sarah opened the door to see a young delivery guy standing at their porch, "A delivery for Reneee Reneee Johnson."

"Is it the delivery person? Your dad has been expecting a parcel," came her mother's voice.

"Yes, Mom," Sarah said as she signed for it.

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Not far away from Sarah's parents house at the airport, Sarah's father was in line at the check-in counter.

"Next, please," said the young lady at the counter. James stepped forward and handed over his tickets. The woman had a kind smile, but James could see that she was tired and must have had a long day.

"James Bill Johnson," asked the woman at the counter.

"Yes, that's me," James said.

"Your seat numbers are C4; please head towards your gate. Boarding will commence shortly in about half an hour. Thank you, and have a safe flight," said the woman handing James his boarding pass.

"Thank you. You have a nice day too," James said as he walked in the direction of his gate.

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A couple of minutes later, Sarah returned to the couch with a curious expression, urging her mother to continue their conversation.

Renee knew she should just change the subject, but she also knew Sarah was confused and hurting. She thought maybe if she divulged a little, Sarah wouldn't feel so bad about herself. Her daughter would understand that she was the first woman in the history of mankind to sleep with another man besides her husband. Besides, she didn't like the idea that Sarah thought her mom was such a prude and sexually abstinent. She was proud that even after all these years of marriage, James and she still had an active sex life.

So Reneee said cautiously, “Well, your dad and I had an understanding. And let’s just say all those nights I had late-night shifts were not always at the hospital,” Reneee said with a wink.

“Mom!! Ewww. Oh my god!” Sarah said in shock. She couldn’t believe her mom was being so open about their relationship, but she also knew her mom was saying this mostly to make her feel better and comfort her. Sarah began to laugh, and her mom shushed her so that they wouldn't wake up the girls.

“This stays between us,” Renee said with a laugh, seeing the smile on her daughter’s face. Renee felt good too. She didn’t find it odd sharing this with her daughter. Sarah was a grown woman, a good daughter, and a kind mother. Renee was proud of her daughter for owning up to her sexual desires. If Sarah and Dan had worked this out for themselves and if this was just a kink between them, then who was she to judge her daughter, especially after her own past, Renee thought to herself. Renee felt like she was having a sleepover in college. She too couldn't stop giggling along with her daughter.

Sarah knew she should stop. No one wanted to know about their parents sex life, but maybe it was the alcohol, or maybe she was just plain curious when she asked, “So, who was it?”

Renee paused. Not sure if she should answer that and how her daughter would see her if she revealed it. But she decided to be honest with her daughter. You remember Uncle Jack?” Renee asked with a naughty smile.

“Oh my god, Mom,” Sarah gasped, remembering their old ugly neighbor. “Seriously, Mom. Uncle Jack?”

“Oh, you’re one to judge. I have seen your Chicago boyfriend, remember,” Reneee said to her daughter.

Both the women burst out into another round of giggles.

“And what about Dad?” Sarah asked, her eyebrows raised. “Did he have a hall pass to one of the neighbors, or was it one of your friends?” Just as the words left her mouth, it hit her. All those birthday parties, barbecues, and game nights at their home. “Oh my god, Aunt Stacey?”

Renee’s cheeks turned red.

“Oh my god, Mom. I cannot believe this. You and Uncle Jack. Dad and Aunt Stacey? Oh my god. I cannot believe you four were a bunch of wild hippies,” Sarah said. “Just so you know, I always thought Aunt Stacey was hot.”

When her mother raised an eyebrow.

“After you, of course,” Sarah giggled. “But I think Dad got the better deal with her.”

“Oh trust me, I know I got the better deal, and your father knows it too,” Reneee said as they burst into another round of giggles.

“Oh my god. Now a lot of things make more sense. I always wondered why you guys were friends with someone like Uncle Jack. He just didn’t fit anywhere in your social circle. Well, now I know why he was invited to all the barbecues on Sundays and Dad didn’t mind your skimpy bikinis.” Sarah said with a laugh.

Renee hit her daughter playfully on her arm.

“Oooww,” Sarah said with a mock giggle. “What? I’m just saying,” Sarah teased her mother.

“Says the woman who got fucked senseless by her husband’s ugly roommate with her parents right there in the apartment,” Reneee teased her daughter.

“Mom,” Sarah said as her cheeks turned a deep shade of red. Sarah had never heard her mom use the F-word before in her life. It was kind of strange knowing this part of your parents life but also kind of made her feel closer to her mother.

Renee loved watching her daughter blush. It reminded her of the time she caught her daughter making out with Josh in high school. Her expression turned serious for a second.

“But seriously, honey. I just want to make sure you are ok and being careful. I don’t want you to get hurt or this relationship to affect the girls. Ensure you and Dan always communicate how you feel about things.”

“Yeah, sure, Mom,” Sarah said, resting her head on her shoulders. It had been so long since she spent time alone with her mom. Sarah made a mental note to spend more time and go for a spa day or shopping with her mom while Dan or her father watched the girls.

“God, it was awful. Isn’t it?” Sara said.

Renee was quiet because she knew exactly what her daughter was talking about.

“That day when Uncle Jack passed away. Things were just so normal the previous night. All of us, having dinner together. Imagine getting to bed like every other day and not waking up,” Sara said. “God, and not having any family around.”

“Well, he had us,” Reneee said.

“Yeah, I know. I can’t imagine what would have happened if you and Dad had not found him,” Sarah said.

Reneee took another huge sip of her wine. Hoping her daughter did not notice her squirm.

Renee remembered that night all too clearly. Renee was buzzed from the extra glass of wine and feeling horny. While Bill cleared up after the dinner. She had gone upstairs and changed into sexy black lingerie.

She felt naughty and decided to tease Jack as well, so she had texted Jack a picture of her with a huge dildo half way in her sopping wet pussy. With a caption, ‘I wish this was your cock, big guy.’

Usually Jack was quick to respond with a picture of his hard cock, but that night he did not respond. Renee thought the old pervert was probably drunk and had fallen asleep.

The next day, Reneee had texted him another picture of herself in her work attire. A crispy pink blouse and a grey skirt. Except the skirt was bunched around her hips, and her thong was pulled down to her thighs. With both hands she spread her ass cheeks to reveal the transparent butt plug, with a caption, ‘Any plans for the evening?’

When Jack had not responded to the text, Renee had gotten a bad feeling, and she had immediately called Bill. When they had gone over to check on him. They found Jack’s lifeless body in his bed. He had suffered from a massive heart attack at night and passed away in his sleep. Renee had deleted all incriminating chats and photos from Jack’s phone. They didn’t want anyone else to find out about their sexual activities by accident.

“Sweetie, I also wanted to check with you on something else,” Renee said after a moment.

“What is it, Mom?” Sara asked now that the mood had turned lighter.

“Now that the girls are all grown up. I was thinking of getting back to work. Nothing too much, you know. Just to keep myself busy. I am getting a bit restless at home,” Renee said.

“What do you mean? Are you feeling ok?” Sarah asked curiously.

“Oh, nothing is wrong with me. It’s just boredom. I was just telling Aunt Stacey the other day. And she suggested that I approach your hospital. You know she practices in LA, but she has a few colleagues here and can put in a good word for me. She also said they have a really good department and infrastructure. I just wanted to run it by you before telling your dad,” Reneee said.

Sara took a big gulp of her wine, hoping it didn't show the blush on her face. Sarah hadn't told her parents that Lester was her boss and was working at the hospital with her. By the look on her father's face, she knew he wasn't a big fan of Lester, and if he knew that Dan's roommate was his boss, he might not approve.

On seeing the look of hesitation on Sarah's face.

"Honey, I just don't want it to be weird for you. Having to see your mother at work every day," Renee said with a smile. "But honestly, that is one of the reasons I wanted to consult at your hospital. I would get to see my baby girl every day. We could catch up on lunch breaks or something, you know," Renee said with a smile.

Scenes of her recent lunch breaks flashed across her mind. Sarah on her knees, giving Otis a sloppy blowjob; Sarah bent over her desk while Lester pounded her pussy; or Sarah up against the glass of her office, getting fucked for anyone to see from the parking lot below.

Sarah suddenly felt her throat go dry and cleared her throat. "Yeah, sure, Mom," Sarah said.

She also couldn't deny her mother this after everything they had sacrificed for her. Sarah knew her mom was a great doctor in LA. When Sarah had the girls, Dan and she were struggling to manage things with their work and the babies. Sarah's parents had readily agreed, as they wanted to be close to their grandchildren. Her mom had left her job at the hospital and taken up consulting work in a local clinic. Having been an independent woman all her life, Sarah knew how hard it must be for her mother. "Of course, Mom. You have my full support. I can check in with the hospital administration too," Sarah said as she hugged her mom, feeling her warmth comfort her as always.

"Thank you, sweetheart," Renee said. "You need to sort out this situation with Lester, and I will try and keep your father off your back." Renee said, giving her daughter a kiss on her forehead. But her mind had already begun working on ideas to help her daughter.

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It was a quiet evening in the Porter's residence; Bill had come back from his conference. Sarah and the kids had gone back to their home. Bill and Amber had just finished their dinner, and Bill was loading the dishwasher while Amber put away the leftovers.

"The coconut pudding was nice," Bill said as he wiped his hands on the drying cloth.

“I got the recipe from Stacey,” Amber said.

When Bill looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

“I know, right? Stacey and cooking,” Amber laughed.

“Well, I guess you never know how divorce changes a person,” Bill said.

“I know; a woman in her yoga class brought some over, and ever since, she has been strangely craving coconut pudding. She said despite how many times she makes it, she just couldn’t get it right. She thinks her friend is using some secret ingredient, and her friend has promised to bring her some more. I just wanted to see what was so special about this magical coconut pudding recipe,” Amber said, as she sipped the glass of wine beside her.

“Oh yeah. So, how is he taking the divorce?” Bill asked, his attention piqued at the mention of Amber’s hot best friend.

“Oh, she sounds fine. She is keeping herself busy with work at the hospital,” Amber said.

“How are her boys taking it?” Bill asked, concerned for Stacey’s twins.

“Oh, they're doing fine. You know how much those two are momma’s boys,” Amber said. “She has been calling me over to celebrate.”

Bill remembered how wild Stacey was and said, “Honestly, single Stacey does scare me a little.”

“Oh, you don’t need to remind me,” Amber said with a chuckle.

Bill saw the expression on Amber’s face and raised his eyebrows.

“What?” Amber asked with a coy smile.

“I know there is more,” Bill said with a smile.

“Well, last week, Stacey attended a conference out of town, and later she went to a local bar to celebrate her freedom. She said she was dying to get laid that night.”

”Sounds like our Stacey, alright,” Bill chuckled.

“When a young college kid asked for a number and said it was a dare by his friends. She knew she had found her prey,” Amber said with a coy smile and paused before continuing, “And when she couldn’t decide on one, she took all three of them to her room.”

“Oh,” Bill said as his cock twitched in his pants.

Amber moved to her husband with a naughty smile as she squeezed his growing erection. ”She said she let those young studs use her like a slut all night long.”

Bill’s breathing quickened as Amber stroked his cock slowly over his pants. “She said it had been so long since she was thoroughly fucked in all her holes,” Amber said in a sultry voice as she bit Bill’s ears. “And that slut teased me with every single dirty detail.”

Images of Stacey, the buxom brunette, on all fours taking a cock in all her holes filled Bill’s mind. “Fuck,” he groaned.

Amber gave Bill’s cock one final squeeze before letting go. “Why don’t you come up in five minutes? I want to introduce you to someone,” Amber said in a sultry voice as she sauntered towards the bedroom.

Bill’s cock twitched hearing the sexy promise in his wife’s voice. He couldn’t deny it; ever since they had been back from Chicago, he had been on the edge. Honestly, if Amber had not initiated sex tonight, he sure would have.

Bill stared at the clock on the mantle, willing it to go faster. He rose from his seat and walked slowly towards their bedroom. They had done this hundreds of times, maybe even more, but every time it felt like that first night. He heard a soft moan from behind their slightly ajar bedroom door. Bill’s cock began to stiffen in anticipation as he entered their bedroom and saw his wife splayed on their bed. Even after all these years together, Bill thought his wife was the most beautiful woman, and the sight in front of him reaffirmed that.

Amber was wearing a lacy black negligee. She was leaning on the pillows that were propped against their headboard. Her eyes were closed, but she felt her husband’s presence and his gaze on her. She was softly pinching on her nipples and rubbing her pussy over her lacy panties. She gave a soft moan as her finger brushed over her throbbing clit.

Bill’s throat felt dry as his cock slowly rose to full attention. Amber’s eyes slowly opened to meet his, and a crooked smile appeared on her face as she noticed the bulge in his pants. When Bill's gaze was caught by the object on the nightstand, his cock twitched at the sight of the thick dildo and bottle of lube. He slowly began peeling off his clothes until he was just in his boxer briefs. He was quite fit for someone in his mid-fifties. Their regular workout and healthy diet were still a part of their lives. Bill moved to the bed and positioned himself in between Amber’s thighs.

Amber shifted her legs wider to accommodate her husband and draw attention to her needy pussy. She bit her lips and ran her fingers through Bill’s hair. Their eyes met briefly as they exchanged a knowing smile.

Bill slowly planted soft kisses along Amber's thighs as his lips moved towards her juncture. His attention was immediately drawn to a small wet spot on his wife's silky panties. Bill moved closer and pressed his nose to the damp material and deeply inhaled the scent of his wife's arousal. That musky scent of her pussy made his cock stiff as he slowly ground his hips on the bed.

"Oh fuck," Amber moaned and bit her lips as she felt the bridge of Bill's nose nudge against her pulsing clit.

Bill pressed deeper into Amber's pussy and licked the sodden material, eager to taste his wife's juices.

"It has been quite some time, hasn't it, baby?" Amber asked, her grip on Bill's hair tightened as she pressed his face against her crotch. She slowly began moving her hips, humping her husband's face in need.

Bill just groaned. Honestly, it had been too long since they roleplayed like this. Bill remembered the night before they had left for Chicago. Amber had left for her yoga class. Bill had been restless and wanted to take the edge off. He clicked on that forbidden folder that he had promised Amber that he had deleted. It contained all the photos and videos of his wife with their ugly neighbor, Jack, from a long time ago. After Jack's death, it just seemed wrong, so they agreed to delete all the pictures and videos. Bill couldn't resist saving them secretly in a flash drive.

He couldn't resist as he clicked on one of his favorite videos. Amber was wearing nothing but sexy lingerie and her doctor's coat. The video had been taken by Jack in her office. Over the years, Bill had secretly watched several of these videos over and over again. He listened to his wife moan and groan in pleasure as their ugly neighbor ravaged her on her desk. Bill had shot his load into his wife's panties, listening to her perverse words as Jack pounded into her from behind.

When he saw Amber back from her yoga class, dressed in those tights and pink top. His cock came alive again, seeing her skin covered in a sheen of sweat and the way her clothes clung to her voluptuous ass and breasts. Bill had fucked Amber again that night with the scenes from the video playing in his mind. With the first load out of the way, he even lasted longer, and even Amber was a little surprised by how randy he had been, surprised but pleased. They continued their marathon for another two more rounds and in the shower the next day. Bill had been quite pleased with himself over his performance.

A loud moan from Amber brought him back to the present as Bill sucked on the sodden fabric of his wife's panties. The wet patch on his wife's crotch grew from her pussy juices and his saliva. Bill hooked his fingers to the sides of her panties and slowly slipped them down her thighs. He loved when his wife was so horny and wanton. Bill's mouth watered at the sight of his wife's sopping wet pussy.

Amber saw the hunger in her husband's eyes. She shamelessly slipped two fingers in between her thighs and spread her pussy for his inspection. Her deep pink fleshy pussy lips were puffy and engorged. She could feel how wet and messy she was on her sticky fingers. She spread her legs wider as her hips arched up, inviting Bill in for a taste.

But Bill's head pulled back. "So, what has gotten my sweet wife's pussy so wet?" Bill asked with a mischievous smile, "Or should I ask who has gotten my poor baby so riled up?"

Amber let out a groan as she whimpered, "You know who?"

Bill's cock twitched. He knew ever since their trip to Chicago, this moment would come. "I need to hear you say it?" Bill said in a raspy voice.

"Please, honey," Amber said as her hips bucked again, her needy pussy tempting her husband's talented tongue.

Bill smiled as he ran his tongue agonizingly slowly along Amber's wet slit. The taste of her cunt made every nerve in his body come alive. He ground his own erection into the bed as he repeated the act, capturing more of his wife's essence on his taste buds. This was a game they had played hundreds of times. The give and take, the teasing and taunting, which always ended in a night filled with hot, passionate sex. But it was always someone else who would unknowingly ignite this spark. Sometimes it was the creepy guy at the supermarket, the janitor at the clinic, or a random guy on the street. But today, Bill knew exactly who was on his wife's mind. "Say it, I want to hear you say his name," Bill said as he swiped his tongue on her aching clit.

Amber trembled at the sensation. She would get back at him for this soon, but right now she desperately wanted to feel his tongue on her pussy. "Lester," she said in a hoarse voice, looking directly into her husband's eyes.

"Fuck," Bill groaned. Just hearing that ugly troll-like man's name on his beautiful wife's lips made him shudder. He latched his mouth on her pussy and sucked on it like a juicy peach.

"Oh fuck," Amber groaned.

"I knew the second I laid eyes on him, your perverted mind would go there," Amber teased as she ground her pussy on her husband's mouth.

Bill sucked, licked, and nipped at his wife's pussy hungrily. He could feel his cock ooze precum in his briefs from his wife's sultry words. Amber was right; the moment Bill saw Lester, he reminded him of someone from their past. The troll-like features,

his protruding belly and stubby legs, his hairy hands and fat fingers, and those beady eyes and lecherous smirk sent a shiver up Bill's spine.

"Did you see the way he looked at me, honey? The way his eyes hungrily roamed over my body," Amber moaned. "He was practically undressing me with his eyes right in front of you. Oh fuck, yes. Right there, baby," Amber groaned.

Bill groaned into his wife's pussy as her words awakened the dirty pervert in him. Bill remembered how brazenly Lester's beady eyes had lecherously gazed over his wife's body.

"Did it turn you on when I invited him for dinner with us or when I said yes to drinks later? I knew I caught you there by surprise, but I couldn't resist teasing you some more. I knew just his presence near me would drive you wild," Amber groaned.

Bill sucked on the protruding nub of flesh harder. Amber's clit pulsing with need. His wife knew him too well. The naughty vixen knew exactly what it would do to him, seeing Lester just standing right next to her.

"I wonder what he would have done if you weren't there? What do you think, honey? What do you think that bad, bad man would have done to your wife if you weren't there?" Amber groaned as she held Bill's face still and humped her pussy all over it.

"Do you think he would have accidentally brushed against my breasts, pressed his dirty cock against me while giving me a greeting hug, or rubbed his hard cock against my ass while trying to push past me at the restaurant?"

Bill groaned, knowing a pervert like Lester was perfectly capable of doing such things if he had not been there. He drove two of his fingers deep into Amber's needy pussy. He could feel how wet and turned on she was by the way her pussy clenched around his digits.

"Maybe I should go to Chicago alone next time," Amber said in a sultry voice. "But why would I stay, Honey? I can't disturb Dan and Sarah. They need their privacy."

Bill groaned at his wife's perverse words.

"Maybe I should ask Lester if he would be willing to share his bed with me for the night," Amber teased. "What do you think Lester would say, Honey?" Amber asked in a teasing tone.

Bill just pumped his fingers harder into his wife's sopping pussy.

"I bet Lester wouldn't mind if I slept in his bed, although I doubt we would get any sleep all night," Amber teased. "You know how horny I get when I have a dirty pervert in my bed. I can't help spreading my legs for them."

“Oh fuck,” Bill groaned at the image of Amber seductively spreading her legs for a troll like Lester.

“You remember those days, don’t you, honey? You remember all those nights you were alone at home jerking off your cock while I spent the night at Jacks,” Amber said as she bit Bill’s ears.

Bill groaned at the memory of all those agonizing sleepless nights, waiting for a picture, a video, or anything. Staring at Jack’s house like a pervert in the dark just for a glimpse of their writhing bodies. Bill gritted his teeth as he added a third finger. His wife’s greedy pussy readily swallowed his digits.

”Oh fuck yes, baby. Of course, I would ensure I get a nice video for my sweet hubby who is waiting for me back home,” Amber said in a wicked tone. “I am sure a pervert like Lester wouldn’t be shy about taking a video of me sucking his cock or pounding my married pussy.”

Bill’s tongue lapped lower along Amber’s taint, and Amber didn’t object. He moved lower, pressing the flat of his tongue against her puckered asshole. The tangy taste of her forbidden hole made his brain short-circuit.

“Oh fuck, yesssss,” Amber hissed as Bill’s tongue lapped at her asshole. She spread her wider and held the back of her legs up, giving her husband easier access to her tight hole. Each swipe of his wet tongue sends waves of pleasure through her body. “I felt his eyes on my ass every time he was behind me, baby. He is definitely an ass man. Can you imagine what a dirty pervert like Lester would do to me if he knew I was such a nasty anal slut? I bet he would want to stuff his huge cock up my tight asshole.”

Bill groaned at the nasty image Amber’s words painted in his mind. He lapped hungrily, relishing the taste of his wife’s puckering hole.

Amber couldn’t hold back any longer. She rubbed her clit insistently, but her body craved more. Bill’s tongue was driving her mad with lust, but her pussy longed to be filled and stretched. She grabbed the thick, lifelike dildo from her nightstand and squirted a generous dollop of lube over the thick shaft. Amber bit her lips as she stared at the dildo and then met her husband’s lusty gaze; she slowly brought it to her pussy.

Bill could sense what his wife needed and shifted to the side beside her. He stared at the huge veiny dildo as Amber ran it along her wet pussy lips. Each time it grazed her clit, Amber let out a raspy moan. Judging by how aroused his wife was, he doubted Amber needed to use any lube.

“Do you really think Lester is that huge?” Bill asked with a coy smile. He knew his wife had become a bit of a size queen over the years owing to her collection of dildos.

Amber blushed at the question. She remembered staring into her toy box, and the image of Lester’s glistening cock from the other night flashed in her mind. Since that night in Chicago, she couldn’t get the image of Lester’s huge cock out of her mind. That massive slab of meat, veiny and glistening in the moonlight. Amber had chosen a dildo closest to the actual thing. She obviously couldn’t reveal that to her husband and prayed her blush didn't give anything away. With a naughty smile, she said, “Trust me, honey. We women have a sixth sense about these things. I know that ugly bastard is packing a monster that could stretch your wife’s pussy nice and hard.”

Bill gulped at the wicked words as Amber slowly inserted the bulbous head of the dildo inside her pussy. She let out a loud groan as she split open her pussy wide. He stared at how her pussy slowly adjusted to the girth and began leaking her delicious pussy juice in anticipation.

Amber had a pained expression as she slowly inserted the thick shaft of the dildo, but she didn’t stop until it was buried completely in her needy cunt. Her body shuddered at how good it felt to be filled, and her mind exploded as her imagination was filled with who was filling her pussy. She knew what drove her husband wild and slowly began fucking herself with the thick phallus, groaning, “Oh fuck, Lester. Your cock feels so good in my pussy.”

Bill stared at how on each stroke Amber’s pussy was coating the dildo with her creamy fluids. How his wife’s pussy was welcoming each thrust and the way her pussy lips clung to the shaft as if not wanting to let go. He grabbed his own throbbing erection and slowly stroked it to the perverse scene in front of him.

“Fuck me, Lester. Fuck my married pussy. Fuck me like my husband never can,” Amber groaned as she pumped the dildo faster into her sopping pussy. Over the years she knew these filthy talks and cruel taunts drove her husband wild and got his cock rock hard. She knew this was wrong on so many levels considering what Lester was doing with her own daughter but the taboo nature of this roleplay only made her body boil with lust and crave more of it.

“Oh, Lester. I want you to fuck me like this in my own home, in the bed that I share with my husband,” Amber said through gritted teeth. She was practically stabbing the huge toy into her cunt as she held the base with both hands. Her hips lifted off the mattress every time it hit that sensitive spot deep inside her pussy that her husband’s cock couldn’t reach. “Oh fuck, yes. Right there. Stuff my cunt with your dirty cock, Lester.”

The more perverse the talk, the more Bill's cock throbbed. He pumped his cock steadily, not wanting to cum too soon. He could see Amber was working up a sweat as she plunged the monstrous cock in and out of her sopping wet pussy with little resistance. The veiny shaft was coated in her white pussy cream. Bill knew his wife got this messy only when she was extra horny. It was like she was in heat. Something about Lester got his wife really riled up.

"Fuck me, Lester. Fuck me in front of my husband. Fuck my married pussy while my husband watches. Ruin my cunt, Lester. Fill me up with your nasty cum," Amber moaned loudly as her hips bucked. Just the thought of that ugly troll of a man cumming inside her set her off like a firecracker. "Oh fuck, oh fuck. Lester. Yes, fill me up, Lester," Amber groaned as her pussy gushed and clenched around the dildo, trying to milk it.

Bill stared at his wife in awe. No matter how many times he has seen this, the sight of his wife cumming brought out the cavemaninside him. He grabbed the dildo from her hand and flung it into the room. He didn't care his wife was still in the middle of her orgasm as he flipped her over.

Amber was face down, ass up, groaning into the sheets from her orgasm when she felt Bill's cock enter her. "Oh fuck, Bill," she moaned as her husband began pounding into her. Her orgasm had not fully subsided when she felt another building fast. She loved when Bill fucked her like this, like a man possessed. Trying to reclaim her from her imaginary lover.

Bill growled as he felt Amber's pussy clench around his cock. How tight it felt around his throbbing cock. He pushed hard into her molten hot pussy, fucking her hard into the mattress. He gave Amber's ass a stinging slap as if punishing her for her wicked words and at the same time urging her to go on.

Amber's mind was muddled in a fog of lust. She knew what Bill was asking of her. She knew her husband wanted more, wanted more of the perverted dark pleasure. This is what had been missing the other night when they fucked before leaving for Chicago. This was the missing piece. It had been long since they had roleplayed like this with someone as perverted as Jack. Meeting Lester in Chicago had brought back a rush of old memories for not only her but also her husband. If it was this dark, nasty side of her that her husband craved, then that is what he shall get. This perverse lust brought out a devious side of her, that dirty fantasy from long ago. Amber didn't know why she brought it up when she said, "I need to be quiet, right, Bill?"

Bill's thrusts slowed down just for a moment as his mind was confused.

Amber looked back at him, her face flushed, her hair in a wet mess, and her skin dripping in sweat. She had a wicked smirk on her lips that made Bill's cock grow

harder. He knew that look on his wife's face; it was like seeing his wife's dark side. He could never bring out this side every time they had intense passionate sex, but sometimes, when she did get this way. Bill loved and hated every second of it. Her cruel words would feel like the sting of a whip or a knife to his chest, but the twisted pleasure it brought was like endless fireworks inside his body.

"When I'm with Lester, I need to be quiet. Right, honey? We wouldn't want our daughter to know what a slut Mommy is."

"Amber, please," Bill groaned instinctively. His mind begged and pleaded to not go there.

"What would Sarah say if she found Mommy getting fucked like a slut by Lester? What would she say if she knew her daddy didn't mind it?" Amber said with a sinister smile.

Bill didn't want to think about it, but the images Amber's words were triggering in his mind were so repulsive, but he couldn't stop them. Bill tried to get the idea of Lester and his daughter out of his head. "No, no," Bill said as he begged his mind to focus on anything else other than that wicked thought in his mind, but his body kept slamming into Amber's pussy hard. His cock was rock hard, fucking her clenching pussy.

"You thought about it, haven't you, Bill?" Amber said in a wicked tone.

"Sarah, You know Dan's not around all the time. With how much he keeps travelling for his new work, leaving our daughter alone in that apartment with Lester. A woman really does have needs, you know," Amber hissed. Amber couldn't say it. It felt too taboo even to say it out loud despite what she had seen in Chicago.

"Fuck, Amber," Bill growled. His hips were a blur as she pounded his wife's pussy.

"What if the ugly barbarian has conquered not only your queen but also the princess?" Amber said in a cruel voice.

Bill's mind flashed with a memory from long ago. Jack is wet and naked, standing at the pool's edge, with Amber in a bright red bikini on one side and Stacey in a red one-piece suit on the other. Jack with an ugly grin as his hands groped and pawed Amber and Stacey's ass. Amber and Stacey are giggling as they stroke his monster cock. Suddenly the image changes as Amber is wearing a golden flimsy flowing robe like a queen; in Jack's place, Lester is standing naked, his hairy body soaked in sweat with an evil grin, and flanking him on his other side is Sarah, dressed in a revealing golden garment. Lester's greedy paws groping as his fat fingers sink into the fleshy ass cheeks of Amber and Sarah. The two most important women in his life. Amber is licking the sweaty skin of his neck while Sarah is sucking on Lester's fat tongue.

“Oh my fucking god, no,” Bill cried out as his cock erupted in Amber’s pussy. His hips hilted deep into his wife’s pussy as her greedy cunt milked his cock.

“Fucccckkkk,” Amber moaned as her own orgasm hit, feeling Bill’s cum fill her up. Her cunt clenched around her husband’s cock as her knees gave way from her husband’s powerful thrust, and she fell onto the bed. Bill’s cock never left Amber's pussy as he collapsed onto her back, panting against her sweaty skin.

“Fuck, baby,” Bill thrust one last time, emptying his balls deep in his wife’s pussy. He gave her ass a hard slap as if punishing her for her wicked words. He rolled over, still catching his breath.

Amber groaned at the stinging slap, but the pain only seemed to amplify the pleasure coursing through her body.

As their breathing calmed down and both of them came down from their orgasms.

“Amber, what was that?” Bill asked, feeling guilty for even having such a taboo thought.

“Sorry, I guess I just got carried away with the whole Lester talk,” Amber said with a naughty smile and kissed her husband.

Bill didn't say anything as he got out of bed. He felt guilty for having come to such a taboo thought and needed to clear his head. “I’m just going down for water. You want some?” he asked.

“Yeah sure,” Amber said. Her mind, a mess from all that filthy talk. She could sense her lust for Lester had definitely sparked something inside her husband.

After a few minutes, Bill and Amber lay awake in bed. Amber was resting her head on Bill’s chest when he said in a teasing tone. “So, Lester, huh?”

Amber just smiled and gave her husband a slap on his arm. She looked up at him and saw his cheeky smile.

When Bill saw the expression on Amber’s face get serious, he knew something was on his wife’s mind. “What?”

“Speaking of ugly old men,” Amber said and paused. “I think it’s time we told Sarah about the trust fund.”

“No,“ Bill said immediately.

“Bill, you know how much Sarah was looking forward to that promotion at work and how disappointed she was when she didn’t get it. And now we know Dan has been laid off,” Amber said.

“I know they can get back on their feet. Our baby is strong, and I know I don’t say it much, but I do believe Dan is good at what he does. I’m sure he will find a suitable job soon,” Bill said, trying to convince Amber.

“Honey, come on. You know Dan and Sarah are struggling financially. We cannot turn a blind eye. This is our baby girl. That trust fund could really help them right now,” Amber said in a serious tone.

“Baby, every couple goes through tough times; that is what will make them stronger. You know this.” Bill said, not looking in Amber’s eyes. He knew what his wife was saying was right, but he just didn’t want to talk about that damn trust fund.

“Bill, it's been months since Dan moved to Chicago. The girls need their father around, and Sarah needs her husband close by. I feel this long distance is seriously affecting their marriage. With the money from the trust fund. They might be able to close their mortgage and even have money left for Dan to start on his own if he is really serious about his venture.” Amber said.

Bill knew his wife was right. Amber was always good at sensing things when it came to their daughter. But Bill feared that the thought of revealing the trust fund to Sarah would lead to other questions. “But I am just afraid of what she might think of me.”

“Bill, This is not about you. This is about our daughter. You know she is too proud to ask for help.” Amber said, placing a hand on his cheeks.

“And how the hell are we going to explain everything else to Sarah?” Bill asked.

“Bill, you are a great dad. Sarah knows that, I know that, and so did Jack.” Amber said.

“Baby, I’m just saying. We will get through this,” Amber said in a calm voice. “But we do need to tell her someday, and now might be a good time. Just think about it.”

When Bill didn’t say anything, Amber gave him a warm smile and a soft kiss on his lips before snuggling into his arms.

Bill was deep in thought. The calm breathing of Amber against his chest comforted him as he lay awake wondering,

‘How the hell was he going to tell Sarah that he was not her biological father. That Jack is her biological father, and he had left Sarah a huge trust fund.’

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Proto 32

Sarah just blankly stared down at the desk in front of her. She almost felt comatose. Her mind was racing, but each thought was more fleeting than the last. She couldn't hold onto any of them. She was aware of them but it was like her brain wouldn't let her go down any one pathway. Like it was trying to protect her from herself.

Her mind was running through everything that had gone wrong. Everywhere she had mistepped. All her mistakes. At the same time it was trying to think of a way out of this. A way to save her ass, trying to find a way for her to fix her situation. She was also mentally berating herself, how could she have been so stupid? Why had she so easily given in to her base desires? Her mind felt like it was spinning. She just wanted it to stop. She wanted to be out of this room, home curled up in bed with a glass of wine in her hand, numbing her brain until she could fall asleep and escape her life.

"Sarah?" a grating, condescening voice snapped her back to reality. Sarah felt tears in the corners of her eyes and berated herself again for being so weak. The last thing she wanted was to give this bitch the self satisifcation of seeing her cry.

"Sarah," Mary's voice came again, further rosing Sarah from her thoughts.

Sarah let her gaze linger on the wooden desk in front of her. She stared at a knot beneath the lacquer for a few more seconds. It's shape burning into her memory. Finally she mustered what little courage she had left to look up at the woman sitting across from her. Sarah was back in her old office, the one she has coveted so much. The one Lester had fucked in her in. But it was Mary sitting behind the desk – Sarah's desk. Sarah was seated in one of the guest chairs. An HR flunkie was sitting in the other.

Sarah had been to enough meetings to recgonize this set up. The HR flunkie was here as a witness. To back up Mary's account of events during a termination incase Sarah sued them with wild accusations. It was all to cover the hospitals ass. Sarah had been that witness before. She'd even sat where Mary was. She wondered if that cruel old women would take the same delicate care Sarah did when letting someone go.

Sarah met the older woman's eyes and refused to wipe the tears from her own eyes. They were already there, evident to everyone in the room but she didn't want to acknowledge them.

"Sarah, I think we all know why we are here right now," Mary said, "Normally we wouldn't be here so late but this matter had to be dealt with immediately."

What could Sarah do? Should she beg? Would begging work with this woman? Could Sarah even bring herself to beg? She needed her job. Her family needed her job. They needed this money to stay afloat. Both her and Dan couldn't be unemployed. The job market sucked right now and they had a mortgage and bills to pay. They had two little girls and now they wouldn't have any health insurance.

Sarah didn't say anything. She kept her lips in a flat line and just stared at the woman across from her.

"Do you know why we are here Sarah?" Mary said in a condescending tone.

Sarah steeled her nerves, worried that if she made any sound, they would come out as sobs, "Yes."

"For the record," Mary started, trying to conceal the smile from her lips, "Can you tell us why we're having this meeting today."

The bitch wanted Sarah to spell it out for her. Sarah was torn. She wanted to play along and give this woman what she wanted. To throw herself at her feet and pray for mercy. But she also knew that Mary was enjoying every second of this. There wouldn't be any mercy. And Sarah knew that her best bet was to keep her mouth shut and not incriminate herself further. On the off chance that she ever needed a labor lawyer to deal with the hospital, a confession like this wouldn't help her case.

Sarah tried to focus her mind. Racing, distracting thoughts wouldn't help her here. "I assume," Sarah started, looking at the HR flunkie, "that you want to dicispline me."

Mary looked disappointed in Sarah's response. The older women with the terribly applied make up leaned forward, "Not just disicpline Sarah. Today you crossed several ethical boundaries that the hospital cannot look away from."

Mary slid a printed out stack of papers across her desk. Sarah recognized them and felt her heart drop.

"Do you know what this is Sarah?" Mary asked.

"It's the hospitals' policy manual," Sarah said softly. Of course Sarah knew it. She had helped Mary's predeccesaor format it and put it together.

"That it is. I'm sure you haven't read it lately, otherwise you'd know about the hospital's policy and fraternization. Especially when it comes to enaging in such activties while on hospital grounds," Mary said. "You've broken those policies and may I add, quite explicitly today."

Sarah felt her shoulder's slump. She hated this. Hated sitting here in her old office being talked down to by this cruel old woman. The only reason this woman had any power over Sarah was because Sarah was desperate to keep her job.

"Ha," Mary sat back in her chair, "Oh I can't keep that act up any more. God this is hilarious."

Sarah's eyes flicked up to the old woman whose face had a cruel smile on it.

"How long were you fucking one of the janitors? I don't even know what his name was but that old creepy one. Really? I thought your oh so impressive husband got you some big new wedding ring yet here you are sneaking off to a meeting room to fuck that guy," Mary shivered.

Mary didn't stop, "I always knew miss good two shoes was hiding something. And to think you always acted like you were so much better than the rest of us, dressing up to get all the men's attention and acting like you knew everything. How many other men have you been sleeping with here? Is it just the one janitor or all of them?"

Sarah stared blankly at Mary. This woman sitting behind Sarah's rightful desk seemed happier than Sarah could ever recall seeing her.

"Months and months of you being a pain in my side and now you make it so easy for me. I hope the sex was good because you've really fucked yourself," Mary chuckled, holding both of her hands out in front of her, palms facing up like she was holding two plates.

"And now you're fate is in my hands," Mary smiled widely, loving every second of this, "Right now no one knows besides me and a few of my team." Mary nodded her head to the HR flunkie sitting beside Sarah, "But what should we do? The policy manual is clear that you should be fired along with your janitor lover. But maybe there is a way we can let you keep your job. What do you think?"

Sarah blinked her eyes. She knew it was too good to be true but she lunged at the opportunity, "How?"

"Beg," Mary said, "I want the proud and untouchable Sarah Williams to beg me."

Sarah's mouth hung slightly agape at what she was being asked. Did Mary really want her to beg? Would she really let her keep her job? She knew that the comprosiming position she found herself in was an instant fireable offense, one that not even Lester could save her from this time.

"Really?" Mary scoffed at Sarah's silence, "You're too proud to beg? Don't you have children to take care or? Or is that husband of yours so well off that you don't really need this job? You always seemed to treat it more like a hobby then anything else."

“No,” Sarah said soflty, finally making up her mind. She felt the tears welling up in her eyes again. “I need this job. Please, Mary, I know what happened was wrong. Inexcusable. But I need this job. Please let me stay. It won’t happen again and….I’ll even do whatever you need. I’m sorry for everything. Please Mary.”

Mary sat back in her chair, a self satisfied smile on her face. She didn’t say anything, just looked judging over Sarah. All Sarah could do was sit there and let this woman gaze at her. Shame welled up inside her. Shame at having to beg, shame at being in this situation in the first place.

After a full minute of silence there was a knock on the office door.

“Oops. Silly me,” Mary said to Sarah. Then raised her voice, “Come in.”

A security guard entered, one that Sarah had been on the interview panel during his hiring process. He was young and handsome in a boyish way. Sarah had ignored his stares in the past and hadn’t talked to him much. There wasn’t much interaction in their day-to-day.

“I’m sorry Mrs. Williams,” Mary said with a straight face and a glint in her eye, “But engaging in sexual activities with the janitoral staff is inexcusable. It’s right here in our policies that you agreed to when you started with us.”

Mary jabbed her finger down at the stack of papers in front of her, “I’m sorry but you left us with no choice. Your employment with the hospital is terminated. This fine gentlemen from security will escort you to your desk to collection your personal belongings. You will hand in your badge, keys, computer and any other company property to him before exiting the building.”

Sarah just stared daggers at Mary who stood up and moved to leave the office. Fucking bitch.

The HR flunkie had a banker box in her hand. Sarah didn’t know where it had come from. She handed it to Sarah and followed Mary out of the office. Sarah closed her eyes and bowed her head, trying not to cry.

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Sarah’s heels clicked as she crossed the parking lot. Thankfully most people had already left for the day. She still felt like everyone in the building was staring at her from the windows. She could almost feel their gazes on her back, judging her as the rumors swirled about her firing and the shameful circumstances surrounding it. That the once pround hospital administrator had been caught fucking the sleazy, creepy janitor. She just prayed that the rumors wouldn’t spread into the wider community and get back to anyone she knew.

She sighed as she passed by a parked car and saw the reflection of herself. She looked like a hot mess. Her hair looked like she’d just been through a tornado thanks to the fucking Otis had

given her. Her make up almost looked worsed than Mary's with her mascara running from her tears. Her eyes were red from all the crying and she was pretty sure her shirt was on inside out.

Sarah unlocked her car and shoved the banker box full of her personal possessions into the passenger sheet. Then she slumped over the wheel and finally let herself cry. She ugly cried for several minutes, sobbing into the steering wheel. She didn't know what to do. She felt like such a failure. She was lost, without an anchor and her mind started to drift into all the dark possiblities that life held in store for her.

She let herself wallow in self pity for over twenty minutes before she finally regained a shred of dignity and started to compose herself. She had to go pick up her girls and hopefully evade any questions from her parents. She would take the next day to feel bad about herself then she needed to figure out if she would still get severance and see how long her health insurance would last.

Sarah put her key in the ignition and turned it. Nothing happened. She let out a long, frustrated, pleading breath and tried it again. The engine didn't make a sound. It didn't turn over. She tried it again and again and again but it wouldn't start.

"FUCK ME," Sarah screamed at her car ceiling and smacked the steering wheel. She was breathing hard and she felt her chest tighten and the tears of frustration well up again. She couldn't just sit here and cry. She had to do something. She popped the hood and got out of the car, and stood looking down at the complicated maze that was her engine.

She just started at all the parts. People did this in movies. They'd look under the hood and have some kind of Ah-Ha! moment of clarity and figure out the problem. Sarah just looked down at the engine parts, the only thing she could discern was where the windshield washer fluid went. She looked at her phone and typed in 'car engine won't start' and tried in vein to look for a quick solution. Every page she went on offered a myriad of possibly issues, each sounding complicated and expensive to fix. All being well out of the realm of her capablities.

Sarah was about to call Dan but reminded he was probably flying home right now. She pulled up her father's contact info. Her finger hovered over the call button. If she called him, her dad would come here. He'd come with more questions and the possiblity existed that they'd have to interact with someone from the hospital. Just the thought of her parents knowing she was fired and why made her close her phone. They were already worried that Dan was unemployed, even if he had a handful of clients. If they knew she was unemployed now too, they'd have a full on meltdown.

Movement across the parking lot snapped her out of her shame spiral. She'd recognized that slovenly body and its plodding footsteps. Lester was walking towards his black SUV. Anger seethed under her skin. She was mad at him. Furious. If he hadn't ditched their meeting this wouldn't have happened.

She forced herself to breathe. He hadn't forced her to fuck Otis. She'd done that on her own. Sure, she'd done it as a way to get back at him. To hurt him. But she'd chosen that. People cancelled meetings at the last moment all the time. And right now, she needed him.

Sarah was about to shout his name across the parking lot but the hospital looming over her stopped her. She imagined all the eyes watching her. She quickly dialled his number. Sarah watched as Lester answered it.

"Hey goregous," Lester said, "Are you okay?"

"Look to your right," Sarah said.

Lester turned and saw her. He didn't wave, just stood and stared at her.

"I heard you got fired," Lester said.

Sarah's heart sank. As his direct manager he would have heard all the details by now. He would known she had been caught fucking Otis. He'd be hurt. He probably wouldn't help her.

"Yes, please Lester I don't want to talk about it right now," the words tumbled out of Sarah's mouth, "My car won't start. Can you help me?"

"I'm not a mechanic," Lester said.

"I know. But can you give me a ride?" Sarah asked, "Please?"

She hated the way her voice sounded. Like she was begging. Begging just like she had with Mary.

"Fine," Lester said and he hung up on her. His portly body got in his SUV and he drove it over to her. Sarah retrieved her banker box and got in the passenger seat.

"You okay?" Lester asked a few minutes into their drive.

"No, not really." Sarah said, just staring ahead at the road.

"It's late. Don't you have kids to pick up or something?" Lester asked.

"My mom got them. I was going to pick them up but…" Sarah trailed off unsure what to do. With everything that had happened, she completely forgot about her girls.

"Want me to swing by your parents place? Pick them up?" Lester was acting surpingly nice. She had expected him to talk shit to her about Otis but he appeared to show some actual empathy and was treating her with kid gloves.

Still, the idea of Lester's SUV pulling into her parent's driveway mortified her. Not only would she have to explain to her parents why Lester was in Middleton but she'd have to explain why he picked her up from work instead of her calling her dad for help. And she couldn't imagine the awkward glances her parents would share or putting her girls into a car with Lester.

"No, thats okay," Sarah said pulling out her phone to text her mom. She'd see if her parents could drop the girls off. "Thank you though. They need their booster seats anyways."

Sarah glanced into the bench seat behind her where the boosters could be installed. It was covered in fast food wrapper and other filth. She couldn't believe Lester had fucked her back there before.

"Just take me home please Lester," Sarah said, defeated.

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Lester tried his best to stop himself from humming the emperial march song while he drove down Sarah's street. She was a mess of a woman, sitting in the passenger seat just staring blankly out the window.

Perfect. Sexy, vulnerable and impressionable. Like putty in his hands. There was no way the hospital would ever take Sarah back. Not after being caught fucking Otis by someone who wielded as much power as Mary did. Mary was a vindictive bitch and she unknowingly played her part in Lester's plan to the letter. So did Otis. Did he get fired too? Lester wasn't sure and frankly didn't really care. He served his purpose in Lester's designs and could now be put out to pasture.

Lester was exstatic that he didn't have any reason to linger in the hospital any longer. No more frivilous meetings or dealng with inept scyophants. He'd achieved his goals and then some. He turned his head to look out the driver side window, hiding the smile he was unable to keep from his face.

It had been almost too easy to manipulate the different variables and send Dan and Sarah spiralling onto this path. He'd engineered both of their professional downfalls. He just needed to apply pressure to the right areas and Sarah had spun out of control. And Lester and thrown Otis into the mix and changed a couple calendar invites and Mary was there. And the sad, desperate and volatile Jesse had been so impressionable to believe that Dan was hiding Sarah from him. Confronting him in Dan's office and causing a scene had be an unexpected yet oh so delicious surprise. It had worked out better than Lester could have planned.

Lester cleared his throat as he pulled his SUV into Sarah's driveway. The sun had already gone down and the neighboorhood was dark. He felt like a predator stalking his prey in the dark. He'd almost let himself hum the song again. He needed to play the supportive rock character, despite

his internal excitment. This was too much fun. He'd never expected to have this much fun, pulling the blocks out of Sarah's life and watching the Jenga tower fall.

Hell, just a few YouTube videos and he'd easily figured out how to loosen the starter relay, unplug the crankshift sensor and loosened the negative battery terminal on Sarah's vehicle. Then he just had to wait for the right time to make an apperance in the parking lot. When Sarah was at her lowest. All of which lead him here, back to Sarah's home and the place of more opporunities to corrupt her.

It would take a mechanic a little while to figure out what the issues would be. Hopefully long enough to rack up a nice bill that Dan and Sarah wouldn't be able to afford. They were both so suspsectiable to financial manipulation, it was almost too easy.

Lester's mind raced with all the possible ways he could fuck with someone's life. Drugging his roommates seemed so juvenille and beneath him now. It was so, so much more satisifying when they willingly gave themselves to him, unware of his machinations. That sweet first push into them. Their face contorting from the unplanned pleasure. He hadn't ever had a desire to be watched by another man but taking another man's mate in front of him fueled something deep in Lester. A desire to conquer.

"Thanks Lester," Sarah said softly as she opened the car door. Lester snapped out of his reverie, grabbed his black backpack and quickly got out and followed Sarah.

"Lester…" Sarah said as he caught up with her on the walkway to her from door, "Not tonight. I just want to be alone."

"I know," Lester said in a comforting voice, the Imperial March still playing in the back of his head. "Let me just get you inside and settled and then I'll go, okay?"

"It's okay, you don't have to do that. I'm okay," Sarah said unconvincgly. Her hair was a mess and her eyes were almost bloodshot from crying. Complimentary seasonings to the perfect dish.

"You're not," Lester said as they stepped up to the door, "Believe it or not I care about you. I want to make sure you're okay."

Sarah didn't reply. She just opened the door and let them both in, "Five minutes. You can stay for five minutes, okay?"

"Okay," Lester said. Sarah walked into the house, dropping her purse onto a table. Her white, sleeveless blouse was on inside out. Her tight pencil skirt accenturated her perfect ass nicely. Lester narrowed his eyes watching her body and he his cock began to stiffen. He put his bag down against a wall, never once taking his eyes off her majestic form. He couldn't stop the smile from spreading onto his face as he followed her deeper into her home.

Sarah collasped onto the couch burying her face in her hands. Lester couldn't stop smirking. He went into the kitchen and lightly slapped himself on the cheek to regain some control. He didn't like his body not doing what he needed it to do. He knew it was all too delicious and that he'd be fucking her soon. Sliding into her. Five minutes? Lester wasn't leaving.

He took two wine glasses out of the cabinent and generously poured Sarah's favorite red into one of them. He poured a bit in the other for himself, mainly for appereances then joined Sarah back in the living room.

"Here," Lester said holding out the glass. Sarah lowered her hands and looked at the wine apprecitively.

"Thanks," she took it from him and took a long sip from it. Excellent.

"I didn't get much details from Mary. She said it was sensistive and that she'd fill me in tomorrow. All I know is that you got fired and there wasn't anything I could do to change it. I tried Sarah, I really tried to get her to change her mind. What happened?" Lester said laying it on thick.

"I..I thought they would have told you. I don't want to talk about it right now, Lester," Sarah said staring into her wine. Lester moved and sat down next to Sarah, forced his arm around her and pulled her into him.

"It's okay Sarah, its going to be okay," Lester said, putting his fat hand on her had and pulling her body to his shoulder. He stroked her hair comfortingly while he sniffed and inhaled her sweet, sweet strawberry scenet. His repositioned his legs as his cock was growing stiff again. He didn't want her noticing it. Not yet.

"It's not okay Lester. Everything is fucked," Sarah's voice broke. Physical contact in highly emotional states tended to amplify emotions, especially in females. He needed to bring down her barriers and progress their night along. When she was at her lowest, he would build her back up. Conciously or subconciously she would see him as an emotional pillar, holding up her rebuilt self. Further entwining her to him.

"You don't have to hold it in anymore. It's just us," Lester licked his lips, "Let it out. I'm here. It's okay."

Sarah let out a strange noise he hadn't heard from her before. It took a second before his brain registered it as a sob. This sound was followed by more sobs as she buried her head into his chest and wept openingly. Lester could feel her tears on his shirt. None of this did anything to dampen his arousal. If anythign it only served to heighten it as he knew that soon he would be spreading those blemish free legs open and wrapping them around himself.

He gently stroked her hair, holding her tight to him. His other hand running up and down her back. His cock ached. He couldn't wait to slip off his pants and free it.

"Shhhhh," Lester said as reassuginly as possible, "It's going to be okay. You're okay."

Sarah pushed up off his chest and looked at him. She wiped the tears from her eyes, "Its not going to be okay. How is it going to be okay? I got fired Lester. Dan doesn't have a job. My family…" she gestured to the room around her, "all of this is at stake. We're going to be out on the street."

"I won't let that happen," Lester said as he cupped one cheeck with his hand. He stared into her eyes. "I won't let anything like that happen to you okay? I'll take care of you. You and your girls. Nothing bad will happen as long as I'm around."

He saw the brief spark of hope behind her beautiful green eyes. He knew Sarah. He knew she'd run away from these feelings. Just like she ran away from her problems with her parents and work and into Otis's orchestrated arms, she'd want to escape this feeling of helplessness. She hated feeling weak and powerless. She wouldn't want to be a crying mess. She would be so desperate for feel anyting else.

His hypothesis proved correct when Sarah leaned forward and kissed him. He held onto her face and kissed her, tengerly at first as he stepped into the role of her lover and protector. He felt the tears on Sarah's cheeks press against his.

She was grabbing onto his shirt, pulling Lester against her lips. He ran his chubby fingers through her hair as he held her head. This lips kissed, softly, tenderingly. Furitive touches of their tongues as they just tasted each other and got lost in the moment. She needed this. It was clear to him. He decided to kiss her a little harder, stick his tongue into her mouth further, hold the position longer. Sarah moaned into the kiss, responding in kind just as he had hoped. He wanted to escalate their kiss from soft reassurance to the passionate on the path way towards copulation and insemination.

Sarah bit his bottom lip and pushed into him. Lester let himself fall back, Sarah lithe young body falliing onto his. His hands began exploring. Running down her back and gently grabbing her supple bubble butt. Sarah moaned so he grabbed hit harder, pulling her body against his. He slipped his hand under neath the material and kneading her bare ass cheek.

"Mhmmhmmm," Sarah moaned into his mouth. Their tongues slid against one another as the young mother lost herself deeper into Lester's embrace. Their lips never broke from one another. She was just as hungry as he was for more of each other. Of connecting, of becoming one.

Sarah's body shuddered as Lester held her pinned to himself. Her hips bucked up and down as she grinded her skirt covered pussy against his flabby frame.

“Mhmm,” Sarah gently moaned as she rocked herself back and forth on him. Lester licked all around Sarah’s mouth and her own tongue licked up and down his. His hands were running all over her body. He couldn’t hold himself back anymore. He grabbed her ass, he cupped her breasts. Sarah pushed her chest into Lester’s had, so she could rub her shirt covered nipple against his palm. He pushed into her nipple with his thumb eliciting a sob like moan from her throat.

Sarah’s hand traced down Lester’s body until they found her intended target. She expertly undid his pants and slipped her hand inside his older boxers and gripped his throbbing shaft. Sarah broke their kiss and let out a deep breath as she just held his cock in her hand. She was breathing hard, clearly very aroused.

Lester was pleased they had gotten past the crying portion of the night and onto the main event. So much for five minutes. Sarah was breathing hard, her hand began running up and down Lester’s cock. Her eyes were unfocused, by kept flicking between Lester’s gaze and his lips.

A bright light shone across her face and Sarah froze. Headlights pulling into the driveway. Without letting go of his cock she sat up on the couch and peered out the window. Lester just laid there looking up at the angelic beautfy in above him, her blonde lockes dangling down and tickling his cheeks. Even when she was a hot mess who had been crying she was still radiant.

“Fuck,” Sarah said and pulled her hand from his cock.

“What?” Lester said, staying where he was.

“My parents. My fucking overbearing parents.” Sarah stood up and began straightening her clothes, “Fuck they are going to see your SUV. Lester please. You need to go down to the basement and hide.”

“Hide?” Lester said. Fuck this. He was just so close to fucking her and now her parents showed up? Maybe he shouldn’t have gotten them involved in the first place.

“Yes, please. Hurry. I’m sorry. It’ll just be for a bit until I get them to leave. Or until I get the girls to bed. Please Lester I’m begging you,” Sarah said.

Car doors slammed shut outisde. Lester wanted to protest. Wanted to open the door and wave his girthy cock at Renee and James and tell them that he was going to fuck their daughter and to come back later. But he needed to slip back into the supportive boyfriend role. He closed his eyes for a second and let out a breath, “Okay.”

Lester got up and grabbed Sarah around the waist and pulled her body to him. He gave her a deep kiss that she didn’t immediately return.

“We’ll continue this later,” Lester said. It wasn’t a question. Sarah’s shoulders slumped and she nodded. Then Lester moved quickly to the basement door and disappeared down the steps. Sarah grabbed the two wine glasses and quickly hid them in the kitchen.

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Satisfied that Lester was tucked away in the basement and hopefully wouldn’t make a surprise appearance, Sarah steeled her nerves once again and walked to her front door. Hopefully it would just be a quick drop off and she wouldn’t be interrogated by her parents again. She’d been avoiding them and they probably realized that. She really wished she hadn’t asked them to pick up and babysit the girls but she’d been in a pinch with the late meeting Lester had invited her to. The one that he had cancelled and Sarah had ended up fucking Otis and getting caught by Mary.

Sarah let out a long breath and closed her eyes. When she opened them a warm smile was on her face, all trace of nervouness fading from her features. She opened the front door just as her daughters and parents were coming up the walkway.

“Mom!” Her daughters yelled and hurried up the front steps to Sarah. She bent down and threw her arms around both of them. Sarah held her daughters tightly, trying not to let herself be overwhelmed by the thoughts of losing their house and putting these girls through hard times. She pushed the thoughts down and squeezed them tight.

“I’ve missed you guys,” Sarah whispered in their ears and gave them each a kiss on the cheek. Her parents had caugth up to the girls and were standing on the porch watching the embrace. Sarah didn’t want to raise any suspicions with them, so she let go of the girls and stood up, “Okay girls, go on in and emtpy your lunches and whatever is in your school bags.”

The girls moved past Sarah into the house, she stood there looking at her parents who seemed to be waiting for an invitation to come in.

“Thanks for dropping them off,” Sarah said.

‘It’s not problem dear,” Her mother said, “We’re always here to help you and the girls out.”

Sarah wondered whether her mom omitted Dan was intentional or not.

“Whose car is that?” Her Dad asked, thumbing over her shoulder at Lester’s black SUV in the driveway, “Your mom said your car wouldn’t start.”

“A coworkers’. She works at the hospital with her husband. When my car wouldn’t start she let me borrow it and rode home with him,” Sarah said. It was the best excuse she could come up with in such a short time.

“Thats nice of them,” Renee said, “Its always a plus having great coworkers,” Renee said.

“Kind of a slob though,” James said. He looked skeptical, “The car’s full of junk food wrappers. Must stink in there.”

Of course her dad had peeked through the window.

“Well I’m sure if they knew my car was going to break down and they were going to lend me theirs they would have cleaned it dad,” Sarah said.

Her just shrugged his shoulders, “Alright well your mom is gonna stay here with the girls. Let’s go take a look at your car and see if we can’t get it started.”

“What? Dad I just got home myself,” Sarah said.

“I told your mom I’d come out and grab you at work but she said you were already on your way home. Well this way your mom can get the girls in bed and you and me can go take a look at your car,” her father didn’t wait for a response, her turned and headed back to this vehicle.

“You’re father,” her mom shrugged and moved past Sarah into the house. Sarah bit her tongue. This is exactly what she didn’t want. She loved her parents but she didn’t want to be told what to do. Behind her, her mom was helping the girls empty their bags. She trusted her mother to get the girls settled.

Fine. Just get it over with. Sarah though to herself as she grabbed her purse and car keys. Locking the door behind her, she went out to join her father his the car. Just as she settled into the passenger seat, she realized that she had left Lester alone in the basement. Alone with her girls and her mother. Sarah gulped and was about to make an excuse to go back inisde when her Dad quickly backed out of the driveway and took off towards the hospital.

***

Lester frowned from the stairway leading to the basement. He was crouched over, his chest tight as he breathed hard squinting under the door. He’d been listening in to the conversation and Sarah had just left.

Well this isn’t what he’d wanted. He should be buried inside of Sarah already, making her beg for his cum. He rolled his eyes as two pairs of feet ran past the door, followed by Renne’s toned calves.

Now what the hell was he supposed to do? Did Sarah honestly just expect him to stay in her basement and wait for her? He turned and carefully made his way down the stairs. Turning on the light, he looked around the room. There was nothing down here besides the old futon he’d

fucked Sarah on and a bunch of storage boxes. What the fuck was he supposed to do? Just sleep?

There wasn't even a computer down here. Lester stopped and looked up at the ceiling. His bag was still up there with his laptop in it. If he could get that, he could get into the William's network and get onto the Internet.

Renee was supposed to get the girls down to sleep soon. It was dark up there. Once she was up on the second story with them, Lester could sneak out and grab his bag. Lester slowly went up the basement stairs, trying not to make any sounds. He wondered what would happened if Renee discovered him. That was an unpredictable predicament. Would he still be able to follow through on his long term plans with Sarah? How would they explain his presence there. It could be fun to test this and see what would happen.

But that scenario would take too much control out of Lester's fingers. It was better for him to control the reigns a bit more tightly. He crept his way up to the top steps and crouched over again, putting his eyes up to the crack beneath the door.

He couldn't see anything. He closed his eyes and listened. Water was running upstairs. It sounded like a bath tub was filling up. Renee must be giving the girls a bath. Now could be the perfect time to get his bag.

Lester waited a few more moments before caustiously turning the knob on the basement door. He edged it open slightly and listened. Nothing. Lester pushed the door open more and spied his black back pack sitting where he had left it. Most of the lights were off on this floor, besides the one outside the front door casting some light in. It was dark, further evidence that Renee was getting the girls ready for bed.

More confident now, Lester pushed the door open and crept out towards his bag. He grabbed it and turned back towards the basement when he heard small steps coming down the stairs. Lester lunged out of sight back towards the basement.

But he wasn't fast enough. A small scream filled the house as Lester pulled the basement door shut. His heart was beating fast as he rushed down the stairs. He pushd himself between some boxes and ducked underneath the unfinsihed wooded stairs. He was breathing hard and he hated himself for it. Why was he running and scared just because a kid was screaming? The fear of being caught? He didn't know. He really shouldn't care but he still sat there crotched in the darkness.

The water upstairs stopped and he heard two more pairs of footsteps coming down the stairs.

"Whats wrong?" Renee asked from somewhere above, "Why are you screaming?"

“There…I saw….There’s a,” the girl stammered pathetically before finally finding her voice, “There was a monster. It was fat and ugly with hair all over its body. It looked like one of those trolls in that movie you yelled at Grampda for letting us watch It just ran into the basement.”

Lester felt his ears get red and his nostrils flared. He wasn’t sure if he was more mad at the girl’s description of him or that fact that she was alerting someone to his presence.

“Well I’m going to talk to Grandpa about the kind of movies he lets you girls watch again. They get your imagination working in overdrive,” Renee said.

“I wasn’t imaginging it Grandma! I saw it. It went into the basement. I swear,” the girl said.

“Well lets forget about it for now and get you up into the bath,” Renee said.

“No grandma you have to check the basement to make sure its gone,” the girl demanded.

Lester could hear Renee sigh from his hidden spot in the basement before her footsteps grew closer. The basement door opened and Renee came down the steps. She stopped mid way down and turned the light on, peering around the basement.

“I don’t see anything,” Renee said. Lester stared up at her toned calves through the open slots in the staircase. He inched closer and smelt Sarah’s mother. She smelled just as good as Sarah did. He wanted to lick the back of her legs but held himself back from doing so.

“I think you’re scream must have scared the troll away. Its all gone,” Renee said. Lester wished the older woman had been wearing a skirt so Lester could peer up it. But soon she had walked back up the stairs and shut the door behind her. The water to the bath started up again and Lester left his hiding spot and moved onto the futon. He puled his laptop up and fired it up.

Within a few minutes he had brute forced is way onto the William’s network and connected to the internet. He noted that Renee’s phone was connected to the nextwork and he jotted down some information about it. If she browsed anything later he’d take a peek at it.

Once has behind a firewall and logged in through a secure VPN, Lester’s was logged into his private discord server. Not the one he used to coordinate WoW raids with Ned, Eugene and the others. But the one that helped faciliate his private business dealings. Business was still good but the lack of fresh content was going noticed by his customers.

Lester’s eyes bugged out of his head at the dozens of unanswered direct mesages waiting for him. He never had that many messages. He read the first one and frowned. When he read the second his frown deepened further. Each message was from someone on his server thanking him or alterting him to the fact that someone was releasing his entire catalog of videos. Each person claims someone had sent them dozens of videos that Lester usually charged for.

Someone was targetting him. He scrolled through his server and found people discussing the videos. Users he knew had never paid or who had only purchased a handful were eagerly discussing them. He immediately thought of Dan but quickly dismissed it. That idoit had no idea about Lester's private business nor would he have the ability to do this.

But each new person discussing it were lost sales to Lester. Why would they buy them when they could have them for free. There were also several messages taunting Lester and mocking him. Both as private direct messages and public messages for everyone to see. Lester checked his cryto wallets and ensured all his funds were still there. Nothing was missing. Even the new funds from his sale of the Lincoln Group Data was still there.

A few weeks ago Cronos had tried to hack him. Lester knew Cronos had deep pockets and likely had a team of hackers helping me. Lester wanted to slam his laptop onto the concrete blocks of the basement. He shouldn't be here. He shouldn't be in Middleton at all. He should be back at his command centre where he felt more comfortable tracking this down and fighting it, not stuck on a shitty futon while someone sang lulabies upstairs. He was under attack and felt impotent to do anything about it.

Lester decided the best course of action was to stop the bleeding. Reduce the amount of ways he could be targetted. He shut down his discord server and took it completely offline for the time being. There was only so much he could track through the private messaging client. Still, Cronos had been able to track him down before and try to infilfiate his network.

Lester clicked through his remote desktop monitoring software and saw that everything was secure and quiet in Chicago. The lack of discord would be a hit to his business but he could still sell directly through sites on the dark web, it would just be more annoying and require more legwork.

He spent the next half hour locking down any avenue of attack he could think up. He'd need to go on the offense soon but he couldn't do that until he was better situated. A window lit up on his laptop.

Lester eyed it. Renee was on her phone browsing the internet. Lester couldn't see her screen or which apps she was using. He could see the data packets in the transition and the URLs of the websites she was visiting. If Lester had to guess she was scrolling through Facebook or Instagram and clicking on the occasional link.

It would have been better if Lester had spyware installed on her phone, then he could see what she was really doing. Still, he needed a distraction from the issues surrounding his businesses. He uploaded one of Sarah's favorite pictures of his cock to the cache on the William's router. It was a great angle, showing off his length and girth and the thick veins running down it. Inside the router settings, he limited Renee's access to all websites and made any links she clicked direct to the picture.

He wasn't sure what was going on upstairs but he guess that the girls were probably asleep by now.

"Oh!" Renee exclaimed. Lester smirked as she quickly closed the picture. She must be upstairs on the couch, just a short distance away from the basement door. A few minutes later, Renee opened another link and Lester knew his cock appeared on her screen again. This time she didn't make a noise. He watched as this time she didn't close the link until almost a full minute later.

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Sarah was finally back in her own house. All she wanted to do was shower the stench of Otis off her and crawl into bed with a bottle of wine. Her dad hadn't been able to figure out what was wrong with the car.

That didn't stop him from poking around under the hood for the better part of an hour. Sarah hated being back at the hospital, even if it was just in the parking lot. She never wanted to go back there. All she could feel was the judgement coming from the windows of the hospital and her skin crawled with shame and regret.

Eventually her dad had given up and had called a tow truck for her. With her car on the way to the mechanic, Sarah and her Dad had drove back to her house. He had tried, awkwardly initialting conversation several times but Sarah just couldn't find the mental energy to engage with him.

Now back at her house, all she wanted was for her parents to leave.

"How did the girls go down?" Sarah asked her mom.

"Hmmm?" Her mother asked. She was sitting on the couch engrossed in something on her phone.

"Mom, did the girls go down okay?" Sarah repeated.

"Uhhmmm," Sarah's mom's eyes finally broke from her phone and she snapped out of whatever had her attention. "Yes. They were angels like usual. I gave them a short bath, brushed their teeth and tucked them in with a bedtime story. They were easy."

"Thats good," Sarah said hiding her disappointment. She'd wanted to be here for that. To just spend some time with her daughters. But between what happened at work and her dad insisting they go look at her car, she'd barely seen them. Maybe she would keep them home tomorrow since she didn't have to work.

“So what was your late meeting about?” Her mother asked her, tucking her phone into her purse.

“Just some boring administrative stuff. The HR team wants lots of changes again and need us to support them,” Sarah said.

“Not more staffing changes I hope,” Her dad chimed in, “They’ve already cut enough positions from what you’ve said. I’m just glad they know how valuable you are. I couldn’t imagine them axing you while Dan is still unemployed.”

That was the in Sarah could use to tell them she had been let go. That it wasn’t her fault. That it was due to staffing changes. As a former management consulant, her dad understood that. He’d probably even recommended staff reductions many times over his career. But Sarah couldn’t bring herself to say it. She didn’t want to open that pandora’s box of questions. Especially not after what she had just went through with them over the weekend.

“I’m just glad you’re back at work, here at home,” her mother said, “After what happened in Chicago I think its best to just stay here and focus on work for awhile.”

Sarah felt like he had been backhanded. It was such a leap for her mom to bring it up, to connect these two things. It was clear her parents didn’t consister the matter settled.

“Thats the plan mom,” Sarah tried to say calming. She could feel the presence of the wine bottle in the kitchen behidn her and wished more than anything she could just grab it. She wanted to feel numb. She just needed something to distract her from this. From all this stress. From her life. She just needed to escape for a little bit. She thought of Lester and wondered what he was doing. If he was still in the basement. If he still intended to finish their conversation from earlier.

“Mom, Dad. Thank you for everything today. I couldn’t have made it all work without you,” Sarah knew her parents liked having their egos stroked. So continued, “Not just picking up and feeding the girls, but for helping me look at the car and taking care of everything. It really means the world and I couldn’t have done it without you.”

“Oh its no problem dear,” Sarah’s mom leaned forward and gave her a hug, “Thats what parents are for.”

Her Dad flashed her a warm smile, “I’ll call the mechanic tomorrow and we’ll figure out —”

“We’ll figure it out,” Sarah cut him off, “Tomorrow. I’m sorry I’m not being a better host but I think I’m ready to go to bed and crash.”

“Alright Renee,” Sarah’s Dad said, putting her hands on her mother’s shoulders, “Let’s get going.”

Her parents said their goodbyes and soon Sarah was alone again. Her daughters were upstairs sound asleep and she assumed Lester was somewhere beneath her, doing god knows what. She knew she'd have to deal with him somehow. He had definetely stayed past his alloted five minutes. Still, the moment they'd shared on the couch earlier had been nice. With all the things going on today, it felt good just to be seen and held like that. She was still mad at Lester for the late meeting and his abrupt cancelling of it but she felt her stance towards him softening.

Sarah went upstairs to check on her daughters. She opened their bedroom door and the girls were sound asleep, little angels just like her mother had said. Sarah's chest was tight as she looked them. They only knew this house and their stuggle free life. It had been an adjustment having their father live apart from them but they had adapated well. Could they adapt if they had to sell their house? What if the girls had to change schools? Sarah's mistake had the potential to flip their entire lives upside down. A sob caught in Sarah's throat as she closed the door and leaned against the hallway wall with her arms crossed.

She leaned her head back against the wall and closed her eyes, trying to push all the bitter feelings down. Her hands ran across her bare arms and all she could feel was the sweat from the sex with Otis. She needed to clean herself. Needed to get him off of her.

In the back of her mind she knew Lester was still waiting for her in the basement but just couldn't yet. She'd shower and ask him to leave. She just needed to feel clean. Wash off today from her body. Sarah went into the master bedroom and debated locking the door so Lester couldn't enter. But she needed to be able to hear the girls if something was wrong so she left it open.

It didn't take her long to strip naked and toss her clothes in the laundry bin. She debated just throwing those clothes out and being rid of them. Her body began to relax as the warm water poured out of the shower head. A bath would have been nice but she could mentally detach more with a shower.

Sarah stepped into the shower and let the rest of the world melt away. The warm water ran through her hair and over her skin washing away the day. Washing away her tryst with Otis and the panic that she felt when she locked eyes with Mary. Sarah let the warm water envelope her and let her mind drift away. She robotically, slowly cleaned herself. She washed every inch of her body, leaving no trace of Otis or the hospital behind. Then she just stood there, letting the warm water hit her body with her eyes closed. She wasn't sure how long she had been in the shower. It could have been ten more minutes or it could have been an hour. With their tankless hot water tank she never would run out of hot water.

It was only when Lester opened the door to the bath room that her mind finally returned to the present. She stiffened, realizing that Lester had to have travelled up past her sleeping daughters. Her two worlds colliding again.

“Lester. I’m sorry I completely forgot….” Sarah said wondering how long he had been down there waiting for her.

“It’s okay. I know you needed this. I was going to leave but I didn’t want to without saying goodbye. And I can’t lock your front door from the outside either,” Lester said. He had a somber look on his face, like he was really feeling sorry for her. It felt nice. Just to have someone there for her. No judgement like her parents, just here to support her.

“I’ll be out in a second,” Sarah said.

“No. Take as long as you need. I’ll be out in the bedroom waiting,” Lester turned towards the door.

“Lester,” Sarah said, her voice catchign in her throat. The ugly fat man turned to look at her. “Do you want to join me in here?” Sarah said in a low voice.

Lester stood at the doorway, seemingly thinking it over. Sarah held her breath waiting for the rejection to come. For another fresh wave of shame to hit her. Sarah finally let out her breath when Lester began stripping.

Sarah watched him expose his hairy and flabby body. How the rolls of his skin almost fell out as he disrobed. She couldn’t look away. He was mesmerizing. She felt her skin heat up and herself grow wet between the legs. She stil couldn’t believe this man in front of her could make her react like this. When his large cock swung out of his tight once-white underwear, followed by his heavy balls Sarah unconciously licked her lips. She’d just wanted him to hold her. To comfort her. But now she wanted something else. She knew it was wrong. Especially after Otis earlier but it would be the perfect distraction that she needed.

Lester opened the shower door and stepped in with her.

“Just hold me. Please,” Sarah whispered. Lester’s arms encircled her and she closed her eyes and laid her blonde head on his chest. Neither of them said anything. Lester just held Sarah like that as the water washed over both of their bodies. They stayed like that for what felt like an eternity. Just the two of them in their own private bubble where the rest of the world couldn’t get to them.

After some time, Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at Lester. She hadn’t realized it but he had been stroking her hair. His cock was pressing into her thigh but he hadn’t made any moves on initiatiing anything.

Sarah reached up and gently grabbed the back of his head and pulled his lips down to hers. She didn’t want to think about what happened at work, her parents, her financial situation or any other stressor in her life. She just wanted to get lost in this kiss and let Lester make her feel better.

As her lips gently crashed into his, she felt his cock rub against her thigh. She knew that she wanted it inside of her. For it to take her places nothing else could.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah soflty moaned into Lester’s lips. The fact that these lips were attached to someone like Lester, to an ugly face and unattractive body such as his only deepened her arousal. It had all started as that beauty and the beast fantasy to her but somewhere along the way she began associating him with her own intense sexual satisfaction. He was like a trigger to her. He just flipped a switch inside of her.

Her arms went behind his neck as their lips tasted each other. She loved how agressive he could be. The dirty shit he would say to her and about Dan and the way he would pin her down and take whatever he wanted. But she loved how tender and sweet her could be too. Almost like she was taming the raging beast that still existed inside of him.

Sarah’s tongue slid past Lester’s lips and found his tongue. She twirled her tongue around his and explored deeper into his mouth. Lester turned his head and their lips locked together as their tongue danced with one another. He pulled her tightly against him, her heavy breasts pushing against his chest. Another hand went to her perfect bubble butt and gently began massaging it.

Her naked pussy pressed against Lester. Even with the water streaming down on top of them it still felt great just gently grinding herself against his skin. The stresses weighing her down slowly became background noise in her mind. All she wanted to focus on was Lester.

Sarah slid her hands through his thinning greasy hair and ran them down his oddly portioned body. At one point she couldn’t imagine someone built like this turning her on but now she craved him. She couldn’t get enough of him.

Her hands ran over this flabby skin and she felt an electrify surging through her nerves. She kept running her hands down, lower and lower unstil her finger tips touched the base of his cock. Sarah couldn’t help herself. She grabbed onto this thick shaft with one hand and moaned into Lester’s mouth. Sarah started to slowly stroke him. Slowly running her hand up and down Lester’s thick shaft.

“Mhmmmm fuck, Lester,” Sarah moaned, breaking their kiss. Lester’s lips didn’t stop. He kept kissing her. Her cheek. Her ear. Down her neck where his tongue swirled around her skin. Sarah tugged on his cock harder as her own lips pressed against his neck. Her tongue lashed out and swirled at the skin there, twisting around the hair that covered him. Their movements grew more frantic, both wanting to explore the other.

Sarah never stopped stroking his cock. She arched her chest into his as his tongue on her neck drove her crazy. She pulled his cock from her thigh towards he pussy so his cockhead could

press against her clit. Sarah stroked him up and down on herself, causing her to bit her lip and lean into him for support.

Finally she couldn't take it any more. She needed him. "Lester," she whispered, "Make love to me tonight. I need you. I need to feel you. God I need you Lester."

Out of the corner of her eye she could see the smirk spread on Lester's face. That annoying, frustrating smirk. She loved it. Loved that cocky confidence on someone like him. It was intoxicating.

Lester didn't respond at first. He reached out and turned off the water. He pulled back and looked her deep in her eyes, "I need you too. I've been aching for you all day."

"Then lets go," Sarah said pushing the shower door open. The heat in the shower escaped into the bathroom beyond. The cool air of the rest of the house washed over Sarah's naked body sending a chill through her, "I'll need you to warm me up lover boy."

Sarah stepped out of the shower but Lester grabbed her hand. With one foot on the cool tile floor of her bathroom, she looked back at Lester. He was standing there with lust painted on his face, staring at her. Sarah couldn't help but remember the dream of Lester in the cave. He was looking at her just the same way, the heat pouring out the shower felt like the fire she had experienced and the shower was kind of like the cave he had been standing in.

"Where do you want to make love?" Lester said stepping out of the shower to join her. Her pushed his body against her making her take a step back.

"My bed," Sarah breathed looking up at the man who would be inside of her soon.

"You mean your martial bed," Lester said continuing forward. Sarah kept stepping back until her naked bubble butt was pressed firmly against her bathroom counter.

"Yes," Sarah breathed, "I want you in my martial bed."

"Condom? Or no condom?" Lester grinded his cock against Sarah's pussy.

"No condom," Sarah said too quickly. They both knew he hadn't brought any and she didn't have any either. Not that she'd use them, "I don't want anything between us."

"Good girl," Lester said and kissed her forehead, "You want to make unprotected love on your martial bed with someone other than your husband?"

Sarah put a hand on Lester's chest and gently eased him off her. She moved aside and went out into the bedroom, walking backwards never taking her eye off Lester. She was dripping wet, soaking the carpet beneath her feet.

Lester stood in the doorway watching her. Sarah crawled, naked onto her bed never breaking eye contact with Lester, “I thought you were supposed to be my Chicago husband? You’ve given me a ring and fucked me in my wedding dress. Get over her and start doing your husbandly duties.”

That cocky, arrogant sexy smirk spread onto Lester’s face. His cock literally bobbed up punctuating the end of her sentance. The fat man didn’t waste anytime, he crossed the distance to the bed quickly and clambered on.

Water was still running off of him as he lowered himself onto Sarah. Their wet bodies molded together as his lips gently pressed down onto hers. He didn’t try to fuck her immediately, even if she wanted him inside of her. He kissed her like a lover would. His hands gently caressed her bicep as they exchanged soft kisses. He held her face and pulled back, staring deep into her eyes. He kissed her lips and pulled back, still looking at her. He held her like that, just staring at her.

Sarah gently rubbed his back as she stared up into his ugly face. It felt intensely intimate to Sarah and her heart threatened to beat out of her chest. His gaze seemed to say that Lester saw her. For all her faults or graces he saw her and accepted her completely. She felt safe in that moment and another emotion came through his gaze. Love. She felt loved. Loved by this odd little man who was blessed with a fantastic, monsterous cock.

Their chests rose and fell at the same time, like their breathing was insync. She felt warm all over, the cool air of the house a distanc memory, just like all the issues she was facing in her life. In that moment nothing else seemed to exist. Lester leaned in and Sarah closed her eyes. He kissed both of her eyelids, slowly, one after another before his lips returned to hers.

His fingers traced down her body, gently caressing her breasts and teasing her nipples. Sarah softly moaned into his mouth. He pulled back again and looked at her, “I love watching you. I love watching your face as I touch you.”

Sarah didn’t respond. She kept her eyes focused on Lester as her breathing grew more and more frantic. As his hand trailed lower and lower. She loved the way he was looking at her. The lust on his face. The lust for her. The way he watched her. She loved being watched, especially by him.

Lester’s fingers found her clit and she breathed in sharply. His middle fingers expertly manipulated it. Teasing it. Drawing circles around it. Apply just the right amount of pressure and then backing off, going back to teasing it with light little touches.

Sarah’s hips moved side to side on the bed, desperate for his touch. Her breasts were rising and falling on her chest. Lester’s lips went to her collar bone as he touched her. His tongue snaking out, licking, leaving a trail of saliva on her.

Lester's fingers plunged lower, leaving her clit. They stroked up and down her soaking wet slit. When they slid back up to the top he'd apply a little bit of pressure to her clit again, drawing a circle around it. Sarah sharply inhaled and she could feel Lester smile against her chest.

He kept this up, stroking her slit. Teasing her and then giving her just a bit of extra attention to one of her body's most sensitive areas. Sarah felt like she was being tortured. Her hips were softly pressing off the bed, trying desperately to feel more of Lester's fingers. She reached out desperately until her hand found his cock. She licked her lips and to stroke him again, she needed to feel him in her hand.

All the while Lester's eyes just bore into hers. Studying her. Watching her. It was like he was seeing into her soul. He knew who she really was and wasn't looking away. He liked what he saw.

Lester's fingers went further down her slit until he touched her entrance. Sarah looked at him and felt the desperation in her eyes. Her desire to be touched there by him. He agonizingly touched the outside of her entrance, just barely. He grazed it sending shivers of pleasure all throughout her body. He was simulantiously denying her while also gently just giving her a little bit of what she wanted. Her hips pushed off the bed, trying to find his fingers. But each time she did, Lester moved his fingers away.

Her body was on fire. She wanted him. She needed him. She couldn't wait any longer.

"Lester please," Sarah said breathlessly. When had she lost her breath? "I need you inside me. Put it in me please. I need to feel you. Please Lester."

Lester smirked again and pulled his hand away from her. He moved his body on top of hers, crushing her torso with his fat gut. His cock rested right on her slit and Sarah's body was already writhing beneath him, grinding her slit and clit against his shaft.

"Mhmmfuckk," Sarah moaned as she turned her head to the side and closed her eyes. His cock felt so big against her. She kept rubbing herself against him, working herself up further and further. God she needed him. She needed him more than she needed anything in her entire life.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah moaned as he started to pull his hips back and push them forward. He was sliding his girthy cock up and down her slit. "Stop teasing me," Sarah choked out, "I need you."

Sarah tried to push her hips up further. Lester's cock slid down her slit but not enough for her to line it up with herself. She tried again, tried to get his cockhead to her entrance but it was too long. She could push up enough. She didn't have the leverage, Lester's large frame kept her pinned, undeable to get a better angle. He kept sliding it up and down against her clit, up and down her slit, all the while looking at her with that shit eating grin.

“Lester please,” Sarah whined.

“What do you want?” Lester said staring down at her.

“You. I need you,” Sarah whined, “I need your cock. Give it to me Lester. I need it inside me. I need to feel it deep inside me.”

“Oh bad do you want it?” Lester teased.

“God just shut up and make love to me with that massive thing already,” Sarah gritted her teeth and grabbed onto Lester’s back with both hands, she tried to bring her knees up higher, contoring herself to embed herself on Lester’s cock.

“You want it bad tonight,” Lester said looking into her eyes.

“So bad Lester. I need it. I need you inside me so badly,” Sarah bit her bottom lip, “Please Lester.”

Lester leaned down and gave Sarah a soft kiss on the lips, then moved his mouth to her ear, “That’s my good girl, using her manners.”

He pulled back and looked into her eyes as he dipped his hips and pressed his cock head at her entrance. Sarah’s hips bucked, trying to connect with his fat appendage but Lester held her at bay.

“I’m going to take care of you. Everythings going to be okay,” Lester said. He grabbed his thick shaft at the base amid the thick pubic hair. “Now tell me, whose my good girl.”

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned, her hips pushing off the bed just so she could take a glancing rub at Lester’s cock, “I am. I’m you’re good girl.”

Lester narrowed his eyes and dipped his hips, plunging his massive cock into Sarah’s wet, warm waiting pussy. She felt herself stretching, amazed at how her body bounced back everytime after taking Lester. Pleasure rushed over every cell of her body as Lester’s girthy, veiny cock touched her waiting insides.

“OhgodLester,” Sarah moaned, holding him tightly to her as inch after inch of Lester’s cock pushed deep into her. Finally, his massive organ was fully inside of her. It hurt. But it hurt so, so good. Sarah felt her body adjusting itself to Lester. She couldn’t beleive how wet she was.

“It’s been too long since we’ve made love like this. Just you and me, here in our marital bed,” Lester said kissing her ear lobe. Sarah just moaned in response as Lester slowly pulled back his cock half an inch and pushed it back in. He kept repeating the move, slowly teasing Sarah and giving her just enough of what she was craving.

“Fuck,” Sarah breathed, “Make love to me Lester. God I love how you feel inside of me.”

“I love being inside of you. Deeper than anyone ever has,” Lester grunted.

“So deep. So deep baby. God you’re so deep inside me,” Sarah tongue lazily licked the side of Lester’s face. Lester snaked two fingers up to Sarahs lips and pushed them inside.

“Mhmmmhmmm,” Sarah moaned around Lester’s index and middle finger. Lester stuck them deep into her mouth and Sarah welcomed them with her tongue. She licked the underside of Lester’s fingers, tasting him. Lester fucked Sarah’s mouth with his fingers, relishing in the sensation.

He pulled back his hips and pushed inside of her pussy again. Sarah moaned louder around Lester’s fingers.

“Suck it like you would my cock,” Lester whispered.

“Mmmm-hmmm,” Sarah nodded and grabbed the back of Lester’s hand pulling his fingers deeper into his mouth. Her eyes were closed and her hips we bucking off the bed as she sucked Lester’s fingers. She pulled them as far into her mouth as she could, until her lips were touching her knuckles.

Her body was on fire as she sucked and fucked back against Lester. Just imagining having two of his cocks to play with. One in her mouth and another in her pussy, fucking her from both ends.

She tore his fingers from her mouth, gasping she said, “God I want your cock in my pussy and mouth at the same time. I’d let you do this to me all night. Fuck Lester.”

“Heh,” Lester chuckled, “I only have one cock to give you.”

“I know, I just want it. Fuck it would feel amazing,” Sarah said.

“You had more than one cock the other night at the movies,” Lester teased.

“None of them had a cock like this,” Sarah said as she squeezed her pussy around Lester’s cock, “None of them fit me this well.”

“I don’t know. You didn’t get to experience everyman there. Maybe another was just as blessed as I am. We really should have stayed to find out,” Lester teased.

Sarah shuddered and imagined herself taking all of those dirty men. Letting each of them use her one at time. Doing whatever they wanted to her. Lester’s hips pulled back and before he

could slam back into her Sarah's ass lifted off the bed and around his cock. His words echoed in her ear as she felt that familiar warming sensation building inside of her.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah said. Her eyes were closed and she could picture herself back there in the movie theatre. Putting on a performance for all the degenerate men. Being the center of attention as Lester slowly made love to her like this. The men all standing around her, staring down at her, stroking this cocks while devouring her with their eyes.

"How many cocks did you satisfy that night?" Lester asked.

"God," Sarah moaned. She couldn't even picture the men's faces but she could picture their cocks, "Three. Yours and those two others. The guy from the counter and that black guy."

"No you satisfied more than that," Lester said, "Don't forget the creep behind me and those other guys all stroking to you. I bet all of them came for you that night Sarah."

'Ohfuck Lester," Sarah's bubble butt was slamming off the bed, desperately trying to urge Lester to increase his frustratingly controlled pace.

"Say it. Say they all came for you," Lester demanded.

"All for me. They came all for me," Sarah breathed.

"How does that make you feel?" Lester asked.

"So fucking horny," Sarah's nails dug into his back, "God I wish were were back there right now. I'd make sure all of them came for me."

Sarah licked her lips and looked into Lester's eyes, "And I wouldn't miss a drop."

"Heh now thats my good girl," Lester laughed and kissed her hard. Hearing Lester call her a good girl did something to Sarah. She didn't understand it but that outside validation made her pussy soak around Lester's cock. Their tongues slide across each other and Lesters fat face devoured her lips. They moaned into each others' lips.

"Say it again," Sarah said between kisses.

"You're my good girl. So good," Lester murmed in her ear. His words tickled her ear and wormed their way into her body sending an electric shiver from her brain to her pussy. The warmth in her stomach ignited and Sarah was about to get what she'd been desperately craving. Her sweet escape from everything around her.

"Fuck. Don't. Fucking. Stop. Please." Sarah said through gritted teeth. Her ankles locked around Lester's hairy ass, determined not to let him go. She pulled him as hard into her as she could as

her pussy held him in an iron grip. Lester's arms came up and her put his hands on her biceps, pinning her to the bed. She couldn't move under his weight and the strength of his arms. Not that she wanted to. But the added pressure made her explode.

"FFFFFFFUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK," Sarah screamed. Her throat felt raw but she didn't care. Nothing else mattered. Her eyes seemed to roll back in her head. White light flashed behind her eyes lids as her mind and body spun. Her senses were overloaded by the way Lester's cock made her orgasm. The room felt like it was spinning and her entire body had a pulsating warmth spreading throughout it. Every fiber of her being was warm, a threatening all consuming warmth that she never wanted to let go of. Sarah squeezed Lester's cock, her body shaping to it, molding to every vein and curve, like her body was memorizing it. Sarah's jaw hung agape and she felt her nails pierce the skin of Lester's back as her body rocked from the powerful feeling.

Sarah was still panting when her orgasm finally began to subside. She still felt its lingering after effects throughout her body. Everything felt warm and her skin was so sensitive. Lester's weight and his gut pressing into her felt so domineering. She finally opened her eyes and looked up at Lester's fat face.

"You really are a good girl," Lester whispered.

Sarah's body shivered, "I love when you call me that. I don't know why."

"Heh, it must be those deep seated daddy issues," Lester chuckled and kissed her. Sarah rolled her hips as Lester's cock dipped in and out of her at an agonizingly slow pace. He was focused on her lips, softly, kissing them tendderly. Sarah returned the kiss. It felt so intimate. She loved the way Lester would power fuck her and just dominate her but there was something so tantiliazing about the way he was slowly kissing her, focusing on her, like he was savoring being with her. It felt like the way her and Dan had made love on their honeymoon, both of them just solely focused on the other and not caring about the world outside.

"God, I love when you kiss me like that," Sarah said.

"Then I'll keep doing it," Lester said looking deeply into her eyes. His thumb caressed her cheek as he dipped his head down again and pressed his lips to hers. Sarah felt butterflies in her stomach as he kissed her. She knew he was ugly. That his body was as repulsive has his peronsality could be but the warmth she felt inside of her wasn't part of a pending orgasm. It was something else. Something she couldn't comprehend. Something she was scared to ackknowledge.

Lester held his cock still inside of her as they kissed. Sarah didn't know how long he kissed her for but it felt like it went on for minutes. Maybe hours. She was lost in his deep embrace. Even though her body craved more of his cock, she was so taken with the way he was kissing it that she somehow put it all on hold.

When their lips finally parted, Lester rubbed his nose against hers and they both gently laughted at it.

“So this is what I get for being a good girl?” Sarah whispered.

“Yes,” Lester said, “And you’ve seen what happens when you’re bad.”

“I….god,” Sarah shook her head.

“What? Having trouble deciding which one you like better?” Lester chuckled.

“No. Yes. They are both so..I don’t know. It’s hard to explain it,” Sarah whispered.

“You don’t have to explain anything. Remember, I get you. Completely. More than anyone else. I know you. I know what you like and what you need. You don’t need to choose either one. You can be both,” Lester kissed her again, this time he parted her lips with his tongue as he ground his cock into her.

“Uhhhmmm,” Sarah moaned at his invading tongue and cock pressing into her body. Lester’s hands ran down her body and each grabbed one of her hips. He put pressure on them, pinning them to the bed. His lips never left hers as he held her in place. His hips rocked back and them dipped forward. Letster started giving her quick shallow thrusts that made her body crave more of his cock.

Then he pussed in deep. So fucking deep. Just when she was about to go crazy on his cock, he switched back to the shallow thusts, just giving her a couple of inches of himself. Sarah bit his bottom lip when he thrust his entire length into her again quickly. This thrust was followed by several others in quick succession before he gave her just a couple of inches slowly.

Sarah started to whimper and a tear rolled down her check. It was glorious torture that she both wanted to stop while also never wanting it to end. Lester know how to play with her body better than anyone she had ever been with.

Lester teased and tortured her like this for the next five minutes, making Sarah’s body quake. Eventually he slowly pushed his entire length into her waiting pussy and held it, firmly entombed inside of her.

“So you liked being my bad girl too?” Lester asked. Part of Sarah’s mind rebelled at the notion, the same one that had acted out during her day at work. But that part didn’t have a hand on the steering wheel.

Sarah moaned and gripped Lester’s cock with her pussy and said in a low, sultry voice, “God. I’m such a slut but yes. Yes. I loved it.”

“You liked me taking you to that dingy store?” Lester asked.

“It was such a dirty place. I was scared at first. Maybe nervous but yes, I did. I liked it. It was so raw,” Sarah was surprised as the words came out of her mouth. She hadn’t had a second to process that night yet she felt the truth pouring out of her.

“How did you like being the star of the show? Everyone’s eyes on you,” Lester said.

“I loved being watched by all those desperate men. The hunger in their eyes was unreal. I knew how badly they wanted me,” Sarah breathed feeling herself getting worked up again. She squeezed Lester’s cock and tried rocking her hips, desperate for more fucking but he wasn’t moving.

“Some of them got you too,” Lester said, “You were covered in cum, inside and out when we left.”

“Fuck,” Sarah’s body strained back, trying to get more of Lester’s cock.

“Maybe next time I’ll just leave you there,” Lester whispered as he licked her earlobe. Sarah’s body shuddered. She knew if Lester wasn’t there, all of those men would have taken a turn with her. She’d only fucked Lester that night but if he wasn’t there she didn’t even know how many of the men would have experienced her.

“Next time….” Sarah started and she looked up into Lester’s eyes, “Next time I want to try those booths in the hallway.”

Lester’s ugly shit eating grin spread onto his face, “Now thats my good girl.”

Sarah’s pussy pulsed at Lester’s words. God he knew just what buttons to push.

“You’re going to have a lot more time on your hands now that you aren’t working at the hospital,” Lester said. Sarah’s heart stung at his words. The wound still to fresh for him to casually bring up, especially in a setting like this. She was about to say something but Lester spoke first.

“Just think, instead of running around going to those dumb meetings, we can spend all day fucking and you can show me just how bad you can be,” Lester looked down at her completely serious. Sarah thrill ran through Sarah’s body at the idea of just giving herself to Lester everyday. Letting him guide her through all these new experiences she found herself craving.

There were a million things she wanted to say but the only thing that came out was, “But what about your job? At the hospital?”

“There’s no way I’m sticking around there. Not after they let you go. Not after how they treated you. Why would I want to be there without you?” Lester said.

Sarah's heart started pounding faster. It was such a sweet and sincere setiment. Lester only wanted to be there to be closer to her. She knew he probably need the money. And with how she was treated, Lester was going to leave in solidarilty. He chose her over them. The butterflies in her stomah started beating their wings harder and harder.

"Does Dan know, about what happened today?" Lester asked in a whispered tone.

Right. Dan. She hadn't had a chance to talk to him yet. She probably should have called him right away but Lester had picked her up. She wondered how he would react to everything that happened.

"No," Sarah said, "Not yet."

She felt Lester's cock throb inside of her and she closed her eyes. Sarah bit her lip as Lester's cock slowly dragged out of her before slowing pushing back in. It felt so fucking good. Lester kept up his slow, deep pace, making her head spin. Her own hips rocked back and forth, meeting his cock each time.

"Maybe he doesn't have to," Lester said. Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked.

"You don't have to tell him. It can be our secret. I'll make sure you have enough money in your account every week. Instead of going to the hospital we can just spend our days in this bed," Lester's eyes bore into hers. He wa serious. Was this prositution or just him taking care of her. She mind raced but it was clouded by the cock inside of her.

"God, Lester. I don't know….." Sarah trailed off, her mind not wanting to weigh the pros and cons right now. All she wanted was for him to fuck her so she could cum on his cock again.

"Just think about it. It can be our secret," Lester murmured as his tongue and lips danced down her neck. Sarah felt the goosebumps rise on her skin after Lester's lips passed them.

Sarah closed her eyes and pushed his proposition to the back of her mind and just focused on feelings inside of her. The butterflies in her stomach, Lester's cock inside of her, the way her body was heating up again. Her heart threatening to beat out of her chest and the rapid rising and falling of her chest as she tried to breath.

The idea of keeping a secret like that from Dan felt like such a betrayl but she couldn't help finding her body responding to it. Her ass pushed off the bed harder than before, she felt the tension all across her body. Had she always been like this or was this what Lester and Dan' fantasires turned her into. She didn't know but she really didn't care as long as it made her feel this fucking good.

Lester reared up onto his knees. The weight that had been threatening to suffocate her lifted from her frame and Sarah found it easier to breath. Lester knelt on the bed, towering over her. He looked so much larger and domineering from this position. His cock was still fully engulfed inside of her, he pulled her legs up and rested her calves on his shoulders while looking down at her. Sarah's hip rolled back just slightly and Lester fat cock pressed against her G-Spot and Sarah let out another whimper.

"How's that feel?" Lester asked.

"So fucking good Lester. So good," Sarah moaned.

"Good," Lester said before giving Sarah several deep, thrusts inside of her. His thrusts were coming so much faster than before but they were still slow, and controlled driving her fucking insane.

Sarah was going crazy. Everything inside and outside her body felt extremly warm and she was finding it hard to breath. Her head rolled to the side, eyes closed focusing on Lester's cock and nothing else. The head of his cock pressed hard against her G-Spot before pushing further down into her pussy. His cock pounded into it and then the rest of his girthy, veiny shaft rubbed against it. Sarah knew it wouldn't be long before she came again. Her pussy strenched wide around Lester's cock and she could feel every little bit of it as it dragged and pushed inside her.

"Fuck Lester. Don't stop. Mhmmmhmm. Uh. Mhmm, Uh. Uh God," Sarah moaned. The ball of heat in her somtach was getting hotter. She could feel the wall holding back her next orgasm quaking inside of her, the bricks coming loose as it was all about to come crashing down, "Uhhh, mhmmhmm, don't stop. God don't stop Uh, Uh, Uh, Uh I love it. Lester. God please. Please. Please Please don't stop."

Lester slowed his pace. A desperate whine escaped Sarahs throat, she balled the bed sheets into her fists and wanted to cry. Wanted to scream in frustration. She just wanted to cum on his beautiful cock.

"Don't stop Lester. Please. Give it to me. I'm so close," Sarah moaned, she pushed her forearms into the bed trying to rock back and forth on Lester's cock. But he was holding her calves over his shoulders, he ass was partly off the bed and she didn't have a lot of leverage to do what she wanted, "LESTER."

"Tell me how much you love fucking me," Lester said, his cock pulling back and poking her in the G-Spot with just a enough pressure to keep her going crazy but not enough to push her over the edge.

“I FUCKING LOVE IT. I LOVE FUCKING YOU. God you make me feel so fuckinggood. So fucking good. You make me cum so hard Lester. Please, keep fucking me I need it.” Sarah pleaded.

“How much do you love my cock?” Lester demanded.

“You’re cock is the best fucking thing in the word. Nothing else fills me so good. Uh, Mhmmm. So fucking good. I love your cock, Uh. Okay? I fucking love your big, monster of a cock. Mhmmhmmm. I love it. I love every fucking inch of it. I want to worship every inch of that cock. It feels so fucking good inside of me. I need to cum on your cock Lester. PLEASE.” Sarah moaned, screamed and whimpered.

“How much do you love me?” Lester growled.

“Oh fuck Lester,” Sarah whined. Lester’s changed his pace, the head of his cock wasn’t hitting her g-spot as often. It came softer. Her impending orgasm was begining to slip away. She couldn’t let it happen. She needed it to happen. She couldn’t live without it. Sarah desperately wanted to cum. The butterflies she had felt earlier in her stomach were going crazy, their wings beating harder then ever, threatning to overwhelm her. “FUCK. Uh. Mhmhmmm. I love you. I love you Lester. I love everything about you. I love how you look at me. I love how you fuck me so good. So fucking good. I love how you fuck me with that big cock of yours. God Lester I love how you fuck with Dan. I hate you somtimes but I fucking love it. I love you Lester now FUCK ME.”

Lester grinned and pulled Sarah’s calves off his shoulders and dropped them to the bed. Sarah was about to protest when he slammed her ass down onto the bed with his cock. The weight of his gut and frame was back on her, crushing her.

Lester thrust his cock into her quickly, giving her the entire length of it. He pulled it back all the way until just the head was still inside of her and slammed it back into her again. He was still making love to her but he was fucking her at the same time. Sarah whimpered and felt the walls holding back her orgasm shaking again. She could feel her impending release and she wasn’t going to let anything stop it. She’d do or say whatever Lester wanted as long as he made her cum.

“Oh god Lester fuck. YES. GIVE IT ME. I’m so fucking close! LESTER!” Sarah moaned.

“You feel so good baby,” Lester growled in her ear.

“Fuck your COCK FEELS AMAZING. ITS going to make me CUM,” Sarah moaned, slamming her perfect bubble butt up off the bed to meet Lester’s dominering thrusts. His body weight was crushing her, she couldn’t breath but she couldn’t stop either.

“I love you Sarah. I love you,” Lester whispered.

“Mhmmhmm, I love you too,” Sarah moaned without thinking. It just came out as an automatic response to Lester’s words. Her mind spun as she fucked him. Lester’s lips landed on hers and they kissed. Tender at first but their tongue quickly clashed as they tried to devour one another. Lips, tongues, teeths all colliding as they tasted and fucked and made love.

“I want to get my operation reversed. I want to cum inside of you and knock you up,” Lester said breaking their kiss. The mental image and feeling of Lester’s warm, illicit sperm flooding into her made her squeeze her pussy onto Lester’s cock. She was holding him in a vice grip, not willing to let him go. Desperate to milk every last drop of cum from him.

“Mhmmhmm. Jesus. God Lester. That’s so fucked. So fucked up,” Sarah mumbled.

“But you fucking love it don’t you? The idea is going to make you cum tonight,” Lester said. It almost came out like a command. A command for her to cum to the idea of carrying this ugly bastard’s child.

“Fuck Lester please. PLEASE. DON’T STOP,” Sarah screamed. She was so close. So fucking close. Her body was ready to cum. Warmth was begining to spread out from her stomach.

“Tell me you want it. Tell me how much you love me. Tell me how much you want me to cum in you and knock you up,” Lester commanded again.

Sarah couldn’t disobey. She’d do anythign this man wanted. Anything for this cock. Anything to let that wall come down so she could explode and cum.

“FUCK,” Sarah screamed. The idea of Lester, someone not her husband cumming in and her getting her pregnant wormed its ways into her brain. Her brain lit up on fire as she felt all the nerves in her body light up in response. She couldn’t hold it back any more. She was going to fucking explode. “YES. GOD YES. I WANT IT. I LOVE IT. I LOVE YOU. FUCK. MHMMM. GOD. FUCK. LESTER. GIVE IT TO ME. FILL ME. KNOCK ME UP. I NEED IT. I NEED TO FEEL YOUR CUM IN ME. FILL ME. LOVE ME. FUCK A BABY INTO ME. FUCK LESTER. FUCK I’M GOING TO CUM. DON’t STOP.”

“I’M NOT STOPPING,” Lester shouted back, Sarah ran her hands down Lester’s sweaty back and gripped his ass cheeks, nails digging into his flesh as she pulled him tightly into her. She wasn’t letting him go. “I’M GOING TO FILL YOU. YOU’RE GOING TO BE A MOMMY AGAIN.”

“YES,” Sarah shouted her ass pounding off the bed. “DO IT. KNOCK ME UP LESTER. GIVE ME A BABY. FUCK. YES. I. WANT. IT. LESTER. FUCK.”

“TAKE IT,” Lester roared. Sarah felt his dirty, filthy fat cock begin to throb inside of her. The veins running along his shaft pumping extra blood into it. She felt the head of his cock open up and the first blast of his illicit seed shoot into her.

“OH FUCK. YES,” Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as all the muslces in her body flexed. She pulled Lester’s ass, trying to take more of his beautiful cock inside of her. The wall that had been holding back her orgasm crumbled and came crashing down. It exploded inside of her ingiting all of her nerves at once. She felt everything, from the her toes to her head all on fire, goosebumps spread over every inch of her skin. Sarah closed her tights tight and screamed. Her eyes rolled back in her head. Her nails dug into Lester’s ass. Her bubble butt pushed up off the bed as rope, after rope of Lester’s hot cum blasted into her, filling her. It went off like a geyser inside of her, never stopping. Sarah’s pussy clutched his cock, milking every drop. Taking every ounce of his deliciously hot cum deeper into her. Desperate to hold onto all of it and not waste a single drop.

“GOD,” Sarah screamed as another orgasm ripped through her, almost knocking the wind out of her. She couldn’t breath. She couldn’t catch her breath. All she could do was clutch onto Lester and his cock as the room started to spin.

Lester’s heavy frame collapsed onto her as the last spurts of cum from his cock dribbled out of inside of her. His sweaty frame pressed into her skin as she felt his balls finally empty. He was breathing hard. Sarah couldn’t breath with him on top of her and desperately tried to catch her breath.

Lester grunted and rolled to the side, his slick cock sliding out of her. Sarah inhaled a lung full of air and let her post orgamisc bliss wash over her. She shivered as the lingering effects of her orgasm tingled all across her body. Everything still felt warm and Sarah felt like she was floating. She never wanted to come down. She wanted to stay in this moment forever and let the rest of the world burn around her for all she cared.

Sarah felt the room spinning and let herself spin with it. That was one of the most intense orgasms she had ever felt. She could only imagine what it would feel like if Lester hadn’t had that operation. In the back of her mind she always knew Lester couldn’t actually impregnate her which only took a little bit of the fun away. It took away the thrill and the risk that might make her go unconcious from an orgasm. Still, just the idea of Lester’s cum full of deranged, swimming sperm seeking out her egg and connecting them on a more primal level made her head swim. It was fucked up. It wasn’t something that should turn her on. Logically, she knew it was stupid and something like that would truly fuck everything up for her. But the idea of Lester claiming her like that…..it was too much to think about right now. She’d have to get a therapist to even dig into that and unlucky for her she didn’t have health insurance anymore. Maybe she did, she didn’t know. It was another thing she needed to figure out in the coming days.

Sarah hated that the thought of work and of her firing had already wormed their way into her head. Her body was still overheating and coming down from the big orgasms Lester had given her yet here she was thinking about all of her problems.

“Come here,” Lester yawned and snaked his arm behind her neck. He grabbed her shoudler and pulled her naked body towards him.

“One second,” Sarah said trying to get up. She needed to get into the bathroom before all of Lester’s cum leaked out of her onto the bedsheets. “I just need to clean myself up.”

“No,” Lester said with a tired smile as he pulled her shoulders down towards him. Sarah landed on the bed next to him and he quickly draped one arm around her, pulling her body into his, cuddling her.

“Leave it in you,” Lester said with some amusement in his voice, “Don’t clean it up. Besides isn’t that what your supposed to do when you want to get pregnant?”

Sarah shook her head and rolled her eyes, deciding to stay put for now. She could always clean the sheets if she had to. She rested her head on Lester’s soft chest and closed her eyes, “Yes. Yes it is.”

“Good, then just stay here with me then,” Lester said through another yawn. Sarah tried to focus on Lester’s heartbeat but her mind kept going to the way that Mary had talked down to her. Of all the issues she’d have to deal with soon.

“Wonder what Dan would say if I really knocked you up,” Lester chuckled.

“He’d probably shit a brick,” Sarah said, “So its good you are fixed. Who knows maybe we could milk you dry for child support payments.”

“I’d never leave you wanting. I meant what I said earlier about taking care of you,” Lester stroked her blonde hair.

“I know,” Sarah said quietly to herself. One thing had begun to nag at the back of her mind. That fact that Lester was still so normal with her after she had gotten fired for what happened with Otis.

“How much do you know about why Mary fired me?” Sarah asked.

“Not much unforunately,” Lester said, “It was weird. They wouldn’t say before I left, just that they’d give me more details tomorrow once they could ensure everything happened the right way with letting you go.”

“The right way?” Sarah scoffed, “That bitch Mary was terrible to me and made me beg for my job. When I did, she just laughed at me and had security kick me off.”

“Bitch,” Lester agreed, “She’ll get hers soon. I’ll make sure of it.”

“Why did you get fired?” Lester asked quietly, “Laid off I would understand but not fired. Not you. It doesn’t make sense.”

Sarah sighed and looked up at Lester’s face, “It’s bad.”

“It’s okay,” Lester said, “You can tell me anything. I won’t judge you.”

Sarah gave him a sad smile and let her shoulder slump. “You know that meeting you cancelled? I was already up in the room. Otis came in and well,” Sarah paused looking at Lester’s concerned face, “one thing led to another and I, sort of, fucked him. I know that it was wrong and stupid but I wasn’t thinking straight. I’m still probably not thinking straight. But then that bitch came in and caught us.”

“She saw everything?” Lester said in a quiet voice.

“Yes,” Sarah said as she squinted and furrowed his eyesbrows looking at Lester, “Are you okay?”

Lester’s ugly face looked flush and his breathing was strange. It wasn’t like it had been a few seconds ago after sex.

“It’s just, I didn’t think you would do that with him again,” Lester said, “I thought we talked about this. I thought all these things we did were special. Between us. Something just we shared. It sucks hearing about you with someone else. I didn’t think it would but it does. I’m not sure what I’m feeling. Jealously? Sadness maybe. I don’t know Sarah….”

“Lester,” Sarah said, “What was with that whole ‘are you going to be a good girl or bad girl’ thing then?”

“That was just my way of trying to take back control of the situation. When you told me you did that in my office with Otis, I just felt left out. That you were going to out grow me. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe this is just a sex thing to you. Is that all it is? Am I just a puppet for Dan’s fantasies?”

Sarah’s heart was beating in her chest and she leaned up to look at Lester, “Lester I don’t know what this is, okay? But you aren’t just a puppet. I don’t know what we ae. Honestly maybe there isn’t a word for it. Its all kinds of fucked up but I think we’re both loving it and want to keep going with it. I know I do. I’m not sure where Dan’s head is at these days. But you make me cum harder than anyone, Otis included. And you don’t judge, and you know me so well. Taking me that that movie theatre….as much as my parents finding out have kind of messed my life up, you still were there with me to give me that experience. And I loved every second of it.”

Sarah put her hand on Lester's chest and looked into his eyes, "I'm sorry that I hurt you. I knew you wouldn't be thrilled with me. But I didn't think you'd feel…like this. Maybe I did it out of anger but now I'm feeling like a shit."

Lester sighed and put his head back on the pillow. He didn't say anything. Sarah didn't want to leave his arms. She put her head down on his chest. After a minute he started to stroke her hair, "I get it. This is all part of you taking control and exploring this side of you. I just don't want to be left behind. I want to explore it with you."

"I'm never leaving you behind," Sarah caught herself drawing circles on Lester's chest with her finger, "Not as long as that cock is attached to you."

Lester grunted in affirmation. Sarah's mind was mulling over how hurt Lester had appeared. Was he really okay with everything? With her still doing her exploration as he called it. He confused her. He could be such an asshole, so degrading and controlling. Just a toxic person. But then he had fleeting moments like this. Almost like Sarah was seeing behind the curtain. She felt the butterlfies in her stomach again and closed her eyes.

Her eyes weren't closed for long before she heard the doorknob to the room jiggling. Both Lester and Sarah shot up into a sitting position. The doorknob turned but it never opened.

"Mommy?" a small voice said from the other side of the door. Sarah winced.

"Yes baby?" Sarah said getting off the bed and pulling on a pair of panties. They felt wet on her imemdiately and she remembered she'd never cleaned herself up.

Sarah grabbed a t-shirt and covered herself up as the voice said, "I need you. Are you okay? I had a nightmare about the monster in the basement and then I heard you screaming."

The voice came with little sobs inbetween the words. Sarah shot Lester a look telling him to stay put. She unlocked the door and opened it just enough for her to step out into the hallway and pick up her little girl. Sarah pulled the door closed behind her and started back down the hallway towards her daughter's room.

"It's okay. Mommy is fine. Don't worry it was just a dream," Sarah said stroking her daugthers head. She needed comforting by Sarah hadn't had time to wash the sweat or taste of Lester off of her. She winced but kept going until she got to the room.

"But I woke up from my dream. I couldn't move. I was too scared and I was crying and then I heard you screaming," her daughter said.

"Maybe I had a bad dream too," Sarah said lying her daughter down and tucking her in.

"Stay with me okay?" her daughter asked.

“Sure,” Sarah said lying down on the bed, “Just for a little bit until you fall asleep.”

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Dan drove past the ‘Welcome to Middleton’ sigh as his stomach turned to knots over the text he’d received from Sarah. It was cryptic. All it said was ‘We need to talk.”

In the history of relationships and marriages, nothing good ever came after those words. Dan would be home in a few minutes. He could get in and relax for a bit before before everyone got home. It was just past noon so Sarah should still be at work and his girls at school. He could run out and grab some stuff to make dinner as a surprise. Hopefully it would soften Sarah and help negate whatever was going to follow that text message.

Whatever it was, he didn’t know how he was going to handle it. Everything had been so fucked up lately. Between him losing his job because of that asswipe Jesse to trying to balance everything with Sentienel Securities. And all the shit Lester had put him through, not to mention the stress the issues with Sarah’s parents were causing. There was just too many stressful things going on at once. Not to mention the fact that he now had Lester’ ex-girlfriend Lizzie’s address.

When he’d first met her, he couldn’t believe someone like that would ever date someone like Lester. But since then, he could maybe see why a girl would stick around Lester. Despite their differences in appearence, Lester had certain assets a girl might like.

When he got back to Chicago, he was going to figure out just what the hell he was going to do with that address. He wanted to learn more about Lester. He’d told Sarah he’d stop looking into things but he couldn’t. There was something just itching at his brain that he couldn’t look away from. Hopefully Lizzie would have some answers. And hopefully she wouldn’t let Lester know they’d talked.

His ringtone chimed out from the phone attached to the dashboard. Dan put Lizzie to the back of his mind and frowned at the screen. Sarah’s Dad was calling him.

Dan pressed the answer button, “Hey James, whats up?”

“Just calling about Sarah’s car,” his Father in law said with an edge to his voice that Dan wasn’t accusomted to hearing. There was something else he wanted to say to Dan but was restraining himself. Probably something about what he’d learned in Chicago over the weekend.

“What about Sarah’s car?” Dan asked.

“She didn’t tell you?” James said, confused.

“No. We haven’t had a chance to talk yet. James, whats going on with her car?” Dan asked.

“Uh, well last night it wouldn’t start. She got stuck at work. I couldn’t get it going we got it towed to a mechanic who just did a quick look at it. He doesn’t know whats wrong with it and needs a few more hours to look into it.”

“James whats that going to run me?” Dan fought back the urge the pinch the bridge of his nose while driving.

“Between the twow and the inspection its going to be at least six hundred. We still don’t know what the issue is and the labor required to fix it. Not the mention if it needs any parts,” James said.

Really? Fucking really? Another bill to pay.

Dan pulled onto his street and narrowed his eyes. He stopped, idling his car in the middle of the road, “James, I’m going to have to call you back.”

Without waiting for a response, Dan hung up the phone and stared at the black SUV in his driveway. He knew the vehicle. It was Lester’s. Lester’s car was parked in his fucking driveway. Lester was never supposed to be there unless Dan was, even then this asshole should just be banned permently.

Dan accelerated and swung his car into the driveway. He was up the walkway in seconds and opened the frontdoor. He expected to hear the sounds of sex echoing throughout the house. What he heard instead, surprised him.

“Daddy!” his daughters yelled and ran up to him, throwing their arms around his waist. Dan was taken aback for a few seconds before returing the hug.

“Girls, why are you home? Where’s your mom?” Dan said confused, looking around for either his wife or his roommate.

“Mom said we could stay home today. She’s staying home too,” one of his daughter said.

“Okay,” Dan said confused. He ruffled the girls hair looked around for Sarah. “I’m going to go find your mom and talk to her for a second. Then I’ll be right back.”

“No Dad!,” one of his daughters said tugging on his arm. She was trying to pull him towards the basement door.

“What?” Dan asked.

“There’s a monster in the basement! Can you go look? Please?” His daughter said.

“She had a dream the monster was hurting mommy,” his other daughter chimed in.

Dan eyed the door suspiciously and then stepped around his daughter, “Okay. I’ll go look. You two go turn on the TV and I’ll be right back.”

The girls ran off and Dan flung open the basement door. He pulled it shut behind him and flicked on the lights. Stomping down the stairs he expected to see Sarah and Lester on the futon, bodies went in unnautral ways. But nobody was done there. It was just all their old junk and stuff in boxes.

Dan shook his head and went back upstairs. Sarah was waiting for him, her blonde hair falling just past her shoulders, those green eyes boring into him. She looked amazing and he felt his heart skip a beat. But then he saw the expression on her face and felt his heart drop.

“Where’s Lester?” Dan hissed.

“Dan, its okay. He’s upstairs,” Sarah whispered. Dan spun on his heel ready to march up the stairs. No hug, no kiss, no warm embrace for his wife, he just wanted to put his hands around Lester’s fat throat.

“Dan wait,” Sarah said grabbing onto his wrist.

“Wait for what?” Dan said, “He’s upstairs and our daugthers are right here? Sarah what the fuck?”

“I know. I know,” Sarah said sheepishly, “the girls got up early and I kept Lester up in the bedroom so they wouldn’t see him leave.”

“He’s in our house when the girls are home Sarah. Thats fucked.”

“My parents dropped them off before I could get Lester out. I had to hid him,” Sarah said pulling him into the kitchen.

“And did you have to fuck him? He could have left anytime. We agreed not to do –”

Sarah held up a hand to silence him and tears streamed down her face, “I know! Okay I know! It’s just….it’s just things have so fucked up. I didn’t know what to do. I just I don’t know, Dan I just fucked up.”

Sarah’s eyes were red as she cried in front of him, “I fucked up. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. This isn’t me. I’m just, I can’t even. Its like everything is out of control and I just needed to grab onto something steady.”

She was shaking. Dan pulled out a chair and sat her down. He eyesd the ceiling above him suspiciously, “What happened?”

“Dan,” Sarah breathed looking up at him, “I got fired. I got fucking fired yesterday.”

“What? No..What? How? Why? What the fuck happened?” Dan exclaimed louder than he intended to.

Sarah held up a shaking finger to her lips. Thankfully the sounds from the TV in the living room continued. Dan peeked his head out and saw both girls sitting on the couch watching the screen. Hopefully they hadn’t heard his outburst. He went back to Sarah and he motioned for her to join him in the kitchen, further away from their daughters.

“Okay,” Dan whispered as his mind raced. He was torn between finding out just what the hell happened to doing quick calculations in his head about how they’d stay above water now. How tight would things be? What else could he do to make ends meet? “What happened? Did that new fucking CEO make more cuts? Isn’t your IT department running a skeleton crew as it is?”

He’d known things were shaky at the hospital. All the massive cuts and Sarah’s old position even being eliminated entirely. It was only because of Lester that she’d been able to stay on. That fact made Dan’s blood boil.

“No,” Sarah said quietly looking at her feet, “I fucked up.”

“What happened,” Dan said flatly. What could her fuck up have been? Did she make a mistake or did she finally snap and tell someone off? She wouldn’t embezzle money.

“You know that new head of HR I told you about?” Sarah asked.

“Yeah. The bitch. The one that seems to hate you. Did she do something?” Dan leaned against the counter, crossing his arms. Sarah seemed broken, she was still staring at the ground. Where was his confident and outgoing wife? Her shoulders were slumped and she was fidgeting with her hands.

“It’s been so fucked up Dan,” Sarah held back a sob, “I just didn’t know what to do. Everything just seemed to come to a head yesterday. I couldn’t handle it anymore. I don’t want to make excuses. I don’t. I just want to explain it. Everything. Everything thats been going on for months. How tight things have been. Financially. All the stress we’ve been under. Then all cuts and changes at work. All the new people changing everything. The way they hate me and look at me like I don’t know anything and belittle me. Then my parents finding out about things this weekend and not leaving me alone about it. My mom is still calling wanting to talk about.”

Sarah was breathing hard, her breasts rising and falling as she talked. She still was staring at the ground, “It’s all just. It’s just too much. And then Lester. He just pissed me off in Chicago the

other night. Talking like he controlled me. I just. I needed something. Something that I could control and just do and ignore everything about life for a little bit. I've felt like I've been slipping. Like I'm just being dragged along through life and someone else is making all the decisions."

Dan stayed silent, letting Sarah continue.

"Last night. Lester scheduled a late meeting. I couldn't get a hold of him so I had to stay late. My parents picked up the girls. God I hated having to ask for that favor," Sarah bit her lip.

Sarah was fiddling with her hand and swaying her one leg side to side. Her eyes were locked on her own foot, like she was studying it. Dan waited, his wife was working up the courage to say something.

After almost a minute, she finally continued, "Then Lester cancelled the meeting. And I was pissed. And I wanted to hurt him. To piss him off. I didn't want to be a puppet on a string for him. Then the janitor came in. I knew I was going to do something stupid so I tried to leave. God I wanted to leave but I knew how much our last tryst with the janitor pissed off Lester."

It clicked in his brain. He knew where this was going to end but he didn't know how it all fit together.

"You fucked him. The janitor. The same one from the other night," Dan said. He didn't ask. He already knew based on how she was holding herself.

Sarah just nodded as anoher tear ran down her cheek.

"So what happened," Dan asked.

Sarah shooked her head and looked up at him, a flat smile on her face. She closed her eyes shook her head again, "Right at the end. That bitch Mary walked in. She saw us. And she was oh so fucking happy she did."

"Then she fired you," Dan asked.

"Not before making me beg for my job. I did. I shoved down my pride and ego and I fucking begged her in my old office. But she still fired me anyway."

"And then the fucking car wouldn't start!" Sarah put her face in her hands.

Dan didn't say anything. He moved to one of the chairs under the barstop and took a seat. He just stared at the counter as he tried to process everything Sarah had just told him. It was a lot. His mind raced as he felt conflicting emotions. Anger, jealously, betrayal, arousal. He was furious for Sarah, at her workplace and how they treated her. He was mad at her too. That she'd be so stupid to do something like that at work when people were around. Maybe she'd gotten

cocky with it since the few times she'd done things at work lately. But still, how could she just so easily let someone like that fuck her? They were supposed to be in this as a team, together. Doing these things together. He was still pissed about the theatre thing. At least then she had facetimed him in a weak effort to include him in things.

She fucked up. And she acted stupid. He got it though. He knew how stressful things had been. He'd felt like that too. The spinning. Being out of control. Feeling like he was on someone else's leash, dragging him through life. Hell, if Tricia was more forward and they'd already had established a relationship like Sarah had with Otis or Lester, who knew if Dan would be able to control him. He liked to think he could be stronger than that but Sarah was so far down the rabbit hole.

Dan knew he wasn't a saint either. He'd been there right along side Sarah for so long. Letting things slide and hoping things would happen.

He wanted to scream at her. To scream at her for being so stupid. To scream at her for yet again doing something like this. Doing it without his knowledge. It turned him on that she didn't and he knew his head was fucked. He needed a shrink to fix him. He wanted to make her hurt as much as he did. But the thing that weighed heavily on his mind was just what the hell they were going to do?

Sarah's job at kept them afloat. It had helped cover the mortgage and some of the bills. He wasn't fully employed evren though the money with sentienel was good. It wouldn't cover that gap.

"Dan," Sarah said snapping him out of his throughts. She was looking at him, finally able to make eye contact. She looked like a deer in the headlights, awaiting his judgement, "Say something. Please."

"I don't know what to say Sarah," Dan shrugged, "it's really fucked up."

"Why didn't you just call me, while you were at work? We could have talked though it," Dan said.

"I was still mad at you. I know its dumb and doesn't make sense. I think I was just mad because my parents kept hounding on me and it was easy to blame you. You didn't forgot my phone at that place. You didn't make me go there. But I did hope you could have covered for me," Sarah said.

"I didn't even know if you were alive," Dan said.

"I know. I know that. Thats why its dumb. Have I mentioned how I am spinning out of control?" Sarah tried to weakly joke, "I didn't want to call. I just needed to be away from everything. To get my mind on right. Who knew work wouldn't let that happen."

“And you fucked that janitor again. Without me. We are supposed to be a team. Thats what we keep saying yet you keep doing things by yourself,” Dan said, “And this time it came back to bite you on the ass and we’re all going to pay for it.”

Sarah let out a long breath and visibly slumped, “I know.”

“Sarah, I don’t know what to be more pissed with. That fact that you fucked Otis again. Without me. Or that you lost your job because of it. I don’t know what we are going to do.”

“Drink. A lot,” Sarah mumbled.

“We aren’t going to have any money to buy alcohol,” Dan said.

“Do you still love me?” Sarah asked quietly.

Dan just gave her a look and sighed, “I do. Yes Sarah. I do still love you. You drive me crazy and I know I am partly responsible for a lot of this shit lately. I do stil love you. But I’m also fucking mad at you for putting us in this position and for acting like you have been. I don’t know where we go from here and I’m not just talking about our finances.”

Sarah nodded, “We’ll fix it. I’ll fix it”

“I don’t even know where we start,” Dan said leaning back in the chair, “It’s like we’ve dug outselves deep into a hole and can’t get out. And the vultures are swirling overhead.”

Dan imagined himself deep in a hole, looking up at a blue sky while the birds circled in the air waiting to pick the flesh off their bodies. He looked up at the ceiling. Lester was still up there. Still in his house, his bedroom. Dan balled his hands into a fist and narrowed his eyes.

Yes, he didn’t know what to do. He didn’t know how to fix their situatuon but he could at least solve the problem right in front of him.

“We’ll figure it out Sarah. We have a lot of work to do. You have a lot of work to do. But just like any problem at work, we break things down into bite sized chunks and tackle them. And for me, that means starting with kicking that fat leech out of our bed,” Dan rose to his feet.

“Dan, maybe we should go easy on him he might be able to –”

Dan cut her off raising his hand, “No. Not today. You take the girls into the backyard. I’m throwing him out.”

Without waiting for a repsonse, Dan went into the living room, “Hey girls. Turn off the TV, mom wants to play with you in the backyard.”

To his surpise the girls eagerly turned off the TV and ran into the kitchen to join their mom. Sarah looked at Dan with a worried expression before leading the girls outside. When the patio door was closed. Dan headed upstairs.

When he opened his bedroom door, Lester was sitting in his bed wearing just boxers. It angered him to no end that this guy just acted to loose and casual in Dan's house. What if one of his daughters walked into the room and saw this troglitide sititng here like this.

Lester was munching on something while on his laptop. A black bag was next to him, propped up on Dan's side of the bed.

"Time to go," Dan scowled stepping into the room.

"I don't think so," Lester said, "I'm comfortable and I'm in the middle of something."

"No, you aren't. You are in the middle of leaving," Dan corrected marching over to the bed. He slammed Lester's laptop shut and yanked it out of his hands.

"Hey!" Lester shouted, "You're going to break it."

"Break what?" Dan said as he dropped the laptop onto the carpeted floor, "Opps."

"What the fuck!" Lester's face was red as he comically rolled himself out of the bed.

"Maybe you didn't hear me, but you've leaving. Get dressed, nobody needs to see that," Dan said. Lester reached for his laptop but Dan grabbed it first, "No. I'm holding onto this until you leave. If you aren't out of here in two minutes I'm throwing it out the window onto the concrete driveway."

Lester stared daggers at him, "Fine."

The fat man quickly got dressed and grabbed his backpack.

"Go," Dan said gesturing to the door.

"Give me my latop," Lester challenged.

"When you're outside you get it back. Now move," Dan said.

"Whatever," Lester said and left the bedroom into the hallway. Lester stomped down the stairs as Dan followed behind. Dan resisted the intense urge he felt to kick Lester square in the back and send him tumbling down the stairs.

"You know, you should really treat the guy covering your share of rent better," Lester scoffed.

“Who gives a shit man,” Dan said, his tired mental state leaking into his voice. “I probably won’t even need that place anymore.”

“Oh yeah because you got fired. Say what are you going to do about things now that Sarah got fired too? You guys sure know how to fuck up,” Lester said opening the frontdoor. He turned around and held his hand out, “Laptop. Now.”

“No. Laptop when you are in your car,” Dan said stepping through the door into Lester’s personal space. Lester just scoffed and turned and walked towards the driveyway. “And our financial situation is none of your business roomie.”

“You’re the worst roommate I’ve ever had,” Lester said.

“Same here bud,” Dan followed Lester to his car. His roommate opened his door and held out his hand. Dan tossed the laptop to Lester, enjoying watching the man’s eyes going wide as she moved to catch it.

The latop landed clumisly in Lester’s hands and he shot Dan an intense scowl. Dan just chuckled. It felt good making Lester react like that. It finally felt like Dan had taken back a bit of that control Sarah was talking about. Between this and how things were going with Sentinel Securities, he felt good. Maybe this was the start of a turnaround.

“You know, I really like your house,” Lester said, “I think I’m going to buy it when the bank forecloses on you.”

“Fuck you,” Dan tired back.

“Thanks but no thanks. You’re wife already took care of that. You should ask her how tender our love making was last night. Ask her how much she loved it,” Lester said before hopping in his car and pulling the door shut.

Dan balled his hands into fists.

The engine roared to life and the driver side window rolled down.

“Check your cell later. I’m going to send you a new proposition,” Lester spat.

“Didn’t you hear me? I’m probably moving out soon,” Dan said. He still liked having the apartment. Not that he wanted to live away from his family but if he had clients in Chicago it made doing business easier for him.

“You will be moving out of this house soon unless I save you. I can’t let future Mrs. Marshall living on the streets now can I?” Lester chuckled.

“Get the fuck out of here,” Dan said. Lester just stared at him before backing out the driveway and taking off. Dan stood in his driveway until he saw Lester turned the corner.

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What a mess. Sarah thought as she looked over the papers scattered over their dinning room table. They were digging deep into their financial situation to try and figure out how much runway they had.

The girls were upstairs asleep. Dan was pacing in the living room talking to their realtor to try to figure out if they should sell the house. Sarah wanted to wait and see what happened. Truthfully she didn’t want another stresser like selling a house on her mind. Just the idea of trying to keep it clean for each showing made her uneasy.

She looked at the laptop infront of her. At the spreadsheet containing some of their financials. Her eyes glazed over so she shifted to some of the bills in front of her. It was too late in the day. She knew they needed to do this but she just couldn’t bring herself to dive into it yet.

She heard Dan sigh from the other room, his footsteps followed shortly after. Looking dejected he sat down in the chair next to her.

“What did he say?” Sarah asked, her heart quickening at Dan’s sour expression.

“That the market is going through a correction right now,” Dan sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “If we sell now, we are going to take a big loss on the house.”

“How big of a loss?” Sarah asked, “Enough that we’ll still won’t be able to cover the principal left on our mortgage.”

“Really?” Sarah said back shocked,”What the hell are we supposed to do then?”

“I don’t know. We could still try to sell it. We’d just have a small mortgage to pay off.”

“I don’t think the bank would let that happen,” Sarah said.

“I don’t know,” Dan sighed, “What about you. What have you got here?”

“Honeslty, my brain can’t function right now. We need to cancel Netflix and other subscriptions,” Sarah said.

“Okay. But still that isn’t a ton of money saved,” Dan replied.

“No but it adds up. Especially because we pay eveyrmonth. It’s hundreds every year. And we can find other ways to cut things down. Maybe reducing our life insurance. Or taking faster and not to hot showers. Maybe we can do a yard sale and sell some stuff. Or Facebook marketplace,” Sarah added trying to sound like she had useful ideas.

“When do you want to tell our parents?” Dan asked.

Sarah felt the ball of tensions tighten in her chest. The last thing she wanted to do was bring this up to hrer parents. Especially when they;d want to dig into why she lost her job. They’d think her and Dan were failures and she couldn’t bear that.

“I don’t want to tell mine,” Sarah said.

Dan narrowed his eyes, “Mine won’t be able to help. They can’t even take us in. They don’t have the space. And then don’t have the money to help us. Your parents might be able to help us Sarah.”

“Not yet. If it comes to that, we will cross that bridge when we come to it but not yet. I can’t,” Sarah said.

“The sooner we do, the less cash we burn through,” Dan said.

“Dan we can’t live with them and I can’t ask them for a loan. You know how my dad is about handouts. We are talking like neither of us will be able to get new jobs. I haven’t even started looking yet. I might get something that pays better.”

“True,” Dan sighed, “I just haven’t had any luck.”

“Maybe look outside your field. We just need something to get us through the next little bit. Soon your consulting business will take off and you won’t need that new job. Maybe I’ll be working for you,” Sarah smiled and squeezes his hand.

Dan pulled his hand back and winced, realizing what he unintionally done. Sarah held it together but felt something break inside of her. Dan gave her a flat smile and tried to change the subject, “So if we cut everything you’ve found, how are we looking?”

“It’s still in the red. We can’t touch our 401ks yet with how our old employers set them up. So its all savings which we don’t have a lot left of.”

“How did we get here?” Dan said closing his eyes, “I wish we just had a magic wand to go back in time and fix things. I go back and keep my job, you go back and stop that hack at the hospital so Drew would still be the CEO and you’d have things running smoothly.”

Sarah hadn't thought about her old CEO in a long time. Not since he was replaced in disgrace because of his double dealings. The hospitals new CEO, Richard Thornhill was such a sleazebag who clearly wasn't above kickbacks despite how he proclaimed about cleaning up the hospital's operations. He was just there for himself, like all men in those positions.

"Come on," Dan said getting to his feet. He reached out and grabbed her hand, "Let's go upstairs."

His hand felt warm arounds hers and she eaglery stood and followed him. "Upstairs?" Sarah asked, "Do you mean?"

"Yes," Dan said, "It's been too long."

Sarah felt her chest flush and that butterfly feeling in her stomach, "I just thought that with everything…..you wouldn't want to."

"Our finances aren't the only thing we need to work on. And I'm a very jealous man," Dan said and lead her up the stairs. Sarah smiled and followed him.

Dan wasn't like other men. He was a good one. She wondered how we would have been as the hospital CEO. He wasn't selfish like Richard Thornill was. Her husband was a good man. She tried to push Thornhill out of her head as she followed Dan to the bedroom. He was a selfish bastard. So sleazy and arrogant with a high opinion of himself.

The idea struck her as she crossed into the bedroom and Dan began disrobing. She could get her job back. She just had to go above Mary and talk to Richard. She visibly shook as a shiver ran through her. She knew if she went to him, what he would want for her in return. Sarah was breathing hard both at Dan in front of her and the idea begining to form in her head.

Dan would say no. He wouldn't want her to prostitue herself out like that. But Sarah needed to fix her mistake. She needed to course correct and make sure her family was secure. She had to secure their future. She was going to do it.

Sarah took of her clothes and revelled in Dan's eyes going over her body. She'd do it for Dan and for the girls. But right now, she was all Dan's. Sarah walked over to her husband and pushed him down onto the bed and straddled him.

Sarah tapped the wheel of her car anxiously as she peered out the windshield. She didn't like being back here. She felt the eyes of every person and car that passed, as well as the judgment from the looming hospital building in front of her. Its windows seemed to watch her this morning, and she pictured a newly arrived person in each one, staring down at her, knowing what she'd done.

She tried not to think about things like that, but she couldn't help it. It had been a few days since everything had happened, and she knew the rumor mill would be working in overdrive within the hospital. News of her illicit affair with Otis, the janitor, would've spread like wildfire through the hospital. Any remaining colleagues she had respect for would never look at her the same way again. And all those petty new hires would likely smirk knowing the sexy former administrator had fallen so low.

People were like that. Happy to see others fall from grace. Just look at any celebrity tabloid magazine at the grocery checkout. And now it was Sarah's turn in the firing line. She could just picture herself on one of those covers, a paparazzi photo catching her and Otis together.

Her stomach turned in knots as she started to bite at her nails. Maybe this, being here, wasn't the best idea, but it was the only one she had. Still, how could she ever work at this place again with everyone knowing what she'd done? There was no way in hell that bitch Mary had kept her mouth shut. For a professional, the head of HR, she was probably the one fueling the rumors and cackling about it from Sarah's former office.

Sarah tried to suppress those feelings. She tried to ignore the anxiety she felt whenever someone walked by her car on the way in. The way her skin crawled made her just want to drive away. She remembered to breathe and inhaled deeply in the closed space of the car.

It had only been a few days, and she had only applied to a few jobs. She knew it took time to vet candidates and review resumes. Logically, she understood that. But she couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of shameful rejection already. It weighed on her like a heavy blanket that she needed to carry around. She didn't realize she could feel worse, but day after day, the feelings of rejection, guilt over what she had done, her parents' pestering, and the knowledge that she had put her life and her kids' lives into a tailspin were weighing more and more on her. She felt ready to break anytime. It was a small mercy that her father had been the one to deal with the mechanic to fix the car she now sat in. He hadn't mentioned how much it had cost, but she could hear the added weight of the repair debt in her father's voice.

Sarah stared at the empty parking spot just a little bit away. The hospital's new CEO, Richard Thornhill, had not arrived yet. Ever since he'd cancelled those daily early morning meetings, he never bothered to come in on time. There was always something important he was supposedly doing, but Sarah knew that he just didn't like working. He wasn't the savior the board had promised them. In the short time he'd been in the role, he'd probably looked great by cutting so many expenses and jobs across so many different areas. But the effect of those cuts would add up in the long run, probably well after he'd left the position, and then it was someone else's mess to clean up.

Her breath caught in her throat when he saw his old BMW pull into the empty spot. It was now or never. The moment where she'd throw herself at the mercy of the one person above Mary at the hospital and plead for her job. Her heart threatened to beat out of her chest, but she wasn't sure if it was because of the idea of going back to work at this place after everything or the thought of what might come next if she didn't.

Sarah wished she had a glass of wine to gulp down. She'd need to pick up more later. It was becoming too easy for her to reach for a glass when her stresses piled up like this.

With one last glance around the parking lot, Sarah exited her vehicle and walked towards Richard's car. Every time her heels clacked on the asphalt of the parking lot, she felt her anxiety rising. She wanted to wince at the sound, but she held her head high. She didn't want to seem too desperate or too weak.

"Mr. Thornhill, Richard," Sarah said as the older man was getting out of his car. The words seemed thick on her lips. She didn't know Richard as well as she would have liked for her present circumstances. He had moved quickly to consolidate power at the hospital, and subsequently, Sarah had been frozen out. It wasn't long after he started that Sarah was excluded from the top-level meetings.

When Richard Thornhill stood and looked at Sarah, her impression of the man hadn't changed since their initial meeting. The word smarmy came to mind immediately. His thinning gray and stark white hair desperately needed a trim. For the amount of money he made as the CEO, Sarah was sure the man could afford to go someplace that actually made it look like he cared. Instead, it seemed he was a regular customer of SuperCuts.

As always, his suit looked expensive and immaculate, but the shirt he wore underneath it was wrinkled, old, and discolored to a sepia tinge. She didn't know why he just wouldn't get it dry cleaned with the rest of the suit or replace it. It boggled her mind. It was old; she could see the collar fraying as she drew closer to them.

His steely, hard eyes looked her up and down, the crows' feet at the sides of his eyes noticeable alongside the other wrinkle lines adorning his face. He squinted before saying, "Mrs. Williams?"

As he spoke, his eyes ran up and down her body again, this time taking his time to drink in her curves.

"You aren't supposed to be here," he said tentatively as he closed his car door. "What do you want?"

"I was hoping to discuss the situation with you," Sarah said, smoothing out her pencil skirt. She was dressed as she would if she were going into work: sharp, professional, with an edge of sex appeal.

"Oh?" A sly smile spread onto Richard's face, "I thought Mary covered things quite thoroughly."

Sarah knew where this was heading. Part of her had hoped that it didn't need to go in this direction, but she had to lean into it after the appraising look he gave her. "Mary did quite a bit of talking but didn't quite get into the… meat of what was important. I know you would be much more thorough if you would hear me out."

"Well then," Richard said as he clicked the unlock button on his keyfob and opened his door again. He gestured to the passenger side door, "I'm all ears."

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"So, tell me," Richard said from behind the wheel of his BMW as he drove Sarah through the mid-morning streets of Middleton, "What exactly is it that I'm missing here? Multiple people walked in on you and one of the janitors in a completely inappropriate compromising position. It seems pretty black and white to me."

Despite his probing question, the stupid, expectant smile on his face never faltered. Sarah looked at him while he stared out the windshield. From this angle, she got a better look at the teeth on the side of his mouth. They were yellowing from too much coffee or something else. She would bet he'd had the front ones whitened for a more professional look. Another veneer hiding who this man really was.

"If you look into the details," Sarah said tentatively in a low, sultry voice, "I think you'll find that it was all a simple misunderstanding."

"A misunderstanding that left you both in the room naked?" Richard shot her a knowing look.

"Well, maybe I was a bit naive, but the janitor spilled some cleaning chemicals on my clothes and his. He said it was toxic and we needed to remove them as quickly as possible before they got through to our skin." Sarah crossed her legs, smiling as she watched Richard's eyes land on them for a few seconds.

"Eyes on the road," Sarah whispered.

"That's...plausible in an old porno kind of way, Sarah." Richard snorted, "But the facts just don't add up. The janitor never mentioned anything about chemicals when we let him go. Try again."

"You should review security footage of Otis over the past few weeks. You'll see that he had been stalking me. Always watching. Following me through the hospital. I was afraid for my safety and gave in."

"That's better," Richard clicked his tongue, "And you're hoping I can speak with Mary and straighten all this out?"

"No," Sarah said, "I want you to go to Mary and put her in her place and tell her what to do."

Richard chuckled and looked at her again as if reevaluating her, "I like the fire. I didn't know you had that in you. I like that. I like it a lot."

"You'll like it a lot more once I'm reinstated. You should really think about letting me help you more. I could run the hospital in my sleep, you wouldn't have to lift a finger or worry about the day-to-day," Sarah put her hand on the gear shift in between them on the center console and ran her fingers over it.

"That does sound beneficial," Richard added, with a sinister chuckle. The reek of his cheap cologne filled the car. The interior of the vehicle wasn't as messy as Lester's, but the seats were fraying at the edges, and it needed extensive detailing. It honestly looked like the kind of car someone had picked up used and just never took care of.

"I think we should discuss this more inside," Richard said as he turned off a road on the outskirts of town and pulled into a notorious pay-by-the-hour motel. Sarah gulped as she looked up at the dingy inn. She had driven past this place with her parents as a teenager and then later with Dan as an adult. She and Dan would joke about it. Her mom would always comment on the type of people who might frequent such a place. And now here she was, Sarah Williams, mother of two, about to check into a room. It didn't seem as funny anymore.

"Be right back," Richard grinned and got out of the car. It wasn't long before he was walking back to the parking spot, twirling one of those old school motel room keys in his fingers. The large plastic rectangle emblazoned with the room number was attached to a ring with a single key on it. Sarah felt

her skin crawl at the pep in the man's step, but she forced a smile onto her face and stepped out of the vehicle.

"This is us," Richard said, motioning to a drab brown door and unlocking it. He held it open, and Sarah just stared at the open doorway for a moment. She was about to prostitute herself. She felt lower than she ever had before, but she needed to do this. Her family needed it. Her girls, Ava and Sophia, needed her to get this job back.

Sarah let out a long breath, straightened out her tight-fitted white blouse, and walked past Richard into the dingy, unlit motel room. She turned up her nose immediately at the outdated shag carpet and red wallpapered walls. This place hadn't been updated since before she was born, and she doubted it was ever cleaned properly. Who knew how many dead skin cells, how much dust, and other things she didn't want to think about lived in the carpet and on the walls. She didn't even want to consider the single queen-sized bed that took up most of the room. Like the carpet and the walls, its comforter looked just as old. It was a real romantic place to bring a woman.

The door closed behind her, and for a moment the room was dark. Then Richard flicked on the light switch behind her. Stuttering fluorescent bulbs lit the room, casting it in a pale yellow, the same shade as most of Richard's teeth.

"Now," Richard's voice came from behind her. The look of distaste dropped from Sarah's face as she turned around to the older man, pulling off his suit jacket, neatly folding it, and draping it over a chair. She could see the sweatstains on his wrinkled dress shirt. The suit looked good, but everything under his professional veneer made her think he was a charlatan. "I believe we were going to discuss the benefits of you coming back to the hospital."

Sarah steeled her nerves as Richard's hungry eyes roamed over her body. They paused at her face, then again at the curves of her breasts contained by her tight, white blouse. His eyes continued down to her hip-hugging pencil skirt. Richard turned the old wooden chair to the side and plopped down in it.

"There are two benefits I'd love to see right now," Richard said, the stupid grin plastered on his face as he stared at Sarah's chest, "Consider this your rehire interview."

Sarah let out a long, quiet breath and decided it was time to put away the stressed-out, manic Sarah of the past few days and slip into something more appropriate for the room. Something that she found comforting. Something she craved. She adopted what she'd come to think of as her Chicago Sarah persona, the one that embraced all of her own dark desires.

Sarah licked her lips and stepped forward towards the older man. She peered down at him with a look that screamed hot and sexy and began delicately unbuttoning her blouse.

"Many other employers want these particular benefits, Richard," Sarah said as the top of her blouse hung open. She smiled inwardly as she saw the CEO's eyes widen at the bits of exposed skin he could see. Sarah almost groaned from seeing the lustful hunger in his eyes. It used to be that she would only get wet if she saw Dan's eyes taking on that piercing gaze. Now, it felt like whenever she exposed herself like this, any male's wanton stares got her engine going. She didn't let herself dwell on the thought for long.

"Sarah," Richard said, taking on a stern tone of authority. The one he had used in the past to reprimand her in front of other members of the hospital's leadership. "It's Mr. Thornhill or 'sir' to you."

“Mhmm,” Sarah moaned like a kitten as he slowly untucked her blouse. She’d hated him using that tone with her in front of everyone else. It had been so frustrating. So belittling. But here, in this dingy motel room, it worked to turn her on, “Yes, sir.”

“That’s better,” Richard said, not taking his eyes off the young mother as she disrobed. Sarah finished untucking her smooth silk blouse and slowly teased the man in front of her as she took it off. Soon she was standing in front of the hospital’s CEO in nothing more than her snug pencil skirt, heels and white lacy bra.

She carefully laid her white blouse down on the table before seductively running her hands over her bra cupped breasts, “Are these the benefits you wanted to see?”

“Yes, let’s see 'em,” Richard commanded. Sarah didn’t respond; she just stared at him with her piercing green eyes and lowered one shoulder strap. Then she did the same to the other one. She stepped up right in front of Mr. Thornhill and slowly turned around, putting her bubble butt right in front of him, pressing it into his crotch.

“Can a girl get a little help?” she said coyly. She felt the older man’s finger brush against the naked skin of her back, causing her to suppress a shudder. He took his time, running his fingers up her back until they found the clasp. With a couple of pulls and twists, it came free, and she felt the tension around her torso lessen. Sarah stepped away from Mr. Thornhill, letting him stare at her naked back. She held the bra cups against her chest, not yet allowing them to fall.

She looked back over her shoulder at him and saw that the hunger in his gaze had grown deeper and more desperate. She loved teasing men like him. Sarah slowly turned around to face him, still clasping her bra to her chest.

She waited until the older man took his gaze off her chest and looked up at her impatiently. Sarah’s mind flashed back to when her old boss, Drew, had walked in on her undressed in her office. The look he’d had on his face was a mask of pure lust equal to the voracious look on Mr. Thornhill's. Sarah, daring him to keep eye contact, let go, and her bra dropped to the floor, exposing her naked chest to the man who used to be her boss. The man who came in and fucked up everything at the hospital. She heard a sharp intake of breath from him as his eyes dropped, and she subtly pushed her chest out.

Sarah didn’t waste any time. She reached behind her back, pushing her heavy breasts together as she undid the zipper on her pencil skirt. It fell to the floor, leaving Sarah in nothing but a pair of black heels and her lacy white panties.

“How’s this, Mr. Thornhill?” Sarah asked.

“Come here,” The CEO said, unable to contain himself. Sarah walked over to him until she was standing right in front of the seated man. He stared up at her, unable to look at her face as his eyes were glued to her tremendous breasts at eye level.

Then a wry smirk spread across his face, “Get on your knees.”

Sarah put her hands on the arms of the chair, her breasts swaying in front of the man. Then she slowly lowered herself onto her knees in front of him, making sure she brushed her body against his knees and shins.

Sarah felt a pit in her stomach as her knees touched and then settled into the motel room’s shag carpet. She could almost feel the unseen dust mites crawling over her skin.

“What now, sir?” Sarah breathed, looking up at him. Her hands went to his knees and ran up and down the tops of his thighs.

“Undo my belt. Take it out,” Mr. Thornhill said with a raspy breath.

“Mhmm, yes, sir,” Sarah licked her lips, unbuckled his belt, and took down his zipper. She could see him tenting in his pants. Sarah’s hands dug into the waistband of his slacks and tugged. Richard was caught off guard, but quickly raised his old ass off the chair, and Sarah pulled his pants completely off. Before he could grab them from her hands, she folded them carefully and put them on the table next to him.

“My, my,” Sarah mused as she looked at the shape in his boxer briefs. While her eyes were trained on what was underneth, she couldn’t help but notice that his boxer briefs had seen better days. Holes dotted the gotten material, and the waistband was frayed, almost as if it had been consistently stretched out over a period of years. “What do we have here? It looks like someone is happy with my assessment so far. Let me get a better look.”

Sarah’s hands went to the frayed waistband of the boxers and repeated the same move, peeling them off Mr. Thornhill’s pasty white legs until his cock sprang out. She stared at it for a second before pulling his boxers the rest of the way off.

His cock was big. Bigger than she had imagined and bigger than any man his age had any right to carry. It wasn’t Lester's big, but she knew it was much bigger than her husband’s. Somehow, that felt unfair to both Dan and her.

Sarah just stared at his cock, purposely not doing anything. Her eyes flicked up innocently to the man staring down at her with his disheveled appearance, “What should I do now, Mr. Thornhill? Is this how you interview all your female employees?”

A sly smirk spread onto his face, “Just the special cases. And I think you know what you need to do.”

“Mhmmm,” Sarah bit her lip and drew a circle on his thigh with her fingertip, “I think I do too.”

She leaned forward, running her fingernails up his bare thighs, making him groan. She planted her heels firmly into the shag carpet and grasped the thick shaft of his cock in her hand. Without breaking eye contact, Sarah lowered her mouth until her outstretched tongue came into contact with the bulging tip of his cock.

The man let out a guttural groan as Sarah’s mouth enveloped his fat cockhead. Sarah’s hand stroked his straining shaft, brushing up against the gray pubic hair at its base. Sarah moaned around his cock, knowing it would drive him crazy. She firmly pumped her fist up and down his thick shaft. Her mouth stretched to accommodate his outsized girth.

Sarah’s other hand rested on his thigh, her nails digging into his chalky-toned flesh. It wasn’t long before Richard’s own hands found their way onto Sarah’s head, his fingers running through her carefully arranged blonde locks.

“That's it,” Richard groaned, “Show me what you bring to the table.”

“Mhmm-hmmm,” Sarah moaned in response as she stroked him and bobbed her head up and down his growing shaft. Her tongue tasted the flavors of this man she despised, but she did it anyway. She was determined to make the most of this connection. Sarah twisted her wrist as she stroked, making sure she went up and down on his pole with some added friction.

She pulled back and swirled her tongue licentiously around the head of his cock. Finally, she closed her eyes and eagerly dove back down, licking up and down the side of his ramrod straight shaft.

“I have many skills I bring to the table,” Sarah moaned as she held his shaft just below his fattened cock head and kissed and licked up and down his large column of flesh. Her mouth closed on the side of his girthy cock as she sucked on his shaft. She had to keep moving and kissing around to get to all of his cock. Sarah’s tongue dragged down his impressive dick until it tasted his fragrant pubic hair. It reminded her of the shag carpet her knees were digging into. They were both probably from the same bygone era.

Sarah kept proceeding until she found his ballsack through the hairy foliage and started lapping at it. Her hand started stroking the older man’s hefty cock while he groaned in pleasure. Sarah swirled her tongue around his hairy balls before taking one of them into her mouth and sucking on it lovingly. She reached out with her other hand and gently grasped his ballsack in her hand and started deftly flicking her tongue across it, quickly eliciting another deep groan from Mr. Thornhill.

She cradled his balls in one hand and lifted them slightly so she could lick the base of his scrotum. She felt the older man shudder under the touch of her tongue and suppressed a smile from spreading on her lips. She kissed and licked the underside of his nutsack and even let her tongue brush up against the delicate skin at the top of his thighs around the fat roll of his taint, making him quiver. She dragged her tongue back up to the top of his balls and his shaft, opening her eyes to look up at the man who would be her boss again soon. She lapped at a dribble of pre-cum that had oozed out of his cockslit and made a dramatic show of swallowing i,t looking pleased that she’d done so.

Mr. Thornhill’s mouth hung agape as she swallowed the small bit of his load. She raised her eyebrows at him and turned her attention back to his lovely cock in her dainty hand. She wrapped both of her hands around it, the thumb and middle fingers just barely being able to touch. Then she worked both her wrists, stroking him methodically as she looked up at him again.

“So,” Sarah said in the same voice she’d use at work. Her professional, business leader voice, “How is my interview going? Are you pleased with everything so far?”

“Very pleased,” Richard groaned as he pushed down on her head, making her take her eyes off him as her mouth opened and she tasted his pulsing cock again. “You definitely have the skills I’m looking for, and you take the right kind of initiative. You’re a great cock sucker.”

Sarah felt herself beam inwardly at the compliment. It was fucked up. She knew she was good at sucking cock. She felt she always had been, but she’d gotten so much better since starting things with Lester. There was something different about hearing it come from a boss, someone who had authority over her. Praising her in the same way as if she’d done a great job on a project made her feel renewed pride. It was a perverted dynamic, but one in which she was more than happy to indulge.

Sarah worked her mouth into a rhythm and spent the next few minutes bobbing her head up and down on Mr. Thornhill’s cock while stroking his substantial shaft. He didn’t say anything else to her, just sat back with his head on the chair as Sarah expertly sucked his fat cock. The only sounds filling the dirty motel room were her wet slurping sounds, her occasional gurgling moans with her mouth full of his cock, and the older man’s sighs and grunts.

His fingers dug into her hair, and he pulled up on her head. Sarah gasped and took a breath as a long strand of spit ran between her bottom lip and the head of his reddened cock.

“What?” Sarah said, looking up at him, slightly irritated at being broken from her hard work.

“Try that again,” Richard Thornhill growled.

“What can I do for you now, sir?” Sarah said, licking her lips while still stroking his cock with one hand.

“I need to assess some of your other skills,” Mr. Thornhill said with a curt nod of authority.

“Which skills are those?” Sarah bit her lip and looked plaintively into the older man’s hard eyes.

“It’s time to see exactly how tight that pussy is,” Mr. Thornhill chuckled, “You didn’t think you’d just be sucking my cock today, did you?”

Sarah didn’t bat an eye at his comment. She just squeezed his cock in her hand and looked up at him with a mask of deep lust, “I’m willing to do anything to show you how dedicated I am to this job….whichever position you want to put me in.”

A shit eating grin spread onto the man’s face again as Sarah let go of his fat cock and stood up. She lowered her lacy white panties and stepped out of them, but opted to keep her black heels on.

“Get on the bed,” Richard said as he got up and started to unbutton his yellowing shirt, “On your hands and knees.”

As the man took off his last piece of clothing, Sarah crawled onto the dirty old comforter and got into position on all fours. With her heels still on, she waited for him, on the bed, on her hands and legs in contact with the unclean bedding. Just like the shag carpet, Sarah didn’t like touching the comforter with her bare skin. The worst part was that her palms were now face down on it.

The bed shifted back and she felt Richard shuffling behind her. Sarah closed her eyes as she felt her superior’s untoned body line up behind hers. The man’s hand drifted down, and it was Sarah’s turn for a sharp intake of breath as the man’s fingers touched and then pressed into her glistening, dripping pussy.

“Already wet for me,” Richard mumbled to himself from behind her. He pulled his hand back up, and she heard him run it under his nose, sniffing it. His hands went back down to Sarah’s ass, and he started playing with her ass cheeks, grabbing them roughly and grinding his piggish fingertips into them.

“This was the first thing I noticed about you,” Richard said, “When you were late for that first meeting. This ass looked fantastic. Fuck, I love it. Who knew you’d be such a slut?”

Sarah looked over her head at him sharply, “I’m not a slut. I’m just dedicated to my job. I need to make sure everyone is performing at their best. That includes you, sir.”

“Now THAT is a job description I can get behind,” Richard chuckled and held his cock in his hand. He pushed the head up against Sarah’s wet opening and ran it up and down the slit.

“Not gonna tell me to put on a condom? Aren’t you married?” Richard asked, amused and a little skeptical.

Sarah looked at her wedding ring on her left hand and instantly compartmentalized her actions. This was a necessity wholly apart from the vows she had taken that day.

“I’m married to my work,” Sarah said in a husky voice, “I always give my work 110%. I do what I need to ensure that everyone is satisfied.”

Mr. Thornhill just shook his head as the smile on his face widened, “Jesus Christ, you are something else. If only I’d known sooner, I would have made you my executive assistant.” He reached over into his pants and rooted around until he found something in his wallet. With the smile fixed on his face, he opened the package and rolled the latex sheath down himself until his cock was snugly covered.

He then pushed his cock forward and parted Sarah’s pussy lips, but she scooted forward just a hair so that his cock wasn’t fully inside of her. She looked back at him over her shoulder, “We’re negotiating for a better title than that.”

“Oh? Really?” Richard grinned, “I like your negotiating style. What title did you have in mind?”

“COO. Chief Operating Officer,” Sarah said, looking back over her shoulder at the older man behind her. At his sagging chest with sparse tufts of gray hair and pasty white skin.

“That’s a big job,” Richard muttered as he seemed to mull it over, frowning slightly.

“I can handle big,” Sarah said as she pushed her ass back against him. Her pussy pushed back onto the broad head of his cock. It slid into her easily, immediately opening her pussy up wide to accommodate his expanding girth. Sarah’s ass slammed back against Mr. Thornhill’s pelvis, almost rocketing him back off the bed. His entire length was buried inside of her. She fought to keep her eyes from rolling back into her head.

The older man’s hands quickly gripped her curvy thighs, and a fire lit behind his eyes.

“Now fuck me,” Sarah paused deliberately and looked into his eyes, “Mr. Thornhill.”

“Time to put the new hire through their paces,” Richard said, gritting his teeth. He pulled his hips back, dragging his covered cock with it until just the head was still inside Sarah before he thrust hard into her again.

Sarah almost jumped forward on the bed, not expecting the strength of the thrust. Richard did the same thing again. Then again. Sarah whimpered in pleasure as her fingers curled into the dirty comforter.

“Uh fuck,” Sarah moaned as her body rocked back and forth as Richard Thornhill powerfully fucked her. She whimpered and moaned as his fat cock stretched her and pushed and hit all the best sensitive places inside of her. The places that would drive her towards a mind-blowing orgasm that she desperately needed.

Richard’s hand left her ass and ran up her naked back until he roughly gripped the back of her neck. He held her in place as he fucked her. Sarah thrust her perfect ass back against each of his controlled thrusts. Richard’s hands unfurled until he was grabbing the base of her skull, his old fingers running through her hair.

Then he pushed her head down into the dirty comforter beneath her. His other hand held her hips up and allowed him to push deeper into her. At this angle, his fat cock was smashing against her G-Spot, making her body thrash under his surprisingly strong grip. Sarah couldn’t help but compare the fucking she was receiving to what she’d become used to. Lester was still the person who could make her cum the hardest, but Mr. Thornhill’s methodical, powerful thrusts from his considerable cock were impressive. If she’d never found the apartment in Chicago for her husband, this might’ve been the most competent fucking she’d ever received.

Sarah opened her eyes and saw nothing but red. The dirty comforter was all around her, making her skin crawl. Its unwashed, seedy musk filled her nostrils as she breathed in. Her luxurious blonde hair was splayed out across it. But what the old man was doing felt so fucking good she couldn't bring herself to protest.

Richard put more pressure on her head as he rigidly fucked her. Her face sank deeper into the comforter. She closed her eyes and tried to focus on the feeling of his oversized cock inside of her, not the comforter covering her lips and face.

His throbbing cock felt so fucking good pounding against one of her most sensitive areas and then another. She couldn't believe she was in this submissive position, in this dirty motel room with someone like Richard Thornhill. It was so entirely fucked up. Before everything had happened, she wouldn't even allow herself to mess around with Dan in her office after hours. But now she'd been fucked by Lester numerous times in her one-time workplace. She'd sucked and fucked a janitor, and now she was being pinned to a filthy bed in a dirty motel room with the CEO's cock pistoning inside of her. She had trouble making sense of it. Of how much she loved it.

Richard's fat cock head pounding against her G-Spot snapped her back to reality. Her fingers tightened around the comforter as she held on, the expert fucking making her head swim. Her jaw was clenched as she let the older executive pound into her. She was close to cumming already. An idea occurred to her through the fog of her intense pleasure, something that would make her cum harder and maybe get her job back.

"Uuhhh, oh my god, Mr. Thornhill, oh, fuck, wait…" Sarah moved her hand back and caught the CEO's cock as she purposefully moved slightly to the side. She quickly tugged at the latex condom, and it slid off his cock, leaving it to land silently on the musty comforter. "Now, Mr. Thornhill, sir, please continue fucking the sh-." Thornhill launched his bare cock forward, back into Sarah before she could finish her sentence.

It was so thoroughly fucked. It wasn't just the sex and the abuse her G-Spot was taking from his crazily large organ. The complete inappropriateness of the situation and the degrading location of their sordid sex was driving her crazy. She used to think she preferred sex in her own bed, but now she was almost ready to scream in orgasm in a dirty fucking motel room where men regularly took their whores.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned into the comforter, "Fuck Richard. God. You feel so fucking good."

"That's…," Richard said as he pulled all the way out and thrust back in hard, making Sarah's body quiver and rock on the bed, "...Mr. Thornhill to you."

"Yes," Sarah breathed, "Yes, of course, Mr. Thornhill."

"Say it again," he demanded and slapped her ass, making her whine in pained delight.

"Yes sir," Sarah moaned loudly, "Mr. Thornhill."

"Good girl," Mr. Thornhill said in a raspy voice from behind her. His massive cock kept pounding into her sensitive area. Sarah squeezed and milked his cock as best she could from this doggy style position. She felt like a slut being used and abused by someone with potential power over her. He could do so much for her, change her life. He held her fate in his hands.

"You're gonna make me CUM," Sarah whined, "Mr. Thornhill. Fuck. I'm so close. God, you feel so, so fucking good."

“That’s it,” Mr. Thornhill grunted, “Cum on my cock, Sarah. Show me how hard you’re willing to work.”

Sarah pushed down on her knees and rocked her ass back as Mr. Thornhill’s cock pounded into her. Slamming again and again against her sensitive G-Spot. She gripped his cock with her pussy, willing more of its large girth in, trying to get him to pound his cock into her faster and faster. She needed to cum.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah whined, “Fuck. Fuck. Shit. Please. Please. Holy. Fuck! Please. Please. PLEASE!”

Mr. Thornhill just grunted in agreement from behind her and never let up in his repeated assault. She felt sweat from his body drip onto her ass and run down her ass cheeks.

“Cum,” the man behind her grunted as he kneaded her ass and hips, “Cum, Sarah. That’s a direct order. Cum for me. Cum on my cock, you fucking slut.”

“Ohgod,” Sarah’s body thrashed back against his, “Fuck. Fuck! OHGODFUCK!”

Sarah closed her eyes tightly and her teeth ground together as she clamped her jaw shut. Her pussy tightened around his plunging cock like a vise as the starburst explosion started. Every muscle in her body tightened as she felt her eyes roll back behind her eyelids.

“UHHHHHMMMMMHMMMFFMMMM,” Sarah’s throat uttered incomprehensibly as fire exploded inside of her pussy and blasted out across every inch of her body. The fire’s warmth ran over her skin and seemed to crawl into every secret crevice inside of her, “AHHMHMMHMFFFUUUCCCKKK!”

Her toes curled as Mr. Thornhill‘s cock pushed past her clenched pussy walls and slowly slid deeper into her before slowly retracting. Then it pushed back in again, hitting that same sweet spot that had sent her over the edge.

“JEESSUS!” Sarah moaned, lips touching the nasty comforter as the fire continued to wash over her, wiping her mind blank, unable to focus on anything but the feelings overloading her system.

“Fuck!” Mr. Thornhill grunted as his sagging balls slapped against her pussy lips, “So fucking tight.”

“Ummgnmmmm,” was all Sarah could moan in response as her body slowly came down from the orgasmic bliss she’d just experienced. Sarah was still panting when she felt Mr. Thornhill put more pressure on her ass with his body. His outsized cock bottomed out in her, and he kept pushing his odd body forward. The weight of his frame pushed down on her ass until it lurched her entire body forward. Sarah’s bare breasts pressed into the comforter, and her beautiful face slid along the dirty surface of the unwashed fabric.

Soon, Sarah was lying completely prone, face down on the bed, while Mr. Thornhill climbed on top of her, his rock-solid cock still embedded deep within the young mother. His hanging stomach pressed down into the small of her back as his frame rested on top of her. His hands pushed down on her shapely shoulder blades, sinking her deeper into the grimy bed.

It didn’t take long before he started thrusting himself into her again. From this angle, it felt like he was able to fit more of his large cock into her while still slamming its head against the ridges of her G-Spot. Sarah felt like she was going to suffocate. He was pushing down on her so hard, using his weight to do so, that it was difficult to breathe.

Sarah took little breaths as her face smushed against the shabby comforter. Her lungs burned, but she didn’t want him to stop. What he was doing felt so fucking good. Being held down and fucked at

the same time drove her absolutely wild. His groin was slamming down onto her perfect bubble butt, causing her buttocks to ripple seductively. She pushed back on his advancing cock, desperate to feel as much of it as possible. She knew thrusting back like this would drive him wild, too, especially as he slammed into her and felt her booty against him.

“MMMMFFMMHMMMM!” Sara moaned into the bedsheets and took as deep a breath as she could. She gasped for air as one of Mr. Thornhill’s hands shifted from her back and pushed down onto her blonde mane.

“I could get used to this,” Mr. Thornhill muttered, “Your body is so ffffucking fuckable.”

“I-I’m glad you…nngh… like it,” Sarah managed to gasp out. She looked up at him out of the corner of her eye and added, “Sir.”

A grin appeared on Mr. Thornhill’s older face, “I like that you know your place. I’d heard you could be quite the handful, but it seems like you just needed a firm hand to put you in your place.”

“A firm cock, you mean,” Sarah moaned as his meat pole drilled wonderfully into her again.

She felt the sting of Thornhill’s hand slap against the side of her ass cheek as he drove himself forward. “Don’t ever correct me.” His cock swelled as he briefly increased his tempo, punishing her with his firm strokes.

Mr. Thornhill chuckled behind her again, “See, this is the problem. I can’t hire you as COO. You’re going to be too busy on your knees or bent over my desk to get anything done.”

“Sounds like a productive day in my books,” Sarah whined. She let go of the bedsheets and reached a hand behind her to touch Mr. Thornhill’s sweat-covered hip. She loved feeling the way it moved back and forward, thrusting into her and pulling back out.

“God, you are something else,” Mr. Thornhill muttered, running his hands through her hair and over her naked back.

“I know,” Sarah said, pushing up with her hips and thrusting her ass back against him. He was doing too much talking, his pace had changed, and she needed to get it back on rhythm. Sarah began thrusting back into him, faster and faster, squeezing him with her pussy. Milking his cock to get herself off.

His cock head kept spearing her G-Spot, and Sarah desperately wanted to bite down on the comforter. She could feel the sweat dripping off her body, making her naked breasts cling to the bed below her. Adding her own sweat to whatever bodily fluids were already on it. Leaving an indignified part of herself behind in this dirty motel room.

Mr. Thornhill’s phlegmy breath was hot on the back of Sarah’s neck. She could hear his strained breathing as she thrust back onto his cock. His entire body was on top of hers, holding her fixed in place. Their bodies, slick with sweat, gelled with one another. His tongue darted out and started licking the nape of her neck, one of her sensitive areas. She loved it when Dan would do this. Sarah’s hips kept pushing back, taking more and more of the businessman’s cock into her. Desperate for it.

The wet tongue on her neck moved to the side and then up to her earlobe. It was a fucked up, intimate gesture that caused her hips to drive back faster and faster. Mr. Thornhill was breathing hard as he licked her; she could feel the straining of the older man, but he never stopped.

Sarah kept up the steady, intense rhythm she needed to cum. God, she was so close to cumming again with this dirty old sleazeball. What the fuck was her work life going to be like after this?

Sarah's pussy gripped Mr. Thornhill's cock hard, and she felt another orgasm rise quickly out of nowhere.

"Ughhh, OH! Fuckkkk," Sarah whined as her body started thrusting back into overdrive. Mr. Thornhill must have realized what was happening as his tongue snaked down her face and licked her lips. Sarah let go of her breath, opening her mouth as his probing muscle snaked into it.

She couldn't do anything to stop it. She couldn't even kiss him back. She just held herself in place and let her body experience another quaking orgasm. Sarah felt her mind go numb as an explosion went off in her groin and radiated out, touching every nerve in her body. The room suddenly felt molten hot as Mr. Thornhill's sweaty body pushed hers down into the disgusting bed.

"GOD! FUCK!" Sarah's muffled scream emptied into the bed, knowing full well if either room next to them was occupied, she'd be heard. And the occupants would think she was just another two-bit whore like every other woman that came to this place. Her mind flashed to the entire row of rooms in the motel. In each room, a desperate creep fucking a load of cum into a screaming slut. The infinity mirror image shifted, and she was the woman in every room, getting fucked in every conceivable position by the lowest people in Middleton. Her body rocked from Mr. Thornhill's pounding, and she let her tongue touch his as she tried to catch her breath.

Her body was slowly coming back down to reality. She let herself lie there for a second, gently sucking on her boss's tongue while he kept hammering his expanding cock into her. She recognized the urgency of his thrusts. She knew he was going to explode soon, too.

Suddenly, he pulled himself completely out of her. The weight of his body lifted and was no longer felt by hers. She turned on her side to look at the older man.

"On your back. Now, Mrs. Williams," Mr. Thornhill grunted, his face was beet red, just like his unfit chest. It made the stark white and gray hairs on it stand out.

It was incongruous hearing the surname she'd taken from Dan on the CEO's lips in this context, but she did as he commanded without pause, turning onto her back. The thought occurred to her that if she'd gotten the CEO job, she'd never have given this man the opportunity to even look at her, let alone experience her intimately like this.

Mr. Thornhill didn't waste any time. He crawled over Sarah's body until he was straddling her chest, his fat cock gripped in his hand, aimed at Sarah's face as he started purposefully stroking it.

"You're gonna take this on your face," Mr. Thornhill grunted as he stroked himself. Sarah just lay there, waiting for the indignity of what he was about to do. It would be different if it were Dan or Lester doing this. Hell, even if Otis was masturbating in front of her. But this was her first time with Mr. Thornhill, and he was clearly trying to establish some kind of dominance over her forcibly.

Sarah wasn't going to take that lying down. She slid her hands up to the man's stretch-marked ass and let her French manicured nails tease and graze his pale, clammy skin.

"Give it to me," Sarah said, meeting the man's beady eyes, "I want to feel your cum explode on my face. Sir."

Her words made Mr. Thornhill increase his robotic strokes. Sarah let go of the man's ass and brought one hand to her breasts, tweaking the erect nipple while her other hand went down to play with her clit.

"Mhmmmhm. Give it to me, Mr. Thornhill," Sarah moaned as she touched herself with growing ardor. The cock was right in front of her face; she could see a dribble of precum leaking out before it landed on her chin. She tried to lick it, but her tongue wasn't long enough to get it.

"Please, Mr. Thornhill," Sarah begged, "Cum for me. Give me your cum. Mark me, sir. Mark me with your cum."

"Ughhh FUCK," Mr. Thornhill grunted as he stroked his cock furiously. Sarah closed her eyes when she saw his trembling cockslit expand. Just as she did, a wet, sticky blast erupted from it and painted her upturned face. Rope after rope of the old man's bitter cum landed on her eyes, across her cheek. Gooey strands erupted from his spewing cock, covering her nose and running over her open mouth.

Sarah didn't hesitate. Her tongue left her mouth and licked her gooey lips clean. She kept touching her breasts and clit, eager to keep her body's sensations going. Finally, Mr. Thornhill grunted and rolled off the side, once Sarah's face was completely covered in his abundant loads of cum.

Sarah's left eye began to sting from the seeping fluid. With a quick lick of her lips, she hopped off the bed and blindly reached around until she found the bathroom and cleaned off her face. Once her eye stopped pulsing in pain, she looked at herself in the mirror. The person looking back at her looked like a woman who had been to this motel before, more than once. Her hair was a mess, her makeup running from the mix of water and cum. The skin around her eye was an angry pink shade. Was she looking at her future at the hospital? Would Mr. Thornhill take her to this same room at lunch every day and paint her face with his seed? Just what the hell was she getting herself into now?

Sarah didn't know what to do. She didn't know what to say to him, so she spent another two minutes in the bathroom trying to clean herself up as much as possible. When she finally left the bathroom, Thornhill was already back in his suit, sitting in the chair waiting for her. Her heart sank a little as she noticed the used condom still resting on the ruffled bed.

With little small talk, Sarah got dressed, and they both proceeded outside to his car. As she did, Sarah glanced up and locked eyes with another woman crossing the parking lot. The woman looked like someone Sarah would consider a prostitute. She had hard eyes, and she wore a revealing low tube top and a micro skirt. She looked Sarah up and down and finished the motion with a dirty look, probably assuming Sarah was stepping on her turf. Sarah quickly cast her eyes to the ground, not wanting to provoke an ugly situation.

Sarah got into the car while Mr. Thornhill played with his phone.

"I need to jump on a conference call," he said abruptly as he dialled into a Zoom meeting and introduced himself. It wasn't a request or an apology; he just stated it as a matter of fact. The drive back to the hospital was boring and uneventful.

Sarah just stared out the window, listening while Richard, Mary, and others discussed hospital matters. Every time she heard the woman's voice, Sarah almost scratched a hole in the upholstery of his passenger seat.

The call ended just as they neared the hospital. Mr. Thornhill hung up the phone as he pulled the car to a stop on a road just behind the parking lot.

“That was fun,” he said with a wry smile.

Before Sarah could say anything, he got out of the car. Sarah did the same and stood there awkwardly. His preoccupation during the car ride hadn’t been what she’d envisioned. She’d been hoping to discuss the future of their arrangement and keep the fun, seductive game from the motel going.

“I’m gonna drop you off here. It won’t look right if anyone sees us arriving back at the hospital together,” Mr Thornhill said.

Sarah looked at the distance to the parking lot and her car. What he said made sense, but she wasn’t thrilled about having to walk across an empty field.

“I guess that makes sense. I wouldn’t want to mess anything up,” Sarah said. Mr. Thornhill was looking around, as if he were trying to see if anyone was watching them. He turned back to her with that smarmy smile on his face. Then he brushed a stray strand of hair out of her face and pulled her body to his, pressing his lips against hers. Sarah’s body stiffened as his lips roughly mashed hers, his breath in desperate need of a mint. After a few minutes of his oral exploration, he pulled back with a self-satisfied smirk, “This was a lot of fun. I’d love to do it again sometime soon.”

“It was,” Sarah said, putting on her seductive eyes and staring into his, “We’ll have a lot more fun when I’m back in the hospital with you.

“Unfortunately, there’s no way we can bring you back in. But that doesn’t mean we can’t do more of this,” Ricard said.

The sexy look dropped from Sarah’s face, and she stared dumbfounded at her former CEO. She felt the white hot anger boiling beneath her skin, “What do you mean you can’t bring me back in?”

“To the hospital. Of course,” Mr. Thornhill said, “Too many people know what happened. They saw it. It won’t look good for us. Besides, I don’t need a COO. We’re taking the hospital in a completely different direction.”

“Are you fucking kidding me!?” Sarah said, raising her voice, “You didn’t want to tell me that beforehand?”

Mr. Thornhill chuckled, “No, that… would have been stupid. I didn’t make you any promises or anything.”

“No, you were just deceptive as fuck. Do you really think I would have let you fuck me otherwise!?” Sarah almost shouted.

Mr. Thornhill looked around and shrugged his shoulders, trying to seem matter-of-fact, “Maybe. I mean, you did fuck that janitor what’s-his-face in a meeting room. I figured the odds were good that you’d let me get inside you.”

Sarah felt the bile rise in her stomach. She was livid. All of this morning had been for nothing. All she had just done behind Dan’s back had been for nothing. She wasn’t securing a future for her family. She had just been taken advantage of, like all the other women who would visit that motel. The difference was, she’d gotten nothing out of it, “I’m going to kill you.”

“Come on. Threats? You seemed to enjoy yourself. There isn’t any reason we can’t do that again,” Mr. Thornhill said as he reached out to stroke her arm. Sarah abruptly hit his hand away.

“Don’t you fucking touch me,” Sarah said.

“We did a lot more than touch, you know,” Mr. Thornhill chuckled again. Suddenly, she realized she hated that sound.

Sarah gritted her teeth and tried to stop the anger from seething out of her. To control herself from slapping this awful man in the face. All the stress and worry about the situation came crashing back down on her like a boulder. She felt the weight of it again and knew it would crush her. And her family.

She had to get out of there. Sarah turned away and started walking across the empty field.

“Oh, don’t be like that,” Mr. Thornhill shouted after her, “We’re both adults. We both enjoyed ourselves. Why not make it a regular thing? We can meet up in the same room a couple of times a week. Don’t be so dramatic.”

Sarah kept walking, the cold wind rushing past her, threatening to push her over. She didn’t look back. She heard his engine start and his car pulling away.

After a few minutes of walking, Sarah got in her car and quickly pulled out of the parking spot. She was going too fast for a parking lot, but she had to get away from Mr. Thornhill and the judging eyes of the hospital behind her. Tears streamed down her face, but she didn’t dare wipe them away at the speed she was going.

The finances that she and Dan had recently gone through came to mind. She wasn’t any closer to solving things and keeping a roof over her kids' heads. What the fuck was she going to do?

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Dan stared down at his phone on the table, trying not to let his anger get the best of him. The girls were at school, and Sarah was running some errands. He had taken his seat at the head of the dining room table and was trying, once again, to find a comprehensive silver bullet to cure the family’s financial issues.

Sarah losing her job had been a significant blow to their financial security. They were already living hand to mouth, unable to save anything in their accounts. He had felt like one unexpected issue going wrong with the house would set them over the edge.

And now he was staring down at one such issue.

On his phone was a text from his father-in-law with the bill for their car repair. Apparently, it hadn’t been a significant repair and didn’t require many parts, but the labor involved in diagnosing the problem had been substantial. There seemed to be multiple issues that had to be individually discovered.

Dan just stared at the total of $3,000. It didn’t seem at all real. It was like a cruel joke. He looked at the calendar in front of him and shook his head. Just a few days from now, their next mortgage payment would be automatically deducted from their checking account. There wasn’t enough in it to pay either of the bills.

They’d have to dip into their dwindling savings once again, which was painful to do. He just couldn’t find a sure-fire way to stop the bleeding. He felt like he was being flushed down the drain, just waiting to fall into the dark abyss at its center.

He needed Sarah to find another job immediately. He needed to either find more clients or find a way to secure more work from the ones he already had. Tricia had mentioned the possibility of his being hired on full-time by Sentinel Securities. He'd need to bend over backwards to try and make that happen for himself; it would solve a lot of his family's money problems.

Just as he felt himself spinning further into despair, the door opened and he heard the familiar sound of his wife's footsteps. Dan wanted to get up and greet her, but he just felt numb and his legs didn't move. He kept staring at his phone, losing track of time until Sarah was directly behind him, wrapping her arms around his shoulders.

"Earth to Dan," Sarah said, "Are you there? Can you hear me?"

Dan blinked his eyes and snapped out of his momentary trance, "Yeah. Sorry. I'm just, just a bit overwhelmed. Sorry, my mind's in a million places. How was your errand? Where'd you go?"

He felt Sarah stiffen slightly behind him for a second, but the moment passed. She ran her hands over his chest and nuzzled her face into the side of his head. Her blonde hair tickled his skin, but he didn't say anything.

"Don't worry, I didn't buy anything," Sarah said.

"That's not what I meant," Dan said.

"I know," Sarah breathed. He could feel her warm breath on her neck, "Sorry, I'm snippy. I guess I'm just overwhelmed, too. What are you looking at?"

Dan sighed and gestured to his phone, "Your dad sent over the bill for the car. It's a lot. Like, a lot a lot."

"How much?" Sarah craned her neck to look over his shoulder at the phone.

"Three grand," Dan said flatly.

"Three thousand dollars? What the hell?" Sarah said, "They must be scamming us."

"I don't know. Maybe. Your dad said his mechanic was an honest guy. But Jesus, I don't know. It's just so much money. And we have our mortgage coming up in a couple of days, too." Dan said, "I've just been sitting here looking at this bill for I don't know how long."

"We're going to have to pull money from our savings again," Sarah said quietly.

"There's not much left in it. We'll be able to cover these bills, but the next time something happens…." Dan trailed off, not wanting to think about it and not wanting to worry Sarah. The last thing he needed was for her to get emotional and make an impulsive decision in response again.

"I'm sorry, Dan. I'm so sorry for fucking everything up," Sarah said, holding back a sob.

Dan just put his hand on hers. Despite everything that had happened lately, he still loved her deeply. He was still mad at her. Frustrated with her, angry at how utterly stupid she had been by putting them in this position. But if he let his emotions get the better of him, they would consume him, and he wouldn't have a clear mind to figure out a way out of this. He might hold his anger towards her for a long time, but right now it didn't serve him to hold a grudge.

He almost said, ‘it’s okay’ to her, but they both knew that would be a lie. He also didn’t know for certain if it would be okay. Instead, he opted for, “We’ll figure something out. There must be some way for us to get out of this. We just need to figure it out.”

Sarah just stood there, hunched over with her chin on his shoulder, holding him. He felt a wetness on his face, which he assumed was from her tearing up. He didn’t know what to say, so he just held onto her arm. They stayed like this for a few minutes, both of them just forgetting about the world around them and getting lost in each other’s embrace.

His wife’s arms around him comforted Dan. As mad as he was at her, he couldn’t imagine going through all of this stress and hardship without her by his side. Even though their most recent money issues were exacerbated by her choices, he had plenty of blame for their financial woes, too. Maybe he was finally becoming a proper adult, thinking things like that. But without her, he knew he’d be totally lost, and he’d probably have taken up binge drinking a long time ago.

Their momentary reconciliation was interrupted by the ringing of Sarah’s phone. She sighed and walked over to the kitchen counter, where her purse was. Dan hadn’t noticed her put it down over there. She reached in, grabbed her phone, and looked at the screen. Dan had trouble reading her face.

“Who is it?” Dan asked.

Sarah paused before answering, “Lester. He wants to FaceTime with me.”

“Tell him to go away,” Dan grumbled and went back to looking at the papers in front of him.

“Hello there,” the ogre’s grating voice filled the room. Dan’s eyes shot up to give Sarah an annoyed look. Why had she answered Lester’s call? What the fuck?

“Lester, I’m sorry. This isn’t really a good time,” Sarah said, giving Dan a brief apologetic look off-camera. Dan raised his hands and shoulders at her in a ‘what the fuck’ gesture.

“Danny’s there too?” Lester said.

“Yes, we’re just going over some things. Can I talk to you later?” Sarah said.

Talk to him later? What the hell? Why had she answered the phone, and why was she talking to Lester like this? Sure, he had recently been her boss, but now he was just Dan’s old roommate. He was about to get up and motion to Sarah to hang up when Lester’s words made him pause.

“I wanted to go over some things, too. I want to help you guys with your, ah, short-term financial predicament.” Lester said. Sarah and Dan’s eyes met, and neither seemed to know how to react.

Dan felt a shiver run up his spine, and he immediately felt a sense of unease. Sarah walked over to where Dan was seated, propping the phone up on the table so they could both see Lester.

“Oh, hey, Danny,” Lester said as he munched on something that looked orange. Just how this man made Sarah so wild, he would never understand, or so he told himself. “Long time no see.”

“Lester,” Dan said, holding down his anger, “Sarah and I are busy. I don’t have the patience to play one of your games right now, okay? Can you just get on with what you want to say so we can go back to it?”

“Uh, fine, you know you’d be a funner roommate if you didn’t always have that stick up your ass,” Lester said.

Dan opened his mouth to reply, but Sarah put a cautioning hand on his arm. Dan looked at her beautiful green eyes as she said, “Let’s just hear him out. It can’t hurt.”

Dan breathed out, managing to let go of some of his anger. He glanced away from the phone and immediately regretted looking down at the bills in front of him. He felt his stress rising again, and this entire conversation seemed pointless. He needed to get back to figuring out their financial future.

“I want to propose a new arrangement,” Lester said, “One that will benefit all of us.”

Dan looked back at Lester’s ugly, fat, smug face taking up the entire phone screen, “What kind of agreement?”

Lester’s shit eating grin appeared on his face. The grin that just said, ‘punch me.’

“I think it’s time we all stopped beating around the bush,” Lester said. “I know it’s hard to admit certain things to ourselves and to each other, but I think it’s time we all took things to the next level.”

“What do you mean?” Sarah asked.

“Yeah, Lester, just what the hell are you getting at? How does this have anything to do with our finances, which, by the way, are also none of your business,” Dan said.

“I’m talking about a new arrangement like the one we had before, with me covering rent in exchange for dates,” Lester said, staring at them through the phone.

Dan felt his stomach turn at the mention of their arrangement. Sure, it had been important when Walt’s company decreased his salary after everything that had happened with the Lincoln Group, but Lester had by far come out on top in that situation and had abused the hell out of it, by far.

“This new one, I think, would be better. Everyone would get what they want. All three of us,” Lester said. Dan and Sarah didn’t say anything. Lester continued.

“I am willing to help you out financially for as long as you need it. I’m prepared to cover your mortgage costs, utilities, your portion of rent here in Chicago still, and maybe some groceries too,” Lester sat back watching for their reactions.

Dan looked at Sarah and said, “Did you tell Lester how much our mortgage and utilities are?”

“No, I didn’t. I don’t know how he –”

Lester cut her off, raising a hand, “I have no idea what your mortgage or utilities are. But I’m confident I can cover them. And I’m happy to do it. I don’t want Sarah having to undergo any more stress over it.”

Dan narrowed his eyes and leaned in towards the phone, “This is too good to be true, Lester. What’s the catch? What do you get out of it?”

Lester chuckled, “I’m not a saint, Dan, and I’m not going to do this completely without getting something in return. But I think at the end of the day, both of you come out better in this deal.”

“Lester,” Dan said, “Just get to the point. Please.”

Lester rolled his eyes. Sarah put a hand on Dan’s shoulder and gave him a look, coaxing him to be nice. Dan sighed and tried to push all his anxieties away.

“Fine,” Lester said, “I cover your expenses, keeping that roof over the head of your family. I also provide Sarah with the carnal pleasures she desires, and Dan, you get to indulge in your humiliation fetish we all not so secretly know you have.”

Dan hated the way Lester was talking to him, but the mention of him engaging in ‘carnal pleasures’ with Sarah had him half hard under the table.

“All this for more dates?” Sarah asked, seemingly interested in Lester’s offer. Dan didn’t like the offer on principle, but as his analytical mind separated the information from his emotions, it didn’t seem so terrible. It was essentially the same thing they’d been doing for the past few months, but they were having more expenses covered for them. It wasn’t exactly prostitution, but it felt damn close.

“Yes and no,” Lester said, “I’m sure dates will factor into it, but like I said, this is us taking things to another level. Together. The three of us. Think of us as a throuple if you will, but I won’t be living with you. I don’t want to upset the balance of your home life. But I do think we need to come to terms with how closely we’ve all grown for better or worse. And Dan, I will help you indulge in some of your fantasies in ways we haven’t explored yet with Sarah. Like I said, it’s a win-win…win.”

“A throuple?” Dan asked, looking at Sarah, “Is that like a couple?”

“It’s a three-way couple,” Sarah murmured.

“I don’t get it,” Dan said.

“Think of it like this,” Lester said, “Some nights Sarah will spend with me. Others with you. At other times, you get to watch us, go on a date, or take part in some kind of excursion together, where we will all push new boundaries together. Just imagine what it would have been like having a front row seat watching Sarah at that movie theatre.”

“I don’t know,” Dan said, slowly looking up at Sarah for reassurance. He felt like the wind had been taken out of his sails. His righteous anger towards Lester was gone, replaced by confusion and a faint hope that their financial issues might be addressed.

“I don’t have a humiliation fetish,” Dan added. Lester looked at Sarah, then back to Dan.

“It’s okay, honey,” Sarah said, running her hand placatingly along his forearm.

“We’ve been in enough rooms together to have noticed, Dan,” Lester said, “Like how you react when Sarah begins talking shit or when I do. Your emotions are clear right on your face.”

Dan felt his cheeks flush.

“Lester,” Sarah said, “This is a lot to take in. Dan and I need to think about it. It’s not a yes, but we will definitely talk about it.”

“Alrighty,” Lester said, giving them a salute on the screen. Then he leaned in and tapped something, and the screen went blank.

“A throuple?” Dan asked again.

Sarah looked at him and shrugged, “I don’t know what he’s thinking will happen, but what he’s saying isn’t really a throuple. Throuples all live together, like a three-way relationship.”

“Is it because he wants to chip in financially?” Dan asked, “It still gives me the ick.”

“It’s a lot of money. It’s more than just him covering rent like he’s been doing. If he can really cover our mortgage payments alone while we get back on our feet - that’s huge,” Sarah said, sliding into a chair at the table.

“He really should have negotiated better. He basically just said he’d cover all our expenses,” Dan said, “Do you think he proposed this because he was afraid of losing you? Since you’re not at the hospital and won’t need to be in Chicago as much?”

“Maybe,” Sarah said as a notification flashed on her phone.

“What is it?” Dan asked.

“A message from Lester. He says if we agree, he wants us to, uh, ditch the kids and have him over for dinner tomorrow night,” Sarah breathed out, still looking at her phone. “Does this feel different to you? Different than the normal thing we’ve had going on?”

“I don’t know,” Dan said as he toyed with his phone, the screen still open with the car repair bill on it, “I never know with him. I feel like he might have some different expectations that we aren’t aware of yet. When he says ‘a throuple,’ does that mean he thinks he has just as much say in how things go as you or I do? What’s he expecting? Sex and dates are one thing, but this…..is that why he went so hard on the bills? To give him more leverage with us?”

“Probably,” Sarah said, “But just because that’s what he thinks doesn’t mean that’s how it will be. We still outvote him two to one.”

“He doesn’t get a vote. Period,” Dan said, “Besides, you’d both team up on me the first time some wild night comes up.”

“Hey,” Sarah gave her husband a mock hurt expression, “I would not.”

Dan shook his head, “Are we really considering this? We’re talking like we’ve already decided to go through with it.”

“I don’t know. Maybe? I mean, who knows? We’d probably still have Lester in our lives a bit here and there anyway. This way we’re just getting some extra help,” Sarah said as she chewed her lips, “It’s not like it’s prostitution, right?”

“It still feels icky, but everything with Lester is icky,” Dan said, finally shifting his gaze from the auto bill up to the ceiling. “If we do this, it’ll just be for the short term. Until we get back on our feet, and then we’re done with him for good.”

“That’s what we said about the rent,” Sarah said.

“But things got worse after that,” Dan said, “We didn’t plan on keeping things going as long as we have.”

“So we’re doing this?” Sarah asked.

Dan sighed and resisted the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose, “Tell him we’ll try it out, but we reserve the right to end things whenever.”

Sarah typed something on her phone, then looked up at Dan, “So, what should I make for dinner tomorrow night?”

***

Despite agreeing to this new arrangement, Dan still felt uneasy about everything. It hadn't helped that Sarah had been the one texting with Lester, and he felt like it took him out of the loop. Every time he saw her on her phone, he felt the urge to grab it and see just what she was doing. He imagined her texting cute little things or flirting with Lester.

When they'd dropped off the girls at Sarah's parents in the morning, he'd snuck a look over her shoulder and saw that she was just on Pinterest. It was something about decorating a house on a budget.

He felt like he was going crazy. This wasn't him – all these paranoid thoughts darting through his head. Though Sarah had given him cause to feel this way. The things she'd done behind his back lately. Sure, he knew that maybe she felt justified in those moments, but it was still gnawing at him. He wondered what else she'd do without him. He knew, eventually, she would come clean with whatever she'd done. That part of what they both found hot about all this was doing it without him knowing or him not being in complete control.

But he didn't like it when he wasn't in control, even though that was what they were doing tonight by having Lester come over for dinner. Dan knew that control would be wrested away from him. And as much as he hated that feeling, just like the feeling he'd had when he lost his job, he hated admitting to himself how much it affected him and turned him on. He didn't know what the fuck was wrong with him, but he both loathed and anticipated the thought of having to leave home for Chicago for a meeting with Bill and Elevate Engagement or flying back to D.C.

Would Lester try something at their house again? Dan cursed himself for leaving those hidden cameras he'd bought online in his closet in Chicago. He'd wanted to install them in their home already, but with everything going on lately, it had fallen down his priority list. Now he wished he had them on hand. Especially now that Sarah would be watching their credit card statement much more closely after losing her own job. He couldn't justify the expense, and he didn't want to try to argue about having bought them in the first place - bring up the hand grenade issue of trust.

At least he'd already pulled the trigger on buying them. Next time he was in Chicago, he'd be bringing the equipment back with him, along with the last remaining things he had there. And he'd also pay Lizzie a visit. He had some questions about Lester that had long needed answering.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose as his thoughts had wandered far away from the PowerPoint slide open on the laptop in front of him. He sat back in the chair and blinked, trying to adjust his eyes and make them focus. The chairs around the dining room table weren't the most comfortable in the house. He would have gotten more done upstairs in his own office, but he wanted to be near Sarah as she cooked dinner. He felt a pit in his stomach as he looked over at Sarah, busy in the kitchen cooking some kind of pasta dish. It was as if he were watching her prepare a special meal for another man. In many ways, that was exactly what she was doing, but at least Dan would be present as well.

Even though Dan had requested ribs when she'd asked the night before, she was making pasta. He hadn't mustered the courage to ask if that was what Lester had requested or if it was her own choice. But he knew there were ribs in the freezer that could've been thawed out and cooked.

Dan sighed and closed his laptop. He wasn't going to get any work done when his mind was a jumble of complex emotions like this. Reluctantly, he had to admit that the aroma wafting over to him from the kitchen smelled amazing. He couldn't wait to try whatever it was she was making.

The smell of Sarah's cooking distracted him and let him reminisce about better days, but the moment was fleeting. The doorbell rang, and Dan felt that familiar knot twist in his stomach. The knot was a potent mixture of anxiety, arousal, eagerness, and trepidation.

He looked over at Sarah in the kitchen. She was already looking back at him, her shapely body half turned towards the front door. They shared a look that seemed to say a million different things, but Dan came away unable to understand any of it. He read a flurry of emotions on her face, all of them adding to the growing knot in his stomach. She felt guilty about this arrangement. And she felt even guiltier about how much she was looking forward to it. Dan knew that part of him was looking forward to it as well, at least the idea of it. Or perhaps he was anticipating the unexpected.

But when the doorbell rang again, he rose to stand on shaky legs. He held Sarah's eye as he moved to join her in the kitchen. Together they walked towards the front door. He felt, for a moment, like they moved in tandem. A united front.

But then he stopped. His body just would no longer proceed a few feet from the door, by the edge of the couch. He hadn't planned on stopping, and his mind raced, wondering what his legs were doing. Sarah glanced back at him and seemed to take his stillness as some kind of sign. She read into his actions, but he didn't know what message she took away.

The flat smile she gave him as she turned and opened the door made his stomach twist even harder. He could see her smile widen as Lester came into view. Whether that was real emotion or simply the polite thing one does when answering the door, he didn't think he'd ever know.

His eyes narrowed as he caught sight of Lester. Flowers in one hand and a large wine bottle in the other, a red cabernet, one of Sarah's favorites.

Dan felt the unease rise into his chest as he looked on, seemingly already the forgotten third wheel in this new arrangement. Lester didn't even glance his way, his eyes glued to Sarah, running over her body. Dan's mind flashed back to that poorly attempted threesome at the apartment and his inability to pleasure his own wife. His inability to provide for her, for his family. The bills and the mortgage payments that kept piling up.

Sarah took the flowers as Lester shut the door behind himself. Finally, the odd, fat man glanced at Dan for the first time, and the smile on his face widened. Then, just as quickly, he looked back at Sarah and snaked a fat hand around her thin waist and pulled her to him, his face disappearing from Dan's view behind her golden locks as they kissed, the smacking of their lips audible to the room.

The kiss went on longer than a polite kiss should have. Lester seemed to grind his body against Sarah who, Dan swore he heard a muffled moan come from. They finally parted, and the shit eating grin was back on Lester's face.

Sarah turned around, looking flustered before meeting Dan's eye and quickly looking away, "I need to get back to the stove before anything burns."

Dan felt immobile again as he stood there silently. He'd thought he'd grown past all of this, but the memory of that failed threesome kept playing on a loop in his mind: how he had stepped up and barged into the room, stepped up to intervene and take back Sarah. To fuck her and show up Lester, and to show Sarah that he could still deliver what she needed. But he'd come up so very embarrassingly short.

Lester patted Dan on the bicep with that smug grin on his face as he stepped past him, trailing Sarah into the kitchen. Lester's eyes were glued to Sarah's ass, and he seemed to be shaking his head to himself.

In that short moment, Dan realized that his own fears, anxiety, and uncertainty had set this proposed 'throuple' off onto a course that he hadn't wanted. He felt his control slipping and was unsure of how to get it back.

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Lester felt his cock swelling in his sweatpants as he strode confidently into the Williams' kitchen. He felt like Napoleon walking back onto the battlefield after having been exiled to that little island. Judging by the stupid look on Danny's pretty-boy face, Lester was going to be the man of the house tonight.

He knew what Sarah needed, and he'd studied the cuckold psychology enough to understand how to manipulate Dan. It was almost too easy. He really needed to find a way to monetize all his knowledge, or at least a way to develop it further.

He shook his head and let those thoughts slide to the back of his brain as he watched the curves of Sarah's salacious ass sway back and forth as she hurried back to take care of his dinner on the stove.

Lester's eyes stayed glued to her for a few seconds before scanning the rest of the kitchen and dining room. *So, what would the Alpha male in a throuple do next?*

He didn't really know much about throuples other than what he'd seen in some porn videos or some posts on Reddit where the situation had backfired. He honestly didn't really care all that much. He just knew it was a term he could throw into conversation to put Dan and Sarah off balance while communicating his goal of redefining their relationship. At this point, Dan and perhaps Sarah still thought of Lester as the third wheel, but that clearly had to change.

This was exactly what Lester was going to achieve with this entire ploy. Define the trio's relationship, at least in Sarah's mind, and then eventually push Dan entirely the fuck out of it. It had occurred to Lester last time he'd thought of it that Sarah's children were always going to be a problem.

Short of having them disappeared, which he was not opposed to doing, there was another option that aligned with his other goals. The girls would also be a thorn in Lester's side, the roots that had sprouted from Dan's seed holding Sarah in this failing marriage. That's why Lester needed to plant his own seeds as he'd planned. A seed to ensnare Sarah and pull her down into the dirt with him. A weed to overtake the other plants in the garden and starve them out.

Tonight was not the night to switch out the birth control pills. That would happen soon. Tonight was about altering the paradigm. But as his eyes scanned the room, he thought how much sweeter it would be if Sarah would just stop taking them altogether of her own accord. Plans within plans with backup plans, Lester smirked.

His eyes settled on a chair at the end of the table with a closed laptop sitting in front of it. It looked like Danny boy was doing a little work. Lester would have to dive into their home network records and see just what his roommate was working on. Either way, Lester had found his destination.

He moved decisively to Dan's spot at the table and sat down, pushing the laptop further down the table. He stared dead ahead and interlaced his fingers, waiting for his meal to be served to him. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Dan finally move into the kitchen with slumped shoulders. Sarah

shared a quiet word with him, and Dan moved to begin opening the bottle of wine Lester had left on the counter. The flowers he'd brought had already been arranged in a nice little vase on the kitchen table.

Dan clearly saw where Lester had chosen to sit and hadn't said a thing. *Pathetic.*

In a few short moments, a steaming plate of pasta was delicately slid onto the placemat in front of him.

"This looks great, babe," Lester said and casually gave Sarah a light slap on the butt. She batted his lingering hand away with a smile and turned towards Dan, who was still in the kitchen.

"Dan, go sit, I'll bring you a plate," Sarah said, moving past her current husband. Lester's dick jumped in his pants at the realization that Sarah had served him first. Dan gave Lester a stink eye and sat across from him at the opposite end of the table. Sarah brought two plates over and set one in front of Dan and the other in front of an empty place in the middle of the table.

Lester stood up and leaned forward, grabbing the place setting and pulling it down to the empty spot next to him, "Come sit down here with me."

Sarah glanced between Lester and Dan before taking the empty seat closer to Lester. Her leg bumped up against his knee. She moved her thigh to give him room, but he leaned his leg into hers, maintaining the contact. Without another word, Lester dug into the pasta in front of him, not bothering to politely twist his fork into an upturned spoon like Dan was doing. That was too much bother; it was much easier to shove some into his mouth and slurp the rest up.

He caught Sarah and Dan sharing another look, but didn't say anything. Clearly, they were both waiting for him to say something, but he let the uncomfortable silence permeate their dinner for a bit longer. He continued to rub the side of his knee into Dan's wife. She was now pressing her leg back into his.

Eventually, Sarah couldn't contain herself, "How's your pasta, Lester?"

"Finger lickin' good," Lester said and slurped up another noodle.

Dan cleared his throat and brought both of their eyes back towards him, "This, uh, new agreement. I think we should iron out some of the ground rules."

"I think it's pretty straightforward," Lester countered.

"I think what Dan is trying to say," Sarah said, placing a placating hand on Lester's forearm. Lester tried not to smile as Dan regarded the physical touch. Sarah continued, "Is that we should go into this with clear expectations on all our parts."

"Again. It's pretty simple," Lester said, reluctantly putting down his fork. The pasta was fucking great, and he hated not having some in his mouth that very instant. "Like in any relationship, there is a division of who takes care of what and who gets certain things."

"I mean, that's pretty simplistic, Lester," Sarah started.

Dan snorted and said, "Have you ever been in a real relationship before?"

Lester didn't want Dan's limited mindset to deter him. He waved them off and continued, "I am providing financial stability."

He counted on his fingers, “I am covering your mortgage, car payment, utilities, groceries, and whatever else comes up. This is normally the male’s role in a relationship, while the female takes care of the home and offers sex. As I am doing all the male-centric duties, I am expecting to be the beneficiary of the majority of sex and affection.”

“Lester, that’s pretty sexist,” Sarah said, putting down her utensils and crossing her arms. Their legs were still touching under the table, but she had paused them from moving together.

“That's how the world works,” Lester shrugged.

“Sarah and I have an equal relationship. We both made money and shared responsibility for the finances, the kids, the house, and choices. This isn’t the 1940s, Lester. Things don’t work like that anymore,” Dan rolled his eyes.

Runt. “Maybe they should,” Lester said. “And you mean ‘had.’ You *had* an equal relationship, and it didn’t work out that well, did it? On the brink of financial ruin? You should really be thanking me. I bring much more than what my one-third of this new relationship demands. I am essentially handling all the finances that you both previously provided. I am not doing any household chores. Both of you can more than make up for that. Besides, I won’t be here full-time, so it doesn’t make sense that I contribute to that.”

Lester held in a snicker as Dan pinched the bridge of his nose.

“What do you mean by the majority of sex?” Sarah asked. Lester noticed the subtle shift in her breathing since they’d started on this topic. He suppressed the smile from spreading on his face. He felt her leg begin subtly moving against his own again.

“As in as many times a week as I deem necessary,” Lester said.

“How does that work?” Dan asked, “You just show up and get whatever you want? Whenever you want?”

“I’m not without reason, Dan,” Lester said, “I know you have constraints like a family that will prevent me from taking Sarah to our bedroom whenever I want. But I expect you to make an effort.”

“If you’re not happy with the arrangement, perhaps we can outsource some of the chores and housework to some kind of laborer, but I don’t think Sarah would want to reduce your share of sex. And no, I don’t mean that the laborer would get to sleep with your wife, Dan,” Lester chided.

“That's not what…what the hell are we even talking about here?” Dan said, throwing up his hands in frustration.

Lester slurped the last noodle of pasta off his plate, “I thought we were talking about ground rules and expectations.”

“We’re not, y-you’re just stating your own rules,” Dan said.

“What did you think this was going to be? That I just pay for everything and there’s an equal balance of power, and we all sit in a circle and hold hands, swaying to Kumbaya music? To be perfectly honest, I bring the most to this throuple. I bring the finances, I bring the fulfilling sex, and I even help satisfy your twisted voyeuristic fantasies. Sarah is the only one giving me anything in return with this meal and with what we all know is going to happen later tonight,” Lester said, “And I don’t even get to live in this house that I’ll be paying for. I’m going to be relegated to staying in a hotel room when in town, which I also will pay for, by the way. I don’t get to enjoy the amenities like you will. The

shower's hot water that my money pays for. It isn't fair, so I think a few rules like these are a small ask, don't you agree?"

Lester laid it on thick with his prepared arguments. Neither Sarah nor Dan had thought these things through, but Lester had made sure to. He had come armed with a list of arguments to shut them down and paint himself as the reasonable one. The one actually getting the short end of the stick in this whole arrangement.

Sure, it made sense to a degree, but it was all performative bullshit. Sarah was gobbling it up, her leg massaged into his sensually.

"Lester," Sarah said in a calming voice as she shared a look with Dan, "We appreciate what you are doing here."

She put her hand back on Lester's arm, "I appreciate it. I think a couple of rules won't be too hard to follow, given what you're helping us with."

Lester put his hand on top of Sarah's, "I just want it to be made clear that I'm not being too demanding."

"It's…" Dan started before Sarah cut him off.

"It's not too demanding," Sarah said, "You're right. All relationships are about balance, and we need to balance things out with what you're providing for us."

Dan's eye twitched. It was time to push things up a notch.

Lester let go of Sarah's hand and pushed his chair back and unbuckled his belt.

"What are you doing?" Dan asked.

Lester didn't answer him; instead, he looked at Sarah, "I think it's time you showed me just how much you appreciate me."

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Sarah bit her lip and felt her chest heat up. Lester's commanding words always struck a chord inside of her that she found hard to resist. She glanced at Dan at the other end of the table and saw the familiar conflicting emotions playing on his face.

She knew he hated all of this on some level, but she also knew that it scratched some deep psychological itch for both of them that she'd never be able to scratch by herself.

They had already agreed to move forward with this new arrangement. To Sarah, it didn't seem that different from the previous one and should be easy for Dan to swallow. If he had any objections, he could raise them himself.

Sarah gave Dan a wicked grin and subtle wink as she pushed her chair back. Deep down, she knew the paralysis that Dan could experience in these moments allowed things to move forward. That he might not object, even if he really wanted to. She let that thought slip from her mind as she turned her attention to Lester's ugly face. Her eyes lingered on his unkempt features, the wild stubble, his beady, slightly uneven eyes and wide nose, the hair sticking out between his eyebrows. Even the long hairs protruding from his nostrils. It shouldn't turn her on, but it did. A lot.

Her eyes trailed down his oddly proportioned body until they landed on his crotch, and she could see the outline of his gargantuan organ swelling there. She felt her mouth beginning to salivate even though she'd just satisfied her appetite.

She moved gracefully around the table, tracing her fingernails over its wooden surface until she was standing in front of Lester. She could feel Dan's gaze on her back as she slowly lowered herself in front of his roommate.

Lester licked his lips, and together they lowered his pants and scraggly underwear until his thick, long cock and hairy balls splayed out of them. In the soft lighting of the dining room, the massive organ seemed impossibly large. The head was a vibrant shade of angry red, and the veins pulsed visibly. It stood out as a solid bar of flesh from beneath the paunch of his misshapen gut.

Sarah's eyes widened in response. She understood that Lester's pride was directly fueling his excitement. "You want me to show you how much I appreciate you?" Sarah said in a low, husky voice. Lester's three chins nodded in quivering unison.

"You've been so good to me. To us. I think you deserve a little kiss," Sarah said and leaned forward, taking Lester's cock in her hand and planting a soft, lingering, sensual kiss on the wide head of his cock. She kissed it again. And again, her lips spread and tongue ventured out to french kiss his cockhead like a lover would.

"Mhmmm," Sarah moaned quietly to herself, getting lost in the embrace. Her hand unconsciously began stroking up and down Lester's thick shaft, her fingers struggling to wrap around it.

Sarah kept her supple lips glued to Lester's cock and looked up at the ugly man's face, "You're giving us so much, I think you deserve more than a little kiss."

She looked over her shoulder towards Dan. She could barely see him from this angle, but she could see he'd scooted over a bit to get a better view. She smiled at that. She could just see his eyes, "Don't you think Lester deserves more than a kiss, Dan? Since he's the one providing for us now?"

She knew it was hurting Dan, but that this would also arouse him like crazy. She planned to lean hard into this angle tonight to ensure her husband got the most out of her intimate time with Lester.

Dan didn't say anything, but he sucked in a breath when she finished speaking. Sarah's wicked smile grew wider, and she turned back to Lester, "You deserve a lot more now that you're the man of the house."

She flicked her tongue out and licked up from the base of his cock until it whipped over his cockhead. Then she did it again. She saw the man's jowls jiggle and knew she had both men in the palm of her hand.

With that thought in mind, she brought the palm of her other hand up to cradle Lester's king-sized balls. She licked his shaft again and swirled her tongue over the crown of his cockhead before stroking his shaft. Her tongue trailed down until it reached his hairy balls before she dove in further, extending her tongue and lapping at his majestic nutsack.

"Mhmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as his wiry pubic hairs and distinct musk invaded her nostrils. Sarah couldn't help but moan as she smelled and tasted this primal tool that made her pussy begin to soak her panties. She was losing herself in the moment. She absolutely adored being on her knees before Lester.

“Show me what a good wifey you are,” Lester groaned as she sucked and licked his balls. “Show me how appreciative you can be.”

Sarah redoubled her efforts and moaned a little louder, devouring Lester’s sack and pumping her first up and down his cock as she watched from below. His simple words turned her sensual blowjob into a depraved performance.

“This is the new status quo you need to get used to, Danny,” Lester chuckled from above her. “In every throuple, there is a clear alpha and then there’s the beta. Spoilers, that’s you. You’re going to want to get reacquainted with that hand of yours because Sarah is going to be all mine from now on.” He waved at Dan mockingly.

The words registered in her ears, but Sarah was too preoccupied with slurping on Lester’s staggering cock to really take notice. She licked up his shaft again and opened her mouth wide and took Lester’s cockhead back into her mouth. Her lips stretched to accommodate him. Just the feeling of his massive cock entering her mouth made her shake and clench her thighs together.

“Mhmmhm,” Sarah moaned around Lester’s cock, “Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhmmmm.”

“What’s the matter? Cat got your tongue? Are you mute?” Lester chuckled at his roommate, “We all know it’s better this way. Come on, you couldn’t even get it up last time. Let’s face it, you can’t give a sexual goddess like Sarah what she needs, and that’s okay. It’s not your fault, you’re just not equipped for it, little buddy. But that’s why I… fit so well into this relationship. Not only do I provide financially, I provide sexually.”

Sarah pushed past her gag reflex and took most of Lester’s cock into the back of her mouth, his cock head pushing down into the opening of her throat. It was so warm, she could feel the dense network of veins on the underside of his cock pulsating against her tongue. Lester’s venom-laced words were like fuel for her own depraved desires. Just the sardonic nature of his emasculating words triggered something inside of her. It was so wrong, but she couldn’t help but find herself craving the feeling of Lester’s cock inside of her.

She didn’t hear Dan respond; her eyes were closed as she stroked and sucked Lester’s fat cock. Sliding it in and out of her outstretched mouth. Her tongue ran up and down the bottom of his shaft. Occasionally, she’d swirl her tongue over the expansive tip of it before greedily taking Lester’s meaty pole back into her mouth.

Sarah tightened her grip around his shaft and tugged gently on his nutsack.

“Sarah,” Lester said in a gravelly sing-song voice, “Danny boy is sporting a tent over there. I think he likes being talked down to like this and seeing the mother of his children worshipping her new man. Her real man.”

Sarah’s piercing green eyes looked up at Lester as she slowed her eager sucking. She parted her lips and looked over her shoulder at Dan. The intense gaze that used to turn her on so much was plastered on his face. It still got to her, but so did the looks Lester gave her, the looks the men in the theater, and hell, even the look that piece of shit Richard Thornhill had given her.

All those hungry eyes….

“Is that true, Dan? You like seeing me kneeling in front of Lester? Sucking his big, fat cock? Do you like seeing your wife like this?” Sarah asked, staring into the fire in Dan’s eyes. She could see the war waging behind his gaze, the intense desire to intervene, and the overwhelming need to let this play

out. She kept eye contact with him and leaned forward, kissing the side of Lester's cock. Then she nuzzled it, letting it rest against her cheek.

Her eyes flicked down at the tent in his pants. She had slept with her husband twice since the threesome incident. She knew that he was able to get it up, but she still wanted to add a dash of cruelty. To give him the humiliation he definitely needed tonight. To make this fucked up throuple thing work.

"Why is your dick so hard?" Sarah asked, "The last time we were together with Lester, it wouldn't work. You're sending me mixed signals. You better not take it out, otherwise it might disappear again on us."

Dan's jaw opened in shock as if he was going to say something, but then promptly closed. She'd left him speechless again, like she'd done so many times in the past.

"That's enough," Lester said. He flexed his cock, thumping it against her face.

Sarah turned back to Lester and looked up at the ugly man.

"Danny is welcome to sit over in the corner and watch, but you're giving him too much attention," Lester chided.

"Am I?" Sarah challenged, "Are you getting jealous?"

Lester smirked, and a little air escaped his nostrils. The short man flexed his cock, now gripped in her hand. Sarah opened her mouth wide in shock at how strong it felt in her grasp. She slid her other hand up to wrap around it, running both palms up and down his bulky shaft.

"Do you really think I have anything to be jealous of?" Lester grinned. "From him?"

"No," Sarah scoffed way too quickly, but the words continued to tumble out of her mouth, "No, you really don't…"

"That's what I thought," Lester lowered a hand and lightly tugged at the strap of her black tank top, "Take this off."

Sarah didn't hesitate and let go of Lester's cock and quickly peeled her tank top off over her head, throwing it onto the floor carelessly. Lester's eyes glazed over as they roamed over her heaving breasts, clad only in a tight, lacy black bra. He licked his lips as he looked down at her and a shiver ran up her spine.

"Jeans," Lester grunted.

Sarah undid the button at the top of her form-fitting, high-waist jeans and unzipped them. She stood up quickly and tugged them down. She looked over her shoulder at Dan as the top of the jeans lowered down to her ass cheeks, exposing a thin, little black thong that accentuated her voluptuous ass.

Sarah kicked off her jeans, and they landed on her tank top, reminding her of the piles of discarded clothes in Lester's room. She momentarily imagined what her immaculate house would look like if Lester moved in. As she glanced back at his cock in front of her, the chaotic thought didn't trouble her as much as it should have.

She didn't waste any time, going back onto her knees in front of Lester. The wood floor was cold and uncomfortable against her bare skin, but she had more pressing things to worry about. Her mouth

was back on Lester's cock within a half second. This time, his pudgy fingers wrapped up her blonde mane and gripped it tight in a fist, and he started putting pressure on the back of her head, guiding it up and down over his tremendous cock.

"She may be the woman you married," Lester grunted, "but she's my slut wife. Watch this."

"Sarah," Lester removed his hand from Sarah's head and pulled his sweatshirt off, tossing it away, adding it to the growing pile of clothes on the ground. She ran her eyes up his hairy chest and flabby body until her gaze locked with his beady eyes.

"Let go with one of your hands," Lester said. Sarah reluctantly took one of her hands off his shaft and let it drop to his balls, her French manicured fingernails teasing the wrinkled, hairy skin. Lester smirked, "Touch yourself with it. Play with your clit while I choke you with my cock. Let's show Dan what you've learned."

Sarah's eyes went wide at Lester's bold words. It was just so depraved. It was so –

Lester's hand returned to the back of her head and tightened its grip on her hair, pulling her head back down onto his cock. He wasn't gentle with her like Dan was. He thrust up with his hips and rammed his cock back into her mouth. Sarah stifled a gag as Lester's fat fist of a cockhead pushed into the entrance of her throat.

She wanted to choke, but tamped the impulse down. She tightly gripped the broad base of his shaft that was still exposed while her other hand braced her against the chair between his legs.

Dan said something that didn't register in her brain, but Lester interrupted him. "Shh, shh, Danny. This is the good part."

Lester briefly removed his hand from Sarah's head to show her squirming husband that she wasn't being forced to do this. The monstrous man's cock continued to disappear into her mouth.

"Good. Good girl. Now, Danny… listen."

The room was quiet except for the growing gurgling groans and a low hiss of air coming from Sarah's windpipe. Her jaw widened, and she felt her throat expand like something was stuck in it. But then she pushed past that feeling. All three of them heard the unmistakable wet fleshy 'pop' of Lester's cock entering her stretched-open throat. A flood of tears ran freely from Sarah's eyes, and a strangled guttural moan escaped from deep inside her. Her hand tightened its place on Lester's cock.

"MMMMHMHMMHMMM," Sarah moaned while suppressing a gag on his cock. Her left hand drifted from the chair and into her soaked panties. She quickly found her engorged clit and began rubbing it. Her other hand resumed its place at his crotch, unable to encircle him at the root fully.

"Glllluccck, glllllccuuucckk, gllaaack," Sarah heard the wet, spit-filled sounds ring out from her throat as Lester fucked her mouth, her fingers danced and massaged her clit furiously. Lester's control and domination, his rough treatment of her, and exposing her like this to Dan was such a powerful combination that she could already feel her body racing towards the precipice.

"You see that?" Lester said towards Dan, "If you look closely, you can see my cock all the way in her throat. Yeah, bet you've never done that before. Don't think you can reach that far, can you? Can. You?" Driving himself to the hilt with each word.

It was infuriating to Sarah that Dan wasn't saying anything. He wasn't responding or standing up for himself in his own house. But it was also intoxicating to be so thoroughly used and abused in front of

him like this. Sarah felt guilt and shame, and erotic fucking fire washed over her as everything swirled around her. She couldn't believe she was about to cum so fucking soon.

"GgggggaaaaAUUHHHHH," Sarah's throat erupted in a gurgling cry as she clenched her thighs around her forearm, her middle and pointer finger lazily massaging her stiffened clit as she felt the first throes of an unprecedented orgasm wash over her body. Lester's hips thrust up into her mouth, his overwhelming cock pushing back down in her throat. Lester's coarse pubic hair covered her face. And Dan watching her. Lester's firm hand on the back of her head. She was such a complete slut for Lester's cock.

"GAAAUHHHHMHMMMAHMMGAAA!!" Sarah came on her fingers as Lester's cock stretched open her throat. It felt amazing cumming while his humongous cock was shoved so deep into her like this. Her entire sense of her purpose, her only imperative, was to allow more of this man's amazing cock inside her body. A tidal wave of pleasure rose up and quickly hammered down on all the nerves in her body. All Sarah could do was hold on while Lester face fucked her and her body convulsed on her own hand.

The room was boiling. Sarah felt the sweat running down her back as her spit ran down over her hand. Her mind was clouding over, and she saw stars behind her eyes. Lester never let up, and she loved him for it. His cock was still pounding into her throat, giving her exactly what she hadn't known she'd needed.

Sarah's body shuddered and slumped, exhausted. Her hand was covered in a glaze of her own orgasmic fluids. She desperately tried to catch her breath through her nose as Lester continued to force feed her his cock. Taking sharp little breaths in for the scant milliseconds until his apple-sized cockhead pushed back into her mouth.

The grip on her head eased, and the pressure from Lester lessened. She pushed back and took her mouth off of his cock and breathed in deeply. Her eyes stung – she hadn't realized tears had run down her face, mixing with her eyeliner.

Lester looked down at her with a predatory grin. Sarah just knelt in front of him, one hand still gripping the base of his cock for support as she heaved in deep breaths. Lester's eyes flicked towards Dan, then he stood up and pulled Sarah up by her armpits.

He spun her around and bent her over the table. Lester's fat arm reached forward and slid his dirty plate and utensils down the table. Sarah braced herself for what was next. She yelped as Lester pulled at her little black thong. It went dangerously tight against her soaked pussy before ripping. Lester let it drop to the floor between her spread out legs and pushed down on her back.

Sarah's bra-clad chest pushed into her family's dining room table before she felt Lester's hot cockhead running up and down her dripping wet slit.

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Dan stood transfixed as Sarah's tiny little thong, now a shredded string ripped from her hips, dropped to the floor. He shuddered as Sarah lay bent over their dining room table – the same table where he had insisted their family dine together every night. Where they taught their children to behave and how hard work paid off. It was like a scene from a fantasy-based horror movie, the hero's castle having been attacked and raided by a troll army. The princess, half-naked and bent over the table as the troll commander stood behind her, ready to claim her virtue for all to see.

But in this case, the damsel in distress seemed more than willing to surrender her maidenhead. His wife's form writhed serpentine back and forth on their dinner table, anxiously awaiting Lester's cock. Lester looked like a goblin king as he stood staring down at Sarah's ass, his small, fat frame covered in a coat of dense, coarse hair. The folds of his body not making any sense as odd parts ballooned out like an apple or a pear.

But none of that seemed to matter to Sarah, "Fuck Lester! Stop! Fucking! Teasing me and put it in me. Fuck!"

"Are you sure you don't want dipshit Danny over there?" Lester chuckled, giving Dan a hard, fixed glare.

What the fuck was going on here? Dan felt like he was back in the night during their failed threesome. His failed part in it. He felt powerless, like his hands were off the wheel. Cruise control was engaged, and Dan could only watch as his car drifted off the road on the way to becoming a burning wreck.

Sarah didn't respond to Lester. Her face was pressed against the cherry wood table, but her arm reached back towards Lester, trying to pull him towards it. Lester just smirked, running his fat hands over Sarah's back, grabbing her ass, and then licking his lips.

"Looks like she's all mine," Lester chuckled towards Dan before his eyes lit up. "Time for dessert!" He gritted his teeth and thrust forward, spearing his cock into Sarah's wet, waiting opening.

"UGGGH. MHMMMMUHHHH," Sarah grunted as her body rocked forward onto the table. Dan felt the blanket of humiliation crawl over his skin. He felt so small in this moment, watching his wife be claimed in their own home. For all his insistence that Lester no longer be allowed into their house, he was letting this most intimate and vile trespass happen right in front of him.

"AH-FUCK," Sarah moaned into the table, her hands sprawling out, trying desperately to grab onto something. To gain some form of leverage to push herself back against Lester's onslaught. She was up on her tippy toes, her long, toned, slender legs trying to balance as Lester savagely pounded into her. Although she'd been with Lester many times, she'd never before felt the extremity with which he entered her now. More pain, more ecstasy, more all-out filthy wrongness wrapped up in his defilement of the horny mother. Her tanned body rocked against the table, while Lester's fat, pale folds jiggled with each juddering thrust. Her hands crazily alternated between splaying fully out and then curling back into fists.

"Oh yeah, baby. That's that good pussy. Nnng. Hey, hey Danny, while we're here, let this remind us what we're all bringing to this table... the beautiful wife brings these amazing-ah fuck, get it, get IT! - these amazing dishes." Lester gestured at the rest of the table.

"And her amazing body." Lester leaned forward into Sarah, depositing his unfit gut fully on her immaculate, shuddering ass, dropping his controlling hand in the middle of her back, and mashing her down into the cold wooden surface.

"We all know what, ung, unnngh, I bring. The money to support you. And..." Lester paused as a sharp intake came from Sarah's breath. Lester's drilling cock flexed steadily inside the young mother.

"Remind me again what you bring Dan?"

Sarah's gaze lingered on Dan like she hoped he might say something, anything. He'd given her two beautiful daughters. Together they'd bought this house and made it their own. He was the one and only love of her life... Sarah bit her lip as Dan sat there silently, unable to utter a single word.

"Huh, I agree with you. Nothing. You bring nothing to the table. You're just an audience for us to play for. Glad we're all on the same page now."

"Dan... Lester… too muc-" Sarah breathed. A sharp smack landed across her ass cheeks, cutting her off.

"Quiet, baby. Don't ruin this... for him," Lester wheezed.

It was an obscene and degrading scene. Dan couldn't pull his eyes away. He was vaguely aware that the living room blinds were probably still open. That anyone could look in and see the sordid display taking place on their dining room table, but he didn't move. He couldn't move. He couldn't look away. Could barely even blink.

Control seemed to be slipping through his fingers. The room spun on its axis. Dan's eyelids fluttered as the blood rushed to his head. He felt uneasy, like an empty boat lost in a storm, spinning and floating away, completely under the storm's control.

A heady cocktail of shame, envy, and arousal washed all over him. He felt the tent in his pants begin to ache. How could he get turned on by this but fail to get it up for a ready and willing Sarah? Sure, he'd managed it recently, but every time that lingering doubt overshadowed him like a dark cloud ready to pour on his parade.

"Squeeze me, momma," Lester grunted, "Squeeze my cock. Gnnng. Ah yeah. Just like that. Good girl, Sarah. Show Danny how well I've trained you."

"Mhmmmfuuuucccck," Sarah let out a long, whining groan. It sounded so familiar, yet so foreign. He understood the words but didn't understand the context that gave rise to them. The way Lester was fucking her was on a different, alien level that he was just grasping to comprehend.

"Uh. Mhmmm. Yes. Uh. Uh. Ah. Fuck. Oh. Fuck. Yes. Please. Fuck. God. God. God Fuck. Lester. Lester. Lester, please!" Sarah whined, finally pushing herself up onto her forearms. Her blonde hair dangled around her face, draping messily onto the table.

Lester thrust forward again, rocking into Sarah, making her body jump enticingly. Dan's eyes widened as he saw Sarah's voluptuous breasts, still encased in her bra, jiggling up and down. He watched transfixed as Sarah's bosom heaved with her labored breathing before rocking forward again as Lester thrust into her.

There hadn't been a condom. There hadn't even been the thought of a condom, much less a discussion. Lester was enjoying his wife with his raw cock, nothing separating him from her. Experiencing her as only Dan had.

A small voice from the back of his mind spoke up *That isn't true anymore.*

He felt a dollop of precum soak through his underwear.

"Fuck you're so fucking tight," Lester growled.

WHAP

Lester again slapped one of Sarah's flawless ass cheeks, leaving behind a pink hand impression. Sarah moaned and cried out – Dan couldn't tell if it was pain or pleasure, and neither, honestly, could Sarah. Lester thrust into Sarah again, slamming their sweaty bodies together.

The glass that Sarah had set for him on the table fell over and rolled until it fell off and shattered on the floor. Water spilled onto the table, dripping down and pooling amongst the broken glass.. It was only a matter of time before the rest followed. And Sarah didn't even seem to notice.

"OH GOD LESTER!" Sarah half screamed. She was panting into the wooden tabletop. Lester rammed into Sarah again, "UH-FFFFUCK!"

The table's legs squealed across the dining room floor as it shifted a quarter inch. Their fucking was desecrating their home.

"This, this is what I'm talking about," Lester grunted, both hands clasped on Sarah's hips as he pounded his thick, animal-sized cock into her soaked snatch. "You can't give it to her like THIS, Danny. This is what she needs. A proper fuck from an actual man. Isn't that right, Sarah? You need it like, hhhuh, hhhuh, THIS, don't you!?"

"I need it!" Sarah shouted, catching Dan off guard. She pushed herself up off the table and obsessively thrust her ass back against Lester's cock, "Oh, oooh, Oh fuck! Dan, Danny, I'm sorry. I nee-FUCK! You sent me to his room. Ahh, mmm, this is Lester's pussy now! You sent me into the living room, and I tasted him! I sucked on his big fat COCK! Fuck I need it, Lester. I need you. I need you and that amazing cock of yours. Please don't stop!"

Lester reached forward and roughly grabbed a handful of Sarah's hair in a fist. He pulled, making her yelp as he pulled her head up. Her eyes were wild, and she was breathing frantically. Dan locked eyes with her and didn't recognize the fire behind her eyes. The wanton desire burning within her.

"Tell Danny what you need," Lester grunted through clenched teeth.

"Oh fuck….Dan….I'm sorry. I need-FUCK….I need his cock," Sarah whined, "Uhmmm, God. If you hadn't ever shared me. Given me away like you did, I'd never know it could feel so fucking good. Mhmmfuck. It's Lester's cock. I need Lester's cock. You gave me away. Gave me to him. Made me his. Made me such a slut for his cock."

Lester chuckled and learned forward, licking the side of Sarah's face as he held her in place, "Good girl."

Sarah shuddered at his words. Her bottom lip hung agape as she closed her eyes and focused on grinding herself back onto Lester's cock.

"Tell Danny over there how it feels," Lester commanded.

"So fucking good. So BIG. I feel so full, so fucking full. God, it's amazing," Sarah mewed.

"More full than with Danny?" Lester demanded, pulling on her air.

"YESSSS," Sarah whined, struggling for breath. She bumped her shapely ass back onto Lester's awaiting cock, grinding the balls of her feet into the wood floor. "So full. Never this full. Never. S-sorry Dan, sorry. But you, y-you let him fuck me raw. Oh God. Lester. Don't make me say more. It's mean. So mean. God Lester."

"Heh," Lester chortled, "But this, this is what he needs."

Lester pulled on Sarah's blonde mane again, her hair his makeshift reins, her face came up masked with pleasure. Her eyes were lazy and unfocused as Dan looked at her, "Who's the man of the house now, huh?"

"God, you are Lester. You are," Sarah whimpered.

"Look at Danny and tell him whose cock comes first in this relationship now," Lester said, smacking her ass firmly with his other hand.

Sarah's eyes opened wide, and she looked around at Dan with a vacant, half-glazed gaze, "Lester's cock. Lester's cock always comes first. Uh. Mhmm. Fffuccck yessss. Lester's big, juicy fucking amazing cock comes first."

Her words felt like iron daggers in his chest. He didn't know how much more of this display he could take. Dan's heart felt like it was beating out of his chest. He thought it was going to explode. His cock ached, dying to be released.

Dan's hands went to the waistband of his pants, and he started to undo the button.

"No," Lester said forcefully, "Not yet. You haven't earned that yet. Keep it in your pants, Romeo."

Sarah looked around questioningly.

"Dan's trying to jerk off to this," Lester said.

"Let him," Sarah said, "That's what we're here for. For all of us."

"Not yet," Lester said, "He needs to watch and learn his place before he gets to play with it. Tell him to keep it in his pants."

Sarah groaned in subservience and looked at Dan, "Keep it in your pants. No jerking off. Don't even touch it."

This was so entirely fucked. Not only was Lester taking his wife, but now they were both dictating to him just when he could touch himself. Deciding what Dan could do in his own house, with his own body?

"That's not fai—" Dan started.

"Do it for me, baby." Sarah said, "Wait. It will be worth it." Dan watched as she made a half-hearted attempt at a reassuring smile, but she turned her head away as Lester deftly lunged back into her.

Dan let go of his pants, despite the desperate aching of his cock. He couldn't take much more of this. If he came, maybe it would clear his head and let him approach this better. Figure out a way to flip this situation on its head.

"Don't call him baby like that anymore," Lester said, "Got it? That's for me only."

"Fuck. Uhh. Mhmmm. Oh, baby. You're so bad, Lester." Sarah moaned.

"Shut up. You love it," Lester tightened his grip on her hair, making Sarah's face contort, her lips forming an exaggerated 'O'.

"There's only gonna be one daddy in this house from now on," Lester growled, "Who's it gonna be, Sarah?"

Sarah locked eyes with Dan, but she seemed to see past him, through him, almost – like he was just a piece of the furniture.

“YOU!” Sarah screamed, throwing her head back. Her hair went wild. “FUCK! LESTER! DADDY!! GIVE IT TO ME! DON’T STOP BABY! DON’T STOOOOP!”

Lester grinned and raised his eyebrows at Dan. He licked his ugly lips again and snapped off the clasp on Sarah’s bra in one, quick, practiced gesture.

“God Damn Right,” Lester said. Sarah’s bra hung loosely off her shoulders; her magnificent breasts spilled free. Her nipples were hard and erect as her breasts flounced as Lester expertly pounded her.

“If I’m the man of the house, what does that make Danny?” Lester barked.

“I don’t know. Please, please just fuck me,” Sarah’s voice dripped with needful desperation.

“What does that make him? Hmmm?” Lester demanded again, pounding into her.

“Fuck,” Sarah whined, “I don’t know. I don’t know! A boy!”

“What’s that? A little boy?” Lester barked, his eyes on her husband.

“Yes,” Sarah said, “Fuck Lester, just shut up and fuck me.”

“Oh, I’m gonna keep fucking you. I’m gonna fuck you all night long. I’m going to fuck you on every single fucking surface of this house. I’m gonna drag you from room to fucking room. And Danny boy will trail behind u,s cleaning up our mess.” Lester said through gritted teeth, “Is that what you want?”

“OH GOD!” Sarah said, “Fuck I want it, Lester. Yes! Please. Fuck me. Own me. JUST FUCKING GIVE IT TO ME!”

“What do you want, Sarah?” Lester laughed and ground his extended cock into her. He pulled back and thrust forward, making the table legs screech against the floor. The plates and silverware all shifted on the table. Another glass fell, spilling its contents onto the table, but it didn’t roll off.

“YOU! FUCK! I NEED YOU! I NEED MORE OF YOUR COCK! I NEED YOUR CUM! GIVE IT TO ME! FUCK! LESTER! FILL ME!. GIVE IT TO ME! I NEED IT!” Sarah’s body was rocking back uncontrollably as she fucked back on Lester’s cock. She looked like a woman possessed, and in some ways she was, but instead of a demon, it was Lester’s cock inside of her making her behave this way.

“Where do you want it?” Lester barked.

“In my pussy. In my fucking pussy,” Sarah breathed hard as she slammed back onto Lester’s cock. Her succulent breasts were hanging, wildly bouncing freely. A determined look of lust plastered over her face. Her fingers dug into the wooden table, her ass cheeks jiggling as they thrust back to meet each of Lester’s powerful thrusts, “Fill me. Fill me with your fucking cum, Lester. Fucking fill me up. God, I want to feel it inside of me. I want to feel it exploding into me! I WANT IT TO DRIP OUT OF ME! I WANT IT IN MY PUSSY AND MY MOUTH AT THE SAME TIME! FUCK I WANT IT EVERYWHERE LESTER!”

“Not until you cum for me,” Lester said as sweat glistened off his flabby chest. He was breathing hard too, “Cum on my cock and I’ll explode inside of you. Then I’ll drag you upstairs for round two. For starters.”

“Holy fuck,” Sarah whined, dropping her head, “Oh fuck. Mhmm. Fuck. Fuck. Mhmm. Jesus fucking Christ, Lester. Uh Lester. Uh. Uh. Uh. Ahmhmm. Ah-mhmm. Ah-hmmhmm Lester. Oh Lester. Lester. Please. Fuck. Mhmm.Uhmnmhmm. Lester. Yes. Yes. Right there. Don’t stop, Lester. Baby. Don’t stop. Jesus.”

Dan gulped and watched as Sarah’s body started to thrash violently on the table. She wasn’t looking at him anymore. Her head was dropped down low on the table. The soft light above the dining room table made the sweat on her beautiful back shine. His cock ached, and he thought that he might cum in his pants without even touching it.

His eyes and ears were overloaded with visual and auditory stimulation. His mouth felt dry. It was as if he were having an out-of-body experience, with all control and motor functions unavailable. He’d never lost control this badly before. The only evidence that he still had a body was the pounding of his heart in his chest. It felt like the movie Alien, where the creature bursts out of the guy’s chest.

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Fuck me. Yes. Lester. Pound my pussy. Fuck. GIVE IT TO ME, LESTER! CUM! CUM! CUM! CUM LESTER! FUCK LESTER! I’M GOING TO! I’M….FUCKKKKK!” Sarah wailed as her body tensed and she slammed back into Lester one final time.

“SHIT,” Lester buried himself to the hilt inside of her and let out a loud groan. Dan hated that he knew what Lester’s face looked like when he came. Lester’s left foot energetically stomped on the dining room floor, and then more forcefully a second time.

All of the muscles in Sarah’s body looked rigidly tightened. Her hands were balled into fists, and she was high up on her tiptoes. Her cheeks were red, and Dan watched as her eyes rolled back in her head, her jaw hanging open, her lashes blinking uncontrollably over the whites of her unseeing eyes.

“UHHMHMMMMMMMMM,” Sarah’s mouth curled up in a tight smile as she came. Dan’s wife, mother of his children, was cumming as Lester’s massive tool overfilled her with his illicit seed. Lester groaned as he pulled his cock back and slowly pumped a few more strokes into her.

The sounds of something wet hitting the floor between Sarah’s legs announced Lester’s load, and Dan winced.

Sarah dropped her head to the wooden table, panting hard. Lester stayed connected to Dan’s wife while he caught his breath. Dan locked eyes with Lester, making a shit eating grin appear on the fat man’s face.

Lester pulled his cock from Sarah with an audible plop. More wet splats filled the room as cum dripped from Lester and poured out of Sarah, falling onto the wood floor of their dining room. Lester bent forward, wrapping his arms around Sarah. His fat, pale, hairy skin, mushing into Sarah’s toned, tanned body, making a fucked up contrast. He hefted Sarah’s limp body up off the table, finally allowing her to stand on the heels of her feet. He turned her face to his and planted a wet, slobbering kiss on her lips.

Sarah lazily returned the kiss, clearly exhausted from just being fucked by Lester. Dan tried not to look at Lester’s mammoth tool dangling between his legs, glistening with his wife’s juices, already back on the rise.

Dan finally got some semblance of control back as the smell of their exhaustive sex hit his nostrils. He stumbled back and sat down in a dining room chair, trying to catch his own breath and calm his racing heart.

Sarah broke the kiss, her eyes falling on Dan. She looked completely and utterly satisfied. A small smile crept to her lips, as if she was happy she had fulfilled something for Dan and given him something he'd wanted from her. Dan didn't know what he wanted in that moment. His mind was a mess of conflicting emotions.

WHAP

Lester slapped Sarah's ass hard, making her jump forward, and more of his cum splattered onto the floor and trailed down her leg. The brute had flooded his wife.

"Let's get upstairs and clean you up before the next rounds," Lester said, grabbing one of her ass cheeks and grounding his palm into it.

"Lester. Holy shit," Sarah said, looking around at the shifted table, the broken glass, the wet floor, and the kitchen still full of dirty dishes, "We made a mess. I need to clean this up."

"Don't worry," Lester chuckled and thumbed towards Dan, "Danny boy gots it."

"Lester…." Sarah said with a frown, "That's not fair."

"How's it not fair?" Lester chuckled again, "You did the cooking. I did the fucking. Now Danny can do the cleaning. Besides, he just sat and watched, getting a free show. Come on, let's go upstairs. He can come join us after."

Sarah looked to Dan for reassurance. He just nodded. Not because he wanted her to go. But because he needed a second alone to get through his thoughts. Sarah gave him a concerned look before Lester led her out of the dining room.

Dan sat there, alone in the chair, in stunned silence. His eyes roamed over the mess all around him. The pools of cum on the floor, the askew dishes. He let out a long, low breath as he heard a pair of footsteps on the floor above him and the sound of the shower turning on.

What the hell had they agreed to?

Hey folks, its that lovely day of the month where all the editing is complete on the latest chapter. This one is a continuation of what happened after the events of Chapter 33. Dan is still in a state of shock and having trouble grasping just what the hell happened last chapter.

On a side note, my month has hit some snags so I'm behind on releasing the island short story but I've blocked out some time today to hammer out some more words on it. It's coming soon.

Alright lets get to the good stuff! Here's 34! Thank you all!

Dan stood in front of the sink, mechanically scrubbing a plate as he stared unfocused at the bubbles and water before him. Some part of him knew that he had been moving his hands over the same dish for the past few minutes, but the realization never translated into a change in action.

He continued to scrub it with the abrasive side of the sponge. The water in the sink had cooled to a lukewarm temperature; his fingers had begun to prune. He didn't know if the dishwasher was full or empty. He simply needed to make sure things were clean. He wanted to do it by hand.

His eyes drifted up from the soapy water to the dining room. His stomach twisted, and he felt his skin crawl with an overwhelming sense of anxiety. And his hardened dick pressed against the kitchen cabinet below the sink.

Everything was askew in the dining room as if it were the scene of a crime. He just stared into it, almost robotically taking in the sight, not allowing anything about the room to take root in his brain. The table was several feet from where it should be and oriented the wrong way. There was broken glass on the floor and wine pooling at the base of one of the table's legs. Marinara sauce was dappled over the table's surface. And there was a pooling white substance on the floor that his brain wouldn't let him fully acknowledge - his eyes passed right over it. He was aware that a trail of the fluid led out of the dining room and across the kitchen towards the stairs. But his mind wouldn't allow that fact to reach his conscious stream of thoughts.

He looked away from the scene, back to the plate in the sink as he scrubbed it. This he could clean. He let everything else around him melt away as his entire focus rested on the plate in his hands. The suds in the water obscured his reflection. Nothing else existed. He just kept cleaning it.

His brain registered a subtle shift in the ambient noise of the house. His shoulders slumped, and his heart rate increased. He hadn't cleaned the plate enough yet. The world wasn't waiting for him to catch up. The sound of the shower turning off broke his fragile reality, and the plate slipped from his hands, disappearing silently beneath the bubbles.

Dan just stood there, listening. The sound of the water flowing to the shower had allowed him to stay in his trance. Its ceasing made his dick ache more, and his anxiety returned with a vengeance. Still, the shower shutting off was all he heard in the quiet house. Nothing else followed. Maybe he wouldn't have to –

Light footsteps fell on the floor above him. Dan held his breath. Fat, plodding footsteps followed shortly after as his empty stomach twisted in on itself. He'd lost his appetite. He didn't know if they'd been in the shower for an hour or five minutes. He just knew he could have cleaned more of the mess in the dining room within that amount of time.

The footsteps disappeared, and Dan's mind raced, wondering where they had gone. Images flashed through his head. He waited, hoping and fearing that those footsteps would descend the stairs to where he was.

He glanced back at the carnage in the dining room and gulped. He'd never felt so powerless. His attention went back to the ceiling above him. Part of him desperately wanted to ascend the stairs and see what was occurring. Another part of him wanted to put his hands around Lester's neck and not let go. But he found himself rooted in place, unable to move, hands still in the lukewarm water.

The possibilities of what might be happening upstairs kept running through his head. Mental images flashed behind his eyes. His dick was still hard, pressing into the wood of the cabinet. He found himself to be the only one of the newly declared throuple that had been denied an explosive sexual finish. A long, tired breath escaped his lips, and he slowly pulled his wrinkled hands from the water.

He dried himself on a dish towel, trying to ignore the chaotic mess of the dining room. He shuffled out of the kitchen towards the stairs. His body had decided that he needed to see what was happening. Could Lester really be ready to go again? Or were they in the marital bed sleeping? He didn't know which outcome would be worse.

As Dan moved across the living room, movement caught his eye. Outside the large bay window at the front of the house, one of their elderly neighbors was walking his dog. In the shadows, Dan stood and looked from where the man stood on the sidewalk at the end of their property to the still illuminated dining room. He hadn't been able to tear his eyes from the sight of Sarah getting savagely railed while it happened. If anyone had been outside on the sidewalk, they could have seen into the house. They could have watched all that had happened in the dining room.

He thought about turning off the lights, but that would take him away from where his legs urged him to go. He turned and started up the stairs. Halfway up, he froze, gripping the railing.

A soft, feminine moan came from somewhere upstairs. Then a soft groan of satisfaction. As if on autopilot, Dan mechanically climbed the flight of stairs. Each step felt heavier than the one before it. He felt his body moving through the upstairs hallway, but it didn't feel like he was present as he moved. He was just a passenger in his own body. Receiving the input from his eyes as if he was watching television.

The bedroom door at the end of the hallway was partially closed, but soft light spilled from the opening in a wedge on the floor. Sarah's moans of pleasure were louder now. Each step closer to his bedroom door felt like a trespass. Dan pressed his hand to the door and gently pushed it open.

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Sarah's nipples went erect the second she stepped out of the warm shower into the cool, air-conditioned bathroom. She quickly grabbed a towel and dried herself off before wrapping it around her body. She looked at herself in the mirror, not believing how the night was progressing.

The things she'd said downstairs in the dining room. The way Lester had ferociously taken her, owned her in front of Dan like that. He'd dominated her. And he'd dominated Dan. She felt herself growing wet again at the thought of the things he'd done. Her gaze locked onto Lester's obscene form, still in the shower. His predatory gaze was locked back onto her as the water hit his pale, mottled skin.

Sarah shuddered, and her knees grew weak. Lester had made sure she was completely clean, running her loofah over every inch of her, letting the soap and cum run down her legs. He'd used his fat

fingers to make sure she was clean inside. Then he'd had her wash him using her hands and the shower gel.

The shower turned off, and Lester stepped out, dripping all over the rug in front of the shower. She grabbed Dan's towel off the back of the door, not wanting to run to the hallway closet for a fresh one. Lester took it, gave it one dirty look and dropped it onto the floor.

He stepped closer to her, letting the water pool below him. He looked down at the towel wrapped around her body, and his finger traced the tops of her exposed breasts.

"Remember that time I caught you in just your towel? When Dan's bedroom door was locked?" Lester asked.

"Yes. And we tried to pick the lock to open it," Sarah breathed, staring up into Lester's ugly face.

"I really just wanted to rip your towel off you and drag you into my room," Lester said.

"Maybe you should have," Sarah bit her lip as she felt her body heating back up despite the air conditioning.

"Back then, you might not have been so eager for that," Lester hissed.

Sarah's eyes darted down to Lester's crotch, and she reached out and ran her fingers along his flaccid cock, " You might be right. I didn't know what I was missing back then. But if you dragged me into your room, I'm sure I would have come around."

His cock jumped as she finished her sentence.

"That would've been fun," Lester said.

"Forcing me?" Sarah asked.

"Breaking you in. Making you submit," Lester said.

Sarah drew in a breath and whispered, "I think you could have. I've felt what you can do."

Lester chuckled in response, "I can do more." He grabbed the front of her towel, peeling it off her body, "I'm all wet."

"Me too," Sarah said as Lester pulled the towel from her, revealing her naked body. Her flawless skin was completely dry. The squat brute began to dry himself off, not taking his eyes off the perfection of Sarah's nude form. She held onto his flaccid cock, feeling it begin to become firm again at her touch, "Do you really think you'll be able to go again, or did you say that just to mess with Dan downstairs?"

"You should know by now that I enjoy fucking with Dan's head," Lester said, "And you know damn well I'm going to fuck you all night long. I never kid about that."

"I'm just making sure," Sarah said with a lick of her lips.

"Let's get to the bed. I'm going to take care of my girl," Lester reached behind her and grabbed a handful of her naked ass cheek and steered her body out of the bathroom towards her marital bed in the next room.

Sarah turned, a smile on her face as she backed up towards her bed. Lester followed her, carelessly throwing the wet towel onto the floor.

He stepped right up into her personal space as the back of her knees touched the bed. Sarah looked down at Lester's beady, piercing eyes and her heart pounding in anticipation. His fat paws ran warmly up her arms and came to rest at her shoulders. Then he pushed her with more force than she was expecting.

Sarah fell back onto the bed, the world spinning for a brief second before she landed. She quickly refocused her eyes and looked down. Standing before her toned legs was what other women would describe as a horrific sight. A fat, troll-like man with ugly, crude features stood staring down at her. His body was oddly shaped with rolls of fat and pasty white skin covered in a thick, uneven matting of coarse hair. A wide, chill-inducing smirk spread wide on his face and the most beautiful cock she had ever laid eyes on dangled bewitchingly between his legs.

"Come to momma," Sarah heard herself saying as both her legs swayed back and forth playfully before she spread them open in welcome. Lester's grin grew wider as he looked down at the slow reveal of Sarah's naked, glistening pussy. He licked his lips and climbed onto the bed, kneeling before her.

"How long do you think until Dan makes his way up here?" Lester said in a low voice. Although it was poking out from under his gut, she could see that he was almost back to his full length.

"I don't know. Probably not long," Sarah said, just wishing Lester would touch her already.

"He seemed to enjoy what happened downstairs. It was like he was in a trance," Lester said with a soft chuckle.

"I know. I was really hoping he might stick up for himself. But I still enjoyed it," Sarah said, running her calf up Lester's waist.

"You called him a little boy," Lester chuckled, running his eyes up Sarah's body until he locked in. His gaze matched hers.

"I did," Sarah breathed, "I felt so bad saying it. But it felt so good, too. So bad, so… right. I think he liked it."

"I know he did. I told you he likes being humiliated. Loves it, maybe. If he comes back up to watch us, I think we should lean into that again for his sake. Give him what he needs," Lester said.

"For him? Not for you?" Sarah raised an eyebrow at the ugly man.

Lester smiled again, "For all of us. I know you enjoy it too."

"I never said that," Sarah licked her lips as Lester slowly lowered his fiendish face between her pristine thighs.

"You don't have to. I can tell by the way your pussy was squeezing my cock tight and how hard you came when you did," Lester grinned, his tongue lazily drifting out of his mouth and licking her thigh. Sarah breathed in sharply, propped up on her elbows, locking down at Lester, tasting her.

"Lay back and relax, baby. Let me take care of you. And get ready to put on a show for your little husband," Lester growled and slowly licked her other thigh, fully extending his tongue. Sarah dropped her head back onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling. The room was dark, with only the light from the bathroom illuminating her view.

She anxiously ran her hands through her blonde hair as Lester's warm breath cascaded onto her pussy lips. Sarah's body was tight with anticipation, waiting to feel the thrust of his tongue. He kept kissing and licking the skin of her thighs, right next to her pussy. Her ass rolled back and forth, trying to force a connection with his tongue. He deftly licked the underside of her ass cheek, making her moan sharply.

Then she felt his fat tongue lick agonizingly slowly up her slit.

"Mhmmfffmmhmm," Sarah moaned, her ass pushing off the bed towards Lester's fat tongue. He licked the inside of her labia, teasing her languidly. Sarah whined and let her hands run through her damp hair. Lester was such a generous lover, giving her everything she needed.

His plump tongue moved higher, spreading apart her soaking slit until it found its target at the top. Sarah let a guttural groan escape her lips as his broad, agile tongue pressed against the hood of her clit. Then he flicked the tip of his tongue across it, making her entire body jolt, "Uhhh."

Lester repeated his proficient tongue-lashing. Over and over, running his fat, bulbous tongue back and forth, hard against her sensitive nub. Sarah's head rolled back and forth, the cool air in the house dancing across the goosebumps on her bare skin, making her nipples excruciatingly hard. Lester's tongue licked and dragged itself across her engorged clitoris. His lips closed around it, and he then sucked it between his pursed lips.

"OhfuckLesterbaby," Sarah cried, her thighs clenching around Lester's head. He never stopped. He kept sucking on her clit like that while his tongue still somehow managed to flick across it. Then he hummed his agreement - a deep bass rumble coming from deep in his throat. One of Sarah's hands ran down her prone body, over her trembling naked breasts, until it came to rest on Lester's undried head. Her nails gently ran through the damp strands of his thinning hair. As he maintained his suction, he began pushing his head forward, then slightly pulling it back before thrusting forward again, humming in a tonal manner throughout. Her hips rocked back, as if she were being penetrated.

Sarah's thighs clenched his head between them. His hands left her thrusting hips and snaked their way up her body until both of them seized a plump breast in each palm. He wasn't gentle. He grabbed them hard, squeezing them fiercely. His thumbs found her hard nipples and started playing with them, pinching them with little regard for comfort. Sarah's chest arched off the bed, seeking more barbaric treatment from his rough hands. The vacuum seal of his sucking mouth never left her clit, he just kept increasing the pressure on it, flicking his tongue over and across it. Humming in grunting breaths through his nose when he could. Working her up, closer and closer to the inevitable orgasm that she could feel rapidly building inside of her.

"Uhhmhmmm," Sarah groaned. Somehow, Lester wasn't yet gasping for air, even though she held him in place with her thighs. His mouth was still latched onto her, and he didn't show any signs of letting go.

Sarah knew she was getting close. With her eyes squeezed shut, she focused on the lapping, sucking sensation of Lester's mouth and the way he was viciously manhandling her breasts. The sensations were delivering her to a height of blissful ecstasy she'd only experienced with this conventionally unattractive man. His tongue flicked across her swollen clit as he sucked on it. The rumble from his throat sent a constant vibration through her core. His thumbs were swirling around her nipples as he ruthlessly massaged her breasts. She needed to feel that explosion inside of her again. She had

already cum downstairs, but tonight she was going to be selfish and get as many as she could. Her lover seemed up to the challenge

She raised her left leg and placed her foot on Lester's shoulder. Then she did the same with the right one, letting her push her drenched pussy further into Lester's face. He let go of one of her breasts and grabbed her ass cheek, helping to prop her up. Then his other hand followed, and he held her up like a chalice as he dined on her open pussy.

Sarah's leg kicked into the air involuntarily as Lester's mouth feverishly worshipped her clit. It felt so fucking good. Lester knew just what to do to make her feel amazing, where to touch, how to taste. He was always so focused on her pleasure. He stopped sucking on her for a moment to breathe and then resumed, gently running his tongue up and down her clit. Up and down, then side to side, with just the perfect amount of nimble pressure.

"Mhmm. Mhmm. Uhh. Mhmm. Nnnghh," Sarah's head thrashed on her pillow. She gripped the bedsheets with one hand while the other stayed planted on Lester's fat head, encouraging his plunder. Lester's lips closed around her clit again, and he resumed sucking on it while humming away, his tongue darting out to lap at the source of her sensations from within his mouth. Sarah let go of the bedsheets and grabbed one of her breasts, softly massaging it and tweaking her own nipple between her thumb and forefinger.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah moaned, her eyes squeezed shut. She ground her heels into Lester's shoulders, thrusting her ass off the bed, pushing her pussy into his expertly sucking mouth.

"Oh fuck. Fuck. Oh god. Lester," Sarah whined as she felt the familiar sexual calamity building up inside of her. The burning heat that was about to bubble up and explode, showering her body with waves of pleasure. The ball of pleasure churning within her grew too large for anything to hold back.

"Ah Fffffuck!" Sarah ground her teeth together as her thighs squished Lester's head like the oversized watermelon it was. Her thighs held him in a vice as the expanding orb inside of her exploded, showering her insides with a searing fire that touched every nerve. Her skin felt incredibly sensitive as a warm sensation spread out into her chest. Sarah squeezed Lester's head as she saw stars behind her eyelids, every muscle in her body tensed as her orgasm rocked through her.

"Ohhhhhhhffuuuuck," Sarah moaned as the waves of pleasure coursing through her began to recede. She slowly relaxed her legs, taking the pressure off Lester's face. She raised her head lazily and looked down at Lester. His face was red, and their combined juices dripped from his cheeks and nose, his eyes locked onto hers as he continued to lap and suck on her clit. Sarah looked at him dreamily after having experienced such an intense orgasm. She'd never been able to cum when Dan had tried eating her out in the past. It hadn't bothered her; it was just something they'd accepted he couldn't do. But Lester knew exactly how to touch her.

A floorboard near the door creaked, and Sarah turned her head to see Dan standing there with a thousand-mile stare on his face. His eyes were locked onto hers, but they seemed unfocused.

As the last echoes of her orgasm dissipated, Lester's tongue continued to stoke the embers of another. "Dan?" Sarah said. She could see her husband's shoulders subtly rising and falling, his body reacting to the scene before him.

Lester paused in his loving tonguing and turned his head to the side to look at Dan. Sarah wasn't sure how long Dan had been standing there, just inside the door, but she could see the evident bulge in his pants.

Just as Dan's eyes locked onto hers, Lester dropped his head. He lifted her by her asscheeks, higher into the air. Her shoulder blades held her weight on the sheets. His tongue lashed out again, this time licking down her taint until his tongue swirled around her asshole.

"FuckshitLester," Sarah cried, kicking her legs uselessly into the air. She tried clamping her thighs together to stop him, but they only found the top of his head where her hand was still planted. Lester's tongue swirled around her starfish. His head began nodding up and down as he licked her savagely.

"Lester!" Sarah said, her voice coming out shocked and laced with erotic pleasure. She writhed on the bed, trying to both turn away from him while her ass stuck out towards him. They wrestled back and forth on the bed, Sarah trying and failing to turn to the side while Lester held her in place, half bent and up in the air like a pretzel. The entire time, his tongue was lashing at her puckered asshole, prodding her entrance, making her whine.

"L-Lester!" Sarah managed to dislodge one of her feet from Lester's shoulder and planted it on the bed. She pushed on it, flipping her body over away from Lester's probing tongue. But Lester didn't let up. As Sarah flipped onto her stomach, he dropped himself flat onto the bed, tongue still glued to her opening. One of his meaty paws was glued to her ass cheek, holding her down and giving him room to work his mouth. The other hand snaked around her thigh and found her clit with his probing fingers.

Sarah's eyes shot open as Lester began to gently massage her clit while his tongue licked and pushed at her backside. Before she knew what she was doing, her body responded, pushing down on her knees and driving her ass back into Lester's face. She dropped her head to the bed, her blonde hair falling around her.

"Uhmhmhmm," Sarah whined as she pushed her ass back against Lester's tongue. It was swirling, lapping and stroking her asshole. Lester licked up and down, swabbing her anus, sending her completely over the edge. Her mouth hung open for breath as she acted like a depraved slut in front of her husband, "Uhhmmh. Uh….Nggnnn, ggoooodd, uhhmhmm, uhh, uhh." It occurred to her as she continued to spread her cheeks open for her lover that she wasn't acting.

Lester's fingers danced knowingly around her clit, gently massaging it with just the right amount of tender pressure. Sarah felt her eyes roll back in her head. His tongue was pushing hard against her backside while his fingers expertly applied just a bit of force as they twirled around the seat of her pleasure. How he could keep up two different rhythms like that at once, she had no idea, but she was very fucking thankful that he could.

She knew Dan was in the room, but he was the absolute last thing on her mind. Her brain was solely focused on the overwhelming amount of pleasure coming from the center of her body. As the thought receded, without warning, another explosive orgasm quickly rose like a tsunami inside of her and crashed down on her quaking body.

"Arrghhmfuucccckkkk, oh, ooh, mmhmhmmmmm," Sarah whined as her body convulsed, thrusting her open ass back against Lester's fat tongue, her thighs closing tightly around Lester's hand, massaging her clit. Every nerve in her body felt like it was on fire as her torso shuddered and she briefly felt herself drifting from consciousness.

When she finally came to her senses, her body felt as though it was enveloped in a warm hug. Everything felt right with the world for a few seconds as a weightlessness settled over her. Sarah

licked her lips and opened her eyes, seeing a tangle of blonde hair obscuring her sight. Lester pulled his tongue and fingers out of her, a soft moan of disappointment escaping her lips.

She felt his grubby animal hands on her hips, and he swiftly rolled her over. The dim light from the bathroom made her shield her eyes at the sudden illumination. When she finally adjusted to them, she saw a shadow splayed out against the wall. She had forgotten Dan was standing there watching them. His spaced-out look was gone, and it now looked like he was consumed with an eager energy. Sarah's eyes went to his hand that was gently stroking himself over his pants.

The bed shifted, and Lester was climbing back up to meet her. He ravenously pushed her legs apart, and she could see his giant cock dripping pre-cum as it pointed right at her. Sarah instinctively reached for it and pulled it towards her opening, needing to feel the heavenly object inside of her. Lester shuffled up the bed until he was kneeling between her open legs, his glistening cockhead gently pressing against her dripping pussy. Sarah pushed her hips down, trying to make a connection, but Lester just chuckled and held his cock where it was.

"Need something?" Lester said.

Sarah nodded desperately, knowing what the ugly man wanted to hear, "Your cock. I need your cock. Please put it in me, Lester. I need to feel it."

"Oh, this cock?" Lester said, flexing his appendage. "This one here?"

"Mhm, yes. That one. I need it. Please, Lester," Sarah moaned, "I want you. Please."

"You once told me that it was too bad a cock like this was connected to someone like me. Do you remember that? Now what do you think?" Lester was slowly sliding the head of his cock up and down Sarah's wet and waiting slit. A few times, she impatiently bucked her hips and almost made a connection with it.

"Fuck," Sarah gasped, "I didn't know what I was thinking when I said that. Fuck, your cock is so good, and you really know how to use it. You know how to fucking own me. Come on, Lester fucking put it in me."

Lester smirked and looked at Dan, "Just stay the fuck there, Danny, no touching."

Lester then chuckled to himself and stared back at Sarah's face, slowly pushing his cock into her, watching her expression. Sarah grunted as she felt Lester's cock stretch her. Even after all this time, each time he pushed into her, it felt like she was going to be torn in two from his invasion. Just as quickly, she felt herself adjust inside to his immense size. Lester stared at her face, watching it contort as inch after delicious inch of Lester's girthy cock slid into her flooding canal.

"Fuck, you're always so tight," Lester said as he pushed himself fully in, his massive hairy balls slapping against her ass, still wet with his drool. Lester settled his weight on top of her, his fat gut pressing down on Sarah's toned stomach.

"Kiss me," Lester said. Without a second thought, Sarah closed her eyes and opened her mouth, connecting with Lester's lips before he'd finished pronouncing the words. Their tongues quickly found each other, twirling and tangling with each other in a saliva-infused mess. Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth as he slowly pumped his hips. His steel firm cock slid out and then back into her. She wrapped her legs around his wide hips and locked her ankles possessively behind his misshapen ass.

For the next few minutes, Lester slowly fucked her like that while they continued to make out gently. Their tongues danced together, their lips softly kissing and touching each other. Her hands came to rest on his upper arms while he made the sweetest love to her.

Eventually, Lester broke their intimate kiss as his thrusts began to increase in tempo and force. Sarah licked her lips, savoring Lester's distinct taste. She turned her head to the side and relished in the full feeling of Lester's giant cock moving bare back inside of her. She slowly opened her eyes and saw Dan, still standing close to the door, but now his pants were down at his ankles. His dick was in one hand, and he was slowly stroking it. It looked hard as a rock, and he seemed to be slowly edging it, as if it were a gun ready to go off.

Lester followed her gaze, and a disgusted look appeared on his face, "Hey. Hey, no. Uh-uh. Pineapple."

The hand on Dan's cock froze, and he looked at them wide-eyed.

"What?" Sarah asked. She had a stunned expression on her face.

"Pineapple! I said it and I meant it," Lester said, "Stop stroking yourself to us. It's unbecoming and creepy. Just stand there and watch. Stay in your lane and we can all enjoy ourselves."

"Lester…" Sarah said, looking between her husband and the ogre above her, "Be nice, it's not –"

Lester had taken the time to move his wet lips under her golden tresses, behind Sarah's red, flushed cheeks, away from Dan's view. Her husband could barely hear the whisper, but to Sarah the words were all she could hear. "Remember what we talked about," Lester's whispered voice boomed in her ear. A thrilling chill jolted down her muscles. Dan gawked as Lester's tongue dragged across Sarah's shivering grimace. Then he turned towards Dan, "Do you remember way back when you let me go into your bedroom first? Remember what you said? You told me, 'you can't fuck her.'

Then he looked at Sarah, "And you. The night you first sucked on my cock. You told me, you can't fuck me, Lester.' Do you remember that?"

"You didn't know it then, but I knew it was just a matter of time before I flipped the tables on you. I told you. I told you I would slide my cock into you. Now look at you, Danny, standing there with your cock in your hand like a pathetic little cuck while your wife acts like, no, your wife has become my complete slut," Lester snarled, spittle falling onto Sarah's breast. "Have you ever gotten a taste of your wife's ass? Huh? No? Figures. You don't know what to do with this woman. I gotta tell you, her ass is fucking delicious."

"Tell him," Lester said, "Tell him what he needs to hear. Tell him what you told me right before you first tasted my cum."

Sarah bit her lip and looked at the intense gaze on Dan's face. She ran her hands over her breasts, "Everything over here on this bed…"

"Everything over here," She repeated, biting her lip and making a show of touching her naked breasts, "Is just for Lester. My breasts…."

She trailed off as her hands ran up her chest, up her neck and to her lips, "My lips…."

She made a show of rubbing her legs up and down Lester's body, "Everything is for him."

As the words left her lips, Sarah's brain went into overdrive. Cruel thoughts began to swirl through her mind. Things that would both hurt and turn Dan on while also serving to fan the flames of her own wicked desires, "This was what you wanted…."

Sarah started letting the words come out, her mouth speaking before her brain had a chance to process what she was saying, "You….you pushed me towards this…you've wanted this for years….and now I'm his…this is everything you wanted….for someone else to own me….to fuck my brains out…..to make me feel things I've never felt before…..never felt with you…never, never could feel with you...I didn't love the idea of your fantasies at first….Honestly, I thought they were a little perverted….But I indulged you….because I loved, I-love, I love you….but then….but then…the fantasy got real….and….I didn't know…"

Sarah let out a sexy little chuckle, "I didn't know sex could be this incredible….to be sexually dominated and physically owned by someone….to feel this full of someone else….fuck…..thank you….thank you Dan….without you I'd never have known what fucking was really like…what it means to get truly and well fucked….thank you…"

A wicked smile grew on Lester's face, and he started pumping into her faster. She felt his growing cock flexing inside of her. He clearly liked hearing what she was saying, and even his body was responding to it. So she continued, "And now you've let Lester…" here she paused to look at him, her eyes looking slightly crossed as she gazed intently into his eyes right in front of her. She gave herself over to the feeling and began a deep kiss with him, pulling away to look into his eyes with awed wonder. The lingering stare into his hard cast look affected her, and she let herself go for a second sensuous kiss, and then a few seconds later, Sarah seemed to remember she'd stopped in mid-sentence. "You let him back into our house…..the one time you actually threw him out and I thought that you might change….be a real man….but no… now you're just standing there…still not doing anything….just watching as Lester fucks your wife….and all you can do is stroke your penis….thats right…penis…..it's not even a cock…..Lester has the cock here….I never knew the difference until I met him…"

"Aw, don't be mean, so Sarah," Lester grunted as his expanding cock pounded into her. His rhythm was increasing with each word she spoke. "It's not Dan's fault, he's just a little fella. He can't help it."

As Lester's sweat dripped off his forehead and fell onto Sarah's breasts, she saw the crimson mask appear on Dan's face. His breathing rapidly grew more intense. His cock twitched in his hand, and a dribble of clear pre-cum leaked out of it.

"Just a boy," Sarah moaned and looked up at Lester, "Show him. Let him see how a real man fucks."

Lester grinned down at her and started power thrusting his hips into her. His fat gut dragged down her body and then back up, and he thrust himself wholly into her. He dragged the entire length of his cock out of her, glazed with a thick film of both their combined fluids, until just the glistening head remained inside and then thrust his entire length back into her, over and over, in and out. Letster's fat cock impaled her repeatedly, taking her to places only he could get her to.

"Mhmmfucckk. Oh fuckk. Lester……God…show Dan how a real man fucks. Show him what a woman should be treated to…."

"Do you think Dan will ever be able to fuck like this?"

Sarah smirked, and a short puff of air left her nostrils, “No…..I don’t know if we’ve ever really fucked before, I’d really have to think about that……no, we’ve just had sex…god Lester……you’re a fucking god…..”

“Pineapple!” Lester half shouted again, looking over at Dan. Dan’s hand had gone back to his crotch. “Jesus Christ, how hard is it not to touch yourself while we’re talking. You’re like a little boy who’s just discovered his dad’s Playboys.”

Dan blinked and let go of his cock. He seemed utterly shocked that their private safe word had come from Lester’s mouth. Sarah squeezed her pussy around Lester’s thick cock, eagerly working it into her body. Just hearing the way that Lester was speaking to Dan made her pussy walls even slicker than before. She felt so overwhelmingly wet. Her thighs and pussy were covered in Lester’s saliva and her own juices. Everything felt sharper and more heightened.

“Did you hear that, Dan? I’m a fucking sex god,” Lester chortled, “Don’t worry. It’s ok. Now you don’t have to fumble around in the dark anymore, trying to figure out how to please your wife. Now that I’m part of the household, I’ll do you the favor of taking on that responsibility.”

“Doesn’t that sound good?” Lester said as he thrust his full length into Sarah, making her heavy breasts jiggle, “You won’t have to just settle for maintenance sex ever again. I’ll FUCK you like this all the time.”

“God, I can’t fucking wait,” Sarah moaned, thinking about all the sex she’d have on demand now. She hadn’t been sure about this whole throuple idea, but she was coming around now that she was getting the benefits of it. “Fuck Lester. You feel so fucking big. I love it….”

“Tell Danny boy over there to get used to his hand, just not right now, heh heh,” Lester teased.

Sarah moaned, feeling another orgasm rising inside of her, “Just don’t stop, Lester. Don’t stop. I’m close. Again. So fucking close.”

She turned her head and looked at her husband standing there, his cock hard, pointing towards her, “Dan. My love….add some lotion to our grocery list. The good lotion, because you’ll need it. Lester’s the one who’s going to be fucking me from now on. You’re going to have to settle for your hand, and I don’t want you to rub yourself until you chafe. I’m all his.”

“Good girl,” Lester breathed, sweat beading down his face. Her heart warmed at his words.

Sarah stared at Dan’s dick, needing to see him touch it. Needing to see it explode, “Should….shouldn’t we let him….touch it….it’s cruel, Lester, not to let him…”

“What?” Lester asked, “Who are you talking about?”

“Dan,” Sarah gestured as she bit her lip, her breasts bouncing furiously underneath Lester, “Let him stroke it to us. Touch himself and see me moan like he could never make me do.”

“Oh, husband number two?” Lester chuckled, “Mr. Pineapple himself? Bob Dole over there?”

Sarah nodded her head and looked at her husband, “You want that, Dan? You want to stroke it? Touch yourself watching Lester fuck me?”

“Fuck…” Dan muttered, the first words she’d heard him use since downsairs. She took that as a yes. Dan’s hand went to his cock.

“Wait,” Sarah said to Dan, then looked back up at Lester, “Can he? Will you let him?”

Lester’s trademark shit eating grin spread across his face, and Sarah’s pussy tightened around his cock like a vice. She knew that he was about to say something to Dan that would push her over the edge and make her explode.

Lester looked over at Dan in disgust, “Watching time’s over. . It’s time to go, Danny. Go out into the hallway and shut the door, then you can do whatever you want. I just don’t want to have to see that in here. It’s gross.”

Time stood still. Dan just stood there, wide-eyed with his cock in his hand. His jaw opened as if he was about to say something. Lester held still above Sarah. The only thing moving in the room was Sarah’s curvy hips as they bucked off the bed, seeking more of Lester’s cock. She was slowly losing the orgasm she had been building to as his thrusts stopped.

“Lester. Please don’t stop,” Sarah whined as she desperately raised her hips off the bed, pleading for his cock, “Please, Lester, don’t stop. I’m losing it.”

“Not until Dan leaves,” Lester said in a low voice.

Sarah turned her head to look at her husband and the shocked look on his face. She could see the desperate gleam in his eye as precum leaked from his dick.

“Dan, go out into the hallway,” Sarah heard herself saying, “Shut the door.”

Dan’s eyes locked with hers.

“It’s time to go, Dan. Private time.” Sarah said as she sucked on her bottom lip, “Please.”

She watched in both shame and jubilation as Dan shrank from view. With each step back, his features were more obscured, the soft glow from the bathroom barely illuminating his exit. Sarah couldn't see, but she heard the familiar sound of their doorknob turning. Only it was unfamiliar, the unmistakable shaking of her husband's hand as he grasped the doorknob. They never broke eye contact as he stepped into the hallway and pulled the shrouded door closed behind him. Sarah's hips shook harder as Dan's presence became a mystery beyond the darkness as he carefully pulled the door closed behind him.

The soft click of the door mechanism echoed into the room as Lester leaned his weight harder into Sarah. Her beautiful face glowed in Lester's eyes as she turned her sweat-soaked face away from Dan's as he slunk into the darkness. Sarah's eyes floated down to meet Lester's. "He left."

Sarah extended her tongue out, but Lester didn’t engage. "That's what you wanted..." Her hips ground into Lester. "To be alone with me..." Sarah's delicate hand went up Lester's chest, getting caught on his thick, matted chest hair. Sarah kept rubbing his flabby chest. "Hey...Dan should've left me alone with you that first day... If I had known, I would've begged for this."

Sarah's hips danced across Lester's soft rolls. She felt him swell inside her. "I don't know how you learned to do this...But you fucking took me from my husband," Sarah started holding onto Lester and leveraging her body up and down. Trying to force him inside herself out of horny frustration, “Now fuck me.”

Lester grinned and resumed his long, methodical, slow thrusts into her. His plunging cock dragged across her G-Spot, and Sarah visibly shuddered. She tightened her ankles around his ass, and her nails dug into the fat of his back as she pulled him into her.

“Don’t be shy now,” Lester chortled, “Make sure husband number two can hear you.”

“FUCK ME, LESTER,” Sarah screamed as Lester’s fat, thick cock increased its thunderous thrusts into her. She was connected with this fat troll of a man, as their two bodies became one. She felt an animalistic urge rise inside of her, and she found she couldn’t hold herself back. She kissed and licked the top of his nearly bald head, desperate to consume every ounce of this incredible man. The sweat on his forehead tasted bitterly salty on her lips. Her supple hips flew off the bed with each jolting thrust, desperate to meet Lester on his thrusting downstroke.

The web of veins on Lester’s cock pulsed in unison inside of her, and she could swear she could feel the pounding of his heart beating throughout her body. Lester was breathing just as hard as she was, both their lustful bodies now slick with fuck sweat. She didn’t know where her sweat began and his sweat ended. All she knew was that she needed him more than anything she had ever needed in her life and that she was going to explode.

“UHH. MHMMM.FUCKKK. LESTER…BABY….PLEASE…..PLEASEEEE…..FUCKKK,” Sarah whined.

“I don’t think he can hear you,” Lester whispered in her ear, “Make sure to tell him how much of a fucking idiot he was for ever starting this.”

“FUCK…DAN….I’M GOING TO CUM ON LESTER’S FAT COCK,” Sarah screamed as she bit into her lip. “THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. MY HUSBAND. WANTED ME TO FUCK HIS ROOMMATE. NOW YOU’RE OUT THERE AND HE’S IN HERE FUCKING THE SHIT OUT OF ME. FUCKING ME RAW.”

“IT FEELS SO…..FUCK….UHHHHHMHMM…..LESTER….LESTER….FUCK…..SHITFUCK..”

“DON’T STOP BABY….FUCK…I’M SORRY, DAN. I’M LESTER’S…I NEED THAT REAL COCK…..FUCK. GIVE IT TO ME.”

Sarah’s pussy clenched onto Lester’s cock like an immovable vice. She wasn’t letting him go. Not now. Not when her body was about to feel so fucking good again. Her nails dug deeper into his back, pulling his fat chest down onto hers. Her big breasts mashed into his flabby chest. Her nipples were dragging across his skin with each powerful thrust of his cock.

Her ankles tightened around his ass, heels digging into his flesh. Lester smirked down at her.

“Cum for me, Sarah. Show Dan who the man of the house is now. Let him hear who owns you.”

“UHHHHMHMHHJHUHHH-NNNHHAAAHHHHHMMM,” Sarah screamed in the monstrous man’s face as her orgasm exploded. Pleasure radiated out from Lester’s cock, emanating through her penetrated body in mind-bending waves that didn’t seem ever to end. Her lithe limbs pulled and squeezed at Lester’s fat frame like a sausage casing as she gripped him with every ounce of her being. Sweat poured off of him and onto her lips, and Sarah felt the foul tide slide behind her clenched teeth. Sarah’s vision went dark as her eyes rolled back into her head, her lashes frantically spasming. She felt her whole body convulse violently as she continued to cum. Lester’s body crushed her, making it impossible for her to breathe, but she welcomed suffocation if it meant she could hold onto this extraordinary feeling. “FUUUUUCCCCKKKKKKK!!!”

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Dan stared at the white panel of the door as he pulled it closed behind him. This was wrong. So not right. So fucking unbelievably wrong. Why couldn’t he just say something? Why couldn’t he just do something? He’d pulled Lester off Sarah before and thrown him out of their house, but now…..Now he just felt so impotent.

How had he let things get to this point?

Because this is what you wanted. Dan thought. He gulped as the voice inside his head continued to fill him with negative, self-destructive thoughts.

“FUCK ME LESTER!!” Sarah’s voice screamed through the door. Dan felt his heart lurch in his chest as he tried to picture what was happening on the other side. Were they still moving in the same position? What did Sarah’s face look like? Was she gazing at Lester or was she looking at the door, imagining Dan standing alone in the hallway?

Dan wished there were a peephole through which he could look. The realization led to a sad and depressing thought that he had been relegated to a peeping Tom in his own home. Dan’s cock twitched as he realized he was still holding onto it.

With a sharp intake of breath, he slid his hand up his shaft and shivered in the tempting sensations he felt. He rested his forehead on the door and fully pictured the lewd scene happening on the other side.

He breathed hard, needing a release. He’d be able to think clearly after that. He stroked himself, trying to push down the pathetic judgmental thoughts about himself.

“UHH. MHMMM.FUCKKK. LESTER…BABY….PLEASE…..PLEASEEEE…..FUCKKK,” Sarah cried.

Dan started stroking faster, hating every second of it. His face felt flush with shame as he jerked off to his wife’s defilement at the hands of the mountain troll and the fact that she loved every fucking second of it.

“FUCK…DAN….I’M GOING TO CUM ON LESTER’S FAT COCK,” Sarah screamed as she bit into her lip. “THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. MY HUSBAND. WANTED ME TO FUCK HIS ROOMMATE. NOW YOU’RE OUT THERE AND HE’S IN HERE FUCKING THE SHIT OUT OF ME. FUCKING ME RAW.”

His heart sagged in his chest as her truths bit into him. He had indeed wanted this. He’d pushed for it. He’d wanted to see her behave like this for years, and now here he was, jerking off alone in the hallway while his roommate crammed his immense cock into the mother of his two children. He’d never imagined this utterly humiliating scenario, but couldn’t stop stroking himself. He increased his pace, feeling his balls tighten and knew it was only a matter of seconds.

He didn’t want to go into the bathroom out here to explode. And he didn’t have any Kleenex he could unleash into. His boxers had been left on the floor inside the bedroom.

“IT FEELS SO…..FUCK….UHHHHHMHMM…..LESTER….LESTER….FUCK…..SHITFUCK..”

Dan couldn’t hold back any longer. His balls tightened, and his cock twitched. Cum blasted out of him, painting the bedroom door a new shade of off-white. Cum kept shooting out as Dan tried to catch his breath. He’d never cum quite this much. For a moment, it felt like he was peeing. As the last dribble escaped onto the carpet of the hallway, his negative thoughts came rushing back to haunt him.

Lester still hasn’t cum yet. He’s still fucking her. Giving her more pleasure than I’ll ever be able to. Maybe this is all for the best. Maybe this is what she needs. I’m not enough. I can’t give her what she needs. I can’t even fucking provide for her. I’m completely worthless.

“DON’T STOP BABY….FUCK…I’M SORRY, DAN. I’M LESTER’S…I NEED THAT REAL COCK……FUCK. GIVE IT TO ME.”

Dan staggered back from the stained door, needing to get away from it. He needed air. He needed water. He turned away, stumbling down the hallway, one hand braced on the wall as Sarah's cries echoed tauntingly behind him.

"UHHHHMHMHHJHUHHH-NNNHHAAAHHHHHMMM."

Dan felt his brain going catatonic again as he stepped down the stairs.

"FUUUUUCCCCKKKKKKK!!!"

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Lester smirked down as Sarah's face calmed and she came back down to earth after her massive orgasm. Her hips rested back on the bed, and presently she was struggling to catch her breath. While her eyes were closed, he glanced at the closed door and sneered.

Dan had folded like a house of cards, slinking out of the bedroom with his tail between his legs. Sarah had thankfully gone along with Lester's shit talking plans, but he needed to cement them into place, hopefully skewing her opinion of her soon-to-be ex-husband as the pathetic little worm he was.

Lester wanted to keep fucking Sarah's brains out, but he reminded himself that this was an ongoing campaign to win hearts and minds. He reluctantly slid back and pulled his cock from the warm, airtight embrace of Sarah's pussy, eliciting a disappointing moan from his new throuple mate.

Her eyes fluttered open, looking at him with needful confusion, "What are you doing? You didn't finish…."

"We're just getting started. I told you I was going to fuck you all over this house, and I meant it," Lester fixed her with a determined stare as he got off the bed, his crotch slick with Sarah's dripping juices. He padded over to the door, eager to fling it open and reveal a shocked Dan and parade Sarah down the hall in front of him. Holding the man's wife while he held his dick in his other hand.

When he opened the door, the hallway was empty. Lester frowned but noticed a familiar streak of an off-white substance flowing down the door.

"Looks like Dan enjoyed listening to you, to what we did together," Lester chuckled, holding the door open and gesturing to the trail of fresh cum streaming down it.

Sarah propped herself up on the bed, "Is that going to stain?'

"Probably. But that's something for Danny to deal with tomorrow," Lester said, "Right now it's time for you to get that sexy ass over here. Let's go fuck in the office."

Sarah sat up on the bed and touched between her legs, "I don't know if I can. I'm already so wet. You might slip out of me."

Lester laughed as if she'd told an old joke, shaking his head, "Sarah, that's just something guys with small dicks need to worry about," Lester said, grasping his heavy cock, "This cock ain't 'slipping out.' That's ridiculous. Would your tight snatch ever let this cock fall out of you? Now shut your pretty mouth and get over here."

Sarah bit her lip and quickly crossed the room to where Lester waited. When she was close, he grabbed her hand and pulled her with him down the hall into Dan's office. Lester plopped himself down in Dan's computer chair and pointed to his ramrod straight cock, "Clean it up before we get started again."

Sarah gave him a flirty look, batting her eyes and quickly sank to her knees, grabbing his full-length cock in both hands and lowering her mouth onto it. Lester leaned back in the chair, putting his hands behind his head, hoping Dan would walk by and get a sight of the lurid scene from the office door. His wife, cleaning her juices from her new man's cock as he sat in Dan's place.

"More tongue," Lester said, "Lick every inch of it."

Sarah peered up at him, her tongue on the underside of his cock, "Are you sure? Every inch? I could be down here for hours."

"Heh," Lester chuckled, "Take all the time you need. The faster you clean it, the faster I'll slide it back into you. You do want to cum on it again, don't you?"

"More than anything," Sarah said, flicking her tongue out again and running it up the entire length of this cock, not breaking eye contact. When her tongue reached the tip of his cock, she ran it back down the side of his spittle-sheathed shaft, cleaning it off completely.

"Good girl," Lester licked his lips, "Where do you think Dan ran off to?"

"I thought you didn't care about my husband?" Sarah said.

"I'm just wondering if he's going to come back upstairs with a baseball bat and crack my head open," Lester said.

Sarah smirked and shook her head, "No. I think now that he came, he's probably resting down on the couch, trying to get his mind around all this."

"No second wind for him?" Lester smirked.

Sarah sighed and licked another side of Lester's bulging cock, "Not usually."

"You're going to have to stop calling him your husband," Lester said, wagging a scolding fat finger at her, "Now that we're in a throuple, we should all be equal."

"Well, I did marry him," Sarah said right before twirling her tongue around the head of Lester's stupidly large cock, lapping up some pre-cum that had mixed with the copious fluids she had coated it with earlier, in her bedroom.

"I gave you a ring," Lester said, "And you accepted it."

"That just means we're engaged," Sarah teased back, not breaking their eye contact. She gave his cock a deep kiss that was identical to the one she'd given him on his mouth when she'd accepted his ring. Lester groaned as she wrapped her pretty little lips around his cock and made its girth disappear into her mouth.

"Ugh, that feels good," Lester said, "Is that what you want then? For us to have a ceremony in front of your entire family? I gotta say, I'm not a super traditional guy. I'd prefer to do it like they did in the olden days, where everyone gathered downstairs and had to listen while the couple consummated the marriage upstairs."

"You're bad," Sarah said, pulling her mouth off his cock.

"Don't forget the balls," Lester grunted.

Sarah ran her tongue down the entire length of Lester's shaft until it reached his heavy, hairy ballsack. Her tongue began darting in, licking it, through the saliva-dampened matting of hair.

“I’m going to make that happen,” Lester said, “I’m going to fuck you in your bed while your parents and family are downstairs, consummating our marriage. When they hear the sounds, then they’ll understand.”

“This isn’t Utah, Lester. It doesn’t work like that here. A girl can’t be married to more than one man,” Sarah said as her tongue swirled around a graying tuft of hair on his balls, covered in her own juices.

“Do I look like I give a fuck about the law? I don’t pay taxes. I could be a sovereign citizen for all I care,” Lester barked.

“You are such a bad boy,” Sarah said in a mocking tone as she lovingly licked the underside of his balls.

“You think that’s funny?” Lester asked, narrowing his intense dark eyes at her. He loved the defiant side of her personality. He felt like a cowboy working to wrangle a free-spirited bronco. In the end, the wild animal always became nothing more than a mount to saddle and ride.

Lester willfully grabbed both sides of Sarah’s head and pulled her face down into his crotch. His ball sack flattened against her eyes and forehead, her lips mashing into the underside of his dripping nutsack. Sarah moaned, her tongue darting out, licking under his balls. Lester groaned and looked down at her luxurious blonde hair draped over his coarse pubic hair. He pulled her head down further, forcing her tongue to swab his foul taint.

Sarah didn’t miss a beat, eagerly licking her tongue aggressively all over him, “Mhmmmmm. Mhmmmmnnnn.”

Lester grinned at the reaction. He wasn’t sure if she was enjoying his forcefulness or just delighting in being made to lick such a taboo area, but he didn’t really care. All that mattered was that she was loving it. Her extended tongue muffled her moans, and his oversized balls covered her entire face.

Lester turned Sarah’s head to one side, ensuring she licked every inch of his sweat-soaked undercarriage. Then he turned her head the opposite way, eliciting more moans as Sarah eagerly delved into his nethers with her tongue, licking the high side of his taint. Sarah’s hand was on his shaft, and she kept stroking him, maintaining his erection with an even motion.

Lester relaxed his hands, and Sarah cradled his balls in one hand and stroked his shaft with the other, all while licking under his balls and between his legs of her own accord. Lester placed his hands on the arms of the computer chair and, with a deep breath, heaved himself out of it. Sarah scuttled back a little, but her tongue never left its diligent work on Lester’s taint. He waited a moment in a shaking posture while he regained his balance.

The smile never left his face as Sarah stayed kneeling in front of him, still hungrily stroking and caressing him. He reached down and grabbed his balls and laid them over her face. Sarah kept happily sucking and licking him, even with his sweaty, saliva-covered balls resting on her beautiful face.

Eventually, she pulled back, gasping for breath with a look of lust-tinged awe. She held Lester’s cock in her hand and reverently rubbed it over her cheeks, revelling in the feeling of it. Lester couldn’t help but widen his smile at how well his little slut was trained and at how much she was clearly enjoying herself.

“Get up, it's time to fuck,” Lester grunted, pulling her up by her hair. Sarah winced, and Lester led her out into the hallway, pulling the computer chair with him. He kicked it down the hall, and it banked off the wall, rolling to an abrupt stop with a bang on the raised runner at the top of the stairs.

Lester uncaringly spun Sarah around and pushed her against one of the walls, “Put your hands on the wall.”

Sarah didn’t hesitate, putting her palms up next to her breasts that were already pressed against the drywall as if she were about to do a push-up. With his cock in one hand, Lester dipped his knees and marvelled at the sensual shape of Sarah’s magnificent ass. He bent his knees further and lined himself up with her perfect pussy.

He pushed the head of his cock right up to her entrance, splitting her lips apart just a bit.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah said, her head to the side, biting her lips in anticipation.

“Ease yourself back on it,” Lester said. Sarah didn’t hesitate, slowly pushing back on Lester’s king-sized cock, taking more of the unbending organ into her. As she did, Lester stepped back, causing Sarah to bend over to keep his lengthy cock embedded inside of her.

He stepped back again, causing Sarah to bend over further and whimper in disappointment at the distance. He stepped back yet again until his ass was pressed against the cold wall on the other side of the hallway. Sarah kept her palms pressed against the drywall and bent over at almost a full ninety degrees, and she awkwardly took Lester’s entire powerful length inside of her.

“Ohhhhhgod,” Sarah moaned, her jaw hanging open as she readjusted to Lester’s ridiculous girth. He just chuckled, rubbing her stunning ass cheeks together and staring down at the way her lithe naked back arched. He pumped his hips forward, causing Sarah to jolt, her hair and breasts jiggling forward as she jumped.

“Fuck yourself on my cock,” Lester said, “Can’t wait to see Dan’s face when he comes back upstairs and sees you like this.”

“Uhmmmfuck, you are so bad,” Sarah said as she dug her palms into the wall and thrust back against Lester’s cock. “You want my poor husband to come up here and see you fucking me like this? See his wife bent over in the middle of the fucking hallway?”

“No, I want him to come up and see you fucking my cock with abandon, being a slut and doing anything for my cock. I’m just going to stand here while you do all the work. Show me, show me how you work,” Lester chuckled.

“You’re an ass,” Sarah said, but kept pushing her butt back onto Lester’s cock, “It’s not my fault it feels so fucking good. Jesus Lester, I didn’t expect any of this.”

“Didn’t expect what?” Lester licked his lips. Sweat was starting to glisten on the back of Sarah’s neck.

“When…ah…mmmm….hmmm,” Sarah moaned as she pushed against the drywall, sending her bouncing ass back on his spearing cock. She slid forward on his turgid pole with an agape mouth before slamming back on it again, “When you said we were a throuple….I thought you just meant more dates…I didn’t know… uhhhhh…..fucckk……. yes…..didn’t….know…..you’d….mhmmmm…..do…this….”

“And what am I doing?” Lester smirked as he mauled her ass cheeks, his fat gut sitting on top of them, adding extra weight to Sarah’s frame.

“Just….uhhhhhh….taking over…….dominating me……..fuckkk…..jesus. You’re the…mmmm… the fucking man… Lester, you feelsofucking good.” Sarah whined.

“Moan louder,” Lester said, “I don’t think Dan can hear you from wherever he slinked off to.”

“MMMHMMMFUCK,” Sarah promptly moaned loudly just as he’d requested.

“Where is he?” Lester asked, looking down the hallway.

Sarah squeezed his cock with her pussy, “I thought you didn’t care about him. Why are you still talking about him?”

“Like you said. I’m here to dominate, and I’m the fucking man, right? I want him to know the new pecking order,” Lester said.

“Uhhhhhh……fuck I think you already showed him when you kicked him out of the bedroom,” Sarah whined gripping his cock like a vice.

“Kicked him out of the bedroom to do what?” Lester asked.

“To fucking jerk off!” Sarah snapped, thrusting back onto his cock hard.

“What was it he jerked off, Sarah? What body part?” Lester said.

Sarah groaned in response before saying, “His dick.”

“Whose cock is bigger?” Lester asked, violently thrusting his hips forward again. Sarah groaned and dropped her head, moaning incessantly.

“Yours,” she said without hesitation, “Your cock is bigger.”

Lester grinned. Hook, line and sinker, “That’s true. And whose cock is littler?”

Sarah hesitated for a second before whispering, “His.”

“Whose?” Lester asked, punctuating his question with another sharp thrust, making Sarah stumble for a second. She moved her palms back onto the wall, flexing her fingers.

“Dan’s,” Sarah breathed, a bead of sweat ran down her back and disappeared beneath Lester’s hairy gut.

“Good girl,” Lester chuckled again. He grabbed Sarah’s hips with both hands and started pumping. In and out. Faster and harder. Over and over. No intention of stopping.

“Uhh. Uhhh…Fffffuccck,” Sarah moaned as she fucked him back. Her hands slipped off the wall, and she quickly replanted them in a different spot.

“In our throuple, who’s got the big cock?” Lester asked through gritted teeth as he pumped into the young mother.

“You! You do!” Sarah said, thrusting back with a desperate energy.

“Well, then, who’s got the little dick? Tell me.” Lester said.

“Dan,” Sarah breathed out of breath.

“Do you remember our failed threesome? With you on the floor, kneeling between us? When we compared our sizes?” Lester hissed.

“Yesss…..uhhhh….nhmmmm you were so much bigger….” Sarah moaned, her hands slipping again, “Lester, my palms are so fucking sweaty. I need to move or I’m going to slip.”

“Just shut up and don’t stop fucking,” Lester snarled and increased his unyielding pace. Sarah had to readjust her feet and kept bouncing her ass back onto his stiff length.

“Uhhhhhmhmmmmfuuuckkk……Lester,” Sarah moaned, digging her sweaty palms into the wall. Lester could see the sheen of sweat leaving a shining trail on the drywall where she’d touched it. It reminded him of his brief foray into console gaming. He’d hated holding a controller; they always made his palms sweaty. Mouse and keyboard were where it was at.

Lester thrust himself into Sarah hard, making her perfect body jump again. She readjusted her feet, and her palms slid on the wall before she righted herself. Lester just chuckled and kept his increasingly hard thrusts up. He would continue his line of insults towards Dan afterwards. He already had himself positioned as the guy with the big cock in Sarah’s mind, but he wanted to reframe her opinion of Dan. Small and weak. Before, she’d probably considered his cock ‘normal,’ but he wanted her to think of Dan’s cock as small, unable to pleasure her. Inadequate.

“How many dicks did you see in real life before getting with Dan?” Lester asked her.

“Uhhh…nggnnhnnn,...just a couple…..besides yours…” Sarah moaned.

“This isn’t a dick I’m fucking you with. It’s a cock,” Lester corrected.

“A big cock,” Sarah shot back through a moan.

“How big were the others?” Lester asked.

“Like Dan’s, that size,” Sarah said breathlessly.

“So all small then. You’ve never been in a guy’s changing room then to see the difference,” Lester chuckled.

Sarah didn’t reply. She just braced herself on the wall and was breathing hard as she fucked back on Lester’s cock. That was enough. He didn’t need to press too hard. He just needed to plant the seed in her mind and let it take root. All the dicks she’d seen from the homeless guy to that fucker Vernon and that shithead Jesse to the others at the movie theatre were luckily all bigger than Dan. He wanted her to think less of her husband, and she was well on her way to doing so. And the night was still young.

WHAP

Lester slapped Sarah’s ass, making her jump. His gut jiggled as she did, and her pussy clenched around his cock in shock. It felt fucking phenomenal.

WHAP

His hand came down on her other asscheek, making her clench up again. Lester groaned and threw his head back as he slammed into her with a hard, savage thrust.

WHAP

He left a bright red handprint behind on the side of Sarah’s ass. Lester shoved his cock deep into her at the exact same time. Sarah stumbled, and her hands slipped. Lester’s cock kept going forward as Sarah failed to regain her footing.

Just as she brought her hands up to brace herself, they slipped again on the drywall, and the top of her head hit the drywall, partially disappearing from Lester's view. Her pussy clenched hard as a vice on his cock, making Lester groan in orgasmic pleasure. This must be what it felt like to get a hand job from one of those professional arm wrestling women with the fat asses in tight athletic shorts.

Lester held still for a second before focusing on Sarah. She was gasping for breath, and he took a step back, sliding his cock partly out of her. Sarah pushed on the wall, revealing a headsized indent in the drywall.

Lester chuckled at his casual destruction of property.

"Jesus Lester," Sarah said, brushing drywall dust out of her blonde hair, "I told you my hand was slipping."

"I guess," Lester shrugged and then forcefully plunged his cock back into her. Sarah stumbled again, and Lester pushed her forward. She wasn't bent over anymore but was now standing up in a hunched position, breasts mashed into the wall. Lester held her angelic hips and kept sliding his cock in and out of his pretty little wife.

Sarah groaned and seemed happy to have more of her torso supported by the wall to brace herself. Lester pulled her hips back and vigorously lunged his cock back into her, forcing her to take a step to the right. Lester kept pulling her hips and fucking her, driving her down the hallway until he had her butted up against a rattling door. Sarah braced herself against it, and Lester continued to aggressively pound into her clutching pussy. She raised her head and defiantly pushed back against him, seeming to challenge him.

Lester couldn't keep the shit eating grin off his face. Sarah was something else. No other conquest he'd taken had presented as sweet a victory as this. Maybe it was because she was a married woman, or maybe it was because she was a mother. He wasn't sure. Maybe it was an X factor unique to Sarah. Either way, he intended to gather more data and determine why she made him feel this way.

Lester gripped the door's knob without Sarah noticing and quickly turned it.

The door swung open, robbing Sarah of whatever leverage and balance she had.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah complained as she stumbled forward into the room. Lester held her by the hips and marched forward, cock still embedded inside of her, intending to keep her from regaining her footing.

Sarah's hands found something solid, and she braced herself against it. Lester knew what room they were in and didn't intend to give her the time to collect herself. With a lick of his lips, he shook his head and sweat flung off. He lunged his giant cock hard into the young mother.

"Ahh, ffuuck Lester. Jesus….Christ…." Sarah moaned. Lester reached forward and gathered all of Sarah's free-flowing blonde mane into one hand and brutally yanked it back.

Sarah squealed, her head arching back towards him. Lester put a foot up on the bed. Sarah's hands were on to adjust his angle and dominantly pump his cock up into her drooling pussy. Sarah shot up onto her tippy toes, "Ughh. Uh. Uh. Mhmmhmmmmm."

With all of her hair roughly gripped in one hand, Lester reached around her and mauled her pristine breasts with the other. A soft cry escaped Sarah's lips. Lester hunched over, pulled her back towards him and stuck his tongue into her mouth. The angle was awkward, and he couldn't get it in as far as

he wanted, but Sarah tried to make up the difference, moaning and heartily sucking on part of his tongue, “Mhmmmm.”

Sarah dropped her ass onto Lester’s cock as the vulgar sounds of the slapping of their sweaty skin filled the room. Lester’s eyes widened with glee as he pulled on Sarah’s bunched hair; her face showed pain, then contorted back to intense pleasure. He spun his tongue around her mouth, her own chasing it, eager to catch it.

Lester’s chest grew heavy from bending over in the awkward position for so long, and he let her hair go, breathing in a deep, wheezing breath to fill his lungs. Sarah’s hair fell back down around her face. Finally, she raised her head and seemed to open her eyes.

“Lester!” She hissed in a whisper, “What the…uhmhm….Fuck!? We can’t…uhhhhh…mhmmm….can’t be in here….”

Sarah tried to raise herself off the bed in protest, but Lester’s hand quickly gripped the back of her neck and held her down until her bent elbows were pressed into the bed. She tried to squeeze her pussy around his cock as some sort of protest, but he just revelled in the feeling as she decisively gripped him. He even pulled back until just his cock head was inside of her and slammed himself back in, overriding the tightly protesting grip.

“I’m the man of the house now, Sarah,” Lester growled indignantly as he looked around the room with its two twin beds. “That means I fuck wherever I want.”

“Ughnnnn,” Sarah moaned and dropped her head, seemingly giving in to Lester’s words. It was another victory that she wasn’t putting up a fight and so quickly capitulated to his demand. She had learned her place, despite her occasional outbursts; he knew he could always bring her to heel this way.

“That’s a good girl,” Lester cooed from behind her, running his thumb tenderly across the back of her neck. His other hand gripped her hip, and he resumed his rigid, emphatic pumps into her.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah said into the comforter, “I can’t…we shouldn’t….”

“But we are,” Lester said, “Squeeze my cock like you did before. Do it.”

He felt the buttery walls of her pussy tighten around him, and he let out a satisfied growl, “Mhmm, yeah. That’s, unng, that’s the way daddy likes it.”

He wanted to mark his territory, and he’d decided this room was the best place to do that. To really drive home the change in the status quo in Sarah’s sex addled mind. During sex, he knew a slew of endorphins and other hormones flooded the brain. It was time to hijack them in an attempt to rewire things.

“Ohh shittt,” Sarah moaned, “Lester….your cock…..”

“You mean Daddy’s cock, don’t you? Moan it for me,” Lester commanded, slipping his hand off her hip and grabbing a firm chunk of Sarah’s immaculate ass cheek. Lester licked his lips, waiting with anticipation to hear the words leave her lips. To see the young mother, let Lester push past another boundary and drag her further into the abyss with him.

“Fuck Lester….Daddy….” Sarah choked out an ecstatic moan, “Your cock feels so fucking good like this. I could let you fuck me like this all night. I want it all fucking day.”

“That’s it, Sarah,” Lester rubbed the back of her neck affectionately, alternating from being firm and sadistic to reassuring and comforting. He hoped the duality would play to this woman’s need for both rough sex and physical comfort. The next phase would be much different than the hard fucking she was taking right now.

“Let go, cum for me,” Lester whispered in a tender voice. He knew from his angle, his cock would be sliding into her precious G-Spot before it continued up into the rest of her pussy. Lester licked his lips and let go of her neck, letting his fat digits run down her spine, slicked with filthy sweat. He brought them to his lips and licked them lasciviously. Then he reached around under her and found her engorged slit with his spit-slick fingers.

Sarah drew in a sharp breath as the musk of their sweat-dampened bodies permeated the room. Sarah groaned in delight. As Lester was pumping his oversized horse cock into her, Sarah’s pliant hips wiggled back and forth on his thick fingers, dragging her tingling clit against them.

Her hips continued to sexily rock side to side as she tried thrusting her ass back against his invading cock. Eventually, their bodies fell into a pulsing rhythm. She would grind her clit against his probing fingers while he pulled his huge cock back, then she’d drop her ass back on him as he thrust forward.

“Ugg..uhmm….yes….mhmmm…Les….daddy….fuckkk…..uhhmmm….godddd….soogood…Lester…,” Sarah moaned with abandon.

“That’s it. Let it out. Cum on my cock, Sarah. Cum for me. Show me how a good mommy acts. Give it up to me,” Lester smirked, nodding.

“Uhfuck,” Sarah panted, her breath growing closer and closer together. Her hips spun faster and faster, the hardened bead of her clit dragging over his fingers, ass slamming back onto his cock, “Fuck. Uh fuck. Yes. Yes. Fuck. God. Fuck, Yes….Lester….god. Fuck. Fuck me. Don’t stop. Uh. Mhmm. Uh. Uh..mhmm”

Lester pushed the length of his whole cock into her at the perfect moment as he saw her entire body go tense. Sarah let out a violent scream, “FUCKDADDY.”

Lester’s eyes lit up like a Christmas tree, and he held his cock firmly buried deep in Sarah’s pussy. It clenched around his shaft, trying to milk him for everything he was worth. She was desperately trying to get him to empty his balls inside her. Her back arched, thrusting her breasts out on display towards the Barbie poster on the wall. The rutting ogre pulled back on her hair, and Sarah let out a guttural scream as every muscle on her back and arms grew rigidly taut. She gripped the pink bedsheets in a tightly clenched fist, and her nude body shook visibly on his cock.

Lester let out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. It took every ounce of his willpower not to unleash gouts of boiling cum into the quivering woman’s pussy in that tense moment. His years of routine kegel exercises while playing World of Warcraft came in clutch. His vision momentarily blurred as he made the effort to resist.

Sarah’s body dropped down onto the bed, completely exhausted. They weren’t finished yet. He slid his cock out of her, eliciting a small groan of protest. He circled the small bed until he was beside her resting head. Lester reached down and brushed the blonde strands of hair from her beautiful face. She looked up at him with weak eyes, and a faint, exasperated smile appeared on her face.

Fuck her into submission. Move the goal posts, Lester thought back to one of his goals he’d established on the drive over.

Lester held his cock by the base and pressed the tip of it to her lips, “Clean it up again.”

Without any protest, Sarah opened her mouth, letting him push his prodigious organ inside of her. He spent the next few minutes slowly running his cock in and out of her hungry lips. Whether Sarah was aware she’d begun playing with her own pussy lips, he wasn’t sure. When she tried to grip his shaft and stroke him with her free hand, he pulled back.

“No hands. Stick out your tongue,” Lester said.

Sarah looked up at him with a slightly annoyed look, “When are you going to cum?”

But despite her tone, she stuck out her tongue obediently, letting Lester run his saliva-covered cock back and forth over it, “Heh. When I want to. Y’know, most women complain about guys finishing too early.”

“I’m not complaining,” Sarah said as Lester started running his cock up and down her cheeks, leaving a slimy trail of precum, her own tangy juices and her glistening saliva. “I just thought I would’ve made you come already.”

“Soon. And it’ll be explosive,” Lester said as Sarah’s tongue darted out to lick his balls. Lester knelt on the bed, making sure her tongue could access all of his parts, just as he had earlier, “You know it will be.”

“Promise? Sarah said as her tongue flicked along the curve of his wrinkled nutsack and she looked up at him with those penetratingly sexy green eyes of hers.

“Just you wait.”

***

Dan sat on the couch, remote hanging limply in his hand as he stared at the TV. There was an old movie on the TV that he vaguely remembered seeing before. Diane Lane and Richard Gere were in it. He was barely paying any attention to it, even though his eyes were locked onto the screen. His entire consciousness seemed to be filtered through his ears as he heard the screams of pleasure echoing from the upper floor down to him.

He hadn’t bothered shutting the blinds next to him. It was really late now, and he doubted anyone would still be out walking around. He honestly just couldn’t be bothered to. Just like he still hadn’t bothered to clean up the mess in the dining room and all the dishes in the kitchen. He knew that it looked like a bomb had gone off in his house, yet he just sat there, catatonically staring at the people on TV, doing his best not to think about everything that was currently happening in his house.

Pineapple, the thought tasted bitter in his mouth. The safeword he’d decided on with Sarah had blindsided him in his own bedroom. Deployed effectively by his roommate (he wasn’t sure what to even call Lester anymore) to delay his own enjoyment. He hadn’t expected things to spiral this far out of his control. He’d hoped that jerking off to completion would have helped clear his head, but he still felt just as numb as he had beforehand – like he was moving on autopilot and his brain was only half awake. He’d heard about people going into shock; their brains shutting down to protect them from trauma, suppressing memories, emotions or even shutting out sights and sounds. He wondered if this was what his brain was doing at that moment.

As his thoughts seemed to drift in and out, he heard footsteps behind him. He couldn’t grasp any of the fleeting thoughts, unable to hold onto them and really process their meaning. But he turned his head and saw a completely stark naked Sarah coming around the corner of the couch towards him.

“Hey, hey, Dan,” Sarah said with a look tinged with guilt and arousal on her face, “Why are you sitting down here all alone?”

“I…uhh…” Dan trailed off as he tried to think of a good response. The right words to snap him out of whatever this was, “I j-just needed some space.”

“See, I told you,” the voice from behind him got Dan’s hackles up, and he felt the familiar tension return deep in his gut. His consciousness wanted to retreat further into his head to escape this situation he found himself in, “I knew he was having a tough time. Fine. Alright. I’ll be a good guy. Go give him a kiss and a hug, Sarah.”

Sarah looked over Dan’s shoulder with a confused look on her face. Something that Dan didn’t catch passed between the two lovers, and Sarah moved in front of Dan, blocking his view of the TV. She sat down, legs on either side of his lap. Her beautiful, perfect, heavy breasts were right in his face. Sarah cupped his cheeks and knelt to kiss him tenderly on the lips. Dan just sat there, his body unmoving. The only part of him that managed to move was his lips, kissing his wife in return.

A whoosh of escaping air came from the leather couch, and it shifted with the burden of a new weight. Dan broke the kiss by looking next to him. His mind immediately thought of an obese walrus as he looked at the shape of Lester’s naked body, sitting so casually next to him. Sitting like he owned the place.

The words from upstairs about Lester being the man of the house echoed in his head like a resentful memory. Dan gulped and was aware of his heart threatening to burst from his chest.

“Oh, come on now. You’re making me jealous. That’s not nice,” Lester said as his fat, stubby fingers ran up Sarah’s arm. He gently tugged on it, and Sarah slid off of Dan’s lap. Lester looked him dead in the eyes, “You don’t mind if I borrow your wife for a bit, do you?” It was hardly a question.

Dan didn’t respond; his mouth opened. He knew socially that a response was expected when someone asked a question, but no words formed in his throat. He was the passenger in a car watching its imminent crash in slow motion. He had no hand on the wheel. All he could do was watch.

“See, he doesn’t mind,” Lester said, gently pulling Sarah over onto his lap. Her thin, toned legs slid over Lester’s obese thighs; she had to stretch her legs open to straddle him. Dan glanced down and saw Lester’s massive organ jutting up towards the ceiling, resting against Sarah’s taut belly.

“It’s good. It’s a good thing to teach your kids,” Lester said in a low voice, “That sharing is caring, don’t you agree, Sarah?”

Sarah rolled her eyes dismissively and put her arms around Lester’s neck. She gave Dan’s roommate a tired look.

“What? Shouldn’t we talk about our household values?” Lester chuckled.

“It’s too much,” Sarah said. She was giving Lester an annoyed look, but even in his catatonic state, Dan could see Sarah subtly rolling her hips up and down, pressing her pussy lips against Lester’s fat, rigid shaft.

Dan’s breaths were coming in shallow bursts now.

“Maybe you’re right,” Lester said with a sigh. Then he pumped his hips up into the air as he grabbed Sarah’s hips and hefted her up. The sight of him pushing himself up warped his body into a strange shape that seared into Dan’s memory.

Sarah grunted, and the next second Lester’s ass was back on the couch, his cock pointed straight up against Sarah’s pussy. He held her up by her hips, as she balanced on her knees. Lester looked over at Dan with that smug shit eating grin on his face, “Any objections? You like sharing her, right?”

Again, Dan opened his mouth to say something. He wasn’t sure if it would be an objection, a rebuttal, a refusal or an all-out agreement. But before any words could manifest in his mouth, Sarah’s sounds cut him off.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhh,” Sarah moaned sharply, her jaw dropping open as Lester slowly lowered her onto his cock. Dan watched, his eyes going wide as saucers as Lester’s girthy, long, vein-covered cock disappeared inside of his wife. Inch after inch, the shaft of Lester’s cock became less and less visible until it was fully embedded inside of her. Lester put his feet up on the coffee table and exhaled in a satisfied groan.

“Uhh fuck that feels amazing, baby,” Lester smiled up at Sarah, “I don’t know how you always manage to feel so fucking tight.”

“I’m glad you like it,” Sarah said breathlessly as she stared down into Lester’s beady eyes.

“It’s like you’ve never had a cock inside you before,” Lester said, then he turned to look over at Dan, “I guess before me, you never actually did. Probably why you’re still so crazy tight. Sorry, Danny, I’m not sure your little fella is gonna cut it anymore.”

Dan just blinked back at Lester, confused. He wasn’t keeping up with the conversation; he was still shell-shocked over seeing Lester’s giant appendage disappear inside his wife like some sort of cheap Vegas magician’s final trick.

“Tell him, Sarah,” Lester said, patting Dan’s shoulder with mock comfort, “In our throuple. Who has the little dick?”

An amused smile teased Sarah’s lips, and she shook her head, then turned and looked at Dan. Her face was unreadable, a mask of arousal, comfort and something else he couldn’t quite place. Something passed between them, as if she wanted Dan to enjoy what she said next. She licked her lips, the same way he’d seen Lester do so many times. The mimicked move irked him to his core.

“You do, Dan,” Sarah breathed, each syllable seeming to make her ride up and down on Lester’s cock a little faster, “You have the little dick.”

Lester seemed to beam at her for her admission.

“Is that little dick going to cut it anymore?” Lester asked. “Tell us.”

Without taking her eyes off Dan, Sarah just shook her head. Her eyes bore into his soul, and all at once he felt embarrassment, betrayal, arousal, a consuming rage and a well of deep desire. It was a heady cocktail that his body couldn’t process. His head just fell back on the leather couch. On the screen in front of him, Diane Lane was getting railed in a dark staircase, and the guy behind her was much younger than he expected. It wasn’t Richard Gere. Weren’t they married in the movie? What the fuck had he missed?

“Not if I can have your cock every night from now on,” the words almost dripped sex as they rolled out of Sarah’s mouth. Her body shuddered as she rose up and down on Lester’s log-like cock, her hands still wrapped around his neck. She broke her gaze with Dan and looked deep into Lester’s dark eyes.

“I love riding your fucking cock, Lester,” Sarah moaned, sitting up straight and closing her eyes. Her hands dropped from Lester’s neck to his flabby chest. Dan’s stomach twisted in a knot, seeing his beautiful, fit wife somehow finding pleasure riding a whale of a man like Lester. A smart, sophisticated mother riding the cock of some basement-dwelling loser who only saw sunlight twice a year.

“Sarah,” Lester said, “do you remember right after our first night together? Remember when I asked you how much you enjoyed fucking me?” Sarah opened her bedroom eyes and gave Lester an adoring look, nodded, grinning. “Tell me, tell us how much you enjoy, nng, this. How we’re fucking right now.”

“Ooh, oh, I love it, sooo so much. I remember that day. You licked my pussy and then fucked me in your bed and then fucked me again in the morning on the couch. I remember thinking I’d never cum like that before, and so many times. I didn’t even know I *could* cum like that. Nobody has ever made me cum by eating me out until you came along. You make me cum so fucking hard I can’t see. Your cock is amazing, Lester. *You’re* amazing. I never, ever, EVER want to stop fucking this incredible monster you’ve got.”

Dan couldn’t look away from the ongoing erotic horror taking place next to him. Sarah’s hands slid down Lester’s body until they reached where they were connected at her thighs. She ran them up her stomach and held her own breasts for a few seconds, squeezing them. Her hands continued to travel up until she ran her exploring fingers through her blonde hair. She let out a soft moan, sexily arching her back and thrusting out her breasts.

Lester took the offering and leaned forward, his fat mouth open. His ugly tongue stuck out like that of a lethargic, obese frog, and it swirled around Sarah’s areola. Dan’s stomach twisted again as Lester’s gross lips closed around one of Sarah’s delectable, hardened nipples.

“Uhhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned, eyes closed, head back in clear, unabashed ecstasy. He couldn’t fathom how she was enjoying this so deeply, but there she was, mother of his children, eagerly riding the slob that was Lester and savoring every single second of it, “Nnnnnmhhhmmmmm.”

Dan couldn’t pry his eyes from his loving wife’s face. He noticed for the first time that her hair was messy, and whatever makeup she still had on now looked smudged. Still, she radiated a confident, sexual energy that made Dan feel like he was in the presence of some kind of rapturous sex goddess.

And his own presence seemed to diminish more and more by the second. Again, he felt like he was the third wheel here, a perverted voyeur to this unholy union. Dan cleared his throat, finally finding some words.

“The window….” Dan said, his eyes darting between the open curtains and Sarah, pistoning up and down on his roommate’s lap. He knew she was a fairly private person and ordinarily wouldn’t want their neighbors seeing what was happening. Sarah opened her half-lidded eyes and looked at him, her gaze unfocused.

“What?” Sarah said softly, her brow furrowing and her mouth abruptly contorting into a telltale ‘O’ shape as she slid herself back down on Lester’s swollen cock.

“The windows are still open,” Dan said in a low voice, almost whispering.

“Who cares?” Lester said dismissively, taking his mouth off Sarah’s jiggling tit. He leaned back into the couch, hips rising, his eyes roaming over Sarah’s tight rocking body. “Let them watch. Let them see who the new man of the house is.”

Dan shifted on the couch. Maybe he could find the willpower to get up and close the curtains himself, and from there, perhaps he could regain some control over this situation.

“Be careful,” Lester chuckled, “If your neighbors see you standing by while your wife rides my cock, they’ll know you’re a little cuck.”

Then he turned his attention back to Dan’s wife, “What do you say, Sarah? Let's keep the windows open and put on a show for everyone,” Lester thrust his hips up off the couch, making the coffee table screech as it skipped across the floor.

“Fffuuck,” Sarah moaned, dropping her head. She pressed her forehead against Lester’s in an intimate gesture. “Leave them open. Let them watch.”

It was so out of character for her. Where was his normally dignified wife? The woman who would run back upstairs if the windows were open and she walked by fully covered in her pajamas without a bra on?

With their foreheads touching, Sarah stared into Lester’s eyes, “I want them to watch. I want them to see what you do to me.”

A shiver ran down Dan’s spine. He always loved it when his wife was hyper sexual like this, but usually it was with him. His head swam, and he tried to grasp onto any fleeting thought and make it solid. Lester tilted his head up and kissed Sarah softly on the lips.

She returned the sensuous kiss. What had started as light little pecks gradually turned into something deeper. Sarah slid the rest of her naked, sweat-sheened body forward, her heavy breasts mashing against Lester’s flabby chest. His hairy arms entwined her smooth back as she fell deeper into the troll’s embrace. Dan watched them both move their heads at different angles as their probing tongues explored each other’s mouths. He just sat there as wet, smacking sounds filled the room. Their lips and their privates, connecting and moving with one another.

When they finally broke their kiss, they silently stared into each other’s eyes for a long time. Lester smiled. The first time Dan had seen a genuine, non shit talking smile on his face.

“Mhmm…uhhhmmm. Uh, Lester….feels so good,” Sarah whispered.

“I’m loving this new relationship we have,” Lester said, loud enough for Dan to hear.

“Me too,” Sarah said breathlessly as she rode Lester’s fat throbbing cock.

“I love being inside you,” Lester whispered.

“I love feeling you inside me,” Sarah said breathlessly. Lester leaned up and kissed Sarah again on the lips. There wasn’t any tongue this time. It looked almost affectionate, caring.

“All good relationships need love to work,” Lester breathed, his hands running down Sarah’s tawny back until they each clasped one of her asscheeks. He wasn’t grabbing them as roughly as he usually did; he was caressing them, “Don’t you think?”

Sarah gave Dan a furtive glance out of the corner of her eye, “I do.”

“I love you, Sarah,” Lester whispered as he tucked a stray strand of her hair behind her ear before returning his hand to her ass. Sarah drew in a sharp breath. Lester rose his hips off the couch a few times, sliding his cock deeper into Sarah. Her mouth hung open, and she sucked in more breaths of air with each thrust.

“I….,” Sarah started, her eyes closed, and she held herself up as she focused on the sensations of Lester’s cock continuously sliding into her. Dan’s chest felt heavy as he waited with bated breath to hear her reply. His dick hurt. Without taking his eyes off Sarah’s face, he knew that he had somehow gotten hard again. All this fucked up situation was getting to his head.

“I…” Sarah repeated as she tentatively bit her bottom lip, “I love you too, Lester.”

At her admission, Sarah buried her face into Lester’s. Her blonde hair obscured Dan’s vision as they sensually made out again. Eagerly sucking on each other’s tongues as their bodies collided in carnal sexual congress.

The walls felt like they were closing in around Dan. He needed air again. He couldn’t just sit here and watch anymore. He stood up and blinked a few times. He tried to breathe, but he still wasn’t getting enough air. The house suddenly felt cramped and stifling. He willed his feet to move and stumbled past the grotesque scene of lovemaking.

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Movement from behind her snapped Sarah out of her debauched reverie. She pulled back from another kiss and looked at Lester’s face in shadow. She didn’t find it anywhere near as unattractive as she used to. Lester’s steel pole of a cock felt so good inside her. She loved it. And in her own fucked up twisted way, she loved him. She knew it wasn’t the same kind of love she had for Dan or for the kids, but she got butterflies in her stomach the moment he’d said those three words, and she felt her heart wanting to lurch out of her chest.

Footsteps hit the wood floor beside her. Sarah turned and saw Dan slowly shuffling by them. His dick tenting in his boxers. That surprised her since he had exploded all over their bedroom door less than an hour earlier. He never could get it up more than once a night. Well, not when it was just the two of them.

“Dan? Where are you going?” Sarah said as he dolefully walked away from them.

“I-I just need to get some air,” Dan said.

“Let him go,” Lester said, “He needs some space.”

Dan put his hand on the banister, and Sarah froze, eyes going wide. She didn’t want him to go upstairs. To see the open door to the girls' room. To see what she’d done in there.

“Dan, wait,” Sarah said, reluctantly pulling herself off of Lester’s lap. She was afraid he wasn’t going to let her go, but his large hands slid off her ass as she struggled to free herself from his deep-set, impaling cock.

Dan stood, one hand on the bannister, not turning around to her. Sarah moved towards her husband, “Not upstairs. Please. I want to clean up first…”

She trailed off, not even sounding convincing to herself. Dan let go of the railing and looked around, searching for somewhere else to go. His eyes locked on the front door for a second, but he seemed to change his mind quickly.

“Are you okay?” Sarah whispered with concern.

“I…I just need some space,” Dan said as he moved towards the door to the basement. “It’s a lot.”

“I know,” Sarah said as she thought back to her declaration of love for Lester. She’d gotten lost in the moment and hadn’t thought through how her words would impact Dan. It had been sex talk, but she knew it was more than that, too. And he’d probably picked up on it, “We’ll talk about it, okay?”

“Hey. This cock ain’t gonna fuck itself,” Lester said, half-joking from behind her.

Dan opened the basement door and flicked on the light. He took a few steps down, hand on the railing to steady himself. Sarah stood at the top of the stairs, watching as her husband walked down the dimly lit stairs mechanically. She really wanted to go back to Lester and finish the job. He hadn’t cum yet, and she needed to make that happen. But she also felt an overwhelming desire to comfort her husband and reassure him in his current state.

“Close the door,” Lester said from the couch. Sarah’s hand gripped the side of the door. Her mind flashed back to earlier in the night when Lester had banished Dan from the bedroom, how Dan had still exploded all over the outside of their bedroom door. She glanced down at his tenting erection and convinced herself that maybe this was what he needed on some level she didn’t yet understand.

Dan turned and locked his gaze on hers as she slowly shut the door on him.

Sarah breathed, one hand on the closed door.

“Sarah,” Lester said.

Sarah let out a measured breath and walked back over to Lester. When his obese form and his fat cock jutting up into the air came completely into view, Sarah felt any remaining trepidation wash away. She quickly rounded the corner of the couch and mounted herself on Lester’s waiting cock, breathing out a sigh as she lowered herself back onto its invading length.

“Seemed like Danny’s little buddy made a surprise showing,” Lester said in a whisper, “Did you see that?”

“I saw it,” Sarah said, her breath unsteady.

“Didn’t he just blow his wad upstairs? Does he usually get it back up that fast?” Lester mocked.

“No. Never,” Sarah said.

“Then what changed? Why do you think his little guy was all hard and angry again?” Lester said.

Sarah let her mind wander, and the only conclusion she could come to was that it arose from what was happening right in front of him. Seeing her with Lester. Hearing her declare her love for the obscene man. Talking down to Dan and talking about his smaller penis. Lester had been right; Dan did get off on all of this. She felt like she could put away any lingering guilt. Her actions were justified, even if he looked shell-shocked going down the stairs; on some level, he enjoyed and wanted all of this.

“Because of us. Seeing us. Hearing us. Together,” Sarah breathed as she stared into Lester’s beady eyes.

That ugly grin spread over his face, “Exactly. I told you. This relationship benefits all three of us. We gave him something he’s probably been craving his entire life.”

Lester flexed his cock inside of her. Sarah let out a low moan in response.

“You feel that?” Lester asked.

“Fuck. Yes, I felt it,” Sarah said.

“Can Danny’s penis do that?”

“No.”

“When you saw his little worm poking out, did you want that thing inside you?”

“Not right then,” Sarah breathed shakily, staring into Lester’s eyes, “I had a real cock inside me.”

“Call it a little worm,” Lester said.

“Dan doesn’t have a cock like you, Lester,” Sarah bit her bottom lip, wondering if Dan could hear any of this. He might be listening at the basement door or hearing it all through the vents, “He has a little worm.”

“Why did you marry someone like that? All night he’s acted weak and pathetic just like that little thing he can’t keep in his pants.”

“I…I don’t know,” Sarah said. She knew she loved Dan. She knew he was a great husband and good father, but tonight he’d been a total shell of himself. She hoped he’d come back around.

“A sexy woman like you shouldn’t have just let anyone impregnate you. You should’ve waited around for a real man to do it,” Lester said as he licked and sucked on her breasts.

“Maybe you’re right. Maybe I just didn’t know what I was missing until a real man came along and showed me. A real man with a big, fat, gorgeous cock.” Sarah smiled down at Lester, “Not a tiny little worm.”

The broad, ugly grin broke onto his face as he lapped at her nipple. Sarah’s hands went to Lester’s shoulders, and she pushed him back against the couch. Her eyes wild, she wanted to push Lester. She wanted to play into his fantasy and finally make him cum. No more games, she wanted him to cum. She needed to make him cum hard. And she needed to feel it explode inside of her.

She ground her hips down on his cock and planted her knees firmly on either side of him. She pulled her knees together, locking them against his hips. She leaned over him, letting her naked breasts sway over his chest. Her nipples were getting just a bit of added stimulation from his skin and coarse hairs. She saw her reflection in the open window and didn’t recognize herself.

Sarah lowered her lips to Lester’s ear. She stuck out her tongue and licked his hairy earlobe before whispering, “It’s too bad that the real man I found with this amazing cock is fixed.”

“What…what do you mean?” Lester stumbled over his words. Sarah smiled wickedly, knowing she had him eating out of the palms of her hands.

“It’s too bad you’re fixed,” Sarah said, her breath hot on Lester’s neck. She bit down on his earlobe.

“Why’s that?” Lester blurted out, his hands running up her back. She could feel his cock stiffen inside of her. She ground down on it, squeezing it with her flooded pussy. She bit her lip as her eyes threatened to roll back in her skull again. She loved toying with him. She was really getting herself off doing it.

And knowing that Dan might be listening was just the cherry on top. She knew the orgasm building inside of her was going to be a big one. She’d been stoking it earlier before Dan left, and now she was going to fucking claim it.

“Because,” Sarah said, leaning back to look Lester in the eyes, “Now you can’t explode into me with the real thing. With all those little swimmers desperate to knock me up. Mhmmm, that would be fun, wouldn’t it? A nice, slow baby-making session? Your DNA, mixing with my DNA…”

“Fuckkk,” Lester mumbled.

Sarah just smiled wickedly down at him, “Like you said, I’ve only ever been impregnated by a little worm…..I wonder what it would feel like having a nice, juicy, big cock like yours give it to me.”

She chuckled, “I bet it would feel like a firehose spraying down my eggs. It’s too bad we’ll never know.”

“Jesus Christ,” Lester muttered, staring up at her in awe, eyes wide, “I fucking love you.”

Sarah smiled and lowered her head to his. Her lips pressing hard against his fat lips, “Then cum for me. Cum in me. Make me feel what it would be like. Unleash in me. Give it to m,e Lester.”

Lester grabbed her face and stuck his tongue into her mouth.

“Mhmmhmmhmmm,” Sarah moaned around his tongue, her own dancing against his as their bodies violently collided with one another. Sarah was slamming her ass down onto Lester’s cock while he was thrusting up with complete abandon. She pulled back, wanting to stare down at her husband’s roommate as he came.

Lester’s face was beet red as he stared up at her reverently.

“Tell me you love me,” Lester said.

“I love you, Lester. Fuck I love you and your big fat fucking cock,” Sarah said.

“I don’t think Dan could hear you. I don’t think your neighbors could hear you. Say it again,” Lester said, his hands gripping her ass hard as he firmly pulled her body back down onto his rigid, plunging cock.

Sarah could feel the dam welling inside of her, threatening to burst. She knew that it was going to happen any fucking second now.

“If I do that….”Sarah started, “I’m gonna cum.”

“Do it. I’m gonna cum too. I’m going to fill you up until it pours out of you,” Lester spat.

“Fuck,” Sarah groaned as her pussy squeezed his cock. Sarah could feel it threatening to erupt inside her. Heat ran up her back. Her crotch and legs were slick with sex and sweat. She slammed her pussy down, letting Lester’s entire length slide into her, making her gasp. Her nails dug into Lester’s shoulders, and she locked eyes with him.

“I love yo,u Lester. I fucking love you. Do you hear me? I LOVE YOU! FUCK ME! I LOVE YOU, LESTER! FUCK GIVE IT TO ME! I LOVE YOU! LESTER! LESTER!. UGH! FUCK! GOD! LESTER…I….I….LOVE…UGHHMMHMMMMNNNNN,” The damn broke inside of her; she felt a surging torrent of electricity course through her entire body. Lester’s cock spasmed inside of her. She felt his balls lift up, and she felt his shaft expand. A widening band of scalding heat travelled up Lester’s cock and passed between her pussy lips. The hot sensation travelled the entire length of the huge cock inside her, then a geyser of molten cum exploded up and into her.

Lester groaned through gritted teeth. Sarah sucked in a deep breath and clenched her pussy around his cock. He was so deep inside of her as his ropes of cum continued to explode out, showering her insides with its wet, sticky white goodness. Sarah’s body rocked and her eyes involuntarily fluttered closed. Her jaw hung open as her entire body quivered and shook.

The electric current of pleasure ran throughout her being, coursing over every nerve like she’d just stuck her tongue into a live socket. Sarah couldn’t help but let out a primal, guttural groan as her body went limp, falling against Lester’s fat, shuddering form.

They sat there like that, two sweaty intertwined bodies. Both trying and failing to catch their breath. Sarah’s eyes didn’t want to open. She was already so exhausted from the marathon fucking that she let the oblivion of sleep take her with her lover still inside her.

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Lester groaned and tried to inhale. Something heavy was on his chest, obstructing his breathing. He blinked, forcing his eyes open. It took him a few seconds to understand his surroundings before the satisfied smirk returned to his face.

He pulled Sarah from his cock, off his lap, and gently lowered her onto the couch next to him. She made a disappointed groan in her sleep but didn’t wake up. A slow, milky river of cum oozed out of her well-used pussy and pooled on the couch cushion. Lester pulled himself to his feet and looked around at the mess he’d made of the Williams’ home. It looked like a bomb had exploded, and he knew the upstairs was much the same.

He glanced at the closed basement door and couldn’t help but chuckle at how easily Dan had folded and retreated to protect his fragile little psyche.

Lester spent the next few minutes finding his clothes and getting dressed. He put a blanket over Sarah to keep up appearances, then found his phone. He typed a short message to Renee, mentioning he was concerned about Dan and that she should check in on the two of them. She didn’t respond; it was just shy of 5 AM after all. His dick still swelled with the prospect of one day sliding his cock into Sarah’s shapely mother.

Lester took out his phone and flipped it horizontally, starting to record a video. He slowly spun around, filming the entire room, documenting everything. He recorded Sarah while she slept and then crept up the stairs to capture the aftermath of the events that had occurred there.

When he was done, he slipped his phone into his pocket and left through the front door.

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Pain stirred Dan awake. He grimaced and rolled into a more comfortable position. He was vaguely aware of voices somewhere distant. He grunted and slowly opened his eyes, looking at the exposed beams of the basement ceiling.

When he'd lain down on the futon last night, it hadn't been so uncomfortable. He'd even tried reminiscing about his first time being with Sarah on the old thing way back in the day. But her moans and screams had quickly dislodged memories of their clumsy and hasty first time together.

Once the couple of voices above him had quieted down, he hadn't been able to sleep. His mind was still foggy, but it raced with errant thoughts, trying to process just what the fuck had happened up there. Had he let things go too far? Was it possible for him to wrest back control of himself and the situation as he had in the past?

The only way to silence his thoughts and actually get some much-needed sleep was for him to jerk off again. He'd hated doing it. Shame filled him, especially as he mentally played back the scene on the couch and those three little words leaving Sarah's lips as she stared lovingly into Lester's eyes.

Someone was shouting upstairs. Dan snapped awake and stood up, making his way up the stairs. He didn't recognize the voice at first, not without his coffee. Maybe Lester and Sarah were having a lovers' spat? Maybe this nightmare had all worked itself out on its own?

If Lester was out of the picture, so was any hope of their family staying afloat.

Dan slowly opened the basement door and peered out. Sarah's parents were standing in the foyer, looking shocked. Her dad's face looked like a tomato as he yelled at Sarah, who had the smallest of silk robes wrapped around her body.

"What the hell happened in here?" James said, arms spreading wide, "It looks like you guys either had a party or a home invasion, which was it?"

Dan's eyes followed his father-in-law's. The coffee table was off-center, and he knew the dining room and kitchen were probably still a mess from the night before, unless Sarah had gotten to it.

"It smells like BO," Renee said, covering her nose.

"Everything is fine," Sarah shouted back at her parents, "Why are you here? We were gonna come pick up the girls."

"We were in the neighborhood," James said dismissively, "What's that fucking smell? Did you have a sex party or something?

"Dad!" Sarah said through clenched teeth, "Please! The girls will hear you."

As if on cue, two sets of footsteps bounded down the stairs.

"Mom!" Ava said, "There's a hole in the wall!"

"A hole?" Renee asked, "Where?"

"In the hallway!" Sofia said, "Right outside our room. It looks like someone slept in our bed!"

James shot an accusatory glance at Sarah but held his tongue. The door clicked closed behind Dan, and all eyes turned to him.

"Daddy!" Both daughters yelled. They ran over and wrapped their arms around his waist. Dan returned their hugs under the twin glares of James and Renee.

"There's a lot going on that Sarah and I need to sort out," Dan said, prying himself from his daughters' grips. He walked up next to Sarah, "Thanks for watching the girls, we really appreciate it. As you can see, we have a lot of cleaning up to do."

James was about to speak when the doorbell rang behind him. Dan furrowed his brow and exchanged a look with Sarah. Neither knew who it could be. Dan braced himself for Lester to show up at the worst possible moment.

“Excuse me,” Sarah said, pushing past her parents and opening the door.

A man Dan didn’t recognize was standing there with a clipboard in his hand.

“I have a delivery for uh,” he looked down at the clipboard, “Dan Williams?”

“That’s us,” Sarah said, gesturing over her shoulder to Dan. The guy gave them a nod,” I’ll be right back.”

“What is it?” Renee said, turning to Dan. He didn’t want to tell her the truth, that he didn’t know. He didn’t need to add to the confusion. James stood next to his wife, his eyes intently focused on the basement door.

“We’ll see,” is all he could respond with.

The driver and his partner walked up the driveway carrying something large and brown. As they got closer, Dan thought it looked like it was leather. James and Renee moved out of the way as the men brought it into the house.

It looked like a comfortable brown leather chair. Dan shared a look with Sarah, who made a face indicating she had no idea what it was.

“Bedroom up the stairs?” the man carrying the chair asked.

“Yeah, why?” Dan asked.

“Work order says we are supposed to move it up into the bedroom. You want to show us where you want it?” the guy asked.

“Sure,” Dan said as the men started up the stairs, straining and groaning as they went. He was eager to get away from James and Renee. The men pivoted the chair as they reached the top, and Dan followed. One of them pushed something into the girl’s room.

He paused at his daughters’ door and saw the comforter and sheets on one of the beds all dishevelled. He felt his anger boil beneath his skin, knowing now what had probably happened the previous night. His office chair was in here; evidently, it was the thing the man had pushed out of his way.

Just as Ava had said, there was a large hole in the drywall about 4 feet up. Further down the hall, he looked into his office and saw the chair missing. How it ended up in the hallway, he could only guess.

As he followed the men into his bedroom, he winced at the cum stain he’d left on the door the previous night.

“Where do you want it?” the man asked out of breath.

“There’s fine,” Dan said, pointing to where the men stood. They set the chair down and gave Dan the clipboard to sign. The other man took a picture of the chair on his phone.

As Dan signed the paper, the man pointed at the existing reading chair tucked in the corner, “The paper says we’re supposed to pick up and haul away another chair for recycling. It this it?”

Dan furrowed his brow and looked between the man's extended finger and the old chair. He wasn't sure what the hell was going on but he wasn't going to make an executive decision like that without consulting Sarah. "No. It's fine Don't worry about the haul away. Must have been a mistake or something."

"Easier for us," the man shrugged. He shook Dan's hand and made his way back into the hallway with his partner. The partner gestured to the cum stain on the door, and both shared a disgusted look with one another.

Dan looked down at the unfamiliar chair that had been deposited in his bedroom. He didn't remember ordering a chair, and Sarah seemed just as confused as he had.

When he finally went back downstairs, both the men and James and Renee had left.

"They just can't mind their own business," Sarah said, exasperated. The girls were in the living room, watching something on TV —a cartoon about a sandwich-eating, talking snail named Greg who planned to steal the Liberty Bell. "I hate when they just show up out of the blue," Sarah continued, "We were supposed to pick up the girls. I feel like a teenager with my parents barging in to look for porn or weed or something."

"It's a little much. Still, I wish they hadn't seen it like this," Dan said.

Sarah's phone beeped, and she looked at it.

"What is it?" Dan asked.

Sarah handed him the phone. On it was a text message from Lester with a picture of the brown leather chair. Dan squinted, and it looked like the picture the delivery guy had just taken in their bedroom upstairs. Lester had captioned it, "Danny's new cuckseat."

Happy Halloween! (Sadly this story does not contain Halloween elements).

Enjoy!

The sun had set hours ago, but Dan had needed to get out of the house. He'd been walking for almost an hour without any particular destination. He just needed fresh air, and his body needed to move. He couldn't sit still in that house anymore.

It was all just too much for his brain to process. He hadn't anticipated everything that had happened. The way Lester had simply and suddenly barged in and taken over, completely dominating Sarah and, in turn, him. He hadn't been at all prepared for that. He was aware that his previously meek roommate had a mean streak, but Dan had no indication that he was capable of something like what happened in the dining room. Or the bedroom. Or the rest of the house.

He couldn't believe just how far the sanctity of their home had been defiled.

Dan inhaled the cool night air as he paced through the park. His mind raced in a million different directions, but at least out here, away from it all, he could breathe.

His mind didn't retreat into that safe place inside of him like it did when he was confronted with Lester and Sarah together.

What the fuck am I going to do?

His family was teetering on the brink of financial ruin. Lester was their lifeline. But he and his help were poison. Sarah wouldn't go to her parents for help, and Dan's family wasn't in a position to help. It was Lester and his poison pill, or it was no one.

Sure, maybe they could move into their car or something equally dramatic, but Sarah would never go for that. It wasn't a real possibility. The only option he could see in front of him was swallowing Lester's poison pill and enduring the nasty side effects. The thought of swallowing briefly flashed him back to their dining room, with Sarah choking on Lester's thick cock.

Maybe they could do that for a while, live with Lester's help just until they found some stability and moved on. He'd been scrambling with work for months. Something would have to turn around soon, wouldn't it? Sarah would also need to start looking for work. They'd get back on their feet; they had to.

But what if they didn't?

Soft moans caught Dan's ears, and he found himself walking towards the sound. He came to a dark corner of the park, and lying on the ground were two younger people. One a man, the other a very attractive brunette. Both were in a state of undress, the man's hands in her pants and hers openly stroking his hard cock.

Dan froze in place, just like he did each time he watched Sarah and Lester together. His mind was slowly retreating back into his head.

"What the fuck, perv?" The girl shouted, covering herself up with one hand. Dan's mind reeled, and his consciousness lurched back to the forefront of his mind. He staggered back a step as the guy shuffled to his feet, scared, defensive and on the verge of anger.

“Sorry, I, uh,” Dan stammered, seeking to avoid an awkward fight. He turned and hurried away. “Sorry.”

He marched briskly back to the better-lit part of the park, looking over his shoulder as he went. His heart hammered in his chest, and he felt himself getting out of breath. He didn’t stop until he found himself crossing his front lawn, eyeing his house’s door.

His heart didn’t slow as he opened the door and crossed over the threshold. He lay his back against the door, closing it, and let out a held breath. After a few moments, he got his bearings again and took in the quiet house. It was late, he didn’t know how late. He hadn’t brought his phone with him. His eyes took in the living room and the dining room, now back in their cleaned and orderly state. The cleaning he’d done seemed like a blur of lost time to him. But now looking at the two rooms, he couldn’t help but picture the chaotic bacchanal that occurred so recently.

Dan climbed the stairs. The girl’s door was shut, and both were already in bed. His eyes avoided the new opening in the wall. He’d begun to patch it, but the hole was too large for the repair kit he had on hand. When he reached the end of the hall, his heart started hammering again. Faint light shone into the hallway. Just like before, he approached his own bedroom door, excited and worried about what he would find on the other side.

Easing the door open, Sarah was sitting on the bed in her pajamas, looking at him.

“Where’d you go?” she asked in a quiet voice.

“For a walk,” Dan said, “To think.”

“The girls were worried. You just left without telling anyone where you were going.”

“I, I didn’t think about that,” Dan moved into the room, closing the door behind him. He moved to sit down across from Sarah, but paused, looking at the new chair Lester had purchased for him. He sighed with resignation and sat down in it, “I just had to get some fresh air and clear my head.”

Sarah crossed her arms. “What’s wrong?”

Dan chuckled under his breath, “Oh, you mean other than watching you and Lester defile our house? Nothing Sarah. Nothing is wrong. Everything is great.”

Arms still crossed, Sarah stood up, “What did you think was going to happen, Dan? That we were just going to have dinner, and he would leave? You knew what we were signing up for. You knew what this was.”

“Oh yeah, I just knew that he was going to take you at the dinner table and that you both would talk shit about me all night. That’s one hundred percent what I signed up for,” Dan shook with repressed rage.

“We only did those things because you like it. You react to it. Your face twisted in this deeply expressive way that I’ve never seen before. When Lester has me like that, I might say things that could be belittling to you. And you love it.” Sarah said.

“I don’t,” Dan fired back.

“Really? Is that why your dick was hard all night? I come around to embrace this fantasy of yours, and then you hate me for it. You’re like one of those conflicted internet commenters who jerk off to porn and then write an angry comment afterwards about how bad it was. You want to see it, to live it in

the moment, but now you're acting mad at me to avoid questioning yourself." Sarah threw her hands up in the air, exhausted.

Dan just shook his head, "No, I don't think you did it for me. You did it to please your lover."

"Please him?" Sarah chuckled, "Of course I want to please him. He's the one throwing us a lifeline and keeping our family afloat. If I have to lean into things a bit, so what? You both enjoy it. I can't believe I'm being made to feel like the bad guy here."

"You do more than just lean into it. You love it too. I see the way you look at him." Dan said, standing up and moving further away from her.

"What? Would you rather I don't find something in it to enjoy? You'd rather your wife sleep with Lester and be disgusted by every second of it? That sounds sick, Dan." Sarah said.

"That's not what I meant," Dan shook his head. He made an effort to keep his hands at his sides to maintain focus.

"Oh, what did you mean then? That you want me to like it, but not like it too much, or then I'm a slut? You men…" Sarah stammered, balling her fists.

"You're deflecting from the point," Dan replied.

"What's the point then, Dan? Did we take things too far? Maybe. Maybe not. But this is what we signed up for. At any time, you could have stepped in and stopped things." Sarah said.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "You know how I get. Sometimes I can't…"

"Get it up?" Sarah said with an acidic tone.

"Can't think," Dan said hard, ignoring the barb, "I can't breathe. My brain doesn't work."

"You keep saying that, but to me it feels like you just want to shift all the responsibility off of you and onto me. So you can have your cake and eat it too," Sarah said.

"That's not it." Dan said, "No, I just hate this whole situation. It makes me feel…"

Dan struggled to find the right way to phrase his emotions. Before he could, Sarah said, "...like less of a man."

Dan winced and felt a pang in his heart. Sarah continued, "You're struggling with that. Between work, the weight of all our bills and then there's the way Lester takes command in the bedroom. You're feeling like less of a man. Not as important."

"That's not it. At all," Dan lied, "It's about respect."

Sarah chuckled, "So all of this is about you, but did you ever stop and think what I want out of this? I don't want Lester to come in and ask for permission before he kisses me. I want passion, I want to be taken, hard. Dominated. It's not just about what Lester or you want. I'm part of this, too."

"I think our boundaries are getting blurred. We should have talked about this before," Dan muttered.

"We did talk about things to an extent. I think you've just got buyer's remorse."

"I wish we could just pause this whole throuple thing," Dan said, "So I can figure it out."

“Dan…I love you. I do. But you always want to stop and think. Sometimes you just need to act. We can’t pause things. We’re in it now. If we pause things, how are we going to cover everything?”

“I don’t know. Savings,” Dan said.

“We need that. There’s not much left, but if things get any worse, we’ll need it.”

“So that’s it then? We just keep letting Lester use you, and I have to be okay with it?” Dan asked.

“I don’t see it that way. Look at it as me using him. And I know it’s all an adjustment. This whole throuple thing. I’m still wrapping my head around it.” Sarah said.

“It didn’t seem like you took much time adjusting…” Dan said, cringing immediately as the words left his mouth.

Sarah shook her head, “You know what. I get it. This new situation —being unemployed again and everything else —is tough for you. But I lost my job too. It’s tough for me too. But I’m figuring it out instead of playing the blame game. You want some fresh air and to clear your head? I think I need to clear my head, too.” Sarah said as she walked to the closet.

“What do you mean?” Dan said.

“I mean, we need some time apart. Both of us. We need to think. Everything’s too… raw right now,” Sarah said.

“I don’t want to leave the girls. I don’t want to be away from them again,” Dan said.

“So what? You want me to go?” Sarah said.

“Maybe I can just sleep in the basement for a bit. We can be in our own spaces,” Dan said.

“I need some physical separation, Dan. We need distance to work things out for ourselves,” Sarah said.

Dan felt the heat rising in his chest, “So what? Where are you gonna go? Are you gonna drive to Chicago to be with him?”

Sarah scoffed, “I was thinking of staying at my parents, but try not to be so insecure.”

“Really? Your parents? They’re going to ask you a million questions. You’re probably going to regret it.” Dan said.

“Not as much as I’ll regret staying here while we tear each other’s heads off,” Sarah said. “It’s not healthy, Dan.”

“None of this is healthy,” Dan shot back.

“See, this bickering solves nothing. The sniping,” Sarah said as she packed clothes in her carry-on, “I can’t keep being the bad guy.”

Dan wanted to stop fighting. The guilt welled up in him, mixing with the bubbling anger. He knew he was casting stones harshly, but he was frustrated to the breaking point.

“Hey, stop,” Dan said, trying to hold Sarah.

“Don’t touch me, not right now,” Sarah snapped, “I don’t want that.”

“Maybe you should stay,” Dan said, thinking of Sarah running off to be with Lester.

“Bye, Dan. I’ll call the girls in the morning, tell them I love them,” Sarah said as she wheeled her suitcase out of the room. Dan sat on the edge of the bed listening as she went down the stairs. He kept listening, waiting for the sounds of her coming back up, for them to apologize to each other like they always did.

He kept waiting as he heard the door close, then the car’s engine came to life, and the car pulled out of the driveway. He kept waiting, certain she’d cool off and come back.

***

Sarah could hear her parents speaking in hushed, hurried voices down the hall. Sarah had just showered and was now getting ready for bed. Her old bedroom used to have posters of the Backstreet Boys and N’SYNC on the walls. Now the walls had been tastefully updated with a neutral cream hue. It had taken her a moment to adjust to the unannounced change.

There was a knock at the door, and her mom came in. She shut the door behind her. Sarah was always pleasantly taken aback by how beautiful her mother still looked. She hoped she would age just as gracefully as her mother seemed to be.

“Everything okay, Mom?” Sarah asked.

“Just your father being your father,” Renee said, coming to sit next to her on the bed, “To be honest, I get it. Sometimes we just need a break from them.”

“I’m starting to feel guilty about it,” Sarah said, looking down at her hands.

Renee held them, “And you don’t want to tell me anything else?”

“No, Mom, I don’t, it’s just–”

“I won’t pry. I’m sorry. I’m worried. I don’t want to get between you and Dan, but a mother will always worry about her daughter,” Renee said.

Sarah just nodded her head.

“I was thinking…” Renee started, “How about instead of wallowing around here with both of us under your Father’s eye, we get out of town for a bit. Maybe we take a mini girls' trip. Just the two of us. We haven’t done that in, gods, I don’t know how long.”

“I’d like that,” Sarah said, smiling at her mom, “It would be a good mental reset. Just to get away for a couple of days sounds great. But I can’t really afford to at the moment, though.”

“Well, you two still have your apartment in Chicago, don’t you? We could just go into the city for a night or two. Catch a show. Have dinner. Have some fun. I’ll take care of the rest,” her mother said.

“We do…but…I don’t know…” Sarah began to think about the apartment. About Lester. Her legs shifted on the bed. “I’m not sure if Lester will be there or not. He might not like having us both crash there.”

“You pay rent just like he does,” Renee said, “You let me worry about Lester. I’ll handle him.”

Sarah squeezed her eyes shut and pushed out the stray thoughts that had wandered in. Her mom’s innocent words took on an entirely different meaning to her. Her mother “handling” Lester was something she didn’t want to consider.

Sarah opened her mouth to say something, but her mom held up a single finger, “It’s settled. Right?”

Sarah thought about Dan. Wondered what he would think about this plan. But this is what she and her mother needed. Some space. Sarah looked at her mom and nodded, “Okay.”

***

Lester strolled through the hospital hallway with a giant shit eating grin on his face. Everything about the last encounter at Sarah’s house had been note-perfect. Dan was completely edged out of the equation in his own home. Sarah bending to his every whim, shutting the door on Dan and professing her love for him as they fucked…

He couldn’t have asked for a better execution of his plan. It was intoxicating to push them both like this. To see them continually cross the lines in the sand they had so valiantly tried setting up long ago. He smirked, thinking back to the Sarah Williams he’d first met. She wouldn’t even recognize the woman she has become now.

His phone buzzed in his pocket. A message from Sarah asking whether he would be in Chicago or Middleton. He replied that he’d be wherever she’d be. As he tucked his phone in his pocket, it buzzed again.

He took it out, ready for a flirtatious exchange, but his eyes bulged. It was an alert from a security app installed on his computer in Chicago. Someone was trying to breach his firewall remotely.

“Not today,” Lester sneered, opening another app for his smart plug and killing power to his computer. No power, no access.

Cronos, whoever he was, had some hacker lackeys who were getting very annoying. He’d have to put some more permanent measures in place to stop them.

He sent Sarah another message that read, ‘Chicago,’ before marching back to his office to pack his things. He was just making a courtesy appearance here anyway.

***

Marcus stared out the window at the cityscape before him, arms crossed behind his back, a wrist in each hand. He hated having incompetent people anywhere near him. “How are you just finding out about this now?”

He could feel Irving shifting uncomfortably behind him, “I, uh….”

Marcus rolled his eyes and turned to face the smaller man on the other side of his desk, “You know I don’t pay you by the word. Spit it out, Irving.”

“Right. Yeah. “Sorry,” Irving sputtered. “Well, we weren’t looking for it.” When we bought our leaked files back, we tried to track down the seller, but he routed himself through a ton of different networks and protocols. We lost him when he pinged off a server in Bangladesh. It was actually quite impressive how he was able to…”

“The point,” Marcus rapped his ringed finger on the wooden desk, “Get to it.”

“Right, uh, yeah, so that was a dead end,” Irving shifted his weight between each of his feet, looking anywhere else in the room besides Marcus’ eyes. “So we started doing some homework, looking for other similar attacks. We almost missed this one, but I had a contact at a small, shitty consulting company called Swan Systems. Anyway, one of their clients in rural Illinois got hacked recently too, but this one was a ransomware demand.”

“And?” Marcus said, his open hands signalled his impatience.

“And we found a connection,” Irving beamed, “I found that connection.”

“Jesus Christ, what is it? Do I need to pay you more to get to the point? What is the connection?” Marcus demanded.

“The guy working with that Jesse kid. The one working with Byron when everything went down. His wife works at the hospital. That can’t be a coincidence.”

“Get me everything you can on both of them,” Marcus said, “Anything else?”

“Yeah, just one more thing. My guy said that their team couldn’t get past the ransomware. It was impossible. But then the wife there brings in some mystery independent consultant that unlocked everything within a week and made Swan look like shit.”

“Find out who that was,” Marcus demanded.

Irving bent forward in a pathetic bow and retreated, scurrying out of the room.

***

“Are you sure you want to stay at the apartment?” Sarah asked as she neared Lester’s building, “We could always get a hotel or something. Make it a real girl’s trip.”

“Can you really afford that? With Dan losing his job, I’m not sure it’s the smartest thing to do. I plan on paying for the other expenses this trip, Sarah, because I know things are tough, but your dad and I didn’t get to where we are today by spending when we don’t have to,” her mother said sagely from the passenger seat.

Sarah suppressed an eye roll as she eased the car into the building’s parking lot. She’d heard this line of sage advice all her life. Her parents loved to tell her how to save and be successful in life. It couldn’t have anything to do with the fact that both of them had employers with great benefits and pensions, positions that conveniently no longer existed.

The job market her parents knew no longer existed, but they never took the time to acknowledge it.

“I’ll grab our bags from the back,” Sarah said, killing the ignition.

Her stomach was in knots the entire ride up the elevator. Her mother was humming something to herself. Sarah didn’t know what would happen when she walked through the apartment door. Would Lester already be there? Would he saunter up and kiss her? He’d done that before. And now that they were a ‘throuple’ it stood to reason that he might expect that. They hadn’t gone over any ground rules, such as how to act in front of others. Sarah would die inside if Lester kissed her in front of her mother.

Sarah breathed and tried to focus on something else. “So, have you thought more about what you want to do this weekend?”

The doors opened, and they stepped out. Her mother said, “I still don’t know. We need to get some food, for sure. It could be fun to go and have a couple of drinks somewhere. We can always do that Uber thing.”

“Drinks? Are you sure? We could visit a museum or something, maybe do some touristy stuff,” Sarah offered.

“Leave the tourist stuff for the tourists,” Renee chuckled as they wheeled their luggage down the hall. “How often do I get time alone with you like this? Time away from your father? I don’t want to stare at a bunch of musty pictures, I want to have fun, Sarah.”

“Fun? So you want to hit the clubs, Mom?” Sarah asked, laced with sarcasm.

“Who knows. Maybe. Do you think they have an ’80s night?” Renee asked.

Sarah stopped at the door to the apartment and put her key in the lock, “No. I don’t think they do.”

As she stepped into the apartment, she felt herself getting wet between her legs. She didn’t fully understand why, but she imagined it was some kind of fucked up automatic Pavlovian response. Her eyes darted to the hallway, half hoping and half dreading Lester’s appearance. As her mom rolled her suitcase in and closed the door behind them, Lester still hadn’t come out.

“Maybe we have the place to ourselves this weekend,” Renee said.

“Maybe. Or maybe Lester is just playing his video games. He’s pretty obsessive,” Sarah said.

“Well, whatever. Should I put my suitcase in Dan’s room or just leave it out here in the living area?” Renee asked.

Sarah took her mother’s suitcase, “I’ll bring it to the room. Why don’t you make us some coffee and get comfortable?”

Sarah wheeled both suitcases to Dan’s room, as her mind raced. She hadn’t thought all of this through. There was still a massive peephole on Dan’s wall that she couldn’t let her mother see. When she pushed open the door to Dan’s old room, she was surprised to see the peephole covered by a piece of art hanging on the wall.

Lester must be here, or at least in the city. They’d texted back and forth briefly. He knew she was coming with her mother. He’d taken the initiative to cover the hole and relieve Sarah of an awkward situation. She almost felt touched at his consideration.

Almost. He’d chosen a picture of a half-naked anime girl holding a massive sword. She was posed in a very sexually suggestive manner. Now, instead of a conversation about a peephole, she’d probably have to endure an awkward conversation about Dan’s taste in art.

Lester could be such a dick, but at least he was consistent.

When Sarah returned to the living room, she was surprised to find her mother engaged in an animated conversation with Lester, who had apparently just arrived home. As she approached, they both turned towards her. Lester’s predatory eyes took their time running over her body, and she suppressed a shudder. He shouldn’t be doing that, not in front of her mother.

“Hey Lester,” Sarah steeled her nerves, tamping down the urge to pull him to his bedroom, “Did you just get in?” She felt a heat bloom between her legs.

“Yeah, I had to do some running around,” Lester said, “Your mom and me were just talking about your girls’ weekend. Sounds like fun.”

“Lester told me about a bar we should go to called ‘Hummingbird’, it sounds like a lot of fun, and the drinks are cheap. Maybe we could go there after dinner tonight.” Renee beamed.

Sarah cocked her head, “What’s so fun about this place?”

Lester shrugged, “Dunno really. I’ve just heard about it. Seems to be one of the talked-about places in the city. Decent food, cheap drinks, good music.”

“We’ll see,” Sarah said.

“You ladies want some company tonight?” Lester asked, looking at Renee. Sarah was about to shut that down, but Renee spoke first.

“Sorry, Lester. It’s a girls' weekend. Just me and Sarah. We’re going to spend some quality time together.” Renee said. Relief washed over Sarah.

“Tsk. Too bad,” Lester said, “Maybe tomorrow then? It’s always been a fantasy of mine to have a beautiful blonde on each arm.”

Renee lightly slapped Lester’s arm. Too playful a gesture for Sarah’s liking. “Stop that,” Renee blushed. A crooked smile spread on Lester’s face. Sarah’s stomach turned.

“Alright,” Sarah stepped forward, “Mom, did you make coffee?”

“No, not yet dear, I was about to when Lester walked in.”

“Okay, I was thinking. Why don’t we go for a walk and grab one? I could go for a pumpkin spice latte from Starbucks,” Sarah said.

“Oh, I don’t know, Sarah, we just got in,” Renee started.

“What happened to us having a fun girls' weekend? We should go out. The apartment will be here when we get back and need to crash.” Sarah said.

“Oh, you’re right. Okay,” Renee said, “Let’s go. See you later, Lester.”

“I’ll be here,” Lester chimed in, “I’ll probably be in my room. Sarah, if you need anything. Anything at all, you know where to find me.”

The statement sounded innocent enough, but Sarah knew what Lester was implying. He wanted her to visit him in his room later. How the hell was she going to do that without her mom catching on to them?

***

“I always told your Father we should try Indian food,” Renee said as they stepped out of the Uber. Sarah shimmied across the seat and got out behind her mom.

“But he never wants to try anything new. It’s always the same places. The same dishes. I don’t know how that man can live like that. Don’t you ever just want to have a taste of something new?” Renee said, her words coming out fast and furious.

Sarah shook her head. They’d had a couple of drinks with dinner, and her mom was having a good time. The Indian restaurant had been her mom’s idea.

“Janet and her husband just love Indian food. There’s that little spot on 10th, but your father won’t ever go. I’m going to make him take me when we get back. He’ll like that one chicken dish.”

“Butter chicken,” Sarah said, hooking her arm in her mother’s and crossing the sidewalk to the entrance of Hummingbird’s

The place looked dingy, like it had been a mainstay of the neighborhood for decades. Not some new and trendy place like Lester had alluded to. When they opened the door, the place was packed with throngs of people. They slid up to two open seats at the bar.

“What should we order?” Sarah asked, “Do you want another glass of wine?”

Before Renee could answer, a young male bartender came over, “What can I get you?”

“Two shots of whiskey,” Renee said with a big smile. Sarah turned and looked at her mother with wide eyes.

“What? We’re supposed to have fun. Come on, Sarah, don’t be all stuffy. Let loose a bit. That’s why we’re here, isn’t it? The boys always get to have fun, why shouldn’t we?”

Sarah shrugged and turned to the bartender, “Two shots of whiskey, I guess. And how about a couple of glasses of red? Do you have a Cab Sauv?”

“We only have a merlot,” the bartender said. Sarah nodded reluctantly. Shortly thereafter, the bartender returned with their drinks. Renee held up her shot glass to toast with Sarah, and they both downed them, nearly identical disgusted expressions following shortly afterwards.

They sat and talked, sipping their wine, when the bartender brought over two drinks and set them down in front of them.

“Excuse me,” Renee said, “We didn’t order these.”

The bartender winked at her, “Courtesy of an admirer across the bar.”

Sarah looked around but couldn’t see anyone looking in their direction. “What are they?”

“Dark and Stormies,” the bartender said. Before Sarah could ask what kind of alcohol was in them, the bartender left to serve another customer.

When she turned back to her mom, she’d already taken the drink in hand and was taking a long sip from it. “Oh, that’s good,” her mom said, “I didn’t think I’d like it, but it’s good. Who sent it?”

“I don’t know, I didn’t see anyone wave,” Sarah said.

“It’s exciting,” Renee said, turning to sip on her wine.

“What is?” Sarah asked, “The drink?”

“Just being out like this. And having someone buy me —us — a drink. I don’t remember the last time that happened. Or the last time I’ve just gone out for a drink like this with your father,” Renee said.

“Don’t get too excited. It’s probably some ugly guy trying to get us drunk,” Sarah said.

“Well, he can buy me all the drinks he’d like,” Renee laughed, “I’ll just drink them and make him leave with blue balls.”

“Mom,” Sarah said, “Who are you?”

“What? Come on, Sarah. Don’t be such a prude. It’s just a word. Balls.” Renee said again.

“Is this what it’s like when you drink?” Sarah asked.

“Oh please,” Renee said, “I’ve only had a couple. It’s just harmless fun. Don’t pretend like you never have fun like this.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Sarah asked.

“What was it like?” Renee asked, “That…adult theater. What happened in there, Sarah?”

“We are not talking about that again, Mom. We already talked about this. That conversation is over.” Sarah said.

Renee signalled to the bartender and asked for two more shots.

“Mom? What are you doing?” Sarah asked.

“Trying to get those lips of yours to loosen up. Come on, I’m buying,” Renee said.

“You’re getting out of control,” Sarah said.

“I’m not. We’ve only had a couple of drinks, Sarah. I told you, I wanted to let loose this weekend. Have some fun. I never get to have any fun anymore. Just give me this, okay?” Renee asked.

“Fine,” Sarah said and downed the shot the bartender placed in front of her. She went back to the shitty wine.

As they continued to talk and drink, Sarah couldn’t help but feel like something was off with her mom. She decided to ask a feeler question, “Is everything okay? With you and dad?”

“Don’t worry about us, Sarah. You have enough relationship things on your plate.”

“Come on. Girls' weekend, remember? How are you guys doing?”

Renee drained the last of her wine and pushed the empty glass forward. She turned her attention to the dark and stormy in front of her before sighing, “Things are fine. A little boring and domestic, but fine. It’s just…the same thing. Day in and day out. I wish your dad would take more initiative.”

“What do you mean?” Sarah asked.

Renee cocked an eyebrow at her, “You know what I mean.”

“Ew. I don’t need to know that.” Sarah said, downing a large gulp and finishing her wine.

“You asked.” Renee chuckled.

“I sincerely wish I hadn’t,” Sarah spat. She grabbed her own dark and stormy to clean the fresh bile out of her mouth.

Another pair of drinks was placed in front of them, this time in two highball glasses.

“Your admirer again. He said you both look thirsty,” the bartender said before retreating. Again, Sarah scanned the crowd but couldn’t find anyone looking their way. She sipped the new drink, and it tasted good.

Her mom was happily sipping on the drink and had her phone out. Sarah instinctively reached into her purse, pulled out her phone, and saw a text from Lester.

L: How’s the drink?

Sarah scanned the crowd again. She didn’t see him anywhere.

S: Are you here?

L: Maybe.

S: I don't see you. Are you creeping in the shadows or something?

L: Maybe. Just watching two blondes out enjoying themselves.

S: Leave my mom alone.

L: Sure. It's not her I'm interested in anyway.

Sarah grinned and raised an eyebrow.

S: Oh? And who are you interested in?

L: A delicious mother who likes getting fucked in front of her pathetic husband.

S: You're bad. Dan wasn't happy afterwards.

L: Sure, he wasn't. But he didn't stop us. In the moment, he loved it. He just felt emasculated afterwards.

Sarah stared at his words. That was close to what she had said to Dan earlier. She didn't know how to respond.

L: You know it's true. But why are we talking about Dan? I'd rather talk about the sexy blonde at the bar.

S: Sexy? I'm wearing jeans and a t-shirt. That's not very sexy.

L: It's still your body underneath. You can put whatever you want on top, but that body still drips sex.

S: Careful. I don't want you to get worked up. Nothing will be happening tonight. Not with my mom in the apartment.

L: Who says we need the apartment?

Sarah bit her lip.

S: What are you thinking?

L: The stalls in the bathroom aren't too tight. We could both fit in there.

S: That's disgusting.

L: That's why you'll love it. You can keep pretending to be the nice little soccer mom but we both know just how dirty you like to be. Come on, it'll be perfect.

S: I'm not going to leave my mom. We can't.

L: What's going to happen? She'll have a couple of drinks alone? She'll be fine. She's a grown woman.

S: Knowing you, you'll keep me in there for over an hour. I can't do that.

L: I love that you aren't against the idea anymore. You're just trying to find an excuse. Your mom wants you to have fun this weekend, right? You should take advantage of that.

S: I'm not sure it's a good idea.

L: Maybe I’m texting the wrong blonde.

S: Stop that shit, Lester! It’s not funny.

L: What? You don’t think she likes me?

S: She’s married to my father, Lester.

L: And you’re married to Dan. I don’t see your point.

S: I will strangle you in your sleep.

L: Not if I choke you with my cock first.

S: You are insatiable.

L: Big word for a drunk girl.

S: I’m not drunk. Not yet.

L: You’re swaying as you text. I can see you remember?

S: Goodbye, Lester.

L: I’ll meet you in there in five minutes. Don’t be late.

Sarah sighed and shoved her phone back in her purse. She took another long sip of her latest drink.

“Dan?” Renee said.

“Hmm? What?” Sarah asked.

“Were you texting Dan? Is he upset about you coming on the trip?” Renee asked.

“No,” Sarah said. “It wasn’t Dan. He hasn’t messaged me. I haven’t told him we’re in Chicago.”

“Really? Then who were you texting with?” Renee asked.

“Nobody important,” Sarah answered. She tried to push thoughts of Lester out of her mind. Of rendezvousing with him in some dirty public bathroom. The idea made her skin crawl, and she felt dampness between her legs. She shifted in her chair, her bra brushing uncomfortably against her stiffening nipples.

“Then why were you smiling so much?” Renee challenged. Sarah looked at her mom. The dark and stormy was gone from in front of her. Renee was swaying in her seat, clutching the empty highball glass.

“Just some funny GIFs and memes. A friend at work. It’s nothing,” Sarah said.

“Nothing? Like how nothing happened at your house the other day? When your father and I woke you, it looked like a tornado had been through there,” Renee said, “I’m still wondering what you and Dan got up to.”

“You promised not to ask about that this weekend,” Sarah said.

“You’re right,” Renee said, miming a gesture to zip her lips, “I won’t ask about your crazy sex life.”

“Jesus. Mom,” Sarah put her face in her hands, “You need to slow down on those drinks.”

“You’re no fun, Sarah,” Renee said again.

Sarah levelled her gaze at her mom. Then deliberately moved it to the back of the bar in an exaggerated eye roll.

“I’m just saying, Sarah, that I…”

The rest of what her mother said trailed off as she spotted a familiar blob moving through the back of the bar. Lester looked entirely out of place in his ratty graphic t-shirt and basketball shorts. He garnered quite a few stares, even a couple of people gesturing over their shoulders and snickering with their friends.

Sarah knew how to have fun. More than her mother could ever know. She downed the rest of her drink and turned to her mom, cutting her off, “I need to go to the girls’ room.”

“Oh, I’ll come too,” Renee said.

“No. It’s okay. It’s busy in here. Hold our seats. I’ll be right back,” Sarah said, sliding off the barstool. As she did, the room spun, and she gripped the back of the chair to catch herself. She blinked and chuckled at how tipsy she was feeling. It was like all those drinks hit her at once.

Her mom said something again from behind her, but Sarah didn’t catch it. She pushed through the crowded bar, careful not to trip on her uneasy feet. She moved through the throngs of people with a giddy smile plastered on her face. Things began to register more slowly in her brain. She was sure someone had cupped a handful of her ass as she walked by, but it didn’t bother her.

She moved into the back of the seedy-looking bar. There was a dimly lit hallway here. Lester was nowhere to be found. She went down the corridor and around a corner, deeper into the building. She felt goosebumps spread onto her arms. She hadn’t realized how long the hallway was going to be.

She passed a door to the men’s washroom, then stopped in front of the one for women. She blinked, looking back down the hallway at the men’s bathroom. She wasn’t sure which one Lester would have gone into. Sarah pushed open the door to the women’s and stepped in. The washroom was empty. A single incandescent bulb flickered on the ceiling, threatening to go out.

It was absolutely disgusting in there. The tile floor looked like it’d never been cleaned, and grime seemed to cling to every surface. Sarah moved in, and the first stall had a big ‘Out of Order’ sign. The next was locked, but she didn’t think anyone was actually in it.

“Down here,” Lester’s grumbling voice said from the furthest stall. She walked towards it, back in the direction of the bar and the men’s washroom door. She tentatively pushed open the shabby door to the stall and stepped in.

“What took you so long?” Lester said. He was standing there, already naked, nothing left on his body except his long black socks. Her nose wrinkled at the fact that he’d taken his shoes off in here. But her eyes drank in the sight of him. The dark hair covered the fleshy mound of his body. His eager, sinister-looking face. The odd proportions she’d never seen on another human being. And his long, thick cock, already sprouting up through his dense pubic hair, to greet her.

She licked her lips without thinking and stepped into the stall, pulling the door closed behind her. Lester advanced on her immediately with that fucking shit eating grin plastered on his face. He waddled up to her like a toddler.

“I thought you weren’t coming? What happened to that?” Lester grinned, pressing his naked cock against her jean-covered pussy, backing her up into the filthy stall door. She cringed as her hair pressed against it, wondering how long it had been since anyone had wiped this place down.

“I just remembered the incredible time you gave me at my house and couldn’t resist,” Sarah whispered, voice already struggling to contain her burning desire.

Lester chuckled, “That was a good night.”

He started to tug on the bottom of her tucked-in white t-shirt as he ground his cock into her. Sarah gasped as her shirt was completely untucked. Lester slowly pulled the thin material up over her body.

“You fully submitting to me. Getting fucked on the dinner table in front of your husband. Him just sitting there like a pathetic cuck while I took his wife over and over again all night long. Lester’s lips were on her neck. His thick tongue snaked out and explored her goosebump-covered skin.

“Shhh. Lester. Someone will hear you,” Sarah moaned, her hands running through the wiry hair on Lester’s chest.

“Who gives a shit?” Lester’s tongue left a hot trail of saliva up her craned neck. His fat tongue swirled over her skin. “No one here knows you. Who cares if they know you’re a little slut or that your husband is a cuck? Heh, you’ll probably just have a line of guys wanting to take a crack at ya.”

“Mhmm,” Sarah let out a soft moan at the idea.

“But then,” Lester continued, “You’d like that, wouldn’t you. You’d like every guy in this bar lining up to take his turn with you after I’m finished.”

“Maybe,” Sarah softly moaned, biting her lip as Lester tugged her shirt up over her body. Exposing her lacy black bra to him. “Could you handle that? All those men having their turn with me?”

Lester’s tongue left her skin, and she groaned in disappointment. His eyes ran over her now-exposed flesh, and a decidedly predatory glint filled his eyes. He licked his lips and finally met her gaze. She saw the hunger burning there and felt her panties soak through.

“As long as I have you first. I set the bar high. The question is, could you handle it?” Lester teased and ground his hard cock into the crotch of her jeans. Sarah bit her lip and closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of his inflexible cock. “How far would you have gone in that theater if I wasn’t there?”

Sarah shuddered and ground her pussy back against Lester’s cock. Her breasts were rising and falling in quick succession. She knew the answer. She’d known it when her mother had asked her at the bar.

Sarah pushed Lester back a bit and reached down to fumble with the button and fly on her jeans. Lester chuckled and tossed her white t-shirt onto the filthy ground by the toilet. Sarah pushed her jeans down, revealing a black lace g-string.

“What’s a respectable mother doing wearing that?” Lester chuckled.

“Just shut up and get back over here,” Sarah snapped as she kicked off her shoes and stepped out of her jeans, leaving them in a pile on the floor. Lester didn’t move. He just stood there, taking in the exposed sight of her. He had an evil grin on his face.

Lester stepped forward and grabbed her arm, spinning her to the side. Her hands braced against the wall, and Lester pressed his rock-hard cock against her perfect bubble butt. He didn’t waste any time.

He pulled back and lined his cock up between her thighs and pushed forward, forcing his cock between her thighs and over her panty-covered pussy.

“Uh fuck you’re such a tease,” Sarah moaned, letting her head droop forward, until her forehead pressed against the wall side of the dingy stall. Her blonde locks fell to each side, framing her face. Lester’s hands were kneading her sensuous hips as he slowly pistoned his length in and out between her thighs.

“I’ll never get enough of this,” Lester grunted, his eyes locked on her ass.

“Good. It’s all yours, Lester,” Sarah moaned.

“Forever?” Lester chuckled.

“Fuck, I really hope so,” Sarah whined.

“I wonder what the third wheel would say to that,” Lester said.

“Uh fuck. Lester, please shut up about Dan. Just give it to me already.” Sarah mewled.

“Heh. Gladly,” Lester sneered. His simian hands left her hips and grabbed each side of her thin, little black g-string panties and pulled with determination. Sarah yelped in pain and heard the fabric rip as Lester tore the garment off her body.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah bit her bottom lip. She could feel herself already dripping down her thigh. She pushed her ass back, seeking Lester’s cock. It ran against her slit, its tip tingling her clit. She thrust back again, trying to make the connection.

Lester just sawed his expanding cock back and forth against her bare, dewy pussy lips, teasing her. Sarah opened her eyes, ready to throw back her head and complain to Lester. Her eyes caught something on the wall.

The drywall was covered in obscene drawings. There were a few spots where it read “For a good time call Jennifer at…”

But what caught Sarah’s eye most of all was an illustration of a spiralling yellow brick road drawn onto the wall. Its intricacy suggested it had taken a lot of work. She’d never imagined she would find a work of art like this in a women’s bathroom.

Just as she was gazing at the evocative landscape. Lester reared back, then pushed forward urgently. The vast head of his rigid cock pressed up against her soaked opening; his size prevented him from moving further. Sarah closed her eyes again, bracing herself against the wall. She felt something cold and metallic and wrapped her fingers around it. She was vaguely aware it was a handicap grab bar.

Without the will to wait any longer, Sarah pushed her curving hips back. A long, guttural groan escaped her lips as she eased the leaking head of Lester’s cock inside of her.

“Mhmmmmfuck I missed you,” Sarah moaned. She gripped the bar harder and pushed her perfect ass back. Lester stood still, letting Sarah do all the work. She didn’t mind at all. She took inch after tantalizing inch inside of her, her jaw dropping open in awe as she did.

“I missed you, too,” Lester spat from behind her.

“I wasn’t talking about you,” Sarah grinned.

Lester just grunted his acknowledgement, but Sarah wanted to keep talking, “I was talking to your cock. That big, beefy, beautiful cock. Fuck, I want it in me all night. I want it all over me in me. I need it. In my mouth. Everywhere.”

“I’ll sneak into your room and fuck you while your mother sleeps,” Lester said.

“Ughh,” Sarah ground her nails into the steel bar. The idea of being covertly fucked like some teenager made her head swim with delightfully perverse thoughts.

Sarah’s bubble butt pressed against Lester’s thighs, and she’d taken his entire length inside of her. She stayed still for a moment, letting herself adjust to his mammoth size. The cool tile below her sock-covered feet was a physical reminder of the disgusting environment she found herself in. But at that moment, she couldn’t think of anywhere else in the world she’d want to be.

Licking her lips, she slid forward towards the wall, easing a few inches of him out of her before sliding back down onto it, “Mhmmmm.”

“Mhmmmm. Yessss.” Sarah moaned.

“Louder, Sarah,” Lester said, giving her taut ass a light slap, “No one can hear you over the sound of the music. Let it out.”

“Uhhhfuck what if someone walks in?” Sarah mumbled a response but moaned louder anyway, “Mmmmhmmmmmm.”

“Then they’ll be jealous of the fucking you’re about to get,” Lester said. He pulled his entire shaft out of her and slammed it back into her hard like he’d done the first time, like he always did. Sarah’s feet skidded on the tile floor, and she pushed against the bar for leverage.

“This is how you were meant to be fucked. From behind in a dirty bathroom stall like a cheap whore. Squeeze my cock, Sarah.”

Sarah clenched her pussy around Lester’s cock as he slid it in and out of her. She wanted him to hammer her. To dominate her. To caveman power fuck her in here. She needed to be fucked hard.

“Fuck Lester. Give it to me. Fuck me harder. I need it. Please. Please,” Sarah whined. Lester unhooked her bra. It dangled from her shoulders. He reached around and, with one paw, palmed one of her breasts. He squeezed it hard before letting the nipple roll between his fingertips.

His other hand held tightly onto her ass, not willing to let her go. His fingers on her ass cheek and his thumb resting in her crack, near her asshole. He pumped his cock in and out of her, increasing his unrelenting pace as he went. Sarah felt her eyelashes flutter as they rolled back, revelling in the sensation of Lester’s giant cock working inside of her. The bar she was holding onto was amazing, giving her the perfect angle to let Lester’s girthy cock pound against her G-spot before pushing deeper past it with every burning thrust.

She pushed back at the same time Lester thrust forward, adding some of her own momentum to the glorious collisions of her stimulated G-spot and his massive, driving cock.

“Ughhhhhmhmmmmmmmm,” Sarah groaned, raising her head and letting it loll to the side. Lester let go of her breast and ran his hand up her back until he savagely grabbed a fistful of her gorgeous blonde hair. He roughly pulled her head back, and she saw stars for a second.

Lester shifted himself behind her. Sarah used what little leverage she had to glance over her shoulder and saw that he'd put his foot up on the toilet seat and adjusted his angle to allow himself to plunge even deeper.

"Oh! Lester, shit," Sarah moaned as the angle of his cock made her insides dance, "That's nice. So fucking nice. Just like that, baby. Mmmmm."

"Have you followed the yellow brick road?" Lester asked, cock furiously thrusting into her. Her ass slammed back on his pressing thighs, and she could feel the sweat of sex already covering both of them. She didn't know how long she'd been in here. She wasn't sure how long they'd been fucking, but now everything else could wait.

"What?" Sarah said, not focused on the meaning of his words. She was too distracted by his amazing cock pistoning in and out of her like a freight train. She was about to hang her head and go back to mentally checking out when pain flared in her neck.

Lester's hand once again gripped her hair into a tight fist and pulled her head up, "Oh, fuck that hurts."

"You love it. Open your eyes," Lester demanded.

Sarah opened them. Her vision was blurry and unfocused for a few seconds. The drywall in front of her came into focus, along with the graffiti and lewd drawings, doubtless by some adolescent youth. Her eyes went back to the spiralling mural of the yellow brick road.

"You see it?" Lester asked, aggressively pumping his cock into her. He pulled his dripping pole all the way out of her and slammed it back in for good measure, making the horny wife shriek.

"Uh..yeah….yes…on the wall," Sarah moaned, ready to close her eyes and focus on the blissful sensations of their fucking.

"Follow it. Follow the road till the end," Lester said.

"What?" Sarah said, suddenly irritated with him. She just wanted to fuck.

"Do it," Lester said, somehow menacingly slowing this thrusts, "Or I'll stop fucking you."

"Ughhmhmmm. Don't stop. Please don't, Lester. I'll look," Sarah raised her head and opened her eyes. Lester pushed his entire cock back into her, then pulled it back out quickly. Then he slammed it all back in again. His cock felt so hot. So thick. So big. It filled her completely. She moaned, wanting to drop her head, but her eyes were lazily following the spiralling yellow brick road design on the wall. It spun around and around, covering a large chunk of the wall right in front of her. Its center ended directly above the bar she was gripping so tightly.

Her eyes went wide as saucers when she saw what awaited her in the middle of the spiral. A thick, dark cock was now jutting out of the wall.

"What the fuck?" Sarah gasped, her pussy involuntarily clenching around Lester's pulsating cock. He took a rasping breath and thrust hard into her, pushing her forward towards the wall. She gripped his cock with her pussy lips and pushed back with her ass, pushing her arms down on the bar for leverage. As she pushed back, her head dropped down until she was eye level with the large dark cock. A trickle of precum oozed out of the black organ, and a tress of her stretched down over her face and fell dancing across the broad shaft and head.

“You know what that is,” Lester said, “It’s a cock. Not a penis like Danny’s.”

“I know what the fuck it is, Lester,” Sarah stammered, “But what the fuck is it doing here?” Her ass clapped back against the short man’s pushing thighs.

Sarah heard the undeniable moan in her voice as she spoke. She couldn’t take her eyes off the large, dark cock jutting out of the middle of the wall at her.

“Waiting for you,” Lester said. “It’s been sticking out of there for a while. Someone probably watched you head to the back and hoped that you’d come into this stall.”

“You picked the stall,” Sarah said, licking her lips.

“You share your husband’s tendency of stating the obvious,” Lester let go of Sarah’s head and grabbed both of her hips. He dropped his foot from the toilet back to the dirty tile and pushed her forward. Sarah lurched, not expecting the force of Lester’s effort. Her bare breasts smashed against the cold, nasty, drywall. The steel bar pressed hard into her hips. The lacy black bra hung uselessly from her shoulders. Lester’s fully engorged cock was buried deep inside of her, pinning her against the bar.

The dark skinned cock jutting through the wall pressed into her flattened stomach. She could feel the man’s oozing precum smear onto her skin. Sarah shuddered from head to toe. The cock in the wall pulled back off her and then thrust forward. The unseen man repeated the gesture, his cock head leaving a slimy trail on her skin before ramming back into her to leave another.

Lester hammered her from behind while the stranger probed her front. Sarah’s face was pressed up against the wall, against the yellow brick road design. She breathed hard, feeling the different sensations of the two probing cocks. One deep inside her, the other desperately wanting to be.

“You gonna touch it?” Lester grunted into her ear from behind her. Before she could even think about it. The cock disappeared. She waited for it to ram back into her stomach, but it never did. Sarah looked down and watched as a black, weathered hand reached out from the large hole, fingers splayed, and a person she couldn’t see touched her stomach.

Some stranger was touching her. While she was naked. While she was getting fucked. His calloused hands ran over her tight, flawless white skin. The arm bent awkwardly, and then the hand moved up, cupping one of her breasts. Sarah let out a sharp breath as this strange man, this man she didn’t even know what he looked like, groped her. Groped her breasts with his one hunting hand, grabbing each of them, pinching her nipples, seemingly cherishing each and every touch.

She heard a groan from the other side of the wall and was sure the black man on the other side was stroking himself while he groped her. Sarah thrust her chest forward into the eager stranger’s grasping hands.

Lester’s cock slid frictionlessly in and out of her, hammering against her G-Spot. She wined, her lips pressing up against the dirty, drywall, stained with something unknown. The black hand on her breast was groping more urgently now, her tit fully in his hand.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah’s jaw dropped open, scrapping against the drywall.

“Oh fuck,” she repeated.

“You getting close?” Lester wheezed as he barbarically pumped his cock into her at a rapid clip.

“Yes….fuck…its….don’t stop….close…so close….” Sarah panted, her body heating up as she built herself towards something epic.

“Well, don’t be so quiet,” Lester chuckled, “Let our friend know he’s doing a good job over there.”

“FUCK,” Sarah moaned loudly against the wall. Her hand dropped, and she put it on the back of the stranger’s hand, desperately urging him to fondle her harder. She was so close. He seemed to get the hint. The hand grabbed her breasts roughly, his calloused fingers teasing her nipples.

“Uhoh fuck. Right there. Please. Please. Don’t….fuck….yes….yes…..YESSUUHHHMHMMMMMM,” Sarah wailed as her pussy constricted around Lester’s cock, holding the massive tool firmly in place. Lester still pushed into her and dragged his cock out before slamming it back in past her defenses. Lester forced his way between the clenched muscles of her inner walls. Her tightness welcomed the invasion; her body knew every inch of him. The unfamiliar hand on her breast tweaked a nipple, and Sarah screamed as her body exploded in a furious orgasm.

Her calves locked, and she went up on the balls of her feet as her world rocked. Her pristine ass jiggled against Lester’s jiggling fa,t and she clenched her jaw tight as every muscle in her body shuddered in heavenly bliss all at once. The hand on her breasts kept grabbing her, like a conductor at an orchestra guiding them all through a powerful crescendo.

“MhmmmohhhGOD,” Sarah screamed into the drywall as the nerves in her body ignited. She clenched her eyes closed so tightly that her vision went completely black for a moment. Her brain swam, and she rocked back and forth, feeling her orgasm add to the alcoholic warmth coating her core.

Breathing hard, she came back to reality, her entire body tingling with heightened sensitivity. The arm groping her breast disappeared back through the wall, much to Sarah’s disappointment. It had somehow taken her lacy black bra with it.

But in the arm’s place, the thick, black cock reemerged as if looking for its reward for making her cum so hard. Sarah gazed down at it, licking her lips. Without a single conscious thought, she reached down and grabbed the thick shaft in one hand, caressing it. She closed her eyes and revelled in the feeling of it in her palm. It was so thick and powerful, and by extension, Sarah was powerful holding it. She gripped it tightly and slowly began stroking it. The cock thrust against her palm, as if it had a mind of its own. Sarah let a big dollop of saliva run out of her mouth, landing on her palm and partially covering the cock within it. She massaged her drool onto this stranger’s cock and began stroking him in earnest, watching with wide, fascinated eyes as he pushed back at her touch.

She stared at the point of contact between her white, creamy, flawless skin and the utter ebony blackness of this new cock. She was transfixed, watching the illicit difference in hue.

Sarah’s momentary reverie was broken by Lester’s hard cock pumping back into her and snapping her back to reality. Sarah groaned, reached out with her other hand, grasped the handicap rail and thrust her bubble back towards her skilled incel lover.

Sarah slammed her ass back against Lester while she stroked the black cock jutting from the hole. With one other hand gripping the rail for leverage, part of her brain registered how much thicker the man’s cock was than the safety bar. The bar’s steel color wasn’t as interesting a contrast against her white skin.

“MHMMMMHMMMMFUUUUCKK,” Sarah’s breathing was labored as she fucked and jerked. Each time she slammed back onto Lester’s cock, her hand would stroke the entire length of the man’s hard shaft.

They worked like that, all three together in a rhythm that extended for minutes. Sarah fucking Lester’s big fat cock. The horny young mother fucking herself back into it while she jerked off a stranger. Several times, she had to spit on the cock in her hand, tempting her to save herself the trouble and just take it into her mouth.

The stranger’s cock kept ramming through the dirty hole, desperate for her touch. Sarah couldn’t catch her breath. Lester’s cock slid in and out, touching deep inside of her, places no other man, not even Dan, had ever touched. Sarah wanted to whimper, to lie down on the dirty tile floor and just take his unbelievable cock while he dominated her.

Sarah’s eyes locked on the dark cock in her hand, watching more sticky precum ooze out of it, running over her hand and fingers. A stranger’s cum was on her. A stranger with an unknown face.

Sarah kept staring, mouth agape as a sheen of sweat covered her skin. It pooled off her forehead and dripped onto the floor. Lester was breathing hard behind her.

Then the bathroom door creaked open.

***

Renee had gotten impatient waiting for Sarah. Her daughter had to have been gone for over half an hour. Renee reveled in her buzz as she stumbled down the long, dark hallway at the back of the bar.

Where was her daughter? She still couldn’t be in the bathroom, could she? Renee pushed open the door to the women’s washroom and stepped inside, peering around at the dimly lit, unkempt room.

“Sarah? Are you still in here?” Renee’s head swam with that perfectly heady buzz, and she couldn’t suppress the smile on her face. Even though she wasn’t graceful on her feet, she felt like she had skillfully glided through the crowded bar to the back area.

She waited for a response, teetering on her feet. She couldn’t help but turn her nose up at the disgusting state of the bathroom. Why had this place been so highly rated again? The drinks were cheap, and the bartender definitely had a heavy pour. That probably went a long way in today’s economy.

There were some scuffling sounds from a far stall, but otherwise, it didn’t seem like anyone was in here. A surprise, given the number of young women in the front of the house. Sarah must have gotten held up somewhere back in the bar.

Before she headed back, all that alcohol had run through her, and she needed to pee. Renee found an open stall and stepped inside.

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Sarah’s eyes went wide at her mother’s voice calling for her. She tightened her grip on the stranger’s cock, holding it still. The man didn’t seem to mind and kept pulling back and thrusting himself forward through it.

Her head spun, looking over her shoulder at Lester, only to find that condescending gaze already watching her. He looked amused by the situation, the complete opposite of the feeling Sarah felt in

the pit of her stomach. She'd come too close to her parents discovering things already. She couldn't bear to be caught in such a compromising position by her mother and then have to talk about it with her afterwards. She'd have to reveal some uncomfortable things to her.

Sarah tried to stand, but Lester planted his hand between her shoulder blades and held her in place. She gave him a hard, questioning look, which he replied to with a solitary finger held up to his lips.

He kicked one foot out and slid her clothes away from the edges of the stall. Another stall door clicked closed. Her mother was still in the room, despite their silence.

Lester narrowed his eyes at her, that evil smile returning to his face. She knew that look. She'd seen him make it a hundred times before. The hand planted firmly on her naked back slid up her back, never lessening its pressure. He gripped the back of her neck, his fingers snaking up into her hair.

With a slight turn of her head, Lester pulled on her hair. She opened her mouth to yelp but suppressed it, not wanting her mother to hear. At that exact moment, Lester thrust hard into her and pushed her head forward to the dark as night cock she still gripped in her hand.

The swollen, engorged head eagerly pushed past her luscious lips and greedily snaked its way over her wet tongue. Sarah gagged, not ready for it. She heard a guttural groan, followed by a hand slamming on the other side of the wall. The shaft pulled back and thrust forward again, desperate for me, even as Sarah held the shaft in a vice-like grip.

Lester never gave her a moment to get her bearings. He pulled his hips back and slammed his cock into her, burying it fully to the hilt, making her rock forward onto the black cock, spreading her lips.

Sarah's free hand gripped the safety bar to keep herself steady as the two men used her. She couldn't help it. Despite desperately not wanting to, she let out a long, soft moan around the stranger's cock, "MMMHHHMMMmmmmmmmmm."

Sarah's hand loosened its grip on the shaft, just a bit, and she renewed stroking it. Up and down, the saliva from her mouth not providing a glistening sheen, making it much easier to jerk him off. It felt like she was now feeding herself the man's cock. Stroking him into her mouth.

That thought and fullness of her mouth and pussy made her moan again without restraint, "Mhmmmmm. Mmmmhmmm. Mhmmmmmm. Mhmmmmmm."

***

Renee's fingers hovered over the toilet's lever, frozen. She stood in place, with wide eyes as her drunken brain tried to process what she just heard. Did she hear wrong?

She stood up, straining to listen.

"Mhmmmmm. Mmmmhmmm. Mhmmmmmm. Mhmmmmmm."

The sound was unmistakable. A woman in the throes of it. As she listened, she heard the accompanying wet slapping sounds. Someone was giving it to the woman. Fucking her. Fucking her hard and fast from the sounds of it. They were fucking without a care in the world about being in public, about the disgusting state of the bathroom. Just a raw experience.

She took a step back from the toilet, not wanting to flush. Not daring to make her presence known. If she flushed, they'd hear and might stop. A warmth spread through her chest, and her breath was coming fast and shallow.

She shouldn't be here. Shouldn't be part of this. Shouldn't be listening to them. It was supposed to be something private. But she felt a thrill run through her. A thrill she hadn't felt in years.

How long had it been since James had shown that kind of passion? Of just having to have her. For her to feel his raw need? She couldn't remember the last time. They'd settled into something of a routine. Nice, predictable. But their sex life was virtually nonexistent. The doctors said something about his low testosterone. But Renee still kept herself in shape, hoping to attract her husband. She'd almost convinced herself that that part of their lives was fine. Didn't need work. It changed with age.

But hearing the other women further down in the bathroom getting publicly pounded had shattered that notion. That need to be touched, to be held, to be fucked came roiling back to life. Renee backed herself against the stall door and let their animalistic sounds wash over her.

The women's soft, pleading, muffled moans. The wet slapping sounds of skin on skin connecting as they fucked. And…something else. Another wet noise. A slurping noise….

Was that why the moans sounded muffled? Was the woman also giving oral at the same time? Renee's head swam at the implication. But as she listened and closed her eyes, it was unmistakable. The woman was taking two coks at once and loving every second of it.

Warmth crawled over Renee's skin, and her mouth went dry. She realized that her hands were running over the front of her shirt, grazing her nipples and the skin below them. It felt nice. She sucked in a breath and held everything still. Letting the sounds of the threesome wash over her as she continued to touch herself.

***

Dan had forgotten how hard grocery shopping with the girls could be. Whenever he'd gone out in Chicago, it had been fast and efficient. Just get what he needed and get out. The girls trailed behind and wandered off. They touched everything, grabbed snacks and chips, and rushed up to the cart, begging him to buy them.

What should have been a fast shopping trip took twice as long. But now he was in the checkout lane, loading their haul onto the conveyor. He eyed everything, noting the multiple new additions that hadn't been on his list. Of course, the girls had talked him into adding a chocolate bar each that were conveniently located in the checkout aisle.

The cashier rang up the total, and Dan tapped his card to the reader.

Declined.

The cashier gave him a look and, without a word, reset the transactions, letting Dan tap again.

Declined.

Dan sighed, "Let me try my other card."

He slid his visa out and held it to the reader.

Declined.

His cheeks flushed. He never carried cash anymore. Just his two cards.

The lady behind him in line was done loading her stuff and was waiting. Behind her, three more carts waited.

The girls had already opened their candy bars and were digging in. Dan's heart hammered in his chest as he looked between the declined message and the indifferent eyes of the cashier.

"I might, uh, need to remove some things here," Dan said, scanning the already bagged groceries. He felt the stares of the impatient customers behind him as he opened the bags and began prioritizing what was needed.

The girls protested when he set aside their must-have additions.

Ava grabbed the box of peanut butter cookies and shoved them back in the bag.

"You said we can get them!" Ava cried.

"Not today, Ava," Dan said through gritted teeth. The woman behind him crossed her arms and pretended not to be watching.

"But you said! Why does Sofia get her Doritos? It's not fair."

"We're not getting the Doritos either," Dan hushed.

"What!" Sofia protested, "I want them. Please Dad! Please. Mom would let us have them."

Dan ignored the girls' protests, even as they grew increasingly embarrassing in volume. He pushed everything non-essential to the side and set up everything they needed.

"Could you ring just these up?" He asked the cashier. She rolled her eyes, cancelled the transaction and rang everything up. The girls were still whining at him, and he was aware of the scene they were making. They were garnering looks from other aisles.

The cashier finished scanning everything, and the card ready lit up, waiting for him. With dampness in his underarms, Dan held his first card to the reader.

Declined.

He let out a curse that shut both of his daughters up. He held his second card up to the reader, holding his breath.

Accepted.

Dan let out his breath and quickly loaded his trimmed-down groceries into the cart. The girls still protested the entire way out of the store, drawing many eyes and parental judgment. Dan just blocked them out as he wheeled the cart out of the store into the cool night air and headed towards their car.

***

Lester had thankfully settled into a comfortable pace behind her. Sarah craved his deep, hard, relentless thrusts, but it wasn't what the situation called for right now. Sarah pulled her lips off the stranger's cock and greedily licked around his cockhead, tasting the salty, bitter precum from it.

She tilted forward, pressing the hard, thick shaft against her face. It was warm and felt so big against her, "Ughhmmhmm."

It felt so good against her skin. She wished she could see herself. To see what it looked like against her skin, next to her face. She knew the man on the other side of the wall was waiting. Sarah pushed forward until her face was next to the hole and stuck out her tongue, licking the base of the man's shaft. She twirled her tongue around it, eliciting a positive groan from the other side.

That made her smile. She kept stroking the end of his shaft, running her palm over it and the head of his cock as she slowly and methodically licked up his shaft. She made sure to lick all around his impressive girth, coating their stranger's tool in her saliva.

She still couldn't believe she was doing this without even knowing what the man looked like. Was he old? Young? Fat? Thin? She had no idea. It didn't matter. He was just a cock to her anyway.

Sarah licked up to the tip of his cock, swirling her tongue around the head. Flicking it over the sensitive area. Lester cock dragged up and down over her G-Spot, Sarah momentarily stopped her licks and just held onto the cock, getting lost in the sensations of Lester's manipulations.

Her hot air covered his cock as she slowly renewed her focus. She eyed the man's heavy balls and, without a second thought, dragged her tongue down to the base of the shaft again and headed towards them.

They weren't fully through the wall like his cock, but sitting just inside the cutout hole. But she could still get to them. The man almost jumped as her tongue flicked out and licked the flesh of his balls. Through the dense matting of pubic hairher tongue could still feel the goose-like flesh of his nutsack.

The man chuckled from the other side of the wall. To Sarah's dismay, he retracted his cock completely. Her second of disappointment was relieved as the man thrust his ball sack through the wide hole.

Sarah could only imagine what kind of position he was in on the other side, but happily dove in tongue first. His course pubic hair pressed against her as she rolled her face against this stranger's meat sack. Her tongue danced across him, teasing and licking. A little hair got stuck to her tongue, but she quickly pulled it off and dived back in.

"That's it," she heard a deep voice groan from the other side of the wall, "Lick 'em bitch."

Sarah's pussy clenched around Lester's cock at his words. It was one thing to touch a stranger, another to suck one she couldn't see. But it was something completely different for a stranger to talk to her in such a derogatory way. Dan never even talked down to her like that.

Dirty talk in the bedroom was something intimate, like what she had with Lester. It was like this man was jumping all the steps and just taking what he wanted from her. The thought made her clench herself on Lester's go again, basking in the feeling of his monster cock filling her.

As she squeezed Lester, he kept pushing forward. In and out. Over and over. She had trouble holding onto him. She was gushing between her legs.

Sarah's hot breathing was coming out ragged as she licked and worshipped the man's balls. She wanted to talk back. To say something to him. To chastise him for speaking down to her. To beg him to do it again. But she couldn't utter a word. Not when her mom was still in the bathroom, just a few stalls down.

She should have left by now, but Sarah hadn't heard her. Maybe she snuck out or Sarah was just too preoccupied with the two cocks to notice. It was fucked up that part of her liked the idea of being caught. For someone to discover who she really was.

The balls disappeared, and Sarah quickly moved to the side before her eye was impaled with the dark man's returning cock.

"Mhmmmhmmmmm," Sarah let out a soft moan that seemed to fill the washroom as she eagerly grabbed the mystery man's shaft again. His heartbeat pulsed in her palm from the thick vein running on the underside of his cock.

WHAP

Sarah yelped at the unexpected pain.

Her head spun to see the savage look on Lester's face. He grinned back at her, his ugly features and beady eyes. She still couldn't believe a man built like him could make her feel so fucking good.

He raised his hand again, and their eyes locked. She waited, bracing for the pain. As she tensed, Lester's hand hovered in the air. It was torture, waiting for it to fall. The cock in her had jutted in and out of her grip.

Lester smirked and started to lower his hand. As she relaxed and was about to turn back to the black man's cock…

WHAP

Sarah yelped again, falling forward towards the cock. It pressed against her face hard and moved into her hair. Lester had smacked the same spot twice, and tears formed at the corner of her eyes.

"Uhhhmhmmmmmm," Sarah groaned from the pain. She wanted to yell at Lester and pull him into a deep kiss, but didn't dare say a word. She just turned to glare at him with a mix of fury and wanton desire.

He gave her an evil smile. His entire flabby body was covered in sweat. Sarah could even see beads of it running down his chest. The fat man grabbed her hips with both hands and dug his fingers into her flesh.

He pulled his cock all the way out so just the tip was embedded inside of her, then swayed his hips back and forth, teasing her. Sarah pushed her ass back, seeking more of him, but he made sure his cock stayed where it was.

Sarah stared at him, pleading over her shoulder while the cock in her hand was desperate for attention. It thrust urgently through the hole, needing her.

Through the wall, the man said, "Yo, what the fuck? Put your mouth back on it.. Suck it bitch."

Lester just smirked at her. Sarah mouthed 'Please' to him.

His smirk widened, and Lester licked his lips and plunged his cock forward, pushing Sarah back up onto the balls of her toes. Her lips smacked against the side of the cock. Sensing her face, the man urgently began thrusting forward.

Lester pulled his length out to the tip and shoved it again to the hilt. Sarah's body quaked before him. He slammed into her again, hitting and passing her G-Spot.

Sarah's jaw dropped open, "Uhhhoohhhhhhhmmhmmmm —"

The head of black cock rushed past her moaning lips and engorged itself into her mouth. Sarah's eyes snapped open at the surprise assault before lazily closing just as her lips did around the thick shaft.

Lester pulled out and pumped another fresh stroke into her. Then another. Her fist couldn't keep up with the cock in her mouth's rapid pace as he fucked her mouth through the hole in the drywall.

"MMMHmmhmmMMHMMMHMmmhmmhmm.
Mhmmhmm….Mhmmmhm…Mhmmmhmm….Mhmmhmmm," Sarah moaned in ecstasy around the thick cock in her mouth. She'd never felt so filled before. Lester's massive cock filled every inch of her pussy, and this stranger completely filled her oral cavity. She felt helpless. She felt powerful. She felt both men's desperate need to have her. And the power she held in the ability to make both of them cum.

The idea of both of them exploding into her at once filled her with a deep-seated desire that made her buck her hips back as Lester slammed into her. She felt her bubble butt ripple from the impact and moaned even louder onto the stranger's cock.

Over and over, Lester slammed into her while the stranger's cock invaded her mouth, fucking against her tongue. Sarah stroked the man's shaft, wishing desperately could use both hands to cover his entire length.

Lester cock pounded against her G-Spot, and Sarah's knees felt weak. Being spitroasted pushed her to her limits, and she felt the orgasm quickly stir inside of her. She held onto the feeling, feeding on all her perverse desires. She focused on it and how fucking full she felt with two cocks in her at once. At how much of a slut she was for letting them use her like this.

She thrust back on Lester's cock, squeezing him as hard as she could. His glorious cockhead speared her G-Spot and electrified each inch of nerves inside of her, igniting them in a tinder of lust.

"Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm," Sarah moans onto the black man's cock, "Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. MHNMMMMM."

Sarah gasped for breath, opening her mouth wide, pulling back a bit as she gulped the air down. Her stomach and pussy tightened as the wall inside of her holding back her orgasm shattered.

Sarah wailed around the cock in her mouth, fingers digging into it as the fireworks went off inside of her, exploding. Rapidly spread to each inch of her body. Her muscles contracted, she pushed onto the balls of her feet, and a warm flush washed over her skin, delicious pleasure seeping off her.

Sarah's eyes rolled back in her skull as her vision went white, and all she knew was orgasmic bliss.

***

Renee's jeans hung loosely over her knees. She was biting her lip to keep quiet. One hand was up her shirt, caressing her breasts as she leaned against the disgusting stall door. Her breath was short and raspy.

Her other hand was buried in the front of her soaked panties as she played with herself. Her finger tips were furiously working her clit as she listened to the woman moaning around the cock in her mouth and the slapping sounds of her being fucked.

Renee's eyes were closed tight as she pictured what it would feel like to be sandwiched and used by two men like that. Guilt permeated her being. Touching herself in public to a coupling that didn't involve James. Was this cheating? She didn't know. That was something she could deal with later.

Right now, all that mattered was the way her fingers were working her clit and the insane sounds of this unknown woman being double-teamed just a few feet away. She tried to picture it, how they

were positioned. Were they all on the floor? Was the man sitting on the toilet and the woman riding him? Each thought made her buck against her fingers harder.

Breaths came in fast and shallow. The door to the stall emitted a quiet squeal each time she butted up against it. The sounds didn't stop the couple, so she didn't worry.

They must know she was in there. Maybe they didn't care. Maybe it got them off more knowing she was there, listening. Did that make her a part of it? Was she part of this sexual experience, acting as the fourth person?

Her fingers moved rapidly, massaging her clit. She bit her lip, her other hand roughly grabbing at her breasts, thumb pressing against the nipple. Renee began panting, feeling herself getting more and more worked up.

Renee spread her legs further apart and slumped into the corner of the stall. Her skin was on fire, and her pulse quickened.

"Mhm," she let out a soft moan, wondering if the other men would hear her. Wondering if it would get them off, "Mhm. Mhmm."

Obscene thoughts swirlled through her head. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't stop herself. She was breathing hard when she heard the woman begin to tense up. The frantic slapping of flesh.

Renee inhaled hard, her hand grabbing her breasts hard, fingers dancing across her clit like lightning.

"Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm," the woman's sensual, muffled voice echoed in the bathroom. She was cumming. Renee's fingers touched and touched until her thigh clamped down around her hand, and she drew in a sharp breath.

The stall swayed on its side, and she clamped her eyes shut, thrusting her head back against the wall.

"Uhhmmmmm," Renee groaned out loud, not caring, half hoping the trio would hear her. Everything felt lighter, and her body flushed with a strong, deep warmth that seemed to permeate through her entire being.

"Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. MHNMMMMM," the other woman moaned, competing with her.

She'd never felt so alive. That electric current ran through her body, from her toes, to her pussy, to her breasts and head and connected to something deeper and more primal out there in the world.

As she came down from her high, her fingers and panties were soaked and she struggled to breathe but basked in the warm afterglow of her orgasm.

***

Renee's head swam as she stumbled out of the public bathroom after having experienced one of the most powerful orgasms of her life. She couldn't remember the last time James had given her one that made her knees weak and made her feel lightheaded.

A lazy smile was a permanent fixture on her face as she straightened her clothes and made her way back down the dimly lit hallway. Ahead, a group of young men stood on both sides of the hallway, passing around a joint. A smoky haze clung to the hair around them. As they got closer, their bloodshot eyes shifted to her. Even with the drug's effect, she watched their eyes roam up and down her body.

They liked what they saw, despite the age difference. She made to move through the center of the hallway between them. Her thoughts drifted to the scene in the bathroom of the women taking on two men at once. There were more than two men here. And by the looks they were giving her, Renee could have any of them.

“Want a hit?” A man with bushy eyebrows and a patchy beard held the lit joint out towards her. It stunk as a thin line of smoke trailed up from it.

“No, thank you,” Renee said, inhaling the vapor, “I haven’t had a toke since a Guns N’ Roses concert in the early nineties.”

A wide, stupid smile spread into the man’s face, and he looked up at his friends, “Guns? Roses? Like what?”

The group broke into a low fit of chuckles. Renee took that as her cue and pushed back through the group and headed towards the bar. She needed another drink.

***

Hurried footsteps followed by the creak of the door told Sarah everything she needed to know. Her mom had heard her cum and shortly afterwards had left the bathroom. She didn’t know what that meant, but didn’t really care. Not right now.

Just seconds after coming down from her orgasm, Lester was back, thrusting relentlessly into Sarah, giving her no time to recuperate. The stranger’s cock still filled her mouth. She moaned and sucked on it, eager for him to finish.

“God, you're such a good little slut. You just let yourself get fucked in the same room as your mother,” Lester chuckled, “I don’t even know who you are anymore.”

Sarah wanted to respond, but her mouth was full of black cock.

Lester pumped into her, still hurling insults her way, “Next time we’ll have to get the whole family involved to show them how far their Sarah has fallen.”

Sarah’s bubble butt slammed back onto him. Lester’s hands ran over her ass, squeezing it. They ran up and down her back, spreading the sticky sweat around. Lester was breathing hard. Sarah could hear it in his voice.

His big, hairy, heavy balls slapped against the top of her thighs.

“Is that what you want, Sarah? For your whole family to see you? To learn that you're not a wife, not a daughter anymore, just my slut.”

“Mmm-hmmm, Mhmm,” Sarah moaned around the black cock.

Lester surged forward, slamming his cock into her.

“Here I cum, baby, take it,” Lester howled into the air. Sarah clenched her pussy around Lester’s cock as his balls slammed forward, hitting her. She lost her footing for a second, and the cock in her mouth slammed into the back of her throat, making her gag.

She pushed down her gag reflex and felt the head of the cock disappear into her throat. Lester’s cock pulsed inside of her, and she felt his shaft expand. A torrent of his hot, sticky cum blasted into her.

She squeezed her pussy around his cock, milking all of it out and into her. Blast, after blast of his baby-making batter spewed into her, filling every crevice inside of her.

Lester heaved as he emptied himself, hand planted on her ass. Sarah shuddered as she was filled to the brim with Lester's illicit cum. The cock in her mouth pushed forward. Sarah braced herself against the wall, trying to pull her head back. Slowly, the cock disappeared from her throat until she could take it safely in her mouth.

Lester groaned, and with a wet plop, he stepped back, and his cock fell out of her. He sat down on the toilet seat and breathed hard. Sweat dripped off him like he'd just come out of a sauna.

Without the support of Lester's cock holding her up, her knees felt weak. And Sarah still had a cock to handle. She dropped to her knees, skin pressing against the grimy tile.

With her full attention on the stranger's cock she got to work. She slurped his entire length into her mouth, pulling back to twirl her tongue around his cockhead. She pursed her lips and planted a kiss on his dark cockslit, tasting more of his precum.

She stuck her tongue out and licked the head of his cock. She purred, "Are you going to fill my mouth? I want it. Give it to me."

The man on the other side of the wall groaned at her words.

"Give it to me. Mhmm, I love this cock. I want to taste its cum. Give it to me. Give me your black cum. I want to taste a stranger tonight."

"You ever take a black cock before?" the man said from the other side of the wall.

"Mhmmmm, I've played with one…." Sarah moaned as she knelt before this stranger's cock jutting through the wall.

"But I've never had one inside me," Sarah said.

"I'm gonna fuck you," the man groaned, "Break you in real good."

"Maybe…." Sarah licked her lips and stroked the man's shaft against them.

"But not tonight, tonight I want this big black cock to explode in my mouth and fill me up. Mommy needs dessert. And I'm craving chocolate."

"Ugh fuck," the man grunted, lunging his cock forward with urgency, "You're a freak."

"You have no idea," Sarah chuckled and opened her mouth wide. Her tongue extended, and she ran it under the head of the cock, taking it into her mouth. Her tongue swept under his shaft as her mouth closed around him and she sucked him with everything she had. Both hands wrapped around his thick shaft. She twisted her wrists while running them both up and down the shaft, sucking and moaning around his cock.

It wasn't long before the man grunted, and his cock went still. The veins running up his powerful shaft pulsed, and Sarah felt a huge spray of cum blast the back of her throat. She swallowed it immediately as another load spewed into her mouth. She quickly swallowed it as more and more cum flooded into her.

A long, guttural groan escaped from the other side of the wall as his cock shook the last loads of cum into Sarah. She backed off his cock and licked her lips, staring at the huge, strange cock she'd just emptied.

Sarah slumped back on her knees as the cock retreated through the wall. She looked around at her scattered clothes lying on the dirty floor. Lester watched from the disgusting toilet seat, and she made a mental note to make him take a shower afterwards.

She was covered in sweat, grime and cum but felt fulfilled entirely. Guilt and disgust followed shortly afterwards. The man's black hand reached through the hole and tossed a piece of paper at her. Sarah read it. It was just a phone number.

She heard a sound from the other side of the wall, then a shuffling sound. An instant later, a much smaller cock of a different color stuck itself through the wall.

Sarah looked at Lester and shook her head, "I need to go find my mom."

***

On weak legs, Sarah swayed down the hallway, pushing past a group of hungry-eyed young men. She gulped as they stopped talking in unison, their eyes drinking in her body. Her cheeks heated up as they watched her. She felt Lester's illicit seed pouring into her panties.

She held her arms across her chest, trying to cover her stiff nipples. The man on the other side of the wall had taken her bra. It was mortifying to be completely braless out in public. The shapes of her naked breasts were only concealed by a thin layer of cotton.

She moved out of the dimly lit hallway, back to the packed main room of the bar. The music and loud conversations thrumbled in her ears. The heat of the crowd washed over her. Sarah pushed through the throngs of bodies, pressing closely together. Her head swam as her buzz coursed through her.

Two people she didn't recognize had taken up residence at the bar where she and her mom had been. Sarah scanned the crowd, looking for her mother. She caught several men looking in her direction, trying to hold her gaze.

Her heart nearly jumped out of her chest when a large black man sipping on his drink smirked at her. Is that the man from the other side of the wall? There were other men of similar skin color also looking at her. Her head swam, wondering who it could have been. Were they watching her now? Did they know it was her on the other side of the wall?

She held her arms tighter across her chest and moved towards the front of the bar. A gorgeous blonde woman had her elbows on a high-top table with a glass of something in her hand. Two men stood opposite her, eyes clear with intent.

As Sarah got closer, she realized the gorgeous blonde was her mom. Sarah pushed through the crowd and slid up next to her mother. The men's eyes widened as they took in Sarah's form.

"Mom," Sarah said, sliding up next to her mom, "I've been looking everywhere for you."

Sarah smiled politely at the men and tried to keep her breasts covered. Judging by their downward cast gazes, she was doing a poor job of it.

“Sarah,” Her mother beamed, throwing an arm around her. She turned back to her new companions, “This is my daughter, Sarah. Isn’t she beautiful? I told you she was. She’s the one on the girls' trip with me. Getting some time away from our husbands back home.”

Her mom swayed as she talked. The men smirked at her mother’s mental state and the clear lack of husbands.

“It was nice meeting you,” Sarah started to say before her mother turned to her.

“Where’d you go? I couldn’t find you. You weren’t in the bathroom,” Her mother said.

Sarah gulped but quickly recovered, “I got stuck in a conversation. One of Dan’s coworkers recognized me. Sorry.”

“Itss okay. All water under the bridge,” her mother’s smile flashed like she just said the funniest joke in the world.

“Mom, I think it's time we call it a night and head back. What do you think?” Sarah asked. Her mother’s eyes were closed for several seconds before they lazily opened, and she said, “I need to go pee first.”

Sarah knew her mother had just been in the bathroom. Maybe it was the drinks, or an aging bladder or something else was going on. Sarah pulled out her phone and opened the Uber app.

“I’ll get an Uber for us,” Sarah said. The men across from the table protested, but Sarah ignored them. Her mother downed the last of her drink. Dark liquid accidentally poured out of the side of her mouth and ran down onto her shirt, threatening a permanent stain. Sarah made a mental note to wash it for her.

Her mother looked down at her ruined shirt and laughed before setting the glass down hard on the table and turning back towards the bathroom.

***

Lester stood in a dark corner watching the exchange between a floor full of moving bodies. Idiots and sycophants chatting and trying to score. They were all a waste of oxygen as far as he was concerned.

Especially the two men trying to talk to Renee and Sarah pathetically. He watched as Sarah took out her phone, and Renee turned and moved in his direction at the back of the bar. She swayed, and her eyelids looked heavy.

He watched Sarah, but she was engrossed in her phone as the two idiots tried to chat her up. His gaze shifted to Renee as she moved through the crowd.

Curious.

Lester pushed off the wall and moved on an intercept course with the older woman. Sarah was still on her phone. Renee passed by him without noticing. With a smirk plastered on his face, her reached out and cupped her ass in his hand. His cock stiffened at the forbidden contact.

Renee’s gait shifted, but she didn’t stop. Perhaps he should have grabbed her harder. With one glance back at Sarah, Lester pushed through the crowd, curiously following Renee. He stalked up right behind, having to slow his pace so he wouldn’t bump into her. He stayed close enough, hovering just behind her, that he could smell the scent of her lavender perfume. If she were to turn around, she’d see him there.

Excitement coursed through him at the dangerous game he was playing. Where was she going? He followed her back down the dimly lit hallways towards the bathrooms. He paused at the door to the men's room, watching Renee. She stumbled for a second as she turned towards the door to the women's bathroom.

Interesting. Where are you going? Bathroom? Or are you investigating what you heard?

As Renee pushed open the women's washroom door, Lester strode into the men's and quickly went into the furthest stall that shared a wall with the ladies' room. He closed the lock and squatted to peer through the hole in the wall.

***

Renee's feet moved before her brain could think. She held her breath as she pushed open the women's washroom door. Her skin crawled as she took in the dank sight of the bathroom again. Her stomach turned.

She looked at the stall where she experienced the most powerful orgasm she could remember. Her eyes shifted down the row of stalls to the far one. The door hung teasingly open. Whoever had been in there was gone. The threesome disbanded.

Renee's throat felt flushed as she took a tentative step towards the furthest stall. She pulled the door closed behind her, locking it. The smell of sex and sweat still lingered in the air all around her. She squatted to pee, eyes tracing the wild, obscene drawings on the wall. She'd never seen a bathroom so thoroughly defaced with graffiti.

Her eyes followed the spiralling yellow brick road and then…

A penis. A huge, throbbing, powerful penis was jutting through the wall. It's angry, veiny head pointing right at her expectantly. Her breath caught in her throat as she stared at it. Penis was not the right word. It felt too clinical.

This was something she'd only heard about in whispers with her girlfriends in their youth. This was a cock. A strong, fat, big cock.

Everything suddenly felt warm. Renee's heart threatened to beat out of her chest. Her legs wobbled as she stood to right herself. She couldn't take her eyes off it. It was wrong. This wasn't her husband's tool. This was some stranger. She felt drawn to it. Mesmerized by its size and girth, and the promises of what she could experience with it.

Renee reached out a shaking hand towards it. She needed to know what it felt like. A drip of precum oozed out of its slit and dribbled onto the floor. Her hand was less than an inch away when she clutched it back to her chest.

She continued to stare for a full minute before mentally willing herself out of the stall. She didn't bother to wash her hands. She couldn't stay in there. She was afraid of what she might do. She ran out of the bathroom to find her daughter and get out of there.

Sarah kept her eyes closed for most of the Uber ride home. She'd had too much to drink, and she welcomed the escape of sleep to mute the vivid memories of the bar's bathroom stall. She hadn't expected any of that to happen.

She should have known better. Lester never did anything without a reason. He'd known that hole in the wall was there when he recommended the bar to them. And she'd loved every second of it. Again, Lester knew what she needed better than even she herself did.

Sarah groggily opened her eyes and looked at her mom. To her surprise, her mother was blankly staring out the window, her eyes unfocused.

"You okay?" Sarah asked.

Her mother didn't respond.

"Mom?" Sarah said louder.

"Hmmm?" Her mother blinked, "Sorry, what?"

"Are you okay?" Sarah repeated.

"Yes. I'm fine," Her mother slurred her words, "Just thinking about something."

"Something good or bad?" Sarah asked as the streets of Chicago blurred by the window. She closed her eyes, trying not to get the spins.

"I don't know," her mother said softly. Sarah let herself drift until the Uber pulled up in front of Dan's apartment building. They both stumbled into the elevator and made their way up to Lester's apartment.

Her mother quickly found the couch and face planted onto it. Sarah dazedly laughed at seeing her mother in such a state. She looked around and found a blanket to drape over her. There weren't any extra pillows or linens in the apartment, the way she had them back at home for guests. Sarah's mind let the thought go as she stumbled down the hallway, passing the bathroom and flung open the door to Dan's room. She side-eyed the anime poster Lester had put up on the wall and kicked the door shut. The small, uncomfortable bed called to her. Lester's was much more comfortable, but she couldn't indulge him with her mom in the apartment.

She got under the covers and, with a deep sigh, quickly passed out.

***

Lester tailed the Uber through the dark Chicago streets. He had hoped Renee would have touched him through the glory hole, but she didn't take the bait. It wasn't a surprise. He had

barely begun to work on her. But he saw the signs. The same signs he'd seen with Sarah. He knew he could have her if he put in the work. But the opportunities with her were much less frequent than he'd had with Sarah. He was especially lacking that extra leverage factor of having Dan's fantasy to exploit.

It was a fun side project, but he didn't want to get too distracted. He'd been back in the city for only a few hours before he let himself be dragged out into the world to push Sarah's boundaries. He hadn't even had time to secure his network before outside parties were already trying to penetrate it.

The irony of the situation wasn't lost on him. If Dan had taken better care to secure his marriage and relationship with his wife, he wouldn't find himself in his current predicament. He didn't want to end up like Dan.

As he pulled his car into the apartment's parking lot, he vowed to go upstairs and secure his shit. He parked and watched as the women stumbled out of the Uber and didn't even look in his direction. It was almost too easy.

Lester killed the SUV's engine as the Uber pulled away. He got out, walked across the dark parking lot to the back door, and went inside. The digital sign above the elevator showed the car had stopped at his floor. He pressed the button to call it back down and, on a whim, walked over to the bank of metal mailboxes along the wall. He opened his unit and fished out several envelopes, then froze. His lips turned upwards when he felt the two packages waiting for him.

He fished them out, and his dark, ugly smile grew even wider. Both contained addresses from his mail forwarding service. The one he used to route packages from the dark web. Excellent. Lester felt a surge of energy and rushed to the elevator as the doors slid open.

He rode it up and quickly made his way to his apartment. He hovered at the door, keys in hand, as he listened. He couldn't hear anything from the other side of the door. Still, he waited, not wanting to walk in on the women. Judging by their state of inebriation, it wouldn't be long before they'd pass out. He considered himself an expert on the subject after extensive monitoring and research of his prior roommates.

After waiting for exactly five more minutes, Lester slid his key into the lock and opened the door. The apartment was dark, just as he expected. He took extra care to close the door quietly and stood in the darkness, listening.

The apartment was silent, except for quiet inhales and exhales coming from the couch. Lester took care as he walked across the floor to the back of the sofa, leaned over and peered down at the form of Renee splayed out there.

He felt his cock harden and press into the back of the couch. *Excellent.*

Temptation rose within him, but he pushed it back down, relying on his credo of patience that had served him so well. Everything in time.

Lester licked his lips and tore his eyes from Sarah's sleeping mother. He looked down the dark hallway, wondering where his bride-to-be was. In his room, waiting for him? Dan's? Or passed out in the bathroom? She was predictable, just like her husband. She'd be in Dan's room.

Lester started towards the hallway but stopped, turning back to the sleeping beauty on the couch. He walked around next to her, stopping to hover by her head. She was on her back, hand draped behind her head as a makeshift pillow. The blanket she had been using had slipped down to her waist, giving Lester a clear view of her upper body.

Lester grinned and reached out, cupping one of her generous breasts. Renee didn't stir. He pressed his thumb in and found her nipple and gently applied some pressure to it while he made tiny circles with his finger. That elicited a soft, almost indistinguishable moan from Sarah's mother. Lester's smile broadened as he glanced over his shoulder at the electrical outlet camera embedded in the wall, a nod to his future shelf.

Lester licked his lips and let up the pressure on her breasts. His fingers trailed up the exposed skin of her chest and neck. The smile disappeared from his face as his eyes focused on the older woman. Still, so youthful and beautiful, ready to be conquered by him. His hand cupped her face, and he lovingly stroked it, pushing a lock of her hair back behind her ear. Lesterl licked his lips again and ran his thumb over her pink lips. Then he pushed the tip of his thumb, just past them, parting them. Renee didn't respond, but Lester sucked in a breath when he touched her teeth. He knew going further would push things into the realm of disturbing her, so he held himself back.

He hadn't been watching her consumption of drinks like he had Sarah's. He didn't know what she'd consumed when he'd taken her daughter in the bathroom stall. Still, he couldn't resist just pushing a bit more.

He licked his lips and pressed them against Renee's. Her body shifted slightly, but she didn't respond otherwise. Lester pulled back and slowly licked the side of her face. She jerked away, but Lester held her in place and left another trail of saliva on her, marking her.

Lester stood up and adjusted himself. He wanted more but decided against it. He grabbed his letters and packages from the coffee table and headed to his lair. The bathroom door was open while Dan's was shut. Predictable.

He closed his bedroom door behind him, running the bolt closed. He fired up his battle station and dug into the packages as it came online. The pale light of the monitor illuminated his obese form as he ripped the packaging open. His cock twitched, and a smile spread onto his face.

<I>*Perfect.*</i>

Lester quickly typed in his password. The monitor shifted to his familiar desktop. In the corner of the screen, a red blinking icon caught his eye. A critical issue with his network's security needed his attention. He needed to address the attempted attack by Cronos and his lackeys. His mouse hovered over the icon, but his eyes drifted to the package in front of him.

He ignored the blinking icon and shifted the mouse to his folders, pulling up the picture he'd snapped of Sarah's birth control packaging. In the bright light of the computer, Lester's grin looked uglier than usual.

He held up the blister package he'd just received and compared it to the one on the screen. Identical. Lester's cock swelled. He opened up his cameras and his eyes locked on Sarah's sleeping form on Dan's bed. Soon.

Lester licked his lips and focused on the other package in front of him. He opened it carefully, revealing the blank pill bottle. Unscrewing the cap, he dumped a handful of the pills out into his hand, then looked between them and the monitor. Again, a perfect match. And Lester had even had these verified by an independent, discrete lab. Nothing harmful, just placebos.

He would need to wait until the morning to finalize these. He needed to put the pills in the blister pack and then seal the aluminum backing with the heat from a hair dryer. The noise would just wake up the women.

Lester still planned on trying to convince Sarah to get off the pills altogether. But multiple layers and contingencies were just part of good planning.

He pushed the packages aside and finally clicked the blinking icon. He frowned. The expected intrusions into his network were there waiting for him. But he hadn't expected the additional alerts.

The ones tracking inquiries into himself, Sarah and Dan. The alerts he set up for his other conquests and previous roommates were all normal. But someone out there was looking into Sarah, Dan and himself. Jesse perhaps? Or did that little shit open his mouth? The fact that all of them had elevated inquiries was an issue. Someone was looking into all three of them.

He ran down the lists of potential perpetrators in his mind. The list wasn't long. Only a handful of people would know to look at all three of them. Someone like Vernon, Jessie or even Otis. Maybe one of the D&D guys. Not many people had seen the three of them together. Jesse, of course. Perhaps his shitbag boss, Byron. Anyone else? And why were they looking into them?

Lester's mind hovered on Byron. There was something there. Something he needed to look further into.

Movement caught his eye. Renee was beginning to stir. Bad timing. His gaze strayed to the woman's form shifting on the couch. The blanket fell away from her body. Lester was never one to let an opportunity go to waste.

He quickly locked his computer and struggled out of his shirt before dropping his oversized pants to the ground. His ratty boxers quickly followed before the computer's monitor illuminated his naked form.

Easing the door open, Lester stepped out into the dark hallway. He suppressed a grin as he passed Dan's door. Sarah was asleep in there while he played. It was just too good an opportunity to pass up. Another seed, begging to be planted. He stopped, hovering at the entrance to the living room, listening to Sarah's mother stirring. She was making light, little groans as she began to wake.

Lester wondered what she was dreaming about. She had quite the stimulating night, after all. Renee let out one last unsatisfied groan, and he heard the telltale sounds of a shuffling blanket and movement on the couch. Lester waited in the shadows of the hallway, watching.

Renee's darkened form sat up on the couch. She sat there for several seconds before rising and feeling her way around the sofa. Lester planned on accidentally bumping into her on her presumed way to the bathroom.

On shaky legs, Renee moved around the couch, pausing to balance herself. Instead of the bathroom, she headed in the direction of the kitchen and flicked the lights on.

She disappeared from sight, and Lester heard the fridge and cupboards opening. Without waiting, he plodded across the living room floor, taking special care to make his presence known.

Lester slowed his breath, trying not to let his phallic excitement show. He pushed his way into the kitchen and felt his balls contract at the sight of Renee bending over slightly as she looked in the fridge. Her dark blue denim jeans had no business looking that good.

His decision to buy a fridge with the freezer on top was paying off yet again.

"Need something?" Lester said as he stepped forward.

"Uh, um, just looking for your water," Renee said, still peering into the refrigerator. Lester stepped closer, put a hand on the fridge door, and eased it open, letting him move in.

"The tap is over there," Lester said.

Renee stood up and turned towards him, "You don't have any bottles or filtered water or a…"

Renee trailed off, her eyes going wide as she turned fully towards him. She swayed slightly as she locked eyes with him, then her gaze took in his naked torso.

Lester grinned internally as Renee's gaze lowered to his crotch. When confronted with a naked man, women always looked. Always.

Renee took in a sharp breath, and her jaw dropped. Lester knew the best move here was to pretend not to notice. He stepped closer to her, essentially trapping her between himself and the wall behind her. He reached into the fridge and said, "Nope. Just the tap water, sorry. Bottles are bad for the environment."

He reached into the fridge to grab a can of Coke, pretending not to notice the still flabbergasted look on Renee's face. When he pulled back up to his full height, he tilted his head at her, "Is everything okay? Did you girls drink too much?"

"Uhhmmmm," Renee sputtered as she looked at the ceiling. Lester looked as well, following her gaze upward.

"Something wrong with the ceiling?" He asked nonchalantly. He knew he couldn't press too hard. Not yet. So he moved a few paces away to the cupboard where his Cheetos were. He watched Renee from the mirror on the wall, and caught her breaking her gaze with the ceiling to sneak another glance at his crotch.

"No, uh, it's just that—" Renee said, "You're uh, naked."

"Oh, shit," Lester feigned ignorance, "Sorry. I'm not used to having anyone besides Dan. I completely forgot."

Lester pulled out the big bag of Cheetos and turned fully towards Renee, letting his cock slap against her leg.

"Could you do me a favor?" Lester asked Renee who was looking anywhere but at him.

"Uhm, maybe. What favor?" She said carefully, but Lester still caught the slight slur in her words.

"Could we keep my little snafu between us? Sarah would probably yell at me if she knew I did this again," Lester said.

"Sure, yeah. No problem," Renee said, meeting his eye with an awkward smile before quickly averting her gaze again.

"Thank you. I'm sorry again. Sarah was caught off guard last time she caught me like this in the middle of the night," Lester smiled and left the kitchen. Renee let out a long breath.

Lester quickly turned around and stepped back into the kitchen, cock on full display.

Renee's eyes immediately locked on his cock, eyes going wide again, and she fumbled to close the fridge door.

"Oh, and Renee?" Lester said.

"Y-Yes, Lester?" Renee bumbled.

"Have a great night. Let me know if you need anything. Anything at all," Lester said. Before she could respond, Lester turned and marched back to his room.

He closed the door but didn't bolt it. Setting down his Cheetos and Coke, he quickly keyed in his password and watched Renee on the camera. She was still standing in the same place he had left her, with the same shocked expression on her face. It was cute, and Lester let himself grow to full mast.

His naked form had rattled her. And now she knew what he was packing. He hadn't planned the comment about Sarah, but he wondered what she would do with it. Sometimes, the best things in life came from unexpected directions.

Renee steadied herself on the counter before grabbing a glass and filling it with water. She emptied the entire glass in a few swallows, filled it up again and headed back to the couch.

She pulled the blankets up over her and turned away from the camera. Lester watched, hoping for some action, but it looked like the blonde bombshell just went to sleep. Hopefully, she hadn't drunk so much that she wouldn't remember their late-night encounter.

Lester pulled the camera feed to his second monitor, cracked open his Coke and fired up World of Warcraft.

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Renee lay there with her eyes closed, replaying the events of the night in her mind. Not only had she willingly stayed in the washroom and touched herself during an illicit public threesome, but she had actively gone back to that stall and stared at the giant cock that had come through the wall, almost reaching out to touch it.

Now, not even a few hours later, her entire mind was trying to do the mental math to understand how someone so short and unappealing like Dan's roommate, Lester, could have one of the biggest penises she had ever seen in her life. She would have said the biggest, but the one at the bar had been huge too. She wondered which was larger.

She closed her eyes tightly, trying to will sleep to take her again and bring her away from these lewd, perverse thoughts. It wasn't right. She was married. And yet, already being in Chicago less than twenty-four hours, she had already seen the private parts of two other men, who weren't her husband.

Lester's cock, hanging limply among the patch of his dense pubic hair, was almost longer than her husband when he was fully erect. James' penis already felt so big and full inside of her. She couldn't imagine how something like Lester's would feel.

Then she realized with a squirm that she had just thought about having sex with Lester. She closed her eyes tighter and started to recite the Lord's Prayer in her head to distract herself.

***

Dan felt his stomach twisting into knots again as he stared into his refrigerator. Even after going grocery shopping the night before, his fridge's interior looked pretty bare. It wasn't just the declined credit cards; a dollar just didn't go as far as it used to.

He hated everything about his current financial situation. He was supposed to be the provider. The one to put his wife and kids' lives on easy street and leave them wanting for nothing. To be a man and provide. Instead, he felt like a failure, circling the drain, watching his life spiral out of control.

And now, somehow, things were worse than ever. Lester, who was supposed to be a short-term, temporary roommate, somehow weasled his way into every facet of their lives. The obese, ugly man was someone now part of his relationship with Sarah. A throuple, whatever the hell that was.

Dan still didn't understand it himself or how to navigate it. It was easier just to shut it out, not acknowledge it, and pretend everything was okay. His brain was happy to accept this strategy and protect his ego.

The girls were playing upstairs in their room, but their little laughs still echoed down to him. He needed to make them breakfast. He wanted to do something special, like his parents used to for him; eggs, bacon, sausage and a whole great breakfast spread. But the fridge didn't have those things. The best he could do for his girls was cereal or toast.

He calmed his breathing and shoved two pieces of bread into the toaster. He'd make the best damn peanut butter toast the girls had ever had.

Still, the public embarrassment of having his cards declined and having to cut his grocery trip down still weighed on him. He needed money. He needed things with Sentinel Securities to ramp off. He needed his side business to ramp up. He needed to find himself and Sarah new jobs to bring in more cash.

He wished Sarah hadn't left. He was still pissed with her. Still pissed at himself, at the whole situation. But he still wanted her. Still wanted her to be there with him. After such a long time apart, they should try to spend as much time together as possible. Try to chart the future of their lives together.

Instead, she was at her parents and he was home with an empty fridge and an empty wallet. He needed help. At least Lester was covering his rent, mortgage, and other bills, giving him some breathing room.

He didn't like it, but he'd take advantage of —

Lester.

Lester wanted to be part of their lives and help cover some of their expenses. The motherfucker (literally) was supposed to help them pay for groceries. It was the least fucking thing he could do after all the liberties he'd taken with Sarah.

Dan pulled out his phone and shot Lester a quick text:

D: Lester. Time to hold up your end of the bargain. Send over $300 for groceries. Please and thank you.

It was an irritating few minutes before Lester replied.

L: New Phone. Who dis.

D: You know damn well who it is

L: Oh, right, the cuck. How's the new chair? Comfy? Can't wait to watch you use it next time I'm in town.

D: Good one. Now about that $300? You can Venmo it.

L: I could, but I won't.

D: Surprise, surprise. Going back on your word.

L: I'm not a blank cheque to cover your inadequacies, Dan. I'm not just going to fork over $300. You'll probably blow it on something stupid. I want to make sure Sarah is taken care of, and your girls are fed and looked after. What do you want to buy?

Dan typed out a scathing response about Lester's inadequacies but erased it.

D: Groceries.

L: Yes, obviously. But like what? I’m not going to just drop cash on a bunch of sad, ready-made meals for you.

D: Says the guy who lives off Chetoos.

L: Don’t disparage Cheetos. And it's my money. I can spend it how I want.

Dan gritted his teeth and typed in a response to try to end this conversation.

D: Lunch meat, buns. Vegetables, eggs, milk, and cookies for the kids. Bananas, Apples, and a few pounds of ground beef. Chicken thighs. Refilling some of our spices. Stuff like that.

L: What kind of vegetables?

Dan squeezed his cellphone in frustration before typing:

D: Broccoli, carrots, celery, lettuce, mushrooms.
L: Gross.

Dan stared at Lester’s last message, waiting for him to say something else. When nothing came through, Dan finally replied.

D: Yep, but kids need to get used to it. So the $300?

L: I want you to send me the bill afterwards so I can see it.

Dan rolled his eyes. Lester was toying with him, and he wanted to wring the shorter man’s neck.

D: Sure. Whatever you need.

L: Great.

Dan stared at the words, again waiting for more from his snivelling roommate. He opened the Venmo app and refreshed it, waiting for the money to come through. It never did.

D: Lester. The $300? Are you sending it?

L: Nope.

D: What the fuck? We just had this big talk about it. This is part of the stupid arrangement. You’re supposed to hold up your end of the bargain.

L: I never said I won't. I just want Sarah to ask me.

D: Why? Why does that matter?

L: Because I want to make sure everything is on the up and up. That there aren't any secrets between us three.

D: That's rich coming from you.

L: Oh well.Whatever. When Sarah wakes up, tell her that you need her new strapping man to buy groceries to feed her kids.

D: Fuck you.
L: No thanks, I'll stick with fucking Sarah. Probably why she is sleeping in so late…

Dan reread Lester's words. Was Sarah in Chicago? With Lester? She went without telling him? Or was he fucking with her? He pushed his cellphone out of his reach, not wanting to look at it.

The smell of burnt toast hit Dan's nose. "Fuck."

The toast for the girls was black and crispy. At some point during his texting with Lester, they'd popped, and he hadn't noticed. They sat too long against the grills.

He retrieved them, threw them out, and put two new pieces in. He made a point to ignore his phone and make sure he didn't fuck up the toast again. After the girls ate and went back upstairs. Dan was just about to reach for his cellphone, bracing for any more texts from Lester.

The doorbell rang, distracting him. Thankfully, the girls didn't run down to see who was there. They were busy playing. Dan crossed the short distance to the front door and opened it, revealing his father-in-law, James.

"Hey, James," Dan said, grip tight on the door. He didn't need this. Not right now. "What's up?"

Dan stood in the doorway, holding the door slightly ajar, not letting his father-in-law just walk in. James gestured to the bucket in his hand. There were a couple of scraper tools on it.

"Here to fix that hole in your drywall upstairs," James said. Dan's shoulders slumped at the reminder of Lester's wild night with his wife. He'd never gotten a clear answer as to how that hole had been created. James wouldn't take no for an answer, not when he had shown up with all his tools already.

Dan stepped back and gestured into the house, "Come on in. And thank you for your help."

“Sure. Figured I might as well. I didn’t think it’d get done anytime soon. With the girls gone, I figured I might as well,” James stepped in. Dan closed the door and processed what his father-in-law had just said. <I>What did he mean the girls were gone?</i>

He couldn’t just ask. Not without coming out and revealing more of his marital issues to his Father-in-Law. Instead, he said, “How are the girls doing? I haven’t heard from Sarah this morning yet.

“Neither have I. I think they had a late night last night. You know, I’m not sure what is going on with you and Sarah, but you need to fix it. You made a vow to keep her happy, and I don’t think you’re living up to it,” James said.

“You know, James, some things aren’t really your business. We’re working through some things, but I’m doing the best I can here,” Dan said.

“Is that why I’m here, patching the hole for you?” James asked.

“The hole isn’t beautiful, but it's not at the top of my list of things to take care of. I’d rather spend my time looking for a new job or working on building up my client base,” Dan tried not to let himself get worked up. Getting into a shouting match with his Father-in-law would do wonders for his marriage.

“How's that going? The job hunt?” James asked as he headed up the stairs, bucket of putty and scraper tools in his hands.

“It’s going,” Dan said as he debated whether to follow and help his James or just get back to doing his own thing. With a sigh, he climbed up the stairs after the man, ready to endure more veiled criticism.

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There was a little man with a pickaxe chipping away at the inside of Sarah’s skull. At least, that's how it felt as she slowly woke up. She groaned and pulled the covers over her eyes to block out the bright sun from the window. She knew it was late. The sun was too bright. But she didn’t have anywhere to be, and the kids were with Dan.

The pounding wouldn’t stop, and she couldn’t fall back asleep. With an effort of Herculean will, she pushed back the covers, covering her eyes and sat up in the bed.

She hadn’t been counting her drinks last night. How much had she had to feel this fucking bad? The events of the previous night came back to her. Of Lester in the bathroom stall with her. Of the yellow brick road mural on the wall. Of the black cock sticking through, begging to be touched. Of everything she did.

Sarah groaned again as she stood, her head pounding intensified. She wasn't sure how she felt about what had happened. She knew she should feel guilty. She also knew that deep down, she had been incredibly turned on by it. She pushed those thoughts to the back of her head and struggled to the door.

Those thoughts were for future Sarah to figure out. The one who didn't have a splitting fucking headache. She pulled open the door and stepped into the blessedly, darker hallway and crossed to the bathroom to find some Tylenol. When she did, she quickly downed two of them and drank water from the tap.

She needed more water. She knew she was dehydrated. It happened to patients all the time in the hospital. Sarah reluctantly left the dark bathroom and went down the hallway, crossing the living room to the kitchen. A quick, wincing glance showed her mother still fast asleep on the couch.

Sarah grabbed a glass and filled it with water from the tap. She downed it and filled another. She must have been loud because her mother stirred and groaned from the other room. Sarah poured herself another glass, along with her mother and went out to the living room.

"Thank you," Renee said, taking the glass Sarah offered. Her mother's eyes were bloodshot, and her hair was a mess. Otherwise, Sarah envied how good her mother looked after a late-night out.

Unfortunately, her shirt didn't look as good. It was covered in wine and splotches of other colors from the night before. Renee's eyes followed Sarah's, and she looked down at her shirt.

"Crap. I love this shirt," Renee said, dismayed.

"I'll put a load in later. Hopefully, I can get those stains out. Otherwise, Dad might question how much we had to drink," Sarah chuckled.

Renee returned the smile over her glass of water.

"It's been a long time since I've had that much to drink. Last night was something else," Renee said, trailing off in thought.

Sarah's heart skipped a beat. Her nerves felt frayed at the idea that her mom had overheard everything that happened in the bathroom and knew it was her. It wasn't a logical leap to make. She'd gone to the bathroom just before. And her mom had been making comments about her time at the adult theatre and other criticisms.

With a shaking breath, Sarah asked, "What do you mean?"

Renee just waved her hand, “Not important. Just that I don’t usually drink like that, you should really think about stocking that fridge with water bottles or a Brita or something, too. Last night I got up to get a glass of water…”

A sheepish grin appeared on her mother’s face and she shook her head, “And you should tell Dan to tell his roommate to put on a housecoat or something when there are visitor’s staying over.”

Sarah’s head hammered, “What? What do you mean?”

With dawning horror, Sarah knew what her mother meant. She waited in agony as her mother continued.

“Lester walked into the kitchen last night in his birthday suit. I’m not going to tell your father about it because he will make a big issue out of it, but someone needs to talk to that man. It's not appropriate. Especially when there are female guests at the apartment, it made me uncomfortable.” Renee said.

“He was naked?” Sarah said, feeling the anger seethe inside of her. “Did he try anything? Did anything happen?”

“Goodness no. Sarah, come on. Nothing like that, no. That’s gross. I didn’t drink that much, thank you very much. He just shows up and talks for a bit before leaving.”

“Talked about what mom?” Sarah said. She was both furious with Lester and had a raging desire to stomp into his room and throttle him, while another part of her needed to ride him.

Sarah shivered at her worrying thoughts, but her mother didn’t seem to notice.

“Nothing, Sarah. You’re making a mountain out of a molehill. I was looking for water, and he told me it was just from the tap. He apologized for being naked and then went back to bed,” Renee said.

“I’m going to kill him,” Sarah muttered.

“You won’t even mention it,” Renee said, “He’s probably horribly embarrassed. Leave the poor man alone.”

Sarah was ready to retort something about Lester’s true character and that he, in fact, would not be embarrassed at all. And wouldn’t be embarrassed, not with what he was packing. But she couldn’t say that to her mom. She didn’t even want to know if her mother had seen what hung between Lester’s legs.

“I’m sure he’s fine,” Sarah said, standing up, “I’m gonna go check my phone. After I get a coffee and wake up, I’ll run down to the basement and put your shirt in the laundry.”

“Thank you. Coffee sounds good too,” Renee said, wincing as she stood up and headed to the bathroom.

Sarah went back to the bedroom and found her phone unplugged on the nightstand. On the screen was a message from Dan.

D: Our cards got declined at the grocery store last night. I could only buy a few things. It was embarrassing. Lester is being a dick. Can you make sure he hold up his end of things. I need $300 for groceries. To feed our daughters.

D: Your dad told me you're not at his house. Girls' trip into the city? Are you staying at the apartment?

“Fuck,” Sarah muttered and slumped down on the bed holding her phone. She hadn’t been deliberately hiding the fact that she was in Chicago from Dan. She hadn’t felt the need to tell him, not after their blow-up fight. But she didn’t like him finding out like this either and putting her on the spot.

S: I’ll talk to him.
S: Yes, my mom and I are at the apartment.

Sarah stared at the screen, waiting for a response. She watched for the three little dots of Dan replying. She stared at the screen for a full minute, but nothing appeared. She put her phone face down on the table with a clearer conscience. She’d told me, and she’d waited for a response. She even waited a full minute. But I didn’t add anything about Lester being here or about their night out.

Sarah stood up and walked out of Dan’s room, leaving her phone on the table. After making coffee and handing a mug to her mom, she couldn’t help but think about Lester’s closed door. She had a reason to talk to him, besides just wanting to be in his room. But she couldn’t let her mom hear their conversation.

“This probably isn’t good for my head, but I need it,” Renee said as she sipped her mug. “What do you want to do today? After I sleep and get rid of this headache.”

“First, I’ll get that shirt in the wash,” Sarah said trying not to look down the hallway, “From there, I don’t know. We could look up a play, maybe? Or find another restaurant to go to. I don’t want to go to that same bar tonight. Is there anything on your list for Chicago?”

“A play could be okay, but it would have to be a good show we’re interested in. Honestly, I want to go somewhere great for dinner. Maybe somewhere scenic. Besides that, I don’t really know,” her mom set her coffee down on the table, grabbed her glass of water and took a drink.

“But right now, I just want to close my eyes and get rid of this headache. Do you have any aspirin?” Renee asked.

“I’ll go look in the bathroom,” Sarah said, “Or ask Lester. Switch shirts really quick before you lie down so I can wash them.”

Sarah’s head was splitting as she walked towards the bathroom. Her mom unzipped her luggage and switched shirts before lying back on the couch, an arm draped over her eyes. Sarah stole one last glance over her shoulder. And, satisfied that her mom was indisposed for the moment, she walked back down the hallway towards the bathroom. She opened the medicine cabinet and pocketed the Tylenol, making enough noise for her mom to hear. Then she crossed the hallway and softly knocked on Lester’s door.

No answer. She knocked again, a little louder.

“Yeah,” Lester’s voice said through the door. Sarah turned the knob and opened the door. It was dark inside, and she squinted to see. The light from the hallway cast over piles of clothes and other debris littering the floor.

Something moved from where Sarah knew the bed was. It was a weird shape, but the fat worm character from Dan’s Star Wars movies immediately popped into her head.

“Mhmm Sarah, come to daddy,” Lester’s voice said from the darkness much louder than Sarah wanted. Her neck whipped to look down the hallway towards the living room.

She hadn’t wanted to step into the room. She didn’t want her mom to hear the latch of the door close. But she stepped in anyway, carefully closing the door silently behind her, “Ssshh, Lester. Keep it down.”

“Oh, come on,” Lester chuckled. Sarah could hear the sounds of sheets ruffling but couldn’t see anything in the darkness.

“You were plenty loud last night in that dirty bathroom. Your mom heard you then. Why try to be quiet now?” Lester said at the same level of volume. His voice had shifted from a different direction. Sarah felt her heartbeat quicken, like prey being stalked by a lion at night.

“T-Thats…dammmit Lester you know thats not the same thing. Stop trying to throw me off –”

“On the contrary, I’m trying to mount you again. Been too long since I’ve had you in my bed,” Lester growled.

Sarah felt herself getting wet at his simple words. When had it become so easy for her to just drip like this? “Lester…we can’t…my mom..”

“Was in the room with us last night,” Lester said, his voice closer, “It didn’t stop you from letting me fuck you then. It didn’t stop you from putting that cock in your mouth either and loving every fucking second of it.”

“It’s not the same,” Sarah’s voice wavered before she added some steel to it, “And you know it.”

“Bah,” Lester said.

“Dan text me,” Sarah changed the subject.

“Oh? And what does everyone’s favorite cuck want now?” Lester snickered.

“He asked,” Sarah hesitated, “If you can send us money for groceries. Like you said, like we agreed to.”

She felt Lester’s warm breath on her face before she knew he was there. His fat stomach pushed into her. His breath was foul and lingering. “Tell me,” he started, “How does it feel to ask another man to provide for your family? To go to another man for help instead of your husband?”

“I don’t know,” Sarah said, “I haven’t thought about it. Can you please just send the money?”

“Tell me how it feels and I will,” Lester commanded.

“Uh. It’s weird, Lester,” Sarah started, “It’s really fucking weird. It’s like watching a fucked up movie, but I’m in it. I never expected to be in this position. It’s wrong. It’s not right. We shouldn’t have to do it. But..”

Sarah trailed off.

“But?” Lester said, pushing his gut into her, pinning her against the back of the door. Sarah suppressed a light moan, worried it might travel down the hallway.

“But…I don’t know…there’s something fucked up about it that I like,” Sarah breathed, the words tumbling out of her.

“Like? You like that your husband isn’t man enough to provide for his family? That someone like me has to take care of you? Take care of your kids? Step into that role that Dan has fucked up so badly?” Lester’s hands were on her arms, caressing them. His hot breath was on her neck, and she desperately wanted to feel his wet lips and tongue on her.

“Fuck,” Sarah breathed. “I don’t know….I can’t…I haven’t thought about it like that.”

“Well lets do some thinking about it right now,” Lester said as his lips touched her neck. Sarah’s knees went limp, and she almost fell into him.

“Lester,” Sarah hissed, but didn’t hear the conviction in her own voice anymore, “We can’t…not here…not now…not again…not with her here.”

“Come on, that's no fun. I know how much you crave fucked up experiences, what’s one more?” Lester’s breath was hot. She craned her neck closer, desperate for more of him. She shouldn’t be indulging this. Why did she bend so easily for him?

His fat, stubby fingers were lightly drawing circles on her arm, sending shivers down her spine.

“Lester…please,” Sarah said weakly.

“You know how much I like it when you beg,” Lester growled and nibbled on her earlobe. One hand left her arm and kneaded her breast through her shirt. Sarah bit her lip, her mind trying to grab onto something solid to slow things down.

“Lester. Stop. We can’t do this. Not now,” Sarah said with a sharp intake of breath. “I just came to ask about the money. The, uh, mhmm, agreement.”

“The agreement that I provide for you while getting to fuck you whenever I want?” Lester asked.

Sarah recognized the trap. She’d used similiar ones before to great effect, “That wasn’t the exact agreement. We both –”

“We both know,” Lester cut in, “That’s pretty much the gist of our agreement. When you get right down to it.”

Sarah’s hips pushed against Lester, seeking contact with him. But while her body rebelled against reason, part of her was still in control. The part of her that didn’t want to see her life spiral more than it had already. She fumbled on the door, looking for the knob and turned it.

Light crept back into the room, cascading across the piles of dirty mess everywhere. She felt like she could breathe. She expected Lester to slink back in the light but he held his crowd, pressing himself hard against her. The door almost swung back shut but their bodies slid to the side.

“I…we can’t. My mom is expecting me to come back with Tylenol for her. Lester. Please.” Sarah said but she didn’t mean it. A war was raging inside of her and part of her so badly wanted to indulge. He’d just fucked her the night before. She probably still had his cum inside of her but she wanted more.

Lester hand moved off her other arm, lessening the pressure on her. Sarah reluectantly took the opportunity to side step Lester and dart out of the room. In the bathroom she grabbed the aspirin and hurried back down the hallway. A quick glance over her shoulder showed Lester standing at the gap in the door, scowling at her. His naked cock hanging down between his legs. The image burned into her psyche.

Not just his cock, but the dangerous look on his face. It reminded her one of the faces that showed up on Netflix true crime documentaries about criminals or killers. She shuddered at the thought.

“Took me a second to find it,” Sarah said as she poured a pill out and handed it to her mother. Renee took it back with a sip of water and put her head back down on the couch with a quick thank you.

Sarah grabbed her mother’s soiled shirt and made herself a coffee. She was antsy, shifting her weight between each foot, trying not to think about going back to Lester’s room. She couldn’t stay in the kitchen forever and couldn’t put on a show in the living room to distract herself. She found herself going back down the hallway towards Dan’s room. If she was going to head to the basement to wash her mom’s top, she might as well throw in her clothes from last night as well.

Sarah stepped into Dan’s bedroom, threw a dirty look at the large breasted anime poster on the wall and scooped up her clothes from last night. She returned to the hall to head downstairs but a hand grabbed her arm and pulled her back.

Sarah stumbled into Lester’s face hairy arms and she silenced a squeal of surprise. Her mom was just down the hallway resting but probably not unconcious.

Lester looked down at her with an evil grin and held his finger up to his lips. Off balance, Sarah was pulled back towards the recesses of Lester’s room.

She squirmed in his arms despite her rapidly beating heart. They passed by the ajar door, and Sarah’s vision was flanked by darkness. The only light came from the sliver of the open door.

“Lester,” Sarah hissed, “What are you doing?”

“We weren’t done our conversation,” Lester whispered, and then his fat lips were on hers. Sarah’s breath caught in her throat, making her lips momentarily part. Lester took full advantage, pushing his oversized tongue into the young mother’s mouth.

“Mhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned into the kiss, her knees buckling and her weight shifting onto Lester’s frame. He stumbled back but quickly regained his footing, his lips never breaking from hers. Lester’s hands greedily roamed over her body, and it responded in kind. She arched her back as Lester palmed her breast, pushing her chest into it. His fat tongue continued to spread

her pretty little lips and mashed against hers. She tasted his foul breath on his tongue, but it didn't deter her. Somehow seemed to pull her deeper under his influence.

Lester awkwardly lowered them down until Sarah was lying amongst the filth on Lester's floor. Her hair and head laid on something soft, maybe old, unwashed clothing of his. Something hard dug into her back, and Sarah absently shifted it to the side with her free hand. Her legs were propped up at an awkward angle, riding up a mound of something she couldn't determine.

Lester pushed his mass down on top of her. His tongue never left her mouth, sloppily needling into every crevice.

"Mhmmmmmmm," Sarah just moaned back into Lester's open mouth as his tongue probed her. Her nipples were hard against her simple cotton bra, ready to be ripped free. Lester's hands were all over her, grabbing her breasts, caressing her bare arms, grabbing a double handful of her butt cheeks.

Sarah's body betrayed her. Her hips lifted off the ground, seeking contact with Lester's smothering body. She couldn't catch her breath; her lungs wouldn't fill with Lester's mass on top of her. He shifted, and his thigh buried itself between her legs. Sarah moaned harder now that her clit had something to rub against.

Finally, she rolled her head to the side, panting and broke the kiss. The door was still ajar with a sliver of light shining in, illuminating part of them. But the rest of their entwined bodies were buried in the darkness. She didn't know how loud they'd been. She almost entirely forgot about her mother just down the hall.

Lester went for her lips again, but Sarah turned her head to the other side. She bit her bottom lip as Lester's tongue left another trail of saliva on her neck.

"You're mine now," Lester whispered, "All mine."

Sarah let the dance in her ears, loving the way they sounded. It was final. So dominating. She needed more.

Lester grinned as he licked the flesh of Sarah's neck. Gone were her previous objections. Her body under his was responding as he knew it would. She craved him now. His months of conditioning and incremental dialling up of their experiences have made her crave what only he can give her. She may deny, she may object, but she needs him.

Lester's smile grew wider as he ran his hands over the young mother's body. He couldn't help but think of their first meeting and how unlikely this outcome would have been. Entirely impossible from her viewpoint, he was sure.

He didn't know what to do with Renee. With any luck, she'd join them. But in the cold, sober light of day, he doubted that would happen. But her anger and interruption could spoil everything.

Lester quickly flipped the button on her jeans and peeled down the zipper.

"Lester," Sarah whispered, one of her dainty hands pressing on his, a silent gesture to slow down ot cease. Lester had no intention of stopping.

The blister pack and the pills were here. His ultimate plan, despite all the enjoyable detours, was almost at a close. The only question was how much juice he could squeeze to make his achievement that much better. Lester licked his lips and swatted her hand away.

Sarah grunted as Lester tugged her pants down. Her long, slender legs were exposed to the cold of Lester's floor, spreading goosebumps over her. She tried again, half-heartedly, to bat Lester away, but she wanted him to keep going.

Lester tugged again, and her pants were completely off, thrown into the dark amongst the piles of other shit on Lester's dirty floor. <I>You're on the floor</I> Sarah thought to herself. She was down amongst the grime and filth, living in it. When had her life fallen to this point, and why, why did she fucking love it so much? The thought of Dan drifted into her head, but she quickly let it go. Things were falling apart all around her. She didn't want to focus on what hurt. She wanted to focus on what made her feel good. What felt right.

Sarah let out a whimper when Lester's hot breath touched her legs. She squirmed in his arms, biting her fist to suppress a loud moan.

Lester peered up from between Sarah's legs, with an evil grin plastered to his face. With a lick of his lips, he yanked down her little white panties, causing her to cry out from around her fist. The panties were added to the shadowy refuse of his floor, and he teased her. His warm breath spreading across her bare pussy, making her quiver.

His shit-eating grin grew wide at the subtly shifting of Sarah's legs. How they parted every slow slight, inviting him deeper. Her butt pushed off the ground, and he knew he had her. Even with the ever-present danger of her mother in the apartment and the threat it posed, Sarah was still under his thumb. He could push her into anything now.

Lester let his long, fat tongue droop from his mouth and licked her inner thigh. Her body bucked, and she turned her hips towards his face, desperate for his hungry tongue to connect with her sweet pussy. Lester just grinned and licked her other thigh and settled his fat mass between her legs, pushing them apart.

He settled onto the ground, his stomach resting on something soft. His arms circled under her legs and swiftly pulled them apart.

“Uhhh,” Sarah groaned at the unexpected movement. Her legs being pried apart, letting herself open up to Lester. She knew it was wrong. Knew it was a bad idea. But she fucking needed him.

Sarah bit her bottom lip hard, feeling the heat of Lester’s breath on her pussy. He flicked his tongue again over her inner thigh, making her squirm with lust. She wanted to scream out to him, beg him to lick her, but just bit her lip harder, trying to stay quiet.

Lester’s tongue flicked over her other thigh, this time closer to her pussy. He smiled as her body rocked towards him again. He tilted his head and licked the other thigh. Sarah’s desperate, muffled groans worked for him. His cock swelled under him, pushing down against the floor.

Lester held his tongue in his mouth and waited, letting his steaming breath wash over Sarah’s pussy. Her hands were in his hair, trying to pull him down onto her. He let the delicious torture last a few more seconds before sticking his tongue out and licking up Sarah’s slit, flicking his tongue over her clit.

“Uh fuck,” Sarah said louder than she should have. Lester repeated the movement again, and Sarah’s ass bounced off the floor, wanting him to do it again. So he did. Her thighs clamped around his fat face. Lester started bobbing his head in time with his tongue.

“Goddd,” Sarah moaned, throwing one arm over her mouth to try to stifle herself. The problem was that she needed to breathe. But Lester’s tongue just felt too fucking good. Sarah’s other hand left Lester’s greasy hair and fell to her side onto a soft pile of clothing. Her fingers pulled the itchy fabric into a tight fist as Lester’s tongue slowly went up and down her slit, paying special attention to her clit. Sarah closed her eyes and let the world melt away, and enjoyed Lester’s attention on her. It was so wrong, but it felt so fucking right.

The young mother was in ecstasy and didn’t see the cold, calculating stare of Lester’s beady eyes peering up at her. She was his. Her body was. Her emotions were, now she just needed her mind to catch up and realize it.

Lester’s hips moved back and forth, teasing his cock on the ground and clothes beneath him. He wanted to climb up and fuck her again, but needed to be a little careful. Fucking Renee was an unpredictable variable, and he didn’t know how the die would be cast if she stumbled upon them. But he wanted to push Sarah’s boundaries a bit with her here.

He closed his mouth around her clit and sucked.

“Uhhfucck,” Sarah moaned into her arm. Lester sucked and sucked, and while he did, he flicked his tongue out, adding an extra sensation to her clti’s manipulation. A primal growl escaped Sarah’s throat as she writhed on the ground.

Sarah's ass pushed off the ground as she tried to grind her pussy into Lester's face. Lester increased the tempo of his sucks on her clit. Her thighs pressed against the sides of his head, locking him in place like an oversized tomato in a vice.

Lester's hands left her thighs and snaked up her body, running under her shirt. His fat fingers pushed on her skin, going under her bra until both of his palms cupped one of her breasts.

"Mmmhmmfff," Sarah gasped as Lester grabbed her breasts, her hard nipples pushing into his palms. His fingers gripped her hard, roughly groping her just the way she liked. She liked being manhandled, and she loved it when Lester just took what he wanted. Sarah arched her back, pressing herself into wandering hands. She felt like a wanton slut lying in trash while she was manipulated to the verge of orgasm.

Her head lolled to the side as Lester sucked and touched her body. Her mind drifted and focused on nothing but the electric signals of pleasure flooding her brain. Lester struggled to breathe through his nose with Sarah's thighs clamped tight around his head. She kept thrusting her pelvis up towards his face. Each time she did, the skin above her pussy would push into his nostrils.

Lester timed his breathing and sucking accordingly. He never broke the pace of his sucks. His lips were planted around Sarah's clit like a vacuum cleaner, and they wouldn't detach until she gave him a big O. He grabbed her breasts roughly, pulling on them, squeezing them, sliding his fingers to pinch both nipples at once, eliciting a muffled moan from Sarah.

Sarah's leg involuntarily kicked out as Lester's tongue dragged across her clit. She lolled her head side to side, breath coming shallower and shallower. She opened her eyes and saw nothing but blackness around her. Her body was on fire. Lester's lips and tongue were driving her to the point of no return. She grabbed at the piles of clothing around her, holding onto them.

Her hips pushed off the ground, grinding her pussy into Lester's face. She bit down on her lips hard, trying not to make a sound. She felt warmth seeping out of her bottom lip and knew she must have bit down too hard.

Lester started to hum something with his lips still planted around her pussy. The vibration of the hum ran over the skin around her slit and pulsated across her clit. She vaguely recognized whatever tune he was humming, but the thought escaped her as her brain was entirely focused on the explosions about to happen.

With a whine, she raised her hips right in the air, pushing hard against Lester's lips and tongue. She knew she needed to be quiet. She was about to cum. Her body was about to explode. She was going to scream. She knew she wouldn't be able to stop herself. She was going to scream so loud her mother would come running.

As she felt all the muscles in her body begin to tighten, that magical glow began to wash over her skin. Sarah grabbed something soft from the dark, bunched it up and shoved it into her mouth.

Lester felt Sarah buck under his face; her thighs somehow squeezed his face even tighter. Her little feet kicked out, spasming, and he heard her muffled scream.

“OOHHFFUUUCCMMUHMMMMMMM,” Sarah screamed through the unknown clothing in her mouth. She held in place with one hand while the other slapped Lester on top of the head and held him firmly in place by his thinning, greasy hair. Lester felt his hair being pulled from his scalp, but pressed on, ensuring the blonde bombshell currently lying in the filth on his floor came as hard as possible.

Sarah’s eyes rolled back in their sockets, and all she saw were stars as her body convulsed from Lester’s lips and tongue. Everything was simultaneously numb yet on fire and electric at the same time. Her mind touched on a higher form of human function, in which she was acutely aware of every part of her body at once. She felt parts of her body on fire, rippling with pleasure that she was normally only vaguely aware of.

The spasms of her kicks eventually slowed, and Sarah’s ass fell to the floor. She gasped for breath, pulling the rag or whatever it was from her mouth. Her hands went over her shirt, onto Lester’s underneth, and she rode out the last waves of pleasure flooding into her.

“Ummm,” Sarah groaned, “Fuck. Lester.. You’re so good at that.”

Lester chuckled. Sarah sucked in as she felt it via his connected lips. With a whimper from her, his lips finally let go of her as he said, “So much for being quiet.”

Fear spiked in Sarah, and she dropped her hands to Lester’s head, holding him in place. She let her thighs go slack around his head as she listened intently for any sound from the apartment. In her throes of orgasm, she’d forgotten all about her mother.

“Fuck,” Sarah breathed, sitting up. She couldn’t be caught in her. Couldn’t be caught in this position. Lester’s hands fell from her breasts, and she shuffled back away from him, her ass pressing into whatever piles of shit were scattered across his floor.

“I need to go,” Sarah scrambled to her feet. Somewhere in front of her, she heard a disgruntled groan like an old man, and Lester moved in the shadows.

“Cumming and running?” Lester quipped, “I haven’t given you my load yet.”

“I…we can’t…” Sarah said, bending over as she searched the ground for her missing clothes and underwear. All she could find were piles of clothes and other things in the dark. But she

didn't dare turn on the light. She felt like that would equate to being discovered. At least in the dark, she could still hide.

"We will," Lester said. His hand brushed her thigh in the dark, making Sarah jump. She shuffled to the floor, trying not to trip on anything. She poked her head out, looking down the hallway. No sign of her mother.

Lester watched as Sarah head cut off the light to the room. She wasn't about to deny him what was rightfully his.

In a dash, Sarah stepped into the hallway and scooped up the clothing she'd dropped there when Lester pulled her into his lair. She darted into Dan's room, quickly found new panties and sweatpants, and put them on. When she returned to the hall, she cautiously looked back towards Lester's room, ready for him to try and pull her in again. All she saw was the slit of darkness and the unknown of his room beyond.

Her heart hammered in her chest as she went down the hallway and peered over the couch at her mom.

"Mom?" Sarah asked, worried that she had been heard. The door had been open, even if it was just a sliver.

Nothing. Her mom was breathing softly from the couch.

"Mom?" Sarah said, leaning closer. Still nothing. Sarah let her hackles fall, and her heart finally began beating normally. She silently thanked god that her mother had fallen asleep. Sarah tiptoted to the door and headed towards the elevator.

Lester sat naked on his computer, replaying the recently recorded footage. He loved the way Sarah's body seemed possessed when he had her in his grasp. The way it moved desperately to get more of him. He watched in perfect color clarity as Sarah grabbed a handful of one of his old, discarded boxers and shoved them into her mouth as she came. It was a hot image, and he quickly took several zoomed-in screenshots. Lester didn't even recognize the pair of boxers; it had been so long.

He logged out and looked around on the floor for a pair of sweats and a t-shirt to throw on. He wanted to cum. Sarah wasn't the only one about to put a load in. He pulled his door shut and marched down to the living room. He pulled his black Crocs from the closet and slipped them on. Before leaving, he peered over the couch at Renee, silently sleeping. He watched her breasts rise and fall as she slept. Pulling his phone out of his pocket. He snapped several pics and videos. Even with the socket camera, Lester always loved different camera angles. They really added something new to the experience.

With an evil smirk, Lester pulled out his cock and stroked it while peering down at Sarah's mother. He desperately wanted to drop it onto her sleeping face, but she'd already been up once. He was a lucky man, but it wasn't that lucky. Still, it seemed like such a wasted opportunity.

With a shake of his head, he pulled his pants back up, tucking his hard cock into the waistband of his sweatpants and following Sarah to the laundry room.

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Dan stood there uselessly as James knelt in front of the hole in the drywall. He'd put another smaller cut-out piece of drywall into it and was mudding the seams.

"See how I'm spreading it out in a wide arc? That's how you blend it in to be seamless. The last thing you want is for the patch to be noticeable. This way it won't even if you walk by it and look for it. You really gotta give this a shot next time and see how it goes," James said while he knelt and used the scraper to apply the mud.

"Next time I will," Dan said, trying to keep his voice level.

"Dan," James said.

"Yeah, James?"

"We should talk about Sarah. I'm not sure what's going on with you two. Part of me really doesn't want to know, but I'm worried you're pressuring her into things she shouldn't be doing."

"It's not like —"

James looked at his patch job and stood up, then turned to Dan, "You need to stop. Whatever it is, it's not right. For heaven's sake, she was at a sex club. And then whatever the fuck this was the other night. If you don't stop things and fix your shit, I will."

Dan sighed and gritted his teeth, "You know James. It's really none of your fucking business."

"She's my daughter. And they," He pointed down the hall at the girls' bedroom, "Are my granddaughters. Family. They are my business. And I'll do whatever I have to to protect them."

"I get that. So will I," Dan said.

"Then stop," James said, angrily grabbing his bucket of mud and setting off down the hallway. "Fix your shit before it's too late."

Dan stood alone in the hallway, both hands balled into fists. He didn't move until he heard the front door close. He almost threw a punch through the drywall next to him, but instead let out a silent rage-filled scream.

***

Sarah closed the washing machine door, put in her coins and started the cycle. The load was mixed with darks and colors. She'd prefer to have separated them, but she didn't want to wait around for two loads.

Her mind drifted back to taking Lester's load in her pussy last night and the black cock exploding in her mouth. She shook her head, trying to dislodge the thoughts and looked around the dingy laundry room.

She'd never liked doing laundry in Dan's building. For all the rest of its modern amenities, the laundry room was tucked away in a dimly lit basement with old foundation walls. It reminded her of a bygone era. Many of the updated units actually had their own laundry machines. For whatever reason, Dan and Lester did not. It was probably why Lester's floor was littered with old clothes. He was too lazy and too much of a slob to make the trek down here.

She finally had a second to herself just to stop and think. Her mind went to the area in her body holding on too tightly. Her stomach and chest were where all her stress was held. Her stress had a name, and it was Dan. She loved him. She loved their marriage, and she wanted things to get better, but the last few months had been hard. And their latest blow-up had been even harder. They bickered more than they ever had before, and she knew a large part of that was on her. Maybe he was right, perhaps she should —

The click of the laundry room door snapped Sarah out of her thoughts, and she glanced up. The door opened, and Lester's oodly proportioned body stepped into the room. He smiled widely as he closed the door behind him.

"Lester, what, uh, are you doing here?" Sarah asked.

Lester's shit eating grin just grew wider, "Here to put in a load."

Sarah gulped and felt her cheeks flush. Lester wasn't carrying a laundry basket.

"Your mom's asleep upstairs, we don't have to worry about her hearing us," Lester said, stepping past the row of dryers.

"Lester…." Sarah started. Her heart was hammering in her chest again. "It's a common area….anyone could just walk in."

Lester chuckled and closed the distance between them. Even though she was taller than him, she felt small. The way his predatory eyes sized her up like she was nothing more than something for him to conquer.

“Like you care about that,” Lester said and pressed himself up against her. He ground his crotch into her. “You love being watched. I’m going to fuck you in here. I’m going to dump my load into you. And I bet you’d cum even harder for an audience, wouldn’t you?”

“Fuck,” Sarah breathed and closed her eyes as Lester’s mouth touched her neck. She was still soaking wet from the way Lester had made her cum less than fifteen minutes ago. Her skin was still extra sensitive as Lester ground into her. He was picking up right where they left off when she ran out of the room. She knew he wasn’t going to take no for an answer. And Sarah did want to feel his big cock slide into her again.

Sarah grabbed the bottom of Lester’s ratty, hole-filled shirt and pulled it up over his head. Her eyes drank in his oddly proportioned body: his flabby arms lacking any definition, his man-boobs, his large hairy belly. She needed to have him.

Lester’s mouth was on hers, and Sarah melted into him. Lester tugged Sarah’s shirt off her and broke the kiss. His lips and tongue were on the nape of her neck, working their way down to her chest. Sarah couldn’t hold herself back. Her hand went to his crotch and felt his growing cock through his stained sweatpants. She moaned, either from finally feeling that powerful cock in her hand or because of the way his tongue was tickling the tops of her chest. Lester’s hairy knuckles grazed the skin on her back as he quickly unclasped her bra. He pulled the straps from her shoulders as he did oh so long ago on that fateful night in the apartment when she and Dan crossed that line for the first.

Lester stopped licking her long enough to pull the bra completely off her and drop it to the floor. His tongue went back to her chest, licking down her heavy breasts until it swirled around her nipple. Sarah threw her head back, arching her chest into Lester’s hungry mouth. She didn’t realize she was tugging at the waistband of his sweatpants until they were halfway down his thighs, along with his disgustingly discolored boxers. She pushed them a bit further down before she couldn’t wait any longer and reached out and found his swelling cock and grabbed it. A shiver ran through her body, feeling how hot and hard it already was. Sarah moaned and heard it echo back at her from the hard surfaces of the dark and dank basement.

Lester’s tongue swirled around her nipple. He took it into his mouth and sucked on it. Sarah groaned as she pumped his cock with her hand. She was pumping it fast.

“Fuck. Lester, I need it,” Sarah’s voice was hoarse, desperate. “ I need your cock.”

Lester had her ass pinned to the washing machine she’d just started. The washing machine with her mother’s shirt in it. The cycle was starting to ramp up. The suds and water were spinning

around, slowly sloshing everything inside. She could feel the rhythmic motions of the machine against her ass.

“I know,” Lester said with a smirk, thinking of Han Solo. He pumped his cock into Sarah’s hand, causing a new course of moans to ring out from her throat. Lester loved and craved the power he held over her. It was so much sweeter than any of his previous conquests. The willingness. The fall. The corruption. The power.

Lester reached down, grabbed the crotch of Sarah’s panties in his fist and twisted it. Sarah yipped as her panties tightened around her. Lester kept twisting and pulling. Sarah bit her lip again as the fabric tore from he hips.

Lester pulled the ripped fabric up to his face and inhaled Sarah’s scent. She looked up at him with a mix of horror and arousal that just made him smirk. He dropped the ruined panties onto the cold stone floor of the laundry room and awkwardly shuffled out of the pants at his ankles. Lester growled and pushed himself up against Sarah, brushing past her hands and jutting the shaft of his cock up against her slit. He bent his knees and pushed up, running his cock up and down her slit, teasing her clit.

“Uhhmhmmm, fuck Lester,” Sarah moaned.

“Heh, so much for you caring about someone walking in,” Lester chuckled, “You’re already dripping wet for me.”

Sarah needed his cock. After cumming upstairs on the floor of his disgusting room, she was left wanting more. And there was only one thing in this world that she knew of that could give her what she needed. Lester’s big, thick cock, buried deep inside of her.

“I don’t fucking care. I don’t care. Fuck Lester. Please,” Sarah whined as she ground herself against Lester’s cock. She needed him to just dip down and line up the head with her entrance and push in.

Lester’s face was buried in her breasts, licking and fondling them with his hands. Sarah was growing desperate and frustrated. She put her hands on the edge of the washing machine and tried to push herself up onto it. She needed to get higher. To get above Lester’s cock so she could lower herself onto it. Sarah squirmed against the pulsing washing machine, but Lester held her in place, keeping her from moving.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah panted, “Put it in me.”

“You really don’t care if someone comes in and catches us fucking?” Lester licked up her chest to her shoulder, swirling his tongue around her clavicle.

“I don’t fucking care, Lester!” Sarah shouted, trying to prove her point. She just needed his cock.

Lester just kept teasing her, dipping his knees and running himself along her slit, driving her insane. “Deep down, you want someone to come in. I know how much you like performing for an audience. At the theatre. With my D&D group. That homeless guy…It makes you so worked up and wet. You love showing off how big a slut you are, even when you're supposed to be some good little mommy.”

Sarah only responds with a grunt as she tried to push her bubble butt off the washer and onto his cock. The load inside the washer was ramping up, the spin cycle increasing.

“Yes,” Sarah breathed, desperate to agree. She’d agree to anything as long as he just fucked her.

“What kind of guy would you want to walk in? Young? Old? Black? White? Arab? Maybe a woman?” Lester raised an eyebrow and chuckled into her neck.

“Not a woman,” Sarah said, pushing on Lester’s forearms, trying to get him to loosen his grip so that she could get free and mount him. “Doesn’t matter,” she was breathing hard already from struggling against Lester. “Doesn’t matter who. As long as they have a cock.”

“Such low standards,” Lester chuckled.

“But I doubt any of them would have a cock like this,” Lester said, digging his grubby, fat fingers into the flawless skin of Sarah’s waist and spinning her around.

Sarah’s eyes went wide at the sudden action. She was turned to face the stone wall. Lester pushed forward with his body, pressing his cock into one of Sarah’s luscious ass cheeks. Sarah’s body was pinned between Lester’s mass and the still-spinning washing machine. Sarah’s pussy pressed up hard against the machine’s cool surface. She cocked an eyebrow as she felt its pulsating rhythm against her clit. She closed her eyes and let herself get lost in the rhythmic cycle as it spun around and around, vibrating against her.

“No one…” Sarah breathed as she let the washing machine’s cycle course into her, “Has a cock like yours. No one.”

Lester just smirked, grabbed his cock by its base and pulled it down her ass cheek until he lined it up with her entrance. Sarah whimped and wiggled her ass backwards. Lester pressed the head of his cock against her open slit, and her body shuddered in time with the washing machine’s cycle. Lester eased the pressure of his body on her, and Sarah was finally able to push her ass back and take Lester’s cock inside of her.

“Mhmmmfuck,” Sarah breathed as the head of Lester’s cock disappeared inside of her. She dropped her hands to the cool surface of the washing machine, letting it rumble under her. She

hung her head and pushed back more, taking another inch of him into her. She couldn't believe how full he made her feel.

Lester still couldn't believe how fucking tight Sarah was. After all this time, she still felt like a virgin, and Lester could know. He'd deflowered several. Even after being fucked just last night by his big cock, she was still super tight. Lester groaned as Sarah pushed back and took another half inch, feeling her warm embrace wrap around him. He loved sinking himself into her; she felt so fucking good. She fit him like a warm, tight glove.

"Leeeestter," Sarah grunted, taking more of him into her, "Holyshit. God. Fuck you're so big."

"I love that you always sound surprised by that," Lester chortled and finally pushed his cock forward, giving her another few inches.

"Ah…Ohfuckme," Sarah pante,d sounding delusional. Lester pushed forward slowly, eliciting more moans of pleasure from his lover. She whined and held herself still as Lester fully buried his cock inside of her. His heavy, hairy balls came to rest at her entrance.

"Fuck I love this," Sarah breathed, "I love how full…how full you feel inside of me."

"Just wait until I put a load in," Lester chuckled and slid himself halfway out before slowly sliding it back in. Sarah's pussy clamped around him. Lester's hands were on her hips, and he took in how sexy the muscles in her back looked as they contracted. Sarah's blonde mane spilled down her back and around her dipped head. He trailed one of his hands up her back until he gripped her shoulder for leverage. Then he pulled out to his cock head and slammed himself into her hard.

"Ahfuck," Sarah grunted as her body lurched forward, Lester's fuck fully embedded inside of her. The washing machine hummed against her clit. Sarah was vaguely aware that her mouth was hanging open as she struggled to draw breath. Her fingers splayed out on the washing machine, enjoying her new friend.

"Shit, you're so fucking tight," Lester grunted as a bead of sweat ran down the side of his face. "You know what would make you feel even more full?"

"W-what?" Sarah cried impatiently, not wanting to talk. She just wanted to fuck. She reached forward and grabbed hold of the side and back of the machine where the dials were and pushed her bubble back onto Lester's cock, trying to take control of the tempo.

"If I filled you with a baby," Lester grunted.

"Uhhfucklester," Sarah whined at their well-tread fantasy. She knew he liked talking like this, ever since he broke up with his girlfriend, whatever her name was. Sarah knew that there was something seriously wrong with her. She knew because the idea of carrying Lester's illicit

bastard seed turned her on in a primal fucking way that she'd never felt before. It tore against her reality and her presumptions of who she was supposed to be. The idea of being impregnated by someone so much lower than herself, like Lester, made her want to cum right then and there.

"You like that idea, don't you?" Lester sneered as he grabbed a handful of her bountiful ass. "I felt you're pussy squeeze me real hard just now. You like it. Thinking about me filling you and knocking you up. Impregnating you. Impregnating Dan's wife."

"Fffffffff," Sarah moaned as she pushed herself back onto his amazing cock.

"Carrying my seed inside of you. Nurturing it. I'd love to see the look on Dan's face. You holding my child to your breast. He'd be even more impotent than he is now," Lester said through gritted teeth as he pumped into Sarah, "Our own little family."

Sarah didn't say anything, but Lester's words painted a mental picture in her head. One that she couldn't unsee. Of herself, gently rocking back and forth in a nursery rocking chair, Dan at the door with slumped shoulders and bloodshot eyes. Sarah's whole attention on the boy she clung against her breast. Lester's boy.

Sarah gulped and closed her eyes. Lester's cock pumped into her from behind while the washing machine vibrated and cycled, teasing her clit. The idea kept playing over and over in her head. Her stomach growing in size. All those happy firsts; the ultrasound, the first kick, all of it tainted by Lester's presence looming over her. How wrong it would be. How deliciously wrong it would be.

The washing machine kicked into a higher cycle, and the vibrations increased. Lester's cock pulled back and pumped in. Back and in. In and out.

"Ohh…ummmm…mhmmm…ffuuu," Sarah moaned and let the moment carry her away. Lester's chubby fingers dug into her shoulder, "You're close. Do it. Cum on my cock. Cum for me, Sarah. Cum thinking about our child."

"Fffuuuu…..mmmhmmmmm…..Lesteerr…" Sarah panted as her orgasm built up inside of her. The pressure was steadily increasing; she didn't know how much more she could take before she erupted. The washing machine spun. Lester pushed into her. Lester dragged himself out. Lester pushed into her deep, touching the nerves there.

"Oh…fuck….me…Lester…mhmmmm…..god," Sarah panted, unable to catch her breath.

"Cum. Cum thinking about me knocking you up. About Sarah Williams, loving wife and happy mother of two, who was impregnated by Lester. Of my cum drenching you and claiming you and making you mine and giving you the boy your limp dick husband never could," Lester growled, fingers digging into Sarah's flesh, "Cum to that, Sarah."

Lester's words dug into Sarah's ears like an earworm, taking control of her brain. Mental images flashed behind her eyes of the conception, of their family, of Dan, of Lester. The pressure built inside of her. She couldn't breathe. Then it all came crashing down.

The damn inside of her broke, and Sarah's pussy clenched like a vice around Lester's cock, "FFFFFUUUUUCCCMMHMMMHHMMMMM."

An explosive burst of pleasure swelled inside of Sarah's pussy and streamed out into her body, riding and igniting her nerves as it coursed through and filled her. Sarah's body went limp as she came, her breasts and head falling to the cool surface of the washing machine as her whole world just became wrapped up in her orgasm. Nothing else existed.

Pleasure danced over her sensitive skin; her chest was hot on the washing machine as it rhythmically stimulated her clit. A bit of drool dripped from her open mouth as she tried to breathe through her clenched muscles. She stood up on the tips of her toes as her body took complete control.

More beads of sweat ran down Lester's face and back. He couldn't move. Sarah held him like a vice. He wanted to keep pumping into her, but it felt like his cock was stuck in a steel trap. The muscles on her back contracted, and then just as fast as it happened, they all relaxed, and Sarah slumped over the washing machine. The vice around his cock was gone, and he heard his lover, the young mother of two, panting hard as the washing machine continued to spin under her.

Lester took a second for himself. Standing with his cock embedded into her, as he too tried to catch his breath. His fat chest rose and fell in time with Sarah's heavy breathing.

As they both sat there, connected to each other and recovering, the door to the laundry room creaked open.

Lester's head snapped around at the sudden noise. Sarah groggily raised her head, her eyes obscured by her blonde hair. Standing at the door holding a full laundry basket was an elderly man who had to be in his late seventies or early eighties. He stood there, gawking at them with eyes behind his coke bottle glasses.

All three of them just stood there frozen for a moment until Lester felt Sarah's pussy squeeze his cock. Without breaking eye contact with the geriatric old man, Lester thrust his hips forward, making Sarah squeal out in pleasure.

"You're welcome to watch," Lester said to the man.

WHAP

His fat hand came down hard on Sarah's exposed ass cheek, leaving a red imprint behind. The old man's eyebrows raised to his non-existent hairline.

"She likes it when people watch her. Just close the door behind you," Lester said.

Without waiting for the man to reply, Lester turned his attention back to Sarah. He raised his hand to the nape of her neck, grabbed her roughly and pinned her head down to the vibrating washing machine.

Lester heard the door close but didn't care enough to look over his shoulder. The only thing he cared about was the sweet, sweet pussy wrapped around his cock and the mewing moans of pleasure he was causing from Sarah.

Lester held her head down against the washing machine, and Sarah couldn't look back at the door to know whether that old man was still there. She heard the door shut, but all she could see was the outdated washing machine next to hers and the stone wall next to it. She didn't even try to push herself up. Lester's cock was sliding in and out of her at a steady rhythm, effectively pinning her to the vibrating washing machine. The clothes inside continued to spin in a circular cycle that Sarah was very aware of. She was still recovering from her last orgasm, but the rhythmic motions pressing up against her clit were working her back up.

There was a shuffling of feet. Lester looked over to see the old man setting his laundry basket down onto another washing machine, never taking his eyes off Sarah's naked, bent over form.

Lester just smirked, held Sarah in place, and said, "We have an audience, my love. Time to put on a show."

His words made Sarah shudder. She weakly raised her head, rolling onto her forearms. Peering through her swaying hair, she saw the old man standing several feet away next to his laundry basket, staring at her. She gulped, feeling the intensity build in her again. Nothing worked her up like Lester's cock, but having an audience watch her take it was close.

"Fuck me," Sarah said out loud, "Lester, don't stop. Don't stop fucking me."

Before, she was content just to let him take her. To get off to his beautiful cock while the washing machine stimulated her clit. But Lester was right. She wanted to put on a show. She wanted to work this old man up. And delight in his awkward pleasure.

"You ever see a specimen like this?" Lester asked the old man. He didn't give a shit what he said; Lester just knew that interacting with him in some way would push Sarah to another orgasm.

"Umm-er, not in person," the old man stuttered, still planted several feet away from them. "I haven't seen a woman her age in that state of undress for close to fifty years, give or take."

“Well, today’s your lucky day. She likes to show off,” Lester said, emphasizing his comment with a sharp thrust into Sarah that made her squeal and jump forward. Lester held Sarah by the back of the neck and made sure her head was turned towards the old man.

“Sarah, be a dear and make eye contact with our friend here. I want him to see your face while you get fucked,” Lester said, pulling the hair from her face and tucking it behind her ear. Sarah stared into the old man’s eyes and watched his mouth open agape as he stared at it. This man was way older than her father. And for him to be watching her… it was so fucked up. So wrong. She shouldn’t be enjoying it as much as she did. What the fuck was wrong with her?

“Lick your lips,” Lester said, “Slowly.”

Sarah did as her lover commanded. Without breaking eye contact with the old man, she slowly and sensually licked her lips. She saw a shudder run through him, and he rested a hand on his washing machine to steady himself.

Then he looked down at his crotch with a surprised expression, ”Well, I’ll be.”

A crooked smile appeared on the man’s face, “That hasn’t worked without a pill for years. Even then, haven’t had the desire to…but….” His eyes went back up to Sarah, “You’re something else.”

“She is,” Lester grunted and started hammering away at Sarah in earnest. His mind was back to his packages upstairs. The pills and the blister packaging. He’d be knocking her up soon. He just hoped he could get her on board with it. His natural instinct was to be deceptive and manipulative, but what if he could get her on board…

The thought caused him to pump into the young mother faster. Sliding his oversized cock in and out of her at a rapid pace.

“Mhmmhmm….fffuummmckkkk,” Sarah moaned. She hadn’t stopped looking at the old man. Lester hadn’t told her she had to keep looking at him, but Sarah was enjoying watching the man’s face. Knowing how long it had been since he’d seen a woman her age naked. Sarah wanted to show him more.

“Hey, bud,” Lester chuckled, “See my pants over there in the floor? Grab my phone.”

The old man shuffled his feet, trying not to take his eyes off Sarah as he bent over with some effort and retrieved Lester’s phone. He eagerly took the opportunity to get closer to the coupling. Lester snatched the phone from his hand without ceasing his pounding, “You’re gonna be our camera guy, got it?”

“Um, sure, I guess,” the old man said, taking the phone back, “Wait? What's this? Are you calling someone?”

“Yup, but it's a video call. Her husband.”

“Excuse me?”

***

Dan was sitting on his, letting his eyes unfocus as his mind processed everything. It was screaming at him to do something. To take some kind of action. He needed forward momentum. He needed–

His phone started buzzing in his pocket. Pulling it out, it said Lester was calling. Lester never called. Dan hesitated, wondering what Sarah had done to make Lester act so fast about the groceries. He closed the bedroom door, engaging the lock and answered the phone.

His screen flashed and connected to a video call. It took his brain a second to register what he was seeing. Sarah was bent over a laundry machine in a dingy basement somewhere, Lester pounding into her from behind. After a second, he realized it was the basement in the apartment building. Sarah was wailing on Lester’s cock, her blonde hair spilling down her.

The camera was shaky, and Dan saw both of Lester’s hands on Sarah. Someone else was filming. Renee?

Lester cocked his head to the camera, and the shit-eating grin spread over his face.

“Just your wife holding up her end of the agreement for groceries. The things she does for you,” Lester chuckled and pulled back slightly, letting Dan see his long cock before he slowly slid it into his wife. Sarah’s body shuddered, her hand gripping the side of the machine. She opened her glossy eyes and looked at the camera, her face a mix of deep desire, anguish, guilt and pure unadulterated pleasure.

“See,” Lester said as he pounded into Sarah. The sound of smacking flesh echoed in the small room. “I always thought it was the man’s place in the relationship to earn for his family. But that seems to be Sarah’s job today.”

The camera was still shaking, and Dan’s mind raced, wondering who was holding it.

“Well, I guess we’re actually supposed to be in this together, throuple and all. I mean…” Lester chuckled, “Not you, obviously, but that's why I dialled you. So you can see how hard Sarah works.”

“Isn’t that right, Sarah?” Lester said, licking his lips and started pounding into Sarah hard, bucking her thighs against the machine. “Let Dan hear it.”

“FfffFUCK,” Sarah moaned.

“Say hi to hubby,” Lester said, then shook his head, “Or am I hubby? Is he ex-hubby? It’s so confusing these days.”

“She’s married to him?” an old, unfamiliar voice said.

“It’s complicated,” Lester said, running his hands over Sarah’s naked body, “Let’s just say its more of a legal thing at this point.”

Dan felt his stomach turn, but he couldn’t pry his eyes away from the screen in front of him. Shame and arousal coursed through his veins as he saw Sarah being taken like this. Shame at his own hardening cock and how far his life has fallen. His mind raced, wondering how they came to be there in the basement with an audience watching them. What led them to this point? Who was this guy? What the hell was happening?

He was tempted to race to Chicago, but he couldn’t leave the girls. So he sat there, weak and immobile like he always did.

Sarah’s mouth hung open as she moaned for Lester. The fat man was feeding her his meat, sliding it in and out of her with wet, squelching sounds. Dan felt impotent as he watched Sarah pushing back into Lester. Her body rocking back to meet his thrusting cock as she braced herself on the washing machine.

“God fuck Lester,” Sarah panted. The camera continued to shake in the cameraman’s hand. Art of Dan wanted to scream out at him to get closer for a better angle, but the words were lost in his throat. He couldn’t willingly encourage this. Lester meant to hurt him. He should just turn the feed off, but he couldn’t.

Lester smirked at the camera, “Who fucks you the best, Sarah?”

“Mhmmm, you,” Sarah purred, “You fucking do. I can’t get enough of what you do to me.”

“I fuck her way better than him,” Lester said to the cameraman, “He isn’t equipped for the job.”

There was a nervous chuckle from the cameraman.

“She’s squeezing me so tight,” Lester threw his head back with a groan.

“Take it,” Sarah panted onto the top of the dryer, “Take it, Lester.”

“I love the way you say my name,” Lester grunted.

“Lester….” Sarah moaned into the steel top of the washing machine,
“Lester…Lester….fuck…take me….Lester….do it.”

Lester winked at the camera, “You know, when you first moved in, I fantasized about hearing those words on your wife’s lips. Funny how things work out.”

Sweat was dripping down Lester’s back. He was breathing hard and slowed his pace. Sarah whined, thrusting herself back onto his cock, “Please….please don’t slow down right now. I want…I need it…fuck Lester…I need that magic cock now. Don’t stop.”

“I can’t believe she’s his wife…” the old voice muttered again.

“She’s mine,” Lester corrected, “Tell him, Sarah. Say it.”

“I’m…his,” Sarah moaned, her bottom lip dropping open. “I’m all his. Fuck. I need him in me all the time. He just feels so fucking good. Mhmmmm.
Lester….god….hmm….uhhh…mhmmm….ahhhmhmmm.”

“That’s why she’s here with me, instead of home with him,” Lester chuckled, “She left her kids and him to jump on my cock.”

“Thats….not…” Sarah panted.

WHAP

Lester slapped her ass hard. “Don’t interrupt the men when they're talking.”

“Ughhh…..fuck,” Sarah grunted.

“Apologize to our friend,” Lester said.

Sarah raised her head to look at the man behind the camera. Dan wondered if she even remembered he was there watching.

“Sorry,” Sarah said, biting her bottom lip. “Sorry,” she panted again, thrusting her ass back on Lester’s cock. “Fuck…so…fucking sorry…ughmmmhmmmmm.”

“Good girl,” Lester snorted, then waved the man over. “Get a little closer for this next part.”

The camera swayed, and Dan saw the tile floor before Sarah came back into view. “Close up on her face,” Lester said from off camera. Dan heard Lester whispering into Sarah’s ear, and a shudder passed through her body.

“Tell him,” Lester encouraged.

The camera stayed locked on Sarah’s face, her eyes unfocused, her blonde hair swaying around her face. Dan couldn’t see Lester, but Sarah’s head kept rocking out of frame as he fucked her.

Sarah sucked in a breath and slowly said, “You lost Dan. Lester won. He–he’s claimed me. I’m his…all his…fuck…mhmmm….he fucks me so good….better–better than I’ve ever had in my life…I’m never not going to want him…I crave him…uhh…mhmmmm.”

Sarah closed her eyes and trailed off.

“UHHMHHH,” Sarah grunted as Lester pushed into her hard, “Fuck…crave him and his thick cock. Fuck I love that…monster…uhh…mhmmm…ahhhmhmm….”

“He’s…gonna fill me,” Sarah bit her lip, closing her eyes as if anticipating that moment, “God, he’s going to fill me up so much…but…”

Her eyes opened, and she looked at the screen with her seductive ‘fuck me’ eyes. The ones that only Dan used to see.

“You’re not going to get to see it,” Sarah moaned as if the words themselves gave her pleasure.

“Bye, Dan,” Sarah moaned as she reached towards the phone. And then the screen went black on Dan’s hand. He just sat there staring at it. Anger, arousal and shame flooded his system. Arousal at the denial. Shame for letting himself be pulled into it and losing himself in the video. Anger at himself, Sarah, Lester and everything.

He was breathing hard with an unfulfilled hard dick, holding his phone limply in his hand.

She pushed down on the washing machine with her hands, defying Lester’s grip on her neck. He let the pressure ease as Sarah rose up to her full height. Lester kept her pinned against the washing machine, and Sarah didn’t want to lose its sweet vibrations against her.

She kept both hands firmly planted on the washing machine, but thrust out of her chest. The old man moved closer with tentative steps to get a better look. He took in a sharp intake of breath as his eyes marvelled at Sarah’s heavy breasts, rising and falling as she breathed. Rocking back and forth with each of Lester’s powerful thrusts.

“Jesus…” the old man muttered. Sarah could see his skin slightly hanging loose on his arms and jowls, and the liver spots dotting his bald head. There were wisps of hair on it like he was sadly trying to hold onto whatever bit of youth he had left.

“You think that's good,” Lester said, “Just wait and see how hot she is when she cums.” Lester put both hands on Sarah’s hips, pushing his chunky fingers into her. He wiped sweat from his forehead and started pounding into Sarah. Sarah’s jaw hung open, and her eyes unfocused for a second. Lester was slamming into her with everything the fat man had.

When she got back control of her eyes, Sarah saw the old man was lightly touching himself over his pants. His eyes were locked on her breasts and then up at her face. The clothes in the washing machine spun over and over, thrumming against Sarah’s clit. She closed her eyes and dropped her head.

“Look at him,” Lester grunted through clenched teeth as he pounded into her. His voice was strained, and she felt her bubble butt bouncing against his fat, hairy gut as she fucked him back.

Sarah’s eyes snapped open, and she turned her head back to their observer.

“Don’t be shy,” Lester said, “Tell us how it feels, Sarah.”

“Ffffuck,” Sarah whined, mouth hanging open in pleasure. She could feel the twist in her face as she rode the pleasure Lester was driving into her. Her body needed to cum again. Desperately.

“Feels good,” Sarah panted, her hands gripping the washing machine as she thrust her ass back onto Lester’s cock. His cock felt so big inside of her that she thought he might split her in two, “So fucking good. God. Jesus. Christ. Lester. Fuck me. Don’t stop.”

“Tell him,” Lester started, “Tell him what you are.”

“I’m his slut,” Sarah said without hesitation. Part of her brain screamed at her outbursts, but her mouth was working on its own, “I’m his dirty little fucking married slut.”

“And she kisses her kids with that mouth too,” Lester chuckled through a pant. Sarah felt her face flush and the heat spread to her chest. She didn’t like people knowing too much about her, but now this old man had seen her naked, seen her getting fucked and knew she was a mom too. It was depraved. And intoxicating.

The old man didn’t say anything, just stared at her, watching their coupling. Sarah could see the bulge under his hand and wondered how long it had been since he’d had an erection. He’d been surprised by it. Sarah had literally revived this old man’s cock without the need for Viagra.

The washing machine thrummed against her clit. Sarah closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip again, tasting the dried blood from earlier. Lester pulled his cock back, all the way to the head and slammed into her with all the force she could muster. He was breathing hard.

He repeated it.

“Umhmmffmmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned with an open mouth as Lester pouneded her pussy, “Uhh…mhmmm…uhhh….ummm..mhmmmm..mhmmmmm…fffuumhmmm..ohhhh. OHHH.”

The machine's cycle kept rocking. Lester kept pounding into her. Pulling almost all the way out before slamming back in. Sarah lazily opened her eyes and saw the old man staring at her with a mix of amazement and ecstasy on his face. She locked gazes with his old, milky white eyes and felt her next orgasm surge up inside of her. She wanted him to see her cum.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah panted, “Lester. Fuck. I’m gonna cum.”

She squeezed her pussy around Lester’s cock, milking him for all she was worth. Lester’s full ballsack slammed against Sarah’s entrance. They were tight and full. Lester let out a loud groan and threw his head back, staring at the dark ceiling above as he let Sarah milk his cock. Her pussy was tight around his shaft, and he knew it was time.

He let everything go, letting his body do its thing and slammed his cock into Sarah’s tight pussy grip over and over.

“I’m gonna fill you up, Sarah,” Lester growled, “Gonna give you all of it.”

“Give it to me!” Sarah screamed, “Fucking give it to me, Lester. Fuck. Cum in me. Cum. Cum for me!”

“Watch our friend, let him see you cum,” Lester growled.

Sarah pried her eyes open and stared deep into the old man’s eyes, and she felt it. Her pussy clamped down on Lester’s cock, unwilling to let him go. Her ass pushed back as far as it could as she felt the fireworks start in her pussy. The first one went off, making her catch her breath in her throat. It only grew and grew until it seemed to wash over her entire body, making her muscles grow taut. Sarah’s jaw hung open as she stared at the old man’s amazed face.

Lester’s cock expanded inside of her. She felt a hot blast of cum shot from it and drench the inside walls of her pussy. She shuddered as the firework exploding inside of her somehow intensified and popped several more times. More illicit cum battered her insides, and Sarah let out a quiet weep. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she knew the old man was witnessing the most beautiful and profound sight of his long life.

Lester grunted and pressed his gut onto Sarah’s back as he struggled to catch his breath. Sarah finally stopped moving under him. Her ass was covered in both of their sweat. Sarah finally broke eye contact with the old man, closed her eyes and just focused on revelling in her post orgasmic bliss.

The old man just stood there, watching, unable to react.

With a grunt, Lester pulled his cock out of Sarah with an audible plop, like a cork from a wine bottle. His cum immediately began to drip down her thigh, but Sarah was just doubled over, catching her breath on the washing machine. It hummed once more, beeped, and the cycle was finished.

Lester stumbled back to the row of dryers behind him, and grabbed his phone from the old man. He snapped a pic of Sarah's form on the washing machine and her leaking pussy.

He smiled and looked over at the old man, "Want to get in the pic?"

It took the old man a second to understand. Only after Lester repeated himself did the old man eagerly step forward and stand awkwardly next to Sarah.

"What are you doing?" Sarah asked as she raised her head and turned around.

"Just making memories," Lester said as he snapped a pic.

"Don't be shy, give that ass a squeeze," Lester said. The old man's face spread into a wide grin, and he reached behind with his bony, liver-spotted hands and grabbed a handful of Sarah's ass.

Sarah looked between them, offended, shocked and turned on. She hadn't asked for this. Lester just acted like he was her property. Maybe she was. Without prompting, the old man grabbed one of her breasts, and a cry caught in his throat when he felt its weight.

"How about a little kiss?" Lester snickered.

Before Sarah knew it, the old man's lips were on hers as he fondled her. She almost gagged on his old breath and horrid tongue as she pushed it into her mouth. Yet she couldn't help but return the kiss.

"Alright," Lester said, "That's enough."

Sarah pulled away from the old man, who looked extremely disappointed. His pants were still tented, and Sarah could see a damp mark on them.

Lester was toying with his phone, and Sarah quickly found her clothes and pulled them on. She couldn't find her underwear.

"Lester," Sarah said, "What are you doing with those pictures? Please don't…"

"Relax," Lester said and looked at the old man, "I just sent them to her husband. She had to earn their groceries. You know how it is."

Sarah’s face went beet-red. She quickly grabbed her clothes from the wash and threw them in the open dryer.

“I’m going to kill you,” Sarah muttered to Lester as they left the old man in the laundry room and headed towards the elevator up.

“Don’t worry,” Lester said, “I sent them to you, too. You could really make some money off these.”

Hey everyone, Happy New Year. I hope 2025 has been good to you, and 2026 will be even better. Wishing you and yours health and happiness in the new year!

Anyway, I'm sure you aren't here for New Year's greetings. Let's get to the good stuff, shall we? Below is the updated Toxic Attraction Chapter 37. There is a lot going on here, and several threads I've been weaving are coming together.

Aside from this chapter, Neighborhood Encounters is shaping up well. Here's a little teaser: Clara will be inside Burt's house in the next chapter.

I'll be holding a short story poll in the new year, but in an effort to finish stuff, the only options will be Double Cross or Stranded Heat. Let's get those ones done before opening up anything new.

Alright, enough rambling, the good stuff: Toxic Attraction Chapter 37!

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Sarah shifted the car into park, then took a look at herself in the mirror. She knew it was vain to think so positively of herself, but she looked darn good. Despite all the stress and issues she was going through. None of it showed on her face. Her round, piercing blue eyes still looked back at her confidently, framed by her healthy blonde hair and sharp facial features.

In the passenger seat, Sarah's mom, Renee, put her phone into her purse, looking equally radiant yet further on in years. Sarah prayed she would age as gracefully as her mother seemed to.

"The restaurant should be around the corner," Sarah said, opening her door.

"Is this really the best neighborhood?" Renee asked, still in the car, holding onto her purse tightly.

"Mom, it's fine. Maybe it's not the best neighborhood but all the up-and-coming chefs who want to open their own places can't afford to lease in the more popular areas. You chose this place, remember? Instagram, right?" Sarah asked. A chilly wind ran up her legs, playing with her little black dress.

"It looked nice inside," Renee said before opening her door and stepping out. "If I knew it was this kind of neighborhood I would have told you not to wear that dress."

Sarah looked down at her dress and suppressed a little wicked thrill of enjoyment. It was fun wearing something your mother disapproved of in front of her. It made her feel like a teenager again. Nonetheless, she knew her mom had a point. Her dress was a little too sexy for this

dinner with its spaghetti straps, plunging neckline and high hemline. She knew why Lester had purchased it for her. He knew how turned on she got when people looked at her.

She tried not to think of her husband's roommate, but her mind always seemed to drift back to him.

"Sarah?" Renee said, snapping Sarah out of her thoughts.

"Sorry. Yes?" Sarah quickly covered her blush and joined her mother in front of the car.

"I hope it's not far," Renee said, "I don't like you walking around here dressed like that. It attracts the wrong kind of attention."

I love all kinds of attention. Sarah thought. But she did look around at the run-down buildings, crumbling asphalt, debris and swirling litter strewn about. Her mom was right. This wasn't a good neighborhood.

"It's not that bad," Sarah lied, guiding her mom out across the crumbling parking lot and past a row of vacant storefronts. It reminded Sarah of the neighborhood Lester had taken her where the adult theater was.

Half a block ahead, the sign of the restaurant stood out from the building, beckoning them in. As they neared it, the smell hit Sarah's nose first. She couldn't place it, but her mind immediately went to spoiled milk, foot fungus and urinal pucks.

"I KNOW YOU," a raspy, unhinged voice yelled as they passed. Both of their necks snapped towards the sound. Coming down the alley was an old homeless man with a dirty, bushy, crumb-filled beard. His eyebrows were just as frizzy over his crazy eyes. His hair stood wildly on end, jutting out at all angles. The ripped t-shirt was tight over his lean frame and pot-belly with gray chest hair poking through the holes. He was wearing sweatpants, but large sections of the material over his thighs were just missing. Scrawny bare feet were shoved into sandals, exposing his feet crusted with months of city grime.

"Hurry," Renee muttered, taking Sarah's arm, "Let's go." Sarah's eyes went wide as the man scrambled closer. She did know him. He was the homeless man from the night with Lester in the parking lot. The one on the other side of the fence. Across his knuckles were tattoos of the letters C-A-S-H.

Cash reached into the giant hole in his sweatpants and pulled out his cock. "CASH SEEN YOU. GOD'S DIVINING ROD ONLY POINTS TO FERTILE ONES."

Renee tugged on Sarah's arm, and they both hurried towards the restaurant. Cash scrambled onto the street, one hand around his shaft, the other holding one of his flip flops in the air, "CASH'll TRADE YOU. THIS FOR A HANDY! HA!"

Renee and Sarah hurried into the restaurant, pulling the door closed behind them.

“Good evening,” the hostess said to them, “Do you have a reservation?”

Sarah’s face was beet red and flustered. She quickly composed herself, “Yes, Williams. For two.”

“Excellent right this way –”

The waitress trailed off as something smacked into the window. All three women turned to see the manic homeless man splaying himself against it, humping the glass, smacking the flip flop against it, “LET’S TRADE.”

“I’m…so….” the waitress trailed off again as she saw that Cash’s cock was out, “Sorry about that. This never happens. I swear.”

From the way she’d said it, Sarah didn’t believe her. She quickly led them to their seats, then hurriedly whispered something to one of the waiters, who stomped to the back. Sarah and Renee shared a look before quickly moving their attention to their menus.

Sarah was both mortified and amused by the whole situation. Throughout their appetizers, she couldn’t stop thinking about the random chance encounter, her mind drifting back to that night in the parking garage with Dan sitting in the car while she entertained Lester.

Her mom was talking about the girls’ school, but Sarah wasn’t really listening. She kept thinking about the wild man roaming around outside and the random, chance encounter they’d had so many months ago. She realized she’d finished her glass of wine and focused on its warmth in her stomach.

After the waiter took away their finished appetizers, Sarah got up and excused herself to the washroom. She saw her mom take her out her cellphone and knew she’d be lost for a while in her scrolling. Sarah focused on the wine inside of her and looped around the restaurant back to the front hostess’ station, taking special care that her mother didn’t notice her.

“Forgot something in my car,” she smiled to the hostess, “Be right back.”

The girl smiled and nodded back as Sarah stepped out into the chilly air. In the brief time they’d been in the restaurant, the sun had started to set, and shadows had begun to fall over the buildings. Sarah tried to push any constructive thoughts from her mind. She was operating on autopilot against her better judgment.

She wasn’t sure if this was Lester’s influence or something darker within her, but she stepped into the alley where the homeless man had been. Immediately, she grimaced, his lingering stench hitting her nostrils even though he wasn’t there.

She stepped further in.

“Hello?” she said, surprised by how sultry she sounded. She licked her lips and ran her hands down her dress. Her skin was already sensitive to her own touch. She stifled a soft moan, thinking just how bad of an idea this was. Dan wasn’t here. Lester wasn’t here. This was just her.

The scattering sounds of bottles and debris further down the alley made her pause. A shadowy figure stumbled out in the dark and just stood there at the edge of her vision. Sarah took a step back but steadied her breathing.

“You want to trade?” Sarah said, purposely injecting sultriness into her voice. The man shuffled forward and Sarah got a better look at him. He was wearing only one flip-flop; the other held in his dirty fingers. She shuddered as she took in the homeless man’s form. His busy beard, wild eyes, matted hair and his stained and dirty clothing. Sarah felt herself grow wet, and part of her screamed in disgust. But this man might be the pinnacle of what she shouldn’t want. A man like this should never even be allowed to breathe the same air as her, yet here they were in the same dank, dark alley. With her beauty and the beast fantasy in control of her, Sarah repeated herself, “Let’s trade. What was it? A handjob for the flip flop?”

“FUCKING A,” The homeless man growled and eagerly limped forward towards her. Sarah’s nose rebelled, but she pushed down at the bile rising in her throat. The man’s crazed eyes locked on the plunging neckline of Sarah’s low-cut dress, at the size and shape of her perfect, flawless breasts.

He shuffled further faster with a newly aggressive expression.

“Come to ol’ Cashy Cash Cash,” the man, Cash, muttered to himself. The hand not holding the flip-flop was outstretched towards her, making grabbing motions. When he got close enough to touch her, Sarah made her move.

“Not like that,” Sarah said, grabbing the man by his greasy shirt and pushing him into the brick wall of the building. This wasn’t Lester. She didn’t need to be dominated. She wanted to indulge her fantasy on overdrive and stoop down to a level she hadn’t been to before. She still wasn’t going to let things get too far out of control and needed to establish things early.

“CASH FUCKIN KNEW YOU!” Cash shouted at her. Sarah pressed a manicured finger to his lip to shush him up.

“Yes. You did. We’re old friends, aren’t we? Now, be a good boy and keep that mouth of yours closed. Got it?” Sarah said. She could feel the heat emanating from his body. Cash’s crazy eyes seemed to glass over a little, and he lazily stuck his tongue out of his mouth and licked her finger. A surge of repulsion struck Sarah, but she quivered at the same time.

“Flip-flop,” Sarah said, holding her hand out to him. The man looked between her open palm and the flip-flop in his hands several times as if he were evaluating whether it was a good trade or not. In the end, Sarah just grabbed the flip-flop out of his hand and tossed it over her shoulder.

“Now, what was I supposed to trade you again? Oh, that’s right, a nice handjob, right?” Sarah said. Her voice made the man shudder as he slumped back against the brick. A wicked smile spread on Sarah’s face at the effect she was having over him. The power she held. Sarah ran her hand down the man’s body until she found what felt like a long shoelace holding his baggy pants up. She untied its knot single-handedly and pulled his ragged, hole-adorned pants to his knees.

“Oh,” Sarah sucked in a breath as her eyes took in the large, girthy erection sticking out at her. She leaned on the brick wall next to the man, far too close for comfort. Part of her worried his stench was going to rub off on her when she went back to the restaurant. “What do we have here?” Sarah bit her lip and looked up at the man’s eyes.

“That’s CASH’S D–” his voice caught in his throat.

Sarah had wrapped her fist tightly around the man’s girthy shaft, “Divining rod from God, right? Does this mean I’m fertile?”

The crazed derelict just stared back at her without uttering another sound. She squeezed him and felt the grains in the grime coating his cock. His wild eyes were darting all around her body, taking her in. Sarah didn’t break eye contact but leaned forward, breathing through her open mouth. The air between them was heavy and musty. But she gave him one of the sexiest looks she’d ever produced and let some spit drop from her mouth and land on his cock. Sarah massaged her saliva into her palm and onto his cock, giving his rod a much-needed spit-bath.

Then she began to fulfill her end of the trade, running her hand up and down over this homeless man’s cock, stroking him like she would her husband or Lester. She knew precisely how wrong this was. It was a betrayal of her husband and even a betrayal of Lester. But she needed to do it. She felt like she was losing control and just wanted to let it ride. All the stress in her life, her job, the financial strain. All of it took a back seat to the excitement of this moment.

Sarah pumped the homeless man’s cock with her manicured fingers, enjoying the soft, pathetic moans coming from his throat. She'd worried he’d be out of control; loud and unhinged, but she’d been confident he could be subdued. No matter how crazy, a man was still a man and would respond to a woman like her. She knew she had the power over them; she just had to wield it.

Cash's eyes closed behind heavy dirt-stained lids, and he started to grunt and pump his hips forward. Sarah watched him with a horrified fascination, as if she were sitting at home watching an urban nature documentary on PBS.

"Mhmmm, that's it," Sarah cooed, "Pump it big boy. Pump it for me." Sarah skillfully jerked her wrist in time with his pumping hips, squeezing and rotating her fist to give this disgusting old man his perverse pleasure.

Cash responded by increasing the urgency of his thrusts, "Fackin good." Sarah bit her lip, carefully watching every second of his reaction. Part of her brain was wondering how much time had elapsed. It felt like she'd been out here for hours, watching this man respond to the clutch of her dainty little suburban hand.

A dribble of something fell from Cash's bottom lip. His eyes lazily opened, and he drank in the sight of Sarah's heavenly form leaning on the wall next to him. He turned his body towards her as she continued to jerk him. Sarah looked down at the thick cock pointed at her and the precum that was beginning to appear at its slit. This grungy, destitute man could give Lester a real run for his money and just for a split second, Sarah wondered how it would feel inside of her. Would he fuck in a domineering fashion like Lester, or would it be more something like a spastic romp infused with the frenetic energy of a caged animal? She shuddered thinking about just being used like that, nothing more than a hole for a deranged man like him to empty himself into.

Cash's eyes widened, and his grubby, filth-streaked hands - Sarah could see the dirt embedded under the nails - reached out and grasped one of Sarah's breasts. It was only then that she realized how hard her nipples had gotten as she wantonly arched her chest into his touch.

Sarah looked down at the dirty hands groping her and stifled a moan. The dirt and grime on him would leave marks on her dress. That was the thought that convinced her to lower her spaghetti straps. She rolled her dress down to her midsection, letting her heavy breasts fall free in public, for all in the alley to see.

The cool air ran over her naked skin. Part of her still couldn't believe she'd left a meal with her mother to make her way into this dingy alleyway. That she was here with someone like him. But as those thoughts swirled in her head, her fist pumped his cock faster. Her body responding to the depths of her illicit thoughts and her initial repulsion.

Sarah sucked in a breath as Cash's dirty fingers grabbed and marred her naked breasts. Without a thought, she threw her head back and again thrust her chest out into his greedy palm. Cash's hips were thrusting forward, fucking Sarah's delicate hand. She could feel his pulse beating in the veins running along the underside of his cock. The dirty organ radiated an arousing heat.

As she ran her hands over him, something wet ran down the skin of her wrist. In horrified fascination, she saw his heavy, creamy precum running over her hand. She had a homeless man's seed on her skin. Sarah shuddered, and her nipples stiffened even harder under Cash's rough groping.

"Cash knew, knew it," Cash muttered under his breath. His eyes unfocused, staring at Sarah's large udders, "KNEW IT."

He started mumbling something else, but Sarah couldn't make it out. His lips were moving rapidly, but he was whispering to himself in a manic way. Sarah watched his lips move with perverse fascination. It was as if the presence of her body was short-circuiting his brain.

"Get it," Cash mumbled, his hand mauling Sarah's heavy breasts. She couldn't deny that his rough treatment was having an effect on her. The tramp's crude manipulation had added to the fucked up situation; her body was on fire.

Cash's hand drifted down to the bottom hem of her dress and started pulling it up, revealing Sarah's slender legs and tiny white panties.

"Hey! Hey there! Slow down, big boy," Sarah said, tugging the dress material back down. She hadn't expected him to do that. She was supposed to be the one in control. Cash's hands tightened over the bunched material and lifted it again as he thrust himself forward. Sarah squeezed his cock with her palm as he pushed, and it jutted under her dress.

Part of her cringed at his dirty fingers, balling her dress into a fist. But that thought instantly evaporated when the head of his huge cock hit her panty-clad pussy. Sarah's shocked mind did a double-take, and she felt a wetness down there but didn't know if it was from her or from him.

"Fuck," Sarah breathed as Cash's cock head repeatedly punched against her pussy. She closed her eyes and felt herself getting hammered there over and over again. It didn't help that he was close enough that his fetid garbage smell was oppressively heavy.

"Gonna get it," Cash mumbled to himself as he thrust himself against Sarah. She didn't let go of his cock, pumping it with her hand. It had run free of Cash's pre-cum, so Sarah spit down onto his cock, and her hand ran over it and pressed her fresh saliva into his grimy cock skin.

"Gonna get it," Cash muttered a little louder. His smudged paw left Sarah's heavy breast, and both his hands grabbed her hips as he fucked her hand.

"Slow, slow," Sarah muttered, bracing her other hand against his shoulder. She could feel the polluted film of the streets on his raggy clothes. They both leaned awkwardly against the wall, Cash pumping his cock into her hand while Sarah tried to hold him at bay. His fingers dug into her hips and began interlacing with her white panties.

“Gonna get it,” Cash mumbled. Sarah couldn’t help herself and asked, “Gonna get what?”

Cash’s crazed eyes blinked, and some focus seemed to creep back into them. He looked up at her as if seeing her for the first time. His eyes took in her face and her heavy breasts bouncing in front of him.

“What are you gonna get? Cash? What are you gonna get?” Sarah whispered, already knowing the answer.

Cash grunted, “Cash gonna get his nut.”

The clarity in his eyes disappeared, and his hips started humping forward with abandon. Sarah knew the motion. She could feel the urgency in his thrusts against her hand. Cash pulled one side of her panties down, and Sarah stopped breathing.

“Cum for me,” Sarah whispered, “Cum for me. Give me your nut Cash. Get it. Get it. Get it Cash.”

His cock pulsed in her hand, and she watched the homeless man’s face contort into a disgusting and agonizing display of orgasmic bliss. Half her panties were down by her thigh, and Sarah knew her pussy was on full display to this old, dirty homeless man. Sarah squeezed his cock in her hand in a vice-like grip as he struggled to push himself forward. He grunted and groaned, and she felt his cock swell and pulsate in her hand before a thick smattering of cum blasted out, smothering the outside of her pussy. Sarah flinched in both revulsion and sick pleasure, feeling herself being bathed in this man’s spunk. He just kept cumming, completely covering her pussy. Sarah moaned loudly, her knees going weak, her head resting on the brick wall as she struggled to breathe.

Cash’s eyelids fluttered, and he let go of her as he stumbled back, catching himself on a nearby dumpster. Sarah chanced a look down at her soaked pussy and winced as she saw the homeless man’s creamy white cum dripping off of her onto the ground. With a grimace, she carefully pulled off her panties and used them to wipe his seed off of her. Now that the deed was done, she didn’t find it as erotically charged as she had when she’d come out here.

Sarah dropped her soiled panties onto the ground, straightened out her dress and quickly walked past Cash on her way back to dinner. She chanced a look over her shoulder and saw the man pick up her panties and shove them in his pocket. Then he looked back at her with those same eyes that seemed to hold a sliver of clarity.

“FERTILE,” He barked at her as she exited the alley and hurried back into the restaurant. The hostess gave her a quizzical look, and Sarah quickly brushed past her and ducked into the bathroom and put herself back together as best she could.

Thankfully, she hadn't been gone so long that she'd raised any suspicions with her mom. When she returned to the table, her mother asked if everything was alright.

"Everything's fine, Mom," Sarah said as the waiter arrived with their food. Sarah sat down daintily in front of her plate. When the waiter left, her mother's nose wrinkled, and she said, "This food stinks. It smells like it was made in that alleyway. What the hell?"

Sarah's face flushed, and she hated the idea that some part of that man was still with her. His cum was probably embedded deep in the pores of her pussy lips, but she hadn't considered that his scent would linger on her.

"Maybe the kitchen vents out into the alley," Sarah offered. Renee still looked disgusted and refused to eat.

"I can't wait to go home tomorrow," Renee said to herself.

After her excursion in the alley, Sarah's stomach was ready to eat. She reached for her fork and froze. She'd been so worried about hurrying back to her mom so her time with that disgusting man wouldn't be discovered that she never actually went to the washroom. She hadn't washed her hands. The grime of that man was still embedded on her hand. As was an opaque streak on the back of her hand that could only be one thing.

Sarah looked up at her mom, who was tentatively poking at her food, still put off by the smell. It wasn't the smell of the restaurant or the food she was picking up on, but the stench that Sarah carried in with her. The evidence of what she had done.

Sarah carefully rubbed the opaque evidence into her skin with her other hand. Every instinct in her told her to get up and wash her hands. But her mom thought she had just returned from there. An extended trip to the washroom.

Her stomach rumbled, and she made a decision. She grasped her fork and dug into her food, despite the scent of her hand.

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The sun was high in the sky as Lester steered his SUV down the highway. He was being exceedingly careful to stay several car lengths back from Sarah's vehicle. She probably wouldn't notice him, but he didn't want to be on her radar either.

He hadn't so much as said goodbye when Sarah and her mother left the apartment. But he was ready, watching the camera with his keys in hand. He had several reasons to follow them home.

The least of which was the hospital. He needed to wrap things up there. With Sarah no longer employed there, he had no incentive to continue the ruse. He'd see what else he could milk out of the place before running off into the night.

Sarah's car took the exit to Middleton. Lester slowed his vehicle and breathed a sigh of relief as a few other cars exited as well. He slid his car onto the off-ramp and kept his eyes on the Williams' vehicle.

Sarah took a left - the opposite direction from the way to her home. Lester smiled. He followed, making sure he was at least four car lengths behind them when no vehicle was between them. When Sarah's car pulled off onto a side street, Lester slowed to a crawl, making sure to keep his distance before following.

He stayed a block back until the car pulled into a driveway. Lester pulled onto the shoulder and killed the engine to watch. Sarah and her mother got out and went to the back of the vehicle, where they pulled out Renne's suitcase. Lester licked his lips and took out his cell phone. He snapped pics of them, the house, and Renee going to the door where her husband, James, opened it and greeted her with a big hug and a quick kiss. Sarah exchanged some small talk with her parents before getting in her car and driving away.

Lester drove past the house as the door shut and took a mental image of the house and address to look up later. He turned his attention back to following Sarah and smiled to himself again. A proper plan was only as good as the information on which it was based. Lester usually didn't do field work like this, but found he was enjoying the recon and the possibilities it could open for him.

He followed her car throughout the streets of Middleton until it pulled into the Williams' driveway. Lester killed the engine and watched his corrupted project walk into her own home. As predicted, Dan wasn't home. He'd overheard the fact that he was heading back to Washington on a business trip.

Such unfortunate timing for the cuck husband. When he should be here shoring up his home front, he was called away. Alas. How sad. Lester sat on the street for over an hour, thumbing through his phone, occasionally looking up at the house.

He *could* just stroll up to the front door and take Sarah. He was tempted to push between her legs and have her curse and scream his name to the empty family house. But Lester knew the value of patience. It had served him well with Sarah so far. She had fallen so far, so fast already.

His phone pinged with emails from the hospital. Several high-priority messages were anything but. Lester rolled his eyes as he read through them, silently cursing himself for ever bothering to get involved with the hospital. He was tempted just to cut and run, but he didn't want to

raise any alarms. He'd quit in the next few days and then decide whether he'd burn the place again. Normally, it wouldn't be prudent to ransom the same place twice, especially after the purported upgrades he'd installed himself. But he genuinely hated the people who worked there and wanted them to suffer.

Lester read another email from the CEO, Thornhill and rolled his eyes. It was a company-wide email full of generic, aspirational bullshit that all CEOs nowadays spew. It was a sign of weak men, parroting the talking points of other weak men. Using aphorisms instead of getting shit done.

He opened Discord and read through the messages from his D&D group. They were getting together soon and needed a place to host. Ned's wife had apparently thrown a shit fit after their last session and wouldn't let them host it there anymore. Ned's shop was always a possibility. Lester was tempted to offer his apartment again and see if he could once again push Sarah into situations, but he didn't want any of those little fuckers, especially Eugene, to be able to put their hands on her.

As he looked over the guild World of Warcraft server, a direct message popped up on his sidebar. Lester side-eyed it before clicking on it. It was from someone he hadn't spoken to before.

He opened it and frowned.

UnknownEntity: Hey Dipshit

Lester didn't like that one bit.

Darkspire: Fuck off, Eugene.

UnknownEntity: Wrong. Try again.

Darkspire: I don't really give a shit. Blocked.

UnknownEntiy: The mighty Darkspire is a pussy. Surprise surprise.

Lester stared at the screen and felt his face growing red. He didn't like this on a deep level. He didn't like the idea of some unknown factor coming out of the woodwork and pursuing him. Someone was fucking with him. He mentally ran through the list of his other contacts on Discord when another taunting message came in.

UnknownEntity: How'd you like our little test?

Lester knew the right move was to block this asshole and move on, but the message tugged at him.

Darkspire: What fucking test are you talking about?

UnknownEntity: The one on your network. We're getting close to cracking it.

Lester's eyes narrowed.

Darkspire: Cronos.

UnknownEntity: Winner, winner chicken dinner.

Darkspire: Your team sucks at infiltrating. It's like a bunch of chimps trying to brute force it. I hope you aren't paying them too much.

UnknownEntity: Oh, I am paying them an absurd amount of money. It'll be worth every penny.

Darkspire: All this because I wouldn't send you more videos for you to jerk off to. That's pretty sad.

UnknownEntity: Wrong again.

Lester just stared at the screen and felt a pit form in his stomach. He didn't like this at all. He didn't know who Cronos really was or what his game was, and hadn't taken the time to find out. There were now too many variables he couldn't account for. And he didn't want to play someone else's game. There was no winning to be had.

Darkspire: I don't really care.

UnknownEntity: You should.

Darkspire: Yeah? And why's that?

UnknownEntity: Let's just say that you've built something special with your little network of buyers and contacts. Interested parties want to acquire it.

Interested Parties? What the fuck does that mean? Lester thought. He'd heard enough. He blocked 'UnknownEntity' and moved to restrict the setting on his server, banning new membership and removing the last 100 people who'd joined. UnknownEntity was among them. Lester wondered just how many others were there to fuck with him that he didn't know about. He made a note to comb through membership and cull anyone who hadn't yet purchased or had said they would potentially purchase.

Movement out of the corner of his eye brought his attention back to the street in front of him. Sarah was leaving and heading toward her car. Lester reluctantly put his phone away. In the back of his mind, he was aware that it was the wrong move and he should focus on the Cronos' threat, but he couldn't let an opportunity like this go to waste.

Sarah got into her car, and Lester glanced at his clock. It was probably pick-up time at the girls' school. Lester punched in the address and saw it was a fifteen-minute drive. That gave him a little over half an hour if he factored in traffic and potential pick-up delays at the school. Sarah backed her car out of the driveway and sped off in the direction opposite his car. Once her vehicle turned out of sight, Lester pulled into the Williams' driveway and headed up to their front door.

Lester whistled the Imperial March from Star Wars as he fished his key ring out of his pocket and quickly found his copy of the Williams' key. Dan had done a thorough job of changing the locks, but Lester had ample opportunities working and being with Sarah to copy it.

He let himself into their home and closed the door behind him. He unslung his backpack and dug into it, finding the small box he was looking for. He marched up the stairs and made his way into the Williams' ensuite bathroom. Under the sink, he found the open box identical to the one in his hand and rifled through it. He frowned when he saw only a single, half-used blister pack left. With a sigh, Lester made the changes to his own and swapped it out. His watch told him he'd only been in there five minutes.

He made a swift retreat back to his car and threw his bag on the passenger seat. He took out a red pen and marked the one he'd just taken so he wouldn't mix it up with the others in the bag.

With a quick look over his shoulder, he backed out onto the street. There wasn't another car in sight. He doubted any of the neighbors had seen him. If they had, he'd just say he wanted to surprise Mrs. Williams, but she hadn't been home.

Lester drove off towards the hospital to set his final affairs there in motion.

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The dreadful PowerPoint slide clicked on, and Lester felt the familiar feeling of wanting to smash his forehead against the meeting table. Richard had insisted that he attend this presentation with an outside vendor. Lester had declined, but the aggravating man had then insisted. It angered Lester that this vendor was from an IT security firm and that Richard had brought them in without consulting him, his IT director.

It was petty and stupid. Lester didn't give a shit about the hospital's security. But he did hate being undermined, especially by someone as small as Richard was. Lester didn't like the man and had his own score to settle with him because of what he'd said to Sarah. Bringing in an outside vendor, in Lester's domain of expertise, without consulting him was tantamount to a declaration of war.

Lester tapped the table and looked around at the sycophants assembled around the table. Mary from HR and all the other department heads that Lester hadn't bothered to learn the names of.

He had to at least entertain this pitch; he didn't want to seem too disinterested, then quit and have the hospital suffer another attack. It would look too suspicious, and Lester realized that he now desperately needed not look like a guilty party. The hospital had security cameras with footage of him. He'd had to take a picture for his ID badge. Maybe the hospital had never been worth the squeeze.

The tall, lanky man with stupid glasses stood at the front of the room, pitching his company's enterprise-level security system. Lester couldn't help the yawn that loudly escaped his mouth. It was all so basic, jargon-y, and filled with buzzwords meant to entice overpaid and hapless C-Suite executives. And it seemed to be working.

Lester covertly pulled out his phone under the table and texted Sarah to ask what her plans for later were. While Dan was away, Lester was going to play. And he would bring Sarah down to another new level, but tonight would take her there in a different way.

"Lester," Richard said. Lester snapped his head up to look at the old man sitting at the head of the conference room table.

"Yeah?" Lester asked, Richard, looking on expectantly.

Richard scowled. Lester wanted to hurt him. "Irving," Richard said, gesturing to the lanky man, "...asked you a question."

Lester sighed and turned his full attention to the awkward, angular man. His phone buzzed in his pocket, and he wanted to see how hard Sarah was going to play the 'resist Lester' game tonight. Lester made a point of not apologizing for his distraction.

"I was just asking," Irving said, "About your security protocols. How your network infrastructure is built and what kind of redundancies you have in place. To put an accurate quote together, I'd need to know whether you can use out-of-the-box or if you'd require any custom integrations from us."

"We'd do the custom integrations ourselves. Look, I've seen every kind of network screwup you can imagine. I clean up other people's disasters for fun. Honestly, half the time I'm the one telling them what the threat actors are going to do before they actually do it." Lester smirked and cast a glance at Richard.

If this asshole thinks he can just bring someone in and do this job any better, he has another thing coming.

"That's the problem with your off-the-shelf software. By the time you've installed it here, it'll already be six months out of date. And every system is different. You can't possibly cover all of a complex system's weak points. You can't really understand a system unless you get inside its

head. Or make it show you its pressure points." Lester continued, letting the anger flow through him as Darth Vader might.

"Look, I've been running IT long enough to know the difference between someone who *thinks* they understand security and someone who actually does understand security. Spoiler: most people are deluded. Your system sounds lovely on paper, but until we actually test it and attack it, we won't be installing it here."

"I assure you," Irving said, "We test our software and servers daily for exploits, using the latest methods. We have a team that –"

"You have a white-hat team that works in a nice cozy office doing penetration testing and attacks on its own software? I don't think that's sufficient for testing any serious system."

"Well, then what would you suggest, Mr. Marshall?"

"What would I suggest?" He leaned forward, elbows on his knees. This child didn't know what he was talking about and needed someone to educate him. "Real attackers don't sit in ergonomic chairs with HR-approved coffee mugs. They're not following a checklist item by item."

He flicked his fingers dismissively.

"They're hungry. Creative. Unbound. They don't think like testers—they think like… predators. They don't care about compliance, or procedure, or whether their VPN cuts out in the middle of a meeting."

Something passed over Irving's face that Lester didn't quite fathom. An understanding of some kind. Lester chalked it up to this kid finally being in front of someone who knew what they were talking about.

"A system isn't truly tested until someone tries to break it who has no reason not to."

Irving frowned. "So… what? We hire criminals?"

Marshall smiled, slow and self-satisfied, as if Irving had said something adorably naive.

"No. Not criminals."

Lester paused for dramatic effect.

"Outliers."

He settled back, arms crossed, his smile turning sharper.

“People who can’t help thinking sideways. People who poke at a system not because they’re told to, but because they’re curious. Unsupervised curiosity, you understand, is the most powerful penetration test there is.”

Irving hesitated. “And where would we find people like that?”

Lester shrugged lightly, as if it were obvious.

“You don’t find them. They find you.”

He paused, then said, “If your defenses can’t withstand someone who tests your perimeter at… let’s say… two in the morning, on a whim, anonymously, and purely for sport?”

He lifted a brow.

“Then your system isn’t secure. It’s just unchallenged.”

Lester shot Richard an irritated look as his phone buzzed in his pocket again. Sarah had messaged him again. She wanted his cock, and he was going to take her hard and forget all about this stupid hospital.

“Look,” Lester said, standing and checking his watch, “I have another meeting to run to. I’d be happy to look over your proposal or send you whatever you need to make a quote. Just send me whatever it is. I’ll look it over when things are quiet.”

Maybe it would be worthwhile for Lester to test their software out. If he could find an easy exploit, he could attack all of their customers. “Oh, and can you provide us with some references from other companies that use your software? They don’t need to be hospitals either.”

Lester clasped Richard on the shoulder as he walked past him before heading out the door.

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“The way Tricia made it sound,” Dan said as he poked at the food on his tray. Sentinel Security had its own cafeteria with mostly comped stuff. It was actually a lot nicer than any of the school cafeterias Dan had ever visited. There seemed to be actual professionally trained chefs in the kitchen instead of being run by old lunch ladies.

Carlos had explained to him that this was not only to increase morale but also to keep all employees on-site. Less opportunities for other entities to compromise employees. Dan watched his ‘coworker’ shovel his baked beans into his mouth and continue, “It sounds like there’s going to be more work coming my way in the near future. I foresee myself getting a lot busier with new projects here.”

“There’s a lot going on,” Carlos said between spoonfuls of mashed potatoes. “And you know–” he said, stabbing his fork and pointing it at Dan, “It would be a LOT easier to talk to you if you were fully on board here. I’m not just talking about additional hours, but on the for real payroll. It’s exhausting dancing around stuff that I can talk to another employee about.”

“Sounds rough,” Dan smiled, “Poor you.”

“Heh,” Carlos chuckled, “Any word on something like that happening? Getting offered a full-time spot?”

“Nada. But Tricia has hinted at it. Something about a lot of internal people wanting my services,” Dan said.

“Be careful with that one. She’s trouble,” Carlos said. “But she’s probably not wrong. A lot of projects get delayed by environmental issues, and you have a reputation for expediting them. Even I’ve heard that, and it’s not even something that concerns my department.”

“Well, put in a good word for me then,” Dan smiled, enjoying the conversation. It was nice to talk about something other than Lester and his marital troubles at home. Being in Washington was a nice escape from everything going on back in Illinois.

“Already have, buddy,” Carlos winked and gave him a thumbs up. “I can’t promise anything, but I think it’s just a matter of timing and budgets. More ‘when’ than ‘if.’”

“Well, it’d be nice if it came sooner rather than later,” Dan said absently.

“Yeah? What’s going on? Need some moola?” Carlos said.

“Everyone can always use more cash,” Dan replied, not wanting to give any insight into his financial situation.

“Well, when you do get in, then you can really start to double dip,” Carlos was now shoving more lukewarm baked beans into his mouth.

“What do you mean? Double dip?” Dan leaned forward.

“We’ve got something called a bounty program,” Carlos said. “Say I’m looking into something specific for one of the three-letter agencies. Super narrow scope, right? But what if, in my searching, I come across a few other bad guys or illegalities? The scope says that’s not part of what I was asked to do, so I don’t need to report everything I see. But Sentinel pays for leads like that. So I could send those kinds of things into our bounty program and get a little kickback for myself. The company brings the info to one of our illustrious ‘clients’ and then maybe they ask us to dig more into it, creating more billable hours. It’s a win-win-win.”

“That’s really interesting,” Dan said. The phrase was the same Lester had used to describe their ‘throuple.’ But now he found his mind immediately turning to his suspicions that Lester was responsible for the ransomware attacks on the hospital and Jesse’s workplace. He didn’t have any proof, just his strong suspicions. “What kind of crimes can you report to the program? Violent crimes? Cyber crimes?”

Dan waited for Carlos to finish chewing, trying not to lean out of his chair.

“Anything,” Carlos said. “The cyber crimes area is my specialty, so I always like pitching those to the bounty program. But yeah, we could send pretty well any crime over to the clients. It’s up to them if there’s an appetite for it.”

“I assume the bar would be pretty high to submit something, right? You’d need at least some evidence to get their attention.” Dan said, casually batting at his food but wholly invested in where the conversation seemed to be going.

“Most of the time, yeah. Those guys are stretched thin, too and don’t want to go on any wild, good chases. But if they feel like there’s something there, they can always kick it over to us to do a quick background and see if it’s worth pursuing.” Carlos said. “Sometimes people come across something that looks fishy, but they don’t want to kick it into the bounty program in case it’s nothing. We have an anonymous tip line for employees. So people are still encouraged to report crime, but they just leave their name off it and don’t make the bounty.”

“Huh, so if I came across something suspicious but didn’t have much to go on, I could call that tip line?” Dan asked.

“Pretty much,” Carlos said, “It’s not perfect, but it’s what we got.”

Back in his little cubicle tucked away in the corner with other contractors, Dan’s mind kept mulling over his conversation with Carlos. Was Lester really responsible for the ransomware attacks? Could this be his ticket to a Lester-free life? He didn’t know how long it took for things to work their way through the bounty program or for an actual government team with authority to investigate or to contract it back to Sentinel, but for the first time in a long time, he felt a sliver of hope.

He just needed some runway. If something happened to Lester tomorrow, financially, he didn’t know what that would look like for them. If things picked up with Sentinel and Sarah got a job, they might be okay. With Lester out of the picture, how would things shake out with Sarah? Would they be okay? Could they find their way back to each other like it had been before?

He didn’t like thinking about the future and how far the present was from how they used to be. It just made him sad and numb.

Dan opened the Discord app on his phone and scrolled through the gaming server. He saw Lester's friend Ned asking about setting up another session of Dungeons and Dragons. His blood spiked when he saw Lester had replied within the last couple of hours. Dan opened every channel and scrolled through months-old conversations, looking for anything that even hinted at something incriminating he could bring to the anonymous tip line.

"Well, fancy meeting you here," the sound of the sultry voice snapped him out of his obsessive scrolling. Dan wasn't sure how long he'd been head down in his phone, but it wasn't something he liked to do, or be caught doing, especially not in the workplace.

Dan's eyes shot up to the entrance of his cubicle, and he gulped. Trouble was at his door. Tricia was standing there, looking at Dan like a cat toying with a mouse. And she looked good doing it. Black heels, toned slender legs ending and a snug pencil skirt that was *just* the appropriate length for a workplace. The pencil skirt hugged her tight and accentuated her natural curves, drawing the eye up to her top, where her bust was prominent yet professional and in full display. Her blonde hair curled around to her breasts, framing her attractive face with that mischievous smile that seemed to hint at an unspoken promise of wild nights.

Dan steadied his breathing and refocused his eyes on his laptop, "It is my little cubicle."

"Mhm, that's exactly what I came to talk to you about," Tricia said, and without invitation moved into Dan's cubicle. She didn't sit in the empty chair tucked on the back wall. She sat herself directly on the edge of his desk, next to his laptop, giving Dan an unobstructed view of her tanned legs outside his peripheral vision.

He kept his eyes focused on his computer, but he didn't fail to notice her uncross and recross her legs. She gently pushed on the arm of his chair with her foot and spun him to face her.

"This *little* cubicle doesn't suit you," Tricia said, leaning forward. Dan looked up at her, his eyes automatically going to the tops of her breasts on display. When he corrected it and looked up at her face, there was a knowing smile there that he'd been caught.

"A man like you," Tricia said, her foot still playing with his chair, spinning him slightly back and forth, "...needs something *bigger* Don't you think? When I think of you, I don't think something like this little cubicle will do."

Dan was fidgeting with the wedding ring. Tricia noticed. Her smile grew wider, more predatory.

"Oh?" Dan said, "How often are you thinking about me?"

Tricia's smile turned predatory, and she said, "More than you would probably think or would be appropriate to discuss in the workplace."

"Careful," Dan said, "That almost sounds borderline inappropriate."

“Oh, it definitely was,” Tricia said, “‘Borderline,’ that’s it. Not something that would get me in trouble with HR. Maybe just a light spanking. Too bad you don’t work in HR, hmm?”

Dan just chuckled, “You’re bad.”

“I know,” Tricia said with a gleam in her eyes, “But I wasn’t kidding about your bigger... office.”

“What do you mean?” Dan asked.

Tricia nonchalantly looked at her nails and said, “Oh, I was just complaining to some of the directors about how much walking I have to do to come down and see you to discuss our projects. You know, I think they like to keep me around upstairs and don’t like to see me slum it down here.”

She put her hand back on her knee and looked at him.

“Anyways, they know how many projects you’re lined up to work on, and it only took a tiny bit of convincing that things would be more productive if you joined us upstairs. There was some pushback about our policy with contractors, but in the end, they’re willing to bend that little rule.”

“Isn’t that the best?” Tricia’s eyes looked over Dan’s body and pointedly paused at his crotch, “Bending the rules?”

Dan didn’t know what to say, but the message she was sending him was crystal clear. He felt himself begin to stiffen and prayed her gaze wouldn’t be focused enough to notice.

“Why don’t you get your things?” Tricia said and ran her fingers slowly over his laptop, shutting the screen. “And come upstairs with me.”

She let the words linger, and Dan felt his mouth go dry. Finally, he managed to choke out, “I don’t have a choice, do I?”

“Not if you want to keep the directors happy. It’s a done deal now. They bent the rules for you, remember? You can’t back out now. Besides, there’s a lot of work for you coming down the pipeline. I’m going to keep you very, very busy.”

Tricia pushed off his desk and, for a few seconds, stood far too close to Dan. Then she slowly turned and walked out of his cubicle as his eyes found their way to her supple, shifting ass. She looked over her shoulder and flashed him a knowing smile, then asked, “Coming?”

She walked away, and Dan grabbed a few of his things and followed her upstairs. After an elevator ride where Tricia effectively used silence to ratchet up the sexual tension, she led him out onto the floor where a lot of his contacts sat. She led him deep into the floor, and they stopped at an inner office.

“This is you,” Tricia said, gesturing to the empty office with a sliding door. It was nice. Nicer than what Dan had with Walt or with his previous employer. There was no window, but it felt nice that people were going to bat for him.

“I’ll let you settle in,” Tricia said, “I’m right down the hall, if you need anything. Anything at all. Don’t be a stranger, neighbor.”

For the second time that day, Tricia walked away from Dan with a seductive movement of her hips. Dan shook his head as he watched her go and stepped into his new office, letting a bit of tension escape from his shoulders.

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Irving had barely gotten into his rented car when Marcus called him.

“What’s the verdict?’ Marcus’s stern voice said through the speaker. Irving suppressed a sigh at the demanding executive, knowing full well that the man held the fate of his career and future in his hands. Irving had come across some obfuscated details of the man’s special projects. He didn’t know everything, but he knew that the Lincoln Group was into some things that neither the public nor most employees were aware of. Things that skirted normal morals and ethics.

There was a project regarding a self-sustaining community, and some of the deeper files on it made Irving shudder at the scale of ambition and potential implications of such a project.

“Irving,” Marcus repeated with no patience in his voice, “Is he our guy or what?”

“I had to pressure the CEO even to get Lester Marshall to attend that meeting. And he was disinterested and refused to engage for the most part,” Irving said.

“Irving,” Marcus said, and Irving could feel the man’s narrowed eyes through the phone, “I’m not interested in how the meeting went. Is he our guy?”

“I think so,” Irving said.

“Explain,” Marcus said.

“Like I said. He didn’t engage for most of the meeting. But I managed to bait him out,” Irving injected some steel into his voice. “And the guy couldn’t help but latch on to it. Almost waxing poetically about how good he is and talking about people being able to hack into systems in a wistful, romantic, nostalgic way. Factoring in the connections to us, it seems more and more likely he’s who we’re looking for.”

“Good,” Marcus said, “Good. That’s good, Irving. I look forward to reading your full report on the meeting.”

“My phone recorded the entire conversation. I was going to use it to help make notes. But I could send you the audio file if you want to listen to it,” Irving quickly said.

“I don’t have the time. Nor do I want to sit through a manufactured sales pitch. The transcript with his parts highlighted will be sufficient,” Marcus said.

“Okay. I can do that,” Irving held his hands on the keys, ready to start the ignition the moment the conversation was over. “What now?”

“Now we look into the couple. And keep digging into Mr. Marshall,” Marcus said.

“How do you want me to proceed, sir?” Irving asked.

“Your part is done at least for now. You can’t make that same pitch to Sentinel Securities; they’ll see right through it. Besides, you’d never get in the door, and we don’t want to attract their attention. We could manage it, but it’s still something I’d rather not incur. I’ll put another team on them, and we’ll see what shakes out,” Marcus said.

“Okay, that makes sense, I think that –”

Irving paused as the dial tone emanated from his phone, signalling that Marcus had terminated the call. Irving was about to throw out a curse at his boss, but bit his tongue, knowing full well that kind of monitoring and recording technology the company had developed. And he was on a company phone, after all.

He turned over the ignition and silently gritted his teeth as he drove out of the backwater town of Middleton towards O’Hare Airport. He couldn’t wait to get home.

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Sarah eased her car into the empty parking space up the street from her house. The sun had set, and the street was dark. She hated lying to her parents, but she couldn’t have Lester pick her up for their date at the door. As far as her parents knew, Lester was a fixture who remained in Chicago. They didn’t need to know about his frequent trips to their town and his connection to the hospital. It was a convoluted mess; she’d rather not get into it with them.

So there she sat, in her car under a busted streetlight, waiting for her husband’s roommate to pick her up. That description wasn’t entirely accurate. It hadn’t been accurate for a long time. Lester was more than just Dan’s roommate. She didn’t like putting a label on it. It made it too real. But what was to her? Her lover? They were apparently in a throuple now, so did that make him her boyfriend? Her partner? Legally, he wasn’t her husband, though he certainly enjoyed performing husband type duties on her.

Sarah fidgeted in her seat and checked her phone. Lester's last message was a simple 'On my way.'

He knew not to pick her up in her driveway. She checked her message history with Dan and sighed at the lack of back-and-forth. Things were tense. Their conversations looked clinical. He let her know he landed in Washington. Then a long time passed until he was on his way back. He hadn't said whether he'd landed yet or not. Sarah wasn't sure if he'd just forgotten or if he'd deliberately chosen not to update her.

He'd said nothing about being hung up on after her encounter in the laundry room. He never even brought it up. Like it never happened. Usually, he might ask for details or seek some relief from her. Agonize over it, which would turn her on and let them get off together—a shared experience. But now, his silence felt deafening.

She knew she wasn't a saint in their evolving commitment. But she also felt like Dan was being unreasonable and that a lot of this situation was completely his fault. She shamefully took full blame for what had happened at the hospital, but first he set them on this course and then tried to slut-shame her into feeling bad about enjoying herself. If it weren't for her relationship or whatever it was she had with Lester, they wouldn't have this lifeline right now. And Dan hated that part too.

Putting her phone away, Sarah closed her eyes and laid her head back on the headrest. Lester hadn't answered when she'd asked what their 'date' would entail, but her body was reflexively burning with anticipation, and she felt a soft dampness between her legs. The feeling was not unpleasant.

A few minutes later, headlights streamed into her vision, forcing her to raise a hand to block the glare and avert her eyes. The familiar large black SUV slowed and pulled up beside her. Its tinted driver's side window rolled down, and Lester's fat face was revealed with a shit-eating grin on it. Without getting out, Sarah rolled her own window down. Before she could say anything, Lester grinned and said, "How much?"

Sarah stared daggers at him and rolled her eyes before getting out of her car and locking it. Without another word to Lester, she walked around to the passenger side of his SUV and got in.

"You sure know how to make a girl feel special," Sarah said as she clipped in her seatbelt.

"Oh, sweetheart, that's not how I make a girl feel special," Lester chuckled, then licked his lips and flicked his tongue out rapidly at her while stroking his crotch.

"You're so gross," Sarah said, looking out her window. The car started forward and cruised down her quiet street.

“You love it,” Lester said as he drove, “You love letting a gross guy like me between those slender little legs and making you cum harder than you ever have in your life. Admit it.”

Sarah didn’t dignify that with a response and just stared out the window.

“Fine. Fine. Be like. Play hard to get. We both know how this works. You pretend like you're better than me. I wear you down. By the end of the night, you're begging for my cock and cumming your brains out. It’s fine. This is all foreplay for us anyway.”

“Where are we going?” Sarah asked.

“All business tonight, huh?” Lester asked, “I can do that. Let’s get down to business. I’m thinking you may have some unresolved issues with the people at the hospital, and I can certainly help with those. But first we need to stock that fridge of yours, don’t we?”

“What are you talking about, Lester? I don’t want to go anywhere near the hospital,” Sarah sighed, feeling the cold spike of anxiety and anger boiling up inside her. Just the thought of how poorly she had been treated at the end enraged her. Mary’s condescending face. Richard’s blatant use of her. She realized her nails were digging into the SUV’s leather handrests, and she forced herself to relax and breathe.

“We’re not going to the hospital,” Lester said, but sarcastically added, “Besides, I can’t be seen escorting a fired employee onto the company’s premises. I’d be let go myself.”

“You really like working there?”

“Not one bit,” Lester said and pulled into an Aldi’s parking lot.

“Why did you ever start then?” Sarah asked.

“To help you, obviously. Now that they fired you, I don’t have many reasons to stick around. I’ll be leaving soon.” Lester said.

“Don’t…” Sarah started, as she stared up at the happy couple walking into the front of the store together, hand in hand. Her mind went to the first time she’d gone grocery shopping with Dan after they’d moved into their first apartment together. She’d been so happy then. How had she ever gotten to where she was now? “You don’t have to quit because of me.”

Lester gave her a flat look, “I don’t need their measly salary. And it's not fun without you around.”

Lester opened his door and got out. Sarah was about to follow suit when Lester hurriedly shambled in front of the car, darting towards her door. He opened it and bowed with an uncharacteristic flourish that made her look around to see if anyone had noticed.

“What are you doing?” Sarah hissed, eyes darting around.

“Opening the door for milady,” Lester answered, still bowing.

“Stop that, it’s weird,” Sarah said.

Lester let the door hang open and stood back up, “I guess chivalry is dead then.”

She didn’t want to be seen out in public with this man. Chicago was one thing, but here in Middleton, the chance of her running into someone who knew her was much higher. This was the Aldi’s where she usually shopped. She’d rather avoid it tonight, but she had a prescription to pick up.

Against her better judgment, Sarah got out of the car and headed inside with Lester. He tried to hold her hand, but Sarah pulled hers back.

“What?” Lester said.

“Not right now. I don’t want to run into someone I know,” Sarah said.

“Oh, you’re not too good to take my money, but you’re too good to hold my hand? I thought we were in a relationship together. You, me, and the big pussycat, or is that only behind closed doors?” Lester said.

Sarah sighed, “You know how it is, Lester. It's not something I want to advertise. Especially here in town.”

“Sure, whatever,” Lester huffed and grabbed a cart.

Sarah’s mind drifted to their fridge at home, and the items and dishes her girls liked. She started to plan her route through the grocery store, then remembered her parents were at home waiting for her return.

“How, um, long are we going to be tonight?” Sarah asked. Lester gave her a confused look.

“I don’t have a strick itinerary, why?” Lester said.

“Just….” Sarah started thinking of Lester’s SUV backed up in the driveway and unloading groceries with her parents and Lester side by side. The questions that would raise, “I don’t want to pick up anything that will spoil in the car if we are out late.”

“We can always just drop everything off at your house after this,” Lester smirked.

“No, thank you,” Sarah said, resolving to only purchase non-perishables, “Let’s head to the aisles then. And thank you, Lester, for doing this. I know you don’t have to.”

“I like to enjoy a slice of the domestic life every now and then,” Lester said. He ran his hand up Sarah’s back and rubbed it before dropping it down to cup her jean-clad ass. Sarah shot him a look, and he just chuckled in response.

She rolled her hips and hurried her pace to dislodge his hand.

“What? Can you blame me?” Lester said from behind her, “You just look too damn good not to feel.”

Sarah rolled her eyes. She knew she looked good. She’d dressed and gotten ready for their ‘date’ like she would if she were going out with Dan. But she hadn’t dolled herself up too much. She was wearing her hip-hugging jeans and a tank top with a cropped sweater. Her blonde hair hung down by her breasts in light curls she’d styled in.

Sarah pushed the cart down the aisle and began grabbing items to fill it. Snacks for the kids, boxes of pasta, sauce, and other sundry goods that could feed her family. Lester’s plodding footsteps got closer, and their earlier conversation in the car came back to her, “What did you mean in the car when you talked about helping me with my unresolved issues with the hospital?”

Lester’s eyes gleamed, and Sarah saw something dangerous behind them. He grabbed her hand, stopped her in her tracks and pulled her to him. His hips pressed into hers, and she felt his cock pressing into her thigh.

“Revenge,” Lester said.

“Revenge?” Sarah repeated not completely repulsed by the public contact. Lester’s cock felt quite hard, but not yet at its biggest.

“How’s that sound? Let’s take them down a peg for how they treated you. I have it all planned out. You just need to say yes,” Lester ground his hips against her. Sarah bit her lip, trying not to get lost in his subtle movements.

“Against who?” Sarah asked, pushing past her body’s urge to take control and haul Lester out to the parking lot. “Revenge against who?”

“Tonight, it’ll be that bitch from HR. Mary,” Lester sneered, “She’ll get just a small taste of what's coming to her. What do you think?”

Sarah bit her lip. She hated that woman. She needed to pay for what she did to Sarah. Sarah felt the guilt, shame and embarrassment of her last day swell inside of her. Then the rage she felt. The idea of revenge. A righteous fury rose inside of her, and before she could fully grasp it she said, “Yes. Let’s do it.”

Lester’s arm encircled her shoulders, “That’s what I wanted to hear. Good girl.”

Then his fat lips were pressed against hers, and Sarah felt her back push up against the boxes of kid cereal. Lester ground his hips into Sarah, positioning his body so his bulging cock was pressed against her pussy. Sarah moaned into the kiss, ready to let it go wherever Lester wanted. What he’d said earlier had been right, that she’d eventually just give in to him.

Lester’s tongue parted her lips, and she pulled on his clothes, begging him to press harder into her. She was pinned there, moaning in the cereal and snack aisle, when an awkward cough tore her from her reverie.

Sarah’s eyes opened to see the disgusted face of an old woman passing by them, shaking her head as she pushed her cart. Lester turned and saw her, too and started to chuckle. It hadn’t been anyone she knew. Sarah stifled her own laugh, and they met each other’s eyes, and Sarah felt those butterflies in her stomach. She felt like a teenager getting caught being too handsy with a boyfriend.

“Let’s go,” Sarah said, taking Lester's hand and moving back to the cart. He smiled at her and stepped up to push it, letting her hand fall. They spent the next twenty minutes driving through the aisles, filling the cart with whatever Sarah wanted. A few times, she would look at something and not put it in the cart, feeling like she was taking advantage of Lester’s generosity. But then he would simply grab the item and put it in, saying he was “Taking care of his girl.”

Eventually, they reached the pharmacy, and Sarah stepped up to the counter. Lester didn’t pry and made himself look busy scanning the snack bags nearby.

“How can I help you?” the pharmacist assistant said.

“I’m picking up a prescription. Sarah Williams,” Sarah said.

“Oh, I see it right here. One second,” the woman said, moving away. A minute later, she came back holding a white paper bag with Sarah’s pills inside.

“Just one second,” the woman said and rang it up on the computer, “Huh. That's strange. You have health insurance, right?”

Sarah’s stomach dropped. The hospital had swiftly kicked her off its plan. For the first time in her life, she didn’t have coverage. “No, uh, not right now. I’m between jobs.”

“Okay then,” the assistant said. Sarah tried not to feel judged, but couldn’t help it. She felt like a second-class citizen, “Without coverage that comes to one hundred and ten and fifty-six cents.”

Sarah’s stomach tightened again, and she fumbled in her purse looking for her wallet. Lester was by her side in a flash, pulling out his wallet and thumbing through a thick stack of bills. The

woman's eyes widened at the amount Lester carried, and Sarah couldn't help but be taken aback, too. Lester took out several bills and handed them over to the dumbstruck woman. She gave him a confused look.

"She's my wife," Lester said. The assistant looked back and forth between them, like she was trying to figure out the logistics of how they worked together. Lester just gave her a knowing wink, took the prescription bag, and tossed it into the cart.

Sarah followed him as they headed towards the front of the store to check out.

"Those are your birth control, right?" Lester asked.

"Uh, yeah," Sarah said.

"It's not my business. Obviously," Lester started, "But unless you plan on whoring it up for a bunch of new guys, I don't think you really need those. I'm happy to keep paying for them, but it just feels like a waste of money since Dan and I are both fixed."

Sarah's stomach turned, and the guilt washed over her again. She had decided to get on them shortly after she'd had sex with Lester for the first time. It seemed like a good decision when she'd made it. But things had changed since then. She'd changed since then. It felt wrong to make Lester pay for something they didn't really need.

"I'll think about it," Sarah said as they loaded their groceries onto the conveyor belt. Lester again paid with cash. "Where are we going now? How are we…." She looked around, not wanting to talk about Mary or revenge out loud, "going to do it?"

Lester smirked, "You don't have to worry about a thing, I already set it in motion."

***

Lester drove them down a dark street Sarah didn't recognize. Lester drove past a house with a sign out front that said 'For Immediate Possession'. He went up the block, turned around, killed his headlights, and drove back to the house. It was a brick ranch with a carport next to it. The grass was overgrown, and it looked like it was on the verge of being abandoned. Lester backed the car into the driveway, under the carport and killed his engine.

"Lester, what are we doing here? Where are we? Whose house is this?" Sarah asked, looking around.

"The house belongs to one Mr. Mahurin, who moved to Jacksonville, Florida, a few months ago. He hasn't been able to sell the place. The agent showed me around earlier today," Lester said. He reached past Sarah into the glove box and pulled out a bag of Cheetos.

Sarah just stared at him as he opened it and started munching.

“And?” Sarah asked.

“And what?” Lester put a handful of Cheetos in his mouth, and the orange dust drifted down onto his shirt.

“And what are we doing here? Are you buying the place?” Sarah said.

“This piece of shit?” Lester chuckled, “No way. It’d be a horrible investment in this economy. I’d rather keep my assets liquid. This place is a money pit, I’d just be throwing good money after bad.”

“Lester, did you take me to a derelict building for our date? Is this your idea of showing a girl a good time?” Sarah asked.

“I already answered this. You know how I show a girl a good time,” Lester said and patted his inner thigh. Sarah followed his hand as he raised it from his lap and pointed to the house across the street.

“That’s why we’re here,” Lester said, “That’s Mary’s house. She lives alone.”

“How do you know where she lives?” Sarah said as she squinted and looked at Mary’s house. It was a cute two-story that she’d obviously taken good care of.

“I’m the head of the IT department, Sarah. Have you already forgotten all the information we have access to? It was just a quick search.”

“You know that’s breaking hospital policy, right?” Sarah said, sterner than she’d meant to.

Lester gave her a flat look, “At this point, I think we’re both old pros at breaking hospital policy, don’t you?”

Sarah rolled her eyes, “So what are we doing watching Mary’s house? Are we going to put on ski masks and bash in her knees when she leaves? I’m not sure I’m comfortable with violence like that.”

“Pssh,” Lester said, looking at the time on his phone. “Just watch.”

A few minutes later, a disgruntled-looking man in dirty clothes walked up to the house. He looked over his shoulder like he thought he was being watched. Sarah saw his wild eyes and unkempt beard.

“Who’s that?” Sarah asked.

“Customer number one,” Lester said with a wry grin, “Come on, let's get in the back and get comfortable.”

Lester silently opened his door, got out, opened the back door and got in. Sarah didn't know what was going on, but she pushed herself between the seats and sat on the backseat with Lester. He immediately put his arm around her and got suggestively close to her.

The man across the street went up to the doorbell and rang it. He scratched his neck like a heroin addict, and Sarah concluded he almost certainly was one. Mary answered the door and looked disturbed, taken aback by the sight of the man. They talked, and both of them grew increasingly agitated, with the man beginning to yell. Mary slammed the door closed, and the man started banging on it.

"Lester. What the fuck did you do?" Sarah asked. Her voice was heavy with guilt, revulsion and a non-subtle amount of vindictive pleasure.

"Oh, I just put an ad on Craigslist, marketplace and a few other sites that I, 'Mary,' was looking to sell my extra diabetic test strips," Lester said and leaned forward to grab his bag of Cheetos. He popped some into his mouth, then held one out to Sarah with his orange-encrusted finger. Sarah looked at it for a second before taking it and munching on it.

"It's illegal to resell government-paid strips," Sarah muttered, her mind racing to the few stories she'd heard while working at the hospital.

"Good thing we aren't actually selling anything," Lester said with a chuckle. He put the bag down on the seat next to him and turned to Sarah with predatory eyes. "We're just going to sit here and watch as Mary has a terrible night as a dozen or so low-lifes show up looking to make a quick buck flipping the strips."

"Lester….that's…" Sarah started but stopped herself as Lester gently tugged at the bottom of her sweater. Sarah eagerly let him take it off her, letting his eyes feast on the bounty contained in her plunging black tank top.

The man on Mary's porch yelled a string of profanities at her now closed door, then he kicked it hard. He started moving around the side of the house, trying to look into her windows. Sarah smiled, knowing Mary was in there, probably scared and helpless. That woman took joy in putting Sarah in a similar situation, toying with her before letting her go. Now she was getting a small taste of her own medicine.

Lester's skilled mouth danced on Sarah's bare shoulder, causing her eyes to close, and a soft moan escaped her lips. She felt his bloated gut pressing into her side and knew that just a few inches below that, immense pleasure grew awaiting her.

Lester's tongue made circles over Sarah's collarbone, and she swore she could feel the residue of his Cheetos being marked on her skin. At that moment, she really didn't care. His hand slowly

traced up from her hip to her stomach until it finally lightly fell over her breast. Sarah sucked in a breath at his touch.

Slowly, the pressure of his hand began to increase as he roughly grabbed her. His tongue traced up her neck, leaving goosebumps in its wake. She stiffened and moaned as his tongue circled around the side of her neck and settled in one of her most sensitive areas. Sarah's own hand rose up and gently caressed the top of her chest, teasingly adding to Lester's manipulation of her body.

A soft moan escaped Sarah's throat as she turned her head towards Lester's. His probing tongue was working its way up her neck and under her jaw. His rough mauling of her breast had her squirming in her seat. She couldn't wait for him any longer. His slow teasing was driving her insane. She reached for him, grabbing his fat melon of a face and pulling his face to her. Her lips hungrily mashed against his, and she pushed her tongue into his mouth, tasting him and his indulgent powder tinged snack.

Lester's Cheeto-encrusted tongue battled against hers, swirling and pressing into it. She turned fully towards him, pressing her body against his, pushing herself harder into his rough palm. Sarah moaned as Lester's thumb and pointer finger pinched her nipple, sending her body into complete overdrive. As Lester's fat tongue seemed to be giving her a free dental exam, Lester pulled back, slipping it out of her mouth.

Sarah opened her eyes, confused and disappointed. Lester's ugly features were turned up in a smirk. He gently pressed his thumb to her chin and turned her head towards the windshield. "Look," he said.

Sarah reluctantly followed his suggestion and looked out the window at Mary's house across the street. At first, she didn't see anything, just the dark street and her porchlight illuminating her house. Then she saw a shadowy figure work its way up the sidewalk and cut across the lawn. This wasn't the same man she'd seen before. He was taller, leaner, and dark-skinned. He looked like he'd lived a rough life, and Sarah couldn't help but think of her encounter that morning with Cash, the homeless man.

She shivered at the thought and decided she'd keep that secret to herself. The man walked up to the door and knocked on it. Lester undid the top button on her jeans. She went to look at him, but he just turned her head back towards the street.

"Leep watching," Lester said and slowly unzipped her jeans. He yanked on them, and Sarah lifted her ass as Lester tried to tug them off over her supple booty. When the jeans were just partway down her upper thigh, Lester abandoned the effort and shoved his greasy, hairy hands into the front of her panties.

Sarah closed her eyes as his brutish fingers traced down her slit.

“Open your eyes,” Lester commanded in her ear. Sarah did so, as Mary peeked out a window at her porch. The man saw her and gestured wildly to her. Mary quickly closed the blind, and the man started pounding on her window.

Sarah was about to ask about the first man when Lester’s fat finger pushed into her wet entrance. Her head lolled back onto the headrest as his digit pushed further in. He made a ‘come here’ motion with his finger, and the tip of it pressed oh so agonizingly against her G-Spot.

“Uhh,” Sarah moaned into the empty car.

Lester’s mouth was nibbling on her earlobe, “I wonder what Mary is thinking right now. She’s probably pretty freaked out. A second dangerous-looking man was at her door in her normally safe neighborhood. Do you think she’s called the police yet?”

“Uhmmmm,” Sarah breathed, “Maybe…probably doing it right now.”

“You’re probably right. That guy is still there,” Lester said as the man on the porch was knocking on another window. “And the other guy hasn’t left yet. He’s probably around back looking for a way in.”

“Why?” Sarah moaned as Lester spun his finger around inside of her. His thumb pressed into the slit about her opening and found her clit. As he fingered her, his fat thumb moved around, teasing her. Occasionally, it hit just the right way for her to roll her hips involuntarily.

“Why what?” Lester said, a teasing tone in his voice.

“Why won’t they leave?” Sarah panted, “Why are they sticking around?”

“Desperate and weak,” Lester's breath was hot and heavy on her neck. “Predictable, like all weak men. They’ve seen this before. People not wanting to sell the strips. Wanting to jack up the price. Hiding inside as a negotiating tactic. They want these strips. The price I put online was nice and low. Plenty of room for them to mark 'em up and flip 'em. Lots of people will buy them who don’t have insurance. It’s a really seedy grey market that attracts pieces of shit like this.”

“This is so bad,” Sarah closed her eyes. Lester pulled his finger all the way out of her, added a second to it and pushed both back in. He felt her pussy grip him as he touched her inside.

“Ahmhmmmm,” Sarah gasped, her eyes prying back open. The first man came running back from behind the house. He saw the dark-skinned man on the porch and said something to him. At first, it seemed civil, but then the shouting started. There was pointing, and then the yelling started.

“And then the competition begins,” Lester said and started to increase the tempo of his fingering. Sarah spread her legs wider, letting Lester get more of his slick digits inside of her. Sarah grabbed the back of Lester’s head and pulled him into a wet, sloppy, lingering French kiss before she had to pause and catch her breath. Lester’s sausage fingers never stopped pistoning, delving deep inside of her and with each withdrawal, he made sure to stroke her G-Spot.

Lester couldn’t suppress the grin on his face as he watched Sarah’s eyes flutter open and watch the two men across the street devolve into a pushing match. It would be even better if Mary was involved, but he couldn’t control every variable. Still, watching Sarah get off to the torture they would put Mary through was such an interesting phenomenon to bear witness to.

The men were pushing and yelling at one another. Sarah watched on as things got physical, and she clenched her pussy around Lester’s dirty fingers. Mary’s head popped out from behind a curtain, and she spoke into her cellphone. She watched the men fighting in her yard and started talking rapidly.

“Lester…” Sarah moaned, eyes closed and threw her head back. Lester’s fat tongue was already working its way down her chest, drawing little circles over her exposed skin. Lester worked his way back up to her shoulder and slowly lowered on her tank top’s straps. Sarah moaned at the motion, and Lester looked behind them at the pile of groceries at the rear of the vehicle. He was pretty sure he knew where the bag with the birth control pills were. Against his wishes, she had insisted on helping him load the SUV after he’d paid for them. Lester had planned to swap things out then, but she’d made it difficult for him. But the best things in life never came easy.

Lester licked at Sarah’s exposed shoulder and lowered her other strap, leaving just those of her bra on her shoulders for now.

“Keep watching them, Sarah,” Lester said, “imagine Mary inside, freaking out. After all the pain she caused you. Imagine how scared she is. Bask in your revenge. This is just the top of the iceberg. We can keep going and make her life hell.”

“Bitch,” Sarah moaned as Lester corkscrewed his fingers inside of her. Sarah tried to spread her legs open further, but her tight jeans wrapped her thighs, preventing that. With a frustrated, almost feral growl, Sarah bent forward and pushed her jeans off until they dangled around her ankles. She kicked a couple of times, and they were loose in a pile on the floor.

“Hmm, good girl,” Lester chuckled and pulled her panties further down, dropping them onto her abandoned jeans.

“God,...Lester…fuck that feels good,” Sarah whimpered. Sarah’s skin was bathed in a red and blue glow as the police cruiser slowed in front of Mary’s house. It pulled into the driveway, and Sarah bit her lip, eyes lazily opened, watching the scene play out. The men jostling stopped and

separated as two police officers got out of the car. Mary was back at the window, clutching herself with the phone pressed to her ear.

“Ummm,” Sarah whined, pushing her scrumptious ass off his leather seats to meet his thrusting fingers. “Fuck I need your big cock in me now.”

Sarah’s hands were on Lester’s pants, already finding his hard cock through his sweatpants. She couldn’t make up her mind on what to do. She was stroking it through his pants, but kept having to stop to tug on his waistband. In the end, her hand plunged below it and grabbed onto his naked shaft.

“Uhhhh,” Sarah groaned, feeling the gigantic warm cock in her hand and the beating life of its pulse. She couldn’t help but think of the alley. “Take it out,” Sarah moaned, “Take it out, Lester.”

Lester didn’t reply and just shuffled awkwardly out of his pants until they were dropped on the floor next to Sarah's. She licked her lips and stared at Lester’s long, fat cock, partially wrapped in her hand. She wished the other homeless man were here so she could compare them and then know which one was bigger.

Shouting momentarily stole her attention from Lester’s cock. The dark-skinned junkie was face down on the ground with his hands pinned behind his back. An officer was kneeling on his back, and for an instant, Sarah felt guilty about all of this being set in motion for her benefit. The other man was sitting up, clearly cooperating with the police. The second officer helped secure the black man, and they loaded him into the back of their squad car.

One of the officers quickly went up to the front door and knocked. Sarah tightened her grip on Lester’s cock when Mary poked her head out, a terrified expression on her face. Long gone was the stern, arrogant woman sitting across the desk from her, shattering her entire world.

Sarah was enjoying this. Seeing that horrible bitch get taken down a few pegs. Sarah couldn’t stop watching, but she was aware that her hand was sliding up and down Lester’s fat cock. And she was aware of his eyes boring into her, enjoying her reactions to the scene.

The police officer was talking to Mary while the other officer talked with the first junkie.

“Lester,” Sarah breathed without taking her eyes off Mary’s troubled face, “Fuck me.”

“Get up,” Lester said, pulling his fingers from her with a dripping *squish*.

Sarah let go of Lester’s cock and planted her hands on the sides of the seat in front of her and pulled herself up, ass in the air. Lester shuffled in behind her, and without waiting for him to say anything, Sarah reached between her legs, grasped his fat cock and lowered herself onto it.

“Ughhhhhhmhmmmm,” Sarah groaned as she was split open. Her eyes rolled back in her head for a second as she adjusted herself to him, feeling her body expand around Lester’s massive organ. Sarah finally took his enormous cock all the way to the hilt and felt him buried deep inside of her.

Lester flexed his cock, and she couldn’t suppress a plaintive moan from escaping her lips. Sarah groaned and raised her body in reverse cowgirl and slid her wet opening up his cock. Lester lifted his fat ass and pushed his growing cock up just as Sarah was sliding back down onto it.

“Uhhh…god…Lester,” Sarah moaned.

“Yeah, baby. Take my cock. Enjoy it while you watch the show,” Lester said, snapping Sarah back to reality. Her eyes were on the scene in front of her. To her disappointment, it looked like things were wrapping up. The first junkie had disappeared, and the officers were getting in their car and pulling out of the driveway.

“It’s over,” Sarah said, clenching herself around Lester.

“The night’s still young,” Lester said, his hands deftly unclasping her bra and pulling it free of her body. Sarah felt so exposed as the police car backed out at an angle, its lights shone across Lester’s SUV. For a brief moment, Sarah thought they could see her, naked and riding a man’s cock. But then they drove away.

Lester’s fat hands went to Sarah’s hip and breast. He squeezed both of her curves hard as he pumped his cock into her. Sarah bit her lip and let her head fall, her blonde locks trailing down her back and around her face.

“Fuck, Lester,” Sarah moaned loudly now that the cops were gone. “You feel so fucking big. So fucking big.”

“That’s because I am big,” Lester said, and slapped one of her ass cheeks hard. Sarah yelped and winced, but Lester held her hip firmly down, keeping her embedded on his cock. His hand left her breast, and both of his hands started mauling her ass cheeks, his fingers near her asshole. Using them to grab her cheeks, pulling them down onto him as he fucked her.

Beads of sweat started rolling down the windows, and they began fogging with condensation. Lester couldn’t have that. Especially the front windshield. He leaned to the side and pressed the button to roll down the window. Thankfully, the car’s battery hadn’t turned off completely with the engine yet.

“So big,” Sarah moaned, “So fucking big.”

“Heh,” Lester chuckled, “Your mom thought so too.”

“Mhmmmm….wha –”

Lester dug his fingers into Sarah’s sexy hips and started pummeling her pussy with his cock. He heaved at the awkward angle, thrusting his fat gut into the air and shoving his cock deep into Sarah. Pulling it back out quickly and hammering it back in again, not letting her get a second to compose herself or catch her breath.

“Uhhhh,” Sarah grunted as Lester’s cock battered her insides. Her mind was still trying to process what he had said, but each time his fat cock pounded into her and rearranged her guts, hitting her G-Spot perfectly, her mind lost focus, and she lost any grasp on rational thought.

She grabbed onto the leather seats in front of her for support as Lester mercilessly fucked her like a machine. Her jaw hung open as Lester hit all the right fucking spots. Lester was in heaven, sitting behind Sarah, watching as her body ground back on his cock as he power fucked her. Her ass was bouncing up and down, jiggling in time with every violent thrust. He just wished she could see those marvellous orbs rocking for him. Sweat dripped down Sarah’s back, and Lester managed to quickly lick it up without breaking his punishing pace. He pushed his head back onto the top of the seat to help him thrust his cock up and down into his quivering lover.

As he admired the taut muscles contracting on her back, he saw more movement out of the corner of his eye. Another one of his Craigslist catfish victims was walking across the lawn. This one, Lester recognized.

“Lookey, lookey,” Lester grunted.

WHAP

A red handprint was left on Sarah’s ass as she cried out. She turned to look at him over her shoulder with an angry, seductive look, “What the fuck?”

“Look who came for the party,” Lester smirked at her as he nodded to the windshield. Sarah’s ass was on fire. She wanted to punch Lester in the face, but instead turned to look. A figure was making its way across the lawn, and it wasn’t the first junkie she’d seen. This one looked a little more put together, older, wearing some kind of dirty uniform –

“Oh my god,” Sarah moaned and clenched around Lester’s iron-firm pole. He fucked her through it, and Sarah’s whole body vibrated, “Otis.”

“Yep. Looks like our boy’s trying to make a quick buck too,” Lester chuckled. Walking onto Mary’s porch was one of the hospital’s former janitors known to them both. The sleazy, stalkery Otis, who had trailed Sarah throughout the hospital. The one she’d blown in the boiler room at Lester’s prompting. The one who’d taken her from Dan in Lester’s office. And the one she’d been fired for fucking in a meeting room.

Lester grinned at the unexpected outcome. They were all here. All the players in Sarah's downfall. He hadn't planned this. He didn't believe in fate either, but sometimes life had a funny way of working out that just seemed too convenient to be mere coincidence.

Sarah tried to track what was happening across the street, but it was like watching TV during an earthquake. Lester's cock was still pummeling her, raking through her inside.

"Mhmmhmmmmfffffuuuuu," Sarah's mouth gaped as Otis ascended the stairs and gently knocked on the door. He looked over his shoulders, up and down the street, before knocking again.

"Fucccckk," Sarah groaned as Lester's already fast tempo increased. She didn't know how he was doing it or how he was hitting the angle that he was, but it was magnificent, and she wasn't going to let him stop. Her nails dug into the leather seats, and she pushed her ass back against his thundering waist. His giant cock lit up all the nerves inside her pussy, making Sarah want to close her eyes and let them roll back in her head. She felt the sweat running down her breasts as she struggled to breathe. The air in the car was thick with their sex.

The house's front door opened, and Sarah saw Mary. She'd opened it a bit too much. Her face looked confused, expecting to see one of the police officers; her expression morphed into a look of horrified surprise as she recognized Otis. She tried to slam the door, but the former janitor's hand slammed against it, keeping it from closing.

With the car window open, Sarah could hear Otis's shouts. She couldn't quite make out the words, but she could hear the indignant anger he seethed with. Lester's cock throbbed inside of her, and for a second, Sarah let herself fall all the way onto its massiveness, dropping all her weight onto his waist.

Lester gritted his teeth and struggled to breathe, his skin coated with sweat. Finally, he let the straining position go, knowing he couldn't hold it anymore. Sarah's full weight on his hips was proving too much for his untested lower back, which was strained from hunching over a computer all of his adult life.

With a quick breath, he pushed forward on Sarah's shoulder, sending her between the two front seats. Her hands landed on the car's centre console, and Lester awkwardly stood behind her, his head to the side pressing against the ceiling as he leaned his torso forward.

Sarah gasped at the new angle of Lester's cock. Her hands were planted hard on the plastic. She dropped her head as she gasped for breath. Lester's fingers were wrapped in her hair a second later and then he balled it into his fat fist. He reared her head up, holding her in place.

"Open your eyes," Lester snarled, "Look at what you've done."

Reluctantly, Sarah's eyes opened. Across the street, Mary was screaming and crying, trying desperately to close her door as the janitor stood there verbally berating her.

"Oh fuck," Sarah cried. Otis' anger. Mary's fear and desperation. The bitch was getting what she had coming to her. Lester pumped into her violently from behind, and Sarah felt her body ramp up. "Oh fuckinggod."

A small part of her mind cried out in horror at the scene unravelling in front of her. How badly it could devolve. But it was drowned out by the desperate need of her body to cum. At the righteous, justice taking place across the street.

Sarah's fingers ground into the center console, splaying out as she pushed her hips back onto Lester's cock. Lester had to re-plant his feet and hold onto one of the seats for leverage as Sarah's hard thrusts back threatened to knock him off his pudgy feet. He gritted his teeth and pumped his hips forward, not about to lose this momentum.

"Fucking watch Sarah. Take it. Take my fucking cock while you watch what you've done," Lester growled.

"Uhhhhfuccckkkk," Sarah whined as the shouting across the street intensified. Otis punched the door with his hand, and Sarah swore she felt the impact deep inside her pussy. "Mhmmmmm. Mhmmmm…..ahhhhhfffffff….Lesster…..ffuuuccccckkkkk……godddddddd….mhmmmmmm…….mhmmmmmm…..ahhh…ahh…ahhh…ahhh..ahhh…uhhh…..Lester…..FUCK."

Sarah's body spasmed, and her orgasm hit her hard all at once, rocking through her body like chain lightning. She lurched forward towards the center console, clenching her pussy around Lester's cock before thrusting hard back into it, taking every inch of Lester's thick cock, agonizing, torturously deep inside of her. She couldn't stop herself from doing that if she wanted to.

Her eyes were fixed on the screaming woman across the street. The sides of her vision started to get blurry, and stars started flashing from the house and lawn before her eyes rolled back in her head. Her eyelids fluttered closed, almost like a seizure, as her face contorted in the ecstacy of a higher plane of pleasure.

Lester pushed into the balls of his feet and rammed his cock forward one last time as his balls tingled and swiftly unleashed a torrent of cum deep into the besotted young mother of two. Lester grinned like a maniac as her bottom jumped and writhed as he deposited his potent seed inside of her. Soon, he'd watch this act knowing conception was finally taking place.

Sarah's body clenched even harder around his cock, milking every last drop from the huge pole. Sarah groaned as the fireworks inside of her exploded, and then the rushing heat of wetness of Lester's load blasted into her, soaking into every crevice and part of her, fully claiming her as his.

Sarah screamed as another orgasm rippled through her, eclipsing the first and rewiring her brain to accept a new level of pleasure.

Lester's thrusts eased up, and Sarah finally was able to catch her breath. Her eyes remembered how to open. Across the street, Otis was still standing in the doorway. Mary was still desperately trying to close the door, but Otis's anger had waned, and he was staring across the street at the house they were parked at.

"Shit," Sarah whispered, "Did he see us?"

Lester pulled out of her with an audible plop of a cork, and his seed spilled out of Sarah. He flopped back onto the bench seat, "What?"

"Otis," Sarah said, scrambling back next to Lester, behind the cover of the front seats, "He's looking right at us."

Lester raised his head to look. Otis was indeed looking at them, but the frantic woman screaming at him seemed to snap him out of it. He turned back to her as another shadowy figure was standing at the edge of the lawn, watching the exchange.

"Lester," Sarah said, pulling on her panties. They were already soaked from just a second of contact with her dripping, drooling pussy. "We should go."

Lester let out a big, dramatic sigh, "Fine. Fine. No romance anymore, huh? No spooning. Just wham-bam-thank you, Lester."

"Lester, if they see us…"

"What? They're gonna fire you again? Who cares?"

"Please, Lester," Sarah said, "Let's go."

"Uh, whatever," Lester said. He reached into his opened bag of Cheetos and shoved a handful in his mouth before silently opening the door. His fat naked feet hit the asphalt driveway as his cock swayed between his legs, slick with Sarah's juices. He watched the exchange across the street and saw the shadowy figure turned to look at him. Neither Mary nor Otis noticed. Lester silently got into the driver's side door and slid behind the wheel.

Sarah was lying on the back bench, trying to pull her jeans over her voluptuous ass when Lester started the car. His headlights shone, illuminating Mary's porch and her struggle with Otis. Both of them stopped what they were doing as Lester flicked on his high beams, momentarily blinding both of them. Lester peeled out of the driveway and off into the night as Sarah struggled to get dressed in the backseat.

Lester drove naked for a few blocks before throwing out, “So much for Dan tonight, huh? I remembered to call him last time so our throuple could be complete, but looks like tonight he got ice’d out, huh?”

Sarah pulled on her tank top, “We should have called him. I haven’t been able to get a hold of him.”

“His loss,” Lester shrugged, “Hey, speaking of, how do you want me to drop these groceries off with your parents still there?”

“I don’t know,” Sarah said, cursing herself for not thinking of this before, “Can you drop me off at my car and then just wait?”

“You want me just to wait around. How long?”

“I don’t know, maybe twenty or thirty minutes? I’ll try to get my parents to leave, but they might want to talk, especially my mom.”

Something clicked in Sarah’s head, “What did you mean when you said that about my mom? While we were having sex.”

“Oh, nothing,” Lester shrugged, “Just that I’ve noticed her checking out my bulge on numerous occasions. Think I have a chance?”

“Lester just shut the fuck up and stay away from my mom. Or else.” Sarah said.

“Sounds like a sexy promise to me. What do you have in mind?”

Sarah didn’t respond and put on her sweater. She didn’t bother getting in the front seat with Lester and just buckled one of the seatbelts for the bench.

Lester pulled onto her street and silently parked his SUV behind her car. He killed the lights and said, “You know, the thing about those test strips…. It's funny, the hospital is missing a bunch of them.”

“How do you know that?” Sarah asked.

“Well, because I doctored the hospital’s inventory today and fudged an invoice. Some are missing. If someone were to alert them or the police to the theft, it might just make a detective look twice at any recent incidents relating to them in the area. It is a federal crime afterall.” Lester turned to look at her over his shoulder with an evil grin.

Sarah saw the pieces he was pulling together and gave him a wicked smile, “That’s…..evil. Genius but evil.”

“I thought you’d like it,” Lester said, turning back to the frontseat. “If someone were to make that call. Anonymously, of course. It could be quite the issue for Mary. Shame. Head of HR and all. What do you think? Does my love want me to tip them off?”

Sarah chewed her lip for a moment before answering, “She does.”

“Done then,” Lester said, tapping the steering wheel, “I’ll take care of it while you go talk to your parents.”

Sarah leaned forward and kissed Lester on the cheek before leaving his SUV and getting behind the wheel of her vehicle. She drove it up the street and pulled into the driveway. Lester watched her go inside and counted to thirty. He slipped out of his door and went and opened the trunk.

It took him a minute to find her bag, the one Sarah had picked up at the pharmacy, and he quickly sliced it up and switched out the blister packaging. With a giant shit-eating grin, Lester walked back up to the driver’s side door, naked cock flopping around and got back behind the wheel.

***

His keys rattled as he unlocked the apartment door. Dan’s hackles went up as he pushed the door open, anxiety and tension creeping into him. He didn’t know what was waiting for him inside. He could just imagine the living room covered in Sarah and Lester’s fluids as they fucked on the couch.

Or worse, just the faint moans of Sarah coming from Lester’s bedroom and Dan needing to go and investigate, reluctantly looking through the peephole in the wall to see his loving wife on her hands and knees as Lester plowed into her from behind with his huge cock.

But the only thing that met Dan in the apartment was silence. Dan just stood there, hand on the doorknob, bracing himself for the inevitable sound of Sarah’s ecstasy. But it never came. They hadn’t been talking. He hadn’t texted her. As far as he knew, she was still in Chicago, and her parents were looking after the girls. He hated this. The dance they were doing.

But the apartment was silent, so Dan shut the door and stepped all the way in. This place was supposed to be his home away from home, but all Dan felt was a pit in his stomach. His fight or flight response nudged him in the back of his head to get the hell out of there.

But Dan wasn’t going to be there long. He wanted to get back to his real home and face whatever the fuck waited for him there. Still, he stood there alone in the living room, just listening. Waiting for the next inevitable gut punch.

After a full minute of silence, he finally began to believe that he was safe. He tightened his grip on his bag and walked down the hallway to his room. It was empty. So was the bathroom. With

a heavy heart, he lifted the new obnoxious anime poster and looked into the peephole to Lester's room. It was dark, and he couldn't see or hear anything. He didn't hear any sounds of pleasure nor the snores of someone sleeping.

Dan mustered his courage, stepped back into the hallway and tried Lester's door handle. To his surprise, it opened. He peered into the darkness for several seconds, then slowly shut the door. He didn't want to step in there. It felt wrong.

Back in his room, Dan went to his closet and knelt to go through his things. With his bag open, he finally retrieved the hidden cameras he'd purchased so many months ago and stuffed them in. He knew Lester was probably having his way with Sarah while Dan was away. He needed to know what was happening. And part of him thought about documenting it in case he ever needed proof.

The idea of a divorce from Sarah made his stomach turn. Shattering their family like that. But another part of him whispered that he should get his ducks in a row, just in case.

With all the cameras loaded in his bag, Dan was about to leave when he found something else he had forgotten about. A simple, plain-looking USB that he'd been given by that mysterious man Martin to use in Byron's office. It was supposed to be a keylogger or something like that.

Dan stared down at it in his palm and debated just throwing it out. He was done with the Lincoln Group, and there was no need for it. Instead, he tossed it in his bag with the hidden cameras.

Having spent less than fifteen minutes in the apartment, Dan was back outside heading to his vehicle. There was one last stop he wanted to make before the sunset, and he headed out of Chicago.

He punched the address into his phone and followed the map until he pulled up at another apartment building across town. It was a large twelve-story building that looked nice, if not a little run-down. Dan couldn't help but wonder how much the rent was and if it could beat his current place. It was hard to beat free rent, though, courtesy of Lester.

Someone was walking out as Dan was walking in, so he got into the building without buzzing in. As he rode the elevator up, he couldn't help but think about Tricia and the potential lucrative projects on the horizon. He tried not to dwell on how enticing she looked earlier and whether she'd actually follow through if he ever challenged her flirtations. Instead, he thought about the upcoming projects and the amount of billable hours he could accrue. Or the dangling carrot of full-time employment. He felt like he was on the cusp of securing a part of his life that could have a domino effect for him. He didn't dare say anything out loud to Sarah, in case it didn't come to pass or that Lester would somehow find out.

His sixth sense told him that he couldn't let Lester know about any potential success coming his way. The elevator dinged, and Dan got off on the sixth floor and quickly found the apartment number he was looking for.

He knocked on the door and waited, unsure of what he'd find on the other side. After a few seconds, the door opened, and a beautiful, young redhead appeared in the doorway. Dan was taken aback by just how stunning the young woman was. And just how pregnant she was. Dan couldn't help but stare at her stomach for a few seconds before looking back up at her face. It was hard to judge because she still had an athletic frame, but she looked several months pregnant.

"Can I help you?" The young woman asked.

"Lizzie? Right?" Dan asked before shaking his head, "Sorry, I'm Dan. Dan Williams. Do you remember me?"

"Vaguely," Lizzie said as she scrunched up her face and took him in, "What can I help you with…."

"Dan," Dan said.

"Dan," Lizzie said, "What can I help you with?"

"We met briefly, months ago. I'm Lester's roommate," Dan said.

Lizzie's hand went to her pregnant belly, and a look of distress crossed her face. "What do you want?"

Dan opened his mouth to say something, but a male voice from inside the apartment spoke first. "Liz, who is it?"

"Nobody," Lizzie said, her athletic frame tense, "Wrong apartment."

Lizzie moved to close the door. Dan felt a sudden surge of momentum, finally, after all these months. And stuck his foot in the way.

"Listen," he said, his voice low so her boyfriend, fiancée, or whoever couldn't hear. "I don't want to cause trouble for you. I'm the one in trouble. Aren't I?"

Lizzie swallowed hard and quickly broke eye contact, "I can't. I don't want to get involved. Please."

"I wouldn't be here if it weren't serious," Dan hissed.

"Please," Lizzie whispered, her voice nearly breaking. Her hand on her pregnant stomach, "Please just leave us alone. Please."

Dan wanted to press the issue further. Force her to talk. To say something to reveal her past with Lester. But this young woman's eyes were welling up, and she was pregnant, and Dan didn't want to be an asshole and push her too hard. Maybe send her into distress, and something happens to the baby.

Dan let out a defeated sigh, reached into his pocket and found an old receipt and pen. He jotted down his phone number and forced it into her hand.

"Okay. I'll go," Dan said, "But take this if you think of anything. Or can tell me anything. Please…"

His shoulders slumped, and he added, "I think my wife and I are in trouble. But I don't know how deep in it we are. Can we trust Lester?"

Dan removed his foot from the doorjamb and stepped back, looking at this teary-eyed young woman with his shoulders slumped. She was beautiful, but now, when he looked at her, she looked so frail, like a scared church mouse. There was something there.

Lizzie crumpled up the receipt and shoved it into her pocket. "No," she said, and without meeting Dan's eyes, she shut the door. Dan stood there and heard the lock engage and then the chain clasp.

He shook his head as he walked away, feeling both defeat and a renewed sense of dread. The girl had freaked out as soon as he mentioned who he was and how they were connected by Lester. It didn't seem like that was just heartbreak from a failed relationship. But maybe it was a sore spot with the husband or whoever was in there. Hearing about Lester was probably the last thing they wanted, especially with their growing family.

Dan pressed the call button and waited for the elevator to return. He smiled faintly, thinking about Sarah when she was pregnant like that. Sarah had been similar, with a small stomach, but somehow the weight stayed off. It was like that all the way up until she gave birth. He idly wondered how far along Lizzie was. He felt even more like shit that he'd tainted what should be a happy time for them with unpleasant memories. The last thing she probably wanted to think about while she was growing a precious baby inside of her was Lester.

It's Friday! Maybe we can make the last day of the week even better with some Toxic Attraction! Before we jump into it, I just wanted to say that after all the recent struggles and setbacks on my end, I truly do appreciate you reading my stories and supporting them. It means the world - thank you.

Now enough with the mushy stuff, let's get into the good stuff. Below is Toxic Attraction: Chapter 38. You'll notice a lot of things are kind of coming to a head here. I had a lot of fun writing this one, and I hope you enjoy reading it just as much.

(Quick aside, Neighborhood Encounters Chapter 5 is imminent. I just have to write some of the juicy parts. It may end up a bit shorter than a toxic chapter, but I don't want to artificially pad the word count. I've been trying to be conscious of getting my thoughts and scenes across as efficiently and impactfully as possible.)

Anyways, here's Chapter 38 of Toxic Attraction (Dan: Stop... Sarah... no!... Wait! Is this thing on??)

Sarah pulled up to the kiss-and-ride spot in front of the school, turned around, and helped each of her two girls out of their booster seats.

“Bye mom!” Ava and Sophia both yelled in unison as they hauled their backpacks out the door. Sarah sat at the wheel, watching her girls catch up to their friends and walk into the school.

“Love you too,” she muttered. The car behind her honked, and Sarah immediately felt her stress return. She pulled away, trying not to let her girls’ nascent independence get to her. They were growing up. It was part of the deal. She reminded herself that it wasn’t because of her issues with Dan. She was conflating unrelated things. Sure, maybe they’d picked up on how icy things were at home, but the way they’d left the car had nothing to do with that.

Ever since Dan had gotten back from his trip, they’d done their best to avoid each other. Which only made Sarah’s head spin more. She didn’t want to have another argument. She didn’t want to feel any hurt or guilt anymore. She couldn’t handle any more of that, not with her parents, her job loss and everything else going on in her life. And the fact that Dan wasn’t trying to talk to her, to bridge the gap, only made her mind jump to conclusions and made her angry and hurt all over again.

She wanted things back to the way they were. Only, she knew that wasn’t entirely true. She wasn’t ready to cut off Lester. Sure, he was their financial lifeboat, but the fat, ugly man had somehow managed to worm his way into her life, and she wasn’t sure she wanted to let him go.

Her mind was a mess. Which caused another car to honk at her for overstaying her welcome at a stop sign. Flustered, Sarah drove her car on autopilot until she found herself in front of her parents' house.

She didn’t pull into the driveway, just stopping across the street, wondering how she got there. It would have made more sense for her to go home, but here she was. Part of her longed to go in, back into her childhood bedroom, back to a time when things were just simpler. But she couldn’t go in. Not with how nosy her parents had become. Sure, it would be nice to visit, but she knew they were worried and eventually the conversation would turn to her and Dan and their activities.

Sarah laid her head back against the headrest, knowing she needed to drive away before being spotted. As she was about to start towards home, her phone rang. There was a moment of expectation; she hoped it was Dan, but the display showed it was Lester.

She hesitated for a half second, but then answered it. “Hey Lester.”

She put the car into drive and drove away from her parents’ street.

“You mean, ‘Hello Daddy’, don’t you?” Lester’s deep voice said. Just hearing him correct her sent a shiver up her spine. *What is wrong with me? When did I become so easy?*

Sarah bit her lip; her eyes widened when she saw how fast she was speeding down the cozy residential street. She needed to get under control. When she didn’t answer, Lester’s voice came through the speaker again, more decisively this time.

“Say it.”

Part of Sarah wanted to roll her eyes, thinking of the short, fat man on the other end of the line. Her own mouth betrayed her, as she was surprised to hear her sultry voice purr out and say, “Hello, Daddy.”

“Mhm, that’s much better, Sarah. You got my cock hard just hearing your voice,” Lester said.

Sarah felt her chest getting warm and tried to keep her focus on the road. “Lester,” Sarah said, the sultry leaving her voice, “I’m driving. I need to be careful.”

“Find somewhere to pull over. I got something to show you,” Lester said.

“Send it. I’ll check it when I get home,” Sarah said.

“No. Pull over now. You need to see this. Now. It’s happening live,” Lester said.

Sarah sped through her immediate surroundings and pulled off the road, steering her car behind a deserted gas station that nature seemed well along in reclaiming. There was no good reason for anyone to be back here, and thankfully, there weren’t any derelicts loitering around. The asphalt was roughly potholed, and an old chain-link fence ran around the back of the store; large plants and bushes grew between the steel posts.

She parked and took her cell phone out of its holder. “Okay. I’m parked. What’s up?”

Instead of replying, Lester hung up abruptly. One second later, she got a video call from his phone. She pressed the button, and Lester’s fat, hairy neck filled her screen. He pulled the camera back, and she saw his signature shit-eating grin that both pissed her off and instantly made her a little wet.

“Just watch,” Lester chuckled. The camera switched to the back of his phone, and she saw Lester’s shuffling feet as he walked down a hallway. She recognized the floor. He was at the hospital. The angle shifted, revealing a clear glass railing, then turned downward so it looked over the lobby atrium. An unusual number of people were loitering around in one corner, and Sarah couldn’t figure out why. A few seconds later, two uniformed police officers, flanked by hospital security, appeared in the frame, escorting a handcuffed Mary out of the building. Her head was turning back and forth, speaking frantically to both officers, but whatever she was saying was drowned out by the murmuring of the crowd.

Sarah watched as they took her outside, and Lester moved the phone to a window view overlooking the area in front of the building. Mary was being placed into the back of a police cruiser as confused patients and families looked on.

When the police drove away, the camera’s angle changed back to Lester’s triple-chinned, stubble-filled neck and face.

“You like that?” Lester chuckled into the phone, the low angle capturing his gullet bouncing as he walked. Ceiling tiles and lights flashed by his head as Sarah watched the unflattering image.

“That was….” Sarah sorted through her feelings, trying to process what she’d just seen. On one hand, it was mortifying to see an executive at the hospital she’d worked so hard to build and maintain be escorted out, handcuffed, by police in front of the staff and the public alike. This would surely incite a firestorm of bad PR and controversy. On the other hand, it wasn’t her responsibility to care anymore, and she loved, absolutely loved, seeing that bitch taken down and thoroughly humiliated. She loved that it happened in front of everyone and knew how embarrassed Mary must be. It was even better knowing that Mary had nothing to do with it. It was all karma for how she’d treated Sarah, and now justice was being served.

And she had Lester to thank for all of it. It was wrong. Logically, she understood that. She knew that framing someone was bad and completely immoral, but what had Sarah gotten from trying to be good and playing by the rules? Getting shafted by the hospital’s board only for them to bring in another shitty old white man to run the hospital when he had no business doing so? Dan had been good his whole life, but he had been laid off twice. Both of them had been upstanding people, and now they lived in a smoking crater of financial ruin. What was the point of playing by the rules anymore?

“Amazing,” Sarah finally breathed, replaying the events back in her head. Watching the look of anguish on Mary’s face. It was delicious. “Fuck Lester, that was the best thing I’ve seen all day. I thought watching all those guys bang on her door was satisfying, but this. Shit, is she going to go to jail?”

“She’ll probably do at least a bit of time, waiting for her trial. I don’t really know. But there’s no way she’s coming back to the hospital. Not after that. Richard’s already spinning it. It’s fucking great.” Lester chortled. He was still walking through the hallways, but Sarah didn’t know where he was.

Sarah found her breathing was coming in shallow bursts. Her skin felt warm, and she realized she was incredibly turned on. Maybe it was from getting payback, or maybe it was because she’d been talking to Lester and he had helped her dominate the woman. Whatever the cause, she felt an electric thrill run through her. Then felt several more bolts pulsing across her body.

She heard the sound of a door opening and then closing from the audio of Lester’s phone.

“Where are you?” Sarah said, staring intently at Lester’s ugly face from the unflattering angle.

“Mary’s office,” Lester smirked, “Just taking a poke around while everyone is busy gossiping.”

“I don’t know why…” Sarah started, ashamed and unsure as the words tumbled out of her mouth, “But that, that really turned me on.”

“I can tell,” Lester said, “Your face is flushed. And you’re giving me that look.”

“What look?” Sarah challenged. She wasn’t that predictable, was she?”

“That look like you want to fuck,” Lester said. He flipped the camera and showed Sarah the view of Mary’s office. Her personal items were still there, waiting for her return. They would all be loaded into a banker's box and tucked away in the security office until she showed up to claim them. Mary’s cellphone was still sitting on her desk. Lester put his phone over it. Sarah didn’t understand what he was doing until his large, thick cock appeared. It was already half hard. Lester flopped it down on Mary’s phone.

“She’ll eventually get this back and put her face up against it,” Lester chuckled as he slowly rubbed his hand down the length of his gigantic cock. Sarah stared at the screen, watching in awe and envy as Lester’s cock grew and grew until it was as hard as a steel pole, entirely dwarfing the phone. The device looked almost comically small in comparison.

“Like what you see, blondie?” Lester chuckled.

“It’s…” Sarah trailed off as Lester continued to stroke his cock over Mary’s phone.

“It’s that hard because of you,” Lester said, seriously, “I’m thinking about what we did the other night. How we made all of this happen. And I’m still looking at you, right now. Watching me. Your eyes are glazing over, and your chest looks sexy as fuck whenyou breath heavy like that.”

Sarah’s eyes refocused, and she forgot that Lester could see her. Even though she was staring at his cock, she realized that he was probably staring at her eyes and face. She shifted in her seat, unconsciously moving into a more seductive pose. She licked her lips and stared at the phone like it was a piece of meat she wanted.

“Oh, I like that,” Lester’s voice said through the speaker, and he started stroking himself faster. “Put on a show for Daddy.”

The word sent a shiver straight down Sarah’s spine. She started to sway, rhythmically in her seat, her green eyes locked on the screen and Lester’s sweeping strokes.

“I want to see it,” Sarah said, biting her lip. “I want to watch it explode.”

“I can do that,” Lester said, “But I want to watch you too. Why don’t you get more comfortable?”

Sarah looked around at her surroundings. An abandoned gas station, the high chain fence with overgrown weeds linked through it. She could hear the sound of cars passing on the nearby street, but couldn’t see them. Sarah reached down and slowly peeled off her t-shirt, letting Lester feast on the sight of her breasts barely held back by a lacy blue bra. She tossed her shirt into the passenger seat and put her full attention back on Lester.

He started to speak but stopped as Sarah’s fingers began to trace a line along the top of her bra cup, running over her exposed skin. Now it was her turn to hear Lester’s heavy breathing over the phone, like a stalker from a 90s movie. Like so much about her lover, the sound both disturbed and turned her on.

Sarah knew she was slipping again, falling into Lester’s web, but it made her feel so much better - she couldn’t stop herself. She listened to his creepy, heaving breath as her fingertips trailed along her skin. She slid them up her bra strap on her left shoulder and heard Lester’s voice hitch. She remembered when he had done this to her, reached out while she was being intimate with Dan and pulled down her bra strap. It was the first time he’d touched her there. She hooked a finger under it and let the strap fall.

She smirked at the screen, knowing Lester was watching her. She wanted to put on a good show for him. She ran her fingers between her cleavage before moving over to the other strap. She played with it, teasing the camera. On the screen, Lester’s huge cock was still there, but he wasn’t stroking it; he was just holding it.

“Lester,” Sarah whispered, “Don’t stop stroking him. I want to keep watching. You stop. And I’ll stop.”

Lester didn't respond, but his hand began sliding back up and down his shaft. Sarah reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. She held it in place with the other hand but took her arms out of the straps.

"Let me see 'em," Lester commanded. Sarah smiled wickedly and leaned towards the camera, giving Lester a fantastic view of the tops of her breasts straining for freedom.

"No," Sarah said.

"The fuck?" Lester growled, "Take that fucking bra off now."

"No," Sarah repeated, "I want you to ask nicely. Say please."

"What the fuck?" Lester snarled.

"Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Language," Sarah smirked and waved a finger at the screen, "Naughty boy. Now say please, or I'll put them away."

"Sarah, you don't –"

Sarah raised one of her bra straps, and Lester stopped talking abruptly. She raised her eyebrows at the screen. There was silence for at least a full minute.

Then she heard something she'd never heard Lester say before, "Please."

"Good boy," Sarah said, and she let her bra fall off her, her heavy breasts coming into full view for Lester. Anyone walking by or peeking behind the gas station would see a gorgeous topless blonde in her thirties, moving seductively in her car.

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" Sarah mewed. It was easier to be like this when Lester wasn't here in person. If she'd tried that in the bedroom, he would have just thrown her on the bed and done what he wanted. But she had some power here, and she loved using it.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard the next time I get you alone," Lester growled, "Make you pay for this shit."

"Promise?" Sarah licked her lips and leaned forward towards the phone. She cupped her breasts and let her fingertips graze the skin. She threw her head back as her fingers passed over the nipples. She inhaled sharply as her other hand unbuttoned her mom jeans and her hand dove into her panties.

"Fuck Lester. I want that beautiful cock of yours," Sarah said, her fingers finding her clit. Sarah looked seductively at the camera mounted on her dashboard and rubbed herself. She knew Lester was liking what he was seeing. His fist was running up and down his cock with abandon now, Mary's phone still in the background.

"That's it, Lester," Sarah moaned, "Stroke that big fucking cock for me. God, I want to see it explode. Fuck."

Sarah could just picture the geyser of cum that Lester would unleash. She knew how it felt inside of her, the feeling of his massive cock pulsating. His heartbeat thrummed through his cock as it was buried inside of her. Then it began twitching as it exploded. A torrent of cum blasting out of it, soaking her insides with gouts of his seed.

Sarah's fingers danced over her swollen clit as she grabbed her breast hard, just like Lester would.

“You’re gonna watch it explode,” Lester breathed, “But soon you’re gonna feel it explode inside of you. I really hate wasting all this cum when I could be dumping it in you.”

“I like that. I want that. Lester,” Sarah hummed.

“You want what?” Lester growled as he jerked his cock.

“Cum. Your cum. In me. On me. Fuck I want it everywhere, Lester,” Sarah let go of her breast and slid two fingers up to her mouth, “I want to taste it. Taste you. I want it pouring down my throat. Fuck I want you cumming in my mouth while you cum in pussy at the same time. Fuck Lester, I need it.”

“You’re gonna get it. Don’t you worry,” Lester chuckled, “I’m going to fill you up so much that it won’t matter that you’re still taking that stupid pill of yours.”

“Oh god,” Sarah groaned as she bucked against her hand. Lester’s nasty words danced through her ears and tickled a part of her brain that pushed her ever closer to her inevitable orgasm. Her clit was so sensitive. She wanted to close her eyes and just let her imagination get her there, but she couldn’t keep her eyes off Lester’s massive organ and the way he was deftly stroking it. It was seductively mesmerizing.

A bit of precum leaked out the end, and Lester paused mid-stroke, adjusting the angle of his phone to show it. He dabbed the head of his cock down onto Mary’s phone, and Sarah licked her lips, watching the string of cum connect to Mary’s phone before it broke. Her stomach flared with a sense of jealousy that didn’t make any sense, but for a moment, she hated Mary just a little bit more than she had before.

It was irrational, but she didn’t want that woman anywhere near Lester. He was hers.

“You think…” Sarah started but trailed off as she watched Lester begin stroking his cock in earnest again. He paused his fist, waiting for her to continue talking. “You think your cum is that potent that you could just defy science, Lester?”

“I know it,” Lester said back. “It’s just nature taking its proper course. Like they say, nature finds a way.”

Sarah shook her head but couldn’t keep the sly smile from his face. Lester was so full of himself and so full of shit. But he knew how to work her up. She leaned towards the camera, hands back on her heavy breasts. “Hmm, I’d like to see that,” she said sarcastically. She tried to say it in a sexy way to challenge him.

But Lester took her comment a different way, “You want to see that? You want to see me knock you up?”

“I..”

“You want to see your tummy swell with Lester junior?” Lester snarled, “What’ll your parents say when they see that the kid looks like me, huh? They’d know, and your entire world would come crashing down.”

“Jesus,” Sarah muttered, feeling the heat rise inside of her, “That's so fucked up, Lester.”

“It’s going to happen, Sarah,” Lester said.

“Won’t your vasectomy have something to say about that? Even if your little swimmer found a way to beat the pill,” Sarah breathed, she pinched her nipple and her fingers rocketed across her clit. She was getting very close.

“Nature finds a way. God’s will and all that shit,” Lester belched.

“God’s will,” Sarah moaned unintentionally. Half laughing, half delirious, well along the path to her orgasm.

“Yep,” Lester grunted, his hand flying up and down his cock, “It’s fate. Your pussy, my cock. You’re a great mother, Sarah. I couldn’t think of anyone better to raise my spawn. What do ya say?”

“It’s hot. A hot idea,” Sarah panted. The windows of her car were fogging up. If someone came around the corner of the building, they’d no longer be able to see her. “But crazy. Couldn’t happen.”

“But what if it did?”

“Fuck, Lester. I’m close.”

“Just picture it,” Lester said in that gross whisper through the speaker, “My cock buried deep inside you. So deep. Deeper than Dan was when he did it. My cum exploding out into you. Flooding every little crevice inside of you.”

Sarah’s fingers danced over her engorged clit. Her hips bucked against her hand, and she desperately wished she’d pulled her stupid mom jeans down to her ankles. She squeezed her breasts and threw her head back against the chair. Through half-lidded eyes, she watched in desperation as Lester pumped his cock in his hand.

“You know how much cum I make. I could probably fill a glass with it. Just imagine all that cum. Millions of my swimmers battering at your eggs, piercing one and rushing in.” Lester said, “We both know it’d happen. There’s no way around it.”

“I thought….” Sarah panted. “You didn’t want kids. That’s why you got the…”

“I don’t. Still don’t,” Lester said, “But that doesn’t mean I wouldn’t want to fuck a baby into you. You Sarah. No one else. I’d want to fuck a baby into you. Watch your eyes dilate, and you feel me cum and know that my seed is taking root. That I’ve inseminated you. That someone besides your little husband has knocked you up.”

Sarah grabbed her breast hard. Her mind reeled at the thought. She’d always had a Beauty and the Beast type fantasy, and the idea of a beauty like herself being impregnated by an unworthy beast like Lester seemed like the ultimate height of that fantasy. Especially if she begged for it to happen.

“Fucckkk, Lester,” Sarah moaned, “I’m so close.”

“Open your eyes,” Lester snapped.

Sarah hadn’t realized she closed them. Her heavy breasts were rising rapidly as she struggled to breathe. Her thighs pressed down around her hand. She lazily opened her eyes and saw that Lester had put the phone down on Mary’s desk.

The angle had changed. Now she could see his entire, disgusting body, cock in hand as he pumped it. Mary’s phone was still there, sitting just below the head of Lester’s cock. Her eyes were glued to the phone, watching Lester vigorously masturbate, watching his beautiful cock. Watching his oddly

proportioned body gleam with sweat, his hairy chest heaving just like hers. She felt so fucking turned on.

“Think about it,” Lester grunted, “Think about the look of shock and horror on Dan’s face when he realizes you’re pregnant. The doubt and pain he’d feel. Think about how he’d react when he realized it wasn’t his. When you told him you were carrying my child.”

“Lester….” Sarah whined. It was a poisonous thought. It was too fucked up. She didn’t want to think about it. But it was there, playing in the back of her mind. The look of hurt on her husband’s face. The pain he’d feel. The mixed emotions he’d face.

“And then watching as you push a child that isn’t his into this world,” Lester said, “And you loving that boy more than you do him.”

Sarah’s fingers flew across her clit, picturing Dan standing there like an outsider watching as she embraced her new family. Dan outside the window as she cuddled with Lester, sharing soft romantic kisses. The driving rain pouring down on him.

“You want that, don’t you. You want my cum to flood you and knock you up. Say it.” Lester demanded.

Sarah’s breaths were coming in shor,t ragged bursts now. She bucked her hips into her hand, pressing her clit hard into her fingers. Her nipples pressed into the palm of her other hand.

“Yes…” Sarah’s traitorous words left her lips, and she came. Hard. She screamed in ecstasy as her hips bucked off the chair and she came onto her stroking hand. White lightning shot up from her pussy, rocking across her body.

“Open your eyes,” Lester said sharply.

Despite all her muscles seizing, she opened her eyes, and Sarah saw Lester’s cockhead expand, and then ropes of cum came blasting out, landing on Mary’s cellphone and desk. Sarah’s orgasm crescendoed, then another hit her at the sight of his explosion. She didn’t look away. She didn’t blink. Her eyes burned as she held them open, witnessing the beauty of Lester’s cock spasming and cumming all over Mary’s things.

Sarah’s thighs pinched her hand, and her body flipped to the side as rope after rope of cum painted Mary’s desk. Lester’s groan emanated from her phone, and it was music to Sarah’s ears. Her second orgasm raced through her body, electrifying her nerve endings and sending her mind reeling to a higher plane.

As the last rope of cum sprayed out of Lester’s cock, she almost let her eyes close. But he firmly slid his fist down his shaft, pushing out a few last drops that fell lazily onto Mary’s phone. Finally, she slumped behind her steering wheel, spent.

Lester smeared his jism on the desk with Mary’s phone, her purse and other belongings.

“You’re such an easy slut,” Lester sneered into the phone. His three chins back on display. “Such a slut for my cum.”

“And you’re a fat pig,” Sarah groaned, exhausted from her seat, “Who fucks like a thoroughbred.”

“You’re not wrong,” Lester chuckled, “I can’t wait to slide this inside of you soon.

“Ugh, I don’t even think I can drive right now. I feel drunk,” Sarah said. She wasn’t kidding. Her knees felt weak, and her head was spinning. All she wanted to do was crawl into bed and sleep for the next week.

“I’ll pick you up later then. Go home and sleep. And say hi to Danny-boy for me, okay? I need you rested for what comes later.” Lester said.

“What’s coming later?” Sarah said, her mind still in the process of returning to earth from her orgasm.

“You will be,” Lester answered. “And me, - a bucket full of cum.”

Lester ended the call. Sarah just slumped back in her seat for the next fifteen minutes, catching her breath and then drifting off for the last few minutes. She woke up with her pants around her thighs and her hand buried in her panties with all the windows fogged up.

She looked at herself in the rearview mirror and saw that her mascara was running down her face, “You’re a mess.”

***

Lester slumped back in his shitty hospital office. He hated this place and counted down the days before he could leave this dumpster fire forever. With Mary out of the picture, there was only one thing keeping him here, and that thing was Richard. The miserable shitstain really thought of Lester as an IT flunkie subordinate. Lester didn’t care. It was to his benefit to be viewed at the margins of society, just as Dan had seen him.

People always underestimate you and leave themselves open to attack.

He rubbed his pants against his cockhead, as a little bit of fluid leaked out. He rolled his computer chair forward and powered on the machine. The nice thing about his position was the expense account. Unlike the rest of the plebs in the hospital, he’d made sure to give himself quite the nice little rig that he was going to take with him. It had way more computing power than anything else in the hospital, which is exactly what he needed.

He loaded his attack kit and went after his own private network back in his Chicago apartment. He hit it from several different vectors, just as he had been doing for the last few days. Even with his intimate knowledge of how his own network was set up, its defenses and its weaknesses, he wasn’t able to penetrate it. No network was one-hundred percent secure, but he felt confident that if he couldn’t penetrate it, no one other than well-funded state actors could.

That fucker Cronos and his minions wouldn’t be able to get past his beefed-up security. He just wished he’d scraped more information on the guy. He’d have to start doing that for all his clients, he knew he was dealing with. He didn’t like an unknown variable on the field. Especially one that seemed to have a hate boner for him. His comment about ‘interested parties’ wanting access to his network had irked him. It wasn’t his local network the guy was talking about, but the business network of buyers and sellers Lester had cultivated over the years. He didn’t understand why someone other than the police would be interested in that.

Lester navigated away from his attack packet and back onto the hospital network. He zeroed in on Richard’s terminal and saw that it was active. He mirrored the screen and watched as Richard spent the next five minutes trying to compose a bland, generic, inspirational CEO LinkedIn post. It was nauseating, and Lester couldn’t wait to be done with this place.

Lester rolled his eyes and tried not to vomit. It was all so performative. All corporate culture was. Employees perform for the manager; they perform for the executives, who then perform for the board. They perform for the stockholders and investors. Theater all the way up. It was all such a waste of time.

He hated sitting in that dingy office. But he wouldn't have to for much longer. As he watched Richard's screen, he noticed, not for the first time, that the man stored all of his passwords in his Chrome browser. This man was old enough to have been around during the beginning of the Internet. Did he really value convenience over privacy that much? Sometimes these plebs really just made it too easy for him.

He could remote into Richard's laptop and cause all kinds of havoc, but he needed to bring Sarah into this to get her revenge. Let her enjoy it and cum to it the way she had the other night with Mary and how she'd exploded a few hours ago on the phone.

It was hilarious to Lester how Dan didn't seem to factor into this equation at all. He knew Dan was back in Middleton, but Sarah hadn't so much as mentioned him. It was like her husband didn't exist. She used to try to loop him into things, but now it was like he was just the forgotten third wheel in their shame throuple.

Lester turned off the screen mirroring. He had everything he needed. It was time for Sarah to play her part. And finally, after all these months, it was finally time to start pumping his baby-making batter into Sarah and knock her up. From what he'd read online, most women who go off the pill get pregnant after the first year of trying. Some after the first three months. Lester didn't want to wait that long and planned to bathe her in his cum. Repeatedly.

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Dan checked his phone for the third time that morning. His texts with Sarah had slowed to a glacial pace. She hadn't responded to his last message, but he saw that she'd read it. He sighed and trudged down the stairs to the basement.

Everyone was gone. The girls were at school, and Sarah was off to who knows where. She should've been back from dropping the girls off by now, but he didn't want to send a text asking where she was, only for it to lead to another blow-up.

He passed his college futon, which was now serving as his bed, and headed to the breaker box. Opening it, he scanned the breaker names and switched several off. Back upstairs, he got out his screwdriver and started removing the plate on the plug in the living room.

He used his power tester to ensure there was no current running through the plug before removing it from the housing. He disconnected it and fished one of the security camera plugs he brought from Chicago out of his bag. It was easy to install; he just reconnected the wires, secured it to the box and put the new cover over it. There was a pinhole slit in the cover that would let the camera see out into the room; all he had to do was connect to it using an app on his phone.

In a focused, half-conscious daze, Dan spent the next hour mechanically removing and replacing the plugs in different rooms throughout the house. He still wasn't sure why he was doing it or what he hoped to achieve.

At one point, it was just to monitor the house and know when Lester tried to show up. But things had shifted so much lately that part of him thought he was collecting evidence for an eventual

divorce. The idea of him being kicked out of the house and Lester moving in, raising his girls and sharing Sarah's bed plagued him during the early hours of the morning.

He reached into his bag for the last plug. This one was going in their ensuite bathroom. He felt around for it, but his hand grasped something else. It was a piece of plastic the size of his thumb. He pulled it out and recognized the keylogger that Martin had given him, the one he was supposed to install in Bryon's office in Minnesota. That hadn't worked out, but he'd still held onto it.

He gave it a once-over, trying to decide whether to throw it out or see if there was any use for it. His phone chimed from his pocket, and he threw the keylogger tool into his backpack. Sarah must have texted him back.

But when he opened his phone, it wasn't Sarah. It was Tricia, his flirty coworker from Sentinel Securities. He didn't open it. He put the phone on the cool tile floor and sat against the wall, head in his hands as he tried to figure his life out.

Tricia's message made him think of Carlo telling him about the tipline. He still hadn't found anything on Discord that he felt like he could report to it. Nothing on Lester's Darkspire online persona.

Even if Dan somehow took Lester off the board, how would Sarah react? Would she be happy, or would she get even more pissed at him? He really needed to man up and try to talk to her, but part of him was afraid of what he would hear.

With another sigh of defeat, he opened his phone and checked Tricia's message.

T: Hey there, where's my big Dan? I miss that guy. The office is so boring without him. When is he going to come back here? I have so many things that need his special attention.

Dan read it over a few times, the words burrowing into his mind. He flipped to his conversation with Sarah and saw she still hadn't responded. When was the last time she even opened it?

Dan fired a response back to Tricia.

D: Oh, really? What needs my special attention Trisha?

He left the phone on the floor and went back to installing the last hidden camera.

***

It was just bad timing. Sarah opened the front door to their house at the same time that Dan was coming down the stairs. He froze when she walked in. Her stomach turned, feeling a mix of anger, guilt and sadness as she saw him stop. She felt like she was walking on eggshells around her own home lately.

"Hi," she barely managed. Hoping that it would ease the tension. The other half of her was ready to jump into an argument at whatever Dan said in response. She hated being this way, but she was just so angry. Angry at him. Angry at their fucked up situation. She had so much anger coursing through her that it seemed to rule her every response. The only time it ever abated was when Lester made her feel something different.

"Hi," Dan said. He hadn't moved, but he also wasn't making any eye contact. Was he standing still because he was afraid? Ready to fight? Or was it because he wanted to reconcile? His inaction irked her. His inaction was what had put them in this situation in the first place. Her mind slid into an angry place without her even realizing it.

Sarah let out a deep breath and tried to control herself. She took off her shoes and tried to pretend like Dan's presence wasn't painfully awkward.

"How was drop off?" Dan said.

It was a neutral question. Something she could work with, "It was fine."

She realized that it sounded bitchy and was a conversation-killer. Then she added, "The girls jumped out of the car without saying 'I love you,' they ran off to their friends and didn't look back. I keep forgetting how old they've gotten now."

"It's crazy," Dan said with a sad smile on his face, "Seeing how fast they grow up. Seeing how fast things can change. For all of us."

Sarah didn't know how to respond, so she just leaned against the door, waiting for him to say more. It took almost a full minute, but he finally did.

"Look, Sarah, I don't want to fight. I don't. I really don't want to fight with you. You're the person I love the most in the world. I, I don't want it to be like this. I'm sorry for what I said. It's just…things have been so messed up. I don't….my mind is fucked up. I can't think straight, and this whole situation….Lester…your parents….work….the money….it's all just too much. It's so stressful and fucked. I really just wish we were back like we used to be," Dan said.

He finally looked up at her, and she felt her heart skip a beat. She knew he was hurting, but his face just looked so frail and weak. Desperate. She sighed and stared down at the laminate flooring.

"I don't…." I don't like it either," Sarah said. "Everything is harder than it needs to be." But I don't know if we can ever go back to the way things were, Dan. Too much has changed. I've changed. We've both been through so much. Even when it just comes to work, we've both been through the blender. I don't even know what I'm going to do for work, I have no idea where we're going," Sarah said. She hadn't expected the tears to well up in her eyes, but here they were.

"I don't know either, Sarah. I want us back to where we were, but maybe we can try to figure out something new. Something that fits us now. You, me and the girls. Together. We'll figure it out together." Dan said.

"Dan, it's just…fuck…. It's all so fucked. How can we even figure anything out when we are both unemployed? Where do we go from here? Just leech off Lester for the rest of our lives? I feel like everything is crumbling around us, and he's our only lifeline. I don't know how to build a new future together right now. I'm not seeing it."

"We can't just keep treading water. We need to move in a direction here, Sarah," Dan said, "We gotta figure out that direction."

"I can't even see it, Dan," Sarah said, balling her hands into fists, "I don't know where we go. I don't know what it is I want."

"Do you still want me?" Dan said, his voice weak, "Do you know that much? About what you want?"

Sarah finally looked up at him and saw the hurt and desperation in his eyes.

"I think so," Sarah said quietly, "I want to. I want us. I want you in my life. I still want our family. I just don't know how we get back there."

“Let’s not overthink it,” Dan said, “I want you. You want me. You, me and the girls. That’s all that matters. Fuck everything else, okay?”

“What about Lester?” Sarah said.

“What the fuck about Lester?” Dan shouted angrily. “He’s not part of our family, Sarah.”

The anger boiled up inside of her. She thought she had control over it, but it burst up like a pot of water boiling over, “He’s our fucking breadwinner, Dan. Without Lester, we don’t have a house. We can’t pay the mortgage. It’s nice that you want us to be together, but without Lester, our life falls apart. We can’t just live in a fantasy scenario where love is enough. Love doesn’t pay the bills, love doesn’t keep food on our kids' plates, Dan. We can’t just cut him out.

“And because you love fucking him, right?” Dan spat.

“Jesus, Dan,” Sarah shouted, “Yes, I love the way he fucks me. Is that what you want to hear? I love how rough he is. I love letting his disgusting hands touch me. I love how good his giant cock feels inside of me. Is that what you want to hear? That the man who is paying for your family to survive is an amazing lay too? Get over yourself. I’m talking about our family’s foundation. We don’t have one right now. We have no money. We can’t build a future like that.”

“We’re in a shitty spot,” Dan said slowly, the anger still seething from him, “It’s really shitty. But it’s just for a little bit. Lester’s lifeline was only supposed to be for a little while. I’m close, Sarah. Close to getting something more permanent or at least something more lucrative with Sentiel, okay? I don’t know the details. Maybe it’ll be enough for us.”

“We can’t plan around maybes, Dan. I want to. I do. It sounds nice. But maybe it isn’t a plan. Maybe it isn’t a future. Would you risk the girls’ future on a maybe? We’ve been doing maybes for a while now, and they keep backfiring. Maybe moving to Chicago will help, maybe finding a roommate will make things easier. Maybe business will pick up. Maybe your company won’t lose a client and downsize. Maybe they’ll keep you instead of laying you off. We can’t depend on maybes, Dan.”

“Well, what then? I haven’t seen you apply for any jobs, Sarah. If you’re not willing to settle on maybes, what are you willing to do? I haven’t seen you create one resume or fill out any applications. What are you waiting for? Maybe a job will just fall into your lap?” Dan said.

“It’s not….” Sarah knew he was right. She was coasting. She needed a mental break from working. After every fucked up thing that had happened she just needed a little break. She couldn’t push herself to put a resume together. Not yet. But she couldn’t say that to him. She couldn’t let him win. “It’s not the same. It’s not. And you know it.”

“No. What I know is that the minute I got laid off, I started throwing up applications like crazy. Hell, even before that, I was putting out resumes and trying to get freelance clients. I’ve been working like crazy for us,” Dan said. “I’m working for our future, Sarah. I have been. You know that. Shit, I never wanted you to have to be put in the shitty situation of being fired. I know that sucks. I know it hurts, but we both need to try.”

Sarah stopped herself from snapping at him. He was right. She knew it. She knew she should try. But it just felt so good. So easy to be taken care of. To let Lester help lighten the load. The idea of putting out a resume, going to an interview and being rejected, being thought of as incapable, was incredibly frightening. Being put back into that box like she had been at the hospital, terrified her.

“I know,” Sarah said through gritted teeth, “I know I should do more. I just….it….god. What’s wrong with me? I don’t even recognize who I am anymore. I feel like this scared little girl who can’t do anything.”

Dan’s face softened, and his shoulders slumped, “I don’t see you like that. You’re not a scared little girl. I know you’ve taken some punches… a lot of punches lately. But I know who you are, Sarah. You’re smart, you’re strong, you’re confident. You’re a kickass mom and wife, and you kill it at work.”

“I don’t think I’ve been any of those things for a long time, Dan,” Sarah said, wrapping her arms around herself.

“You still are,” Dan said, “We just need to get back to it. We’ll figure this all out, okay? I promise.”

She leaned her head against his chest. Dan’s arms encircled her, and for the first time in weeks, she felt good. Secure. She wanted him to hold her like this all night.

“We’ll figure it out, okay?” Dan repeated.

“Okay,” Sarah whispered into his chest. Then she added, “I’ll try to start looking for a job.”

“It’s not, I didn’t mean to sound like an asshole about it,” Dan said. “I just…I want you to know I’m trying, okay? I’m trying to build that future for us. Forge a path out of this world of shit we’re in now. It will get better. I promise.”

“I know,” Sarah whispered, “It’s just hard to see it. I don’t want to hope. I don’t want to hope and be let down again. I’m not…I don’t mean you let me down…I just don’t want to get my hopes up. It hurts too much.”

She looked up at him. He was there, staring back at her with those beautiful eyes of his. Before she could react, his lips were on hers. Sarah let the world drift away and melted into her husband’s kiss. It felt good, something she had been missing for such a long time.

It wasn’t long before they were upstairs, leaving a trail of their clothes behind them. The bed rocked as they fell onto it, tearing at each other. Mouths on skin, hands everywhere. Sarah gasped as Dan pushed into her; she clawed at his back. She needed this. She needed his cock inside her. After all their fights, she needed this moment together. But even more, after her morning with Lester in the car, she desperately needed to do this.

Dan pumped his hips, and she felt him bottom out inside of her. She wanted more. She wanted to be touched deeper. He slid in and out of her, desperately pumping his dick into her. Sarah bit her lip and tried to focus on how good her husband felt, but her mind kept drifting to Lester. She knew it was fucked up. Thinking about another man while she reconciled with her husband, but the more she tried to fight against it, the more her thoughts betrayed her. Lester’s cock filling her cellphone screen. Mary being marched out to her car. Lester and Sarah entwined, watching those dirtbags knock on her door and yell at her. The look of fear, the way she was humiliated in front of everyone.

Dan’s cock slipped out of her. She was soaking wet. Too wet.

Dan lined himself back up and pressed in. Sarah shook her head, trying to dislodge the thoughts of Lester. She didn’t want to ruin this moment. Dan was pumping into her; his breathing was heavy and hot on her neck. The room was filled with the wet sounds of their coupling, and her head was filled with thoughts of Lester.

“Take me, Dan,” Sarah purred. She couldn’t hold the thoughts back. She leaned into them. “Reclaim what’s yours.”

She bit his earlobe as she said it. Dan’s hips bucked at her words, as a shiver ran through his body. He started breathing harder. She knew she had him. Despite everything, the fantasy still had its hold on him.

“Fuck me, Dan,” Sarah moaned into his ear, “Fuck me. Fuck your wife.”

Dan’s hips pumped. And Sarah felt the sweat on his back. “Fuck me better than him, Dan.”

Sarah’s ankles locked around Dan’s waist, desperately urging him deeper than he was capable of going. Her hips rose off the bed, slamming into him, trying to make up the difference. She needed more.

“Ughfuck,” Dan groaned as her pussy clenched around his cock.

“Fuck me Dan. Fuck me better. Do it. I know you can. Harder. Fuck me harder, Dan,” Sarah whined. Dan slammed his hips into her, hard. He was slamming himself in and out of her. “Fuck me like Lester does,” Sarah moaned in his ear.

“Fuck me hard and deep like he does Dan. Fuck me,” Sarah moaned wantonly.

Dan slammed himself into her. He gasped and did it again. And again. Sarah’s hips were flying off the bed to meet each thrust, only to be slammed back down into the mattress. She clawed at his back.

“Dan. Fuck me. Harder.” Sarah gasped, finally feeling something. She could feel a spark of an orgasm, teasingly, tantalizing, just out of her grasp.

“Don’t stop,” Sarah gasped. She could get it; she could get her second orgasm of the day. She knew it. Dan started to slow; he was gritting his teeth, like he was trying to hold himself back. Sarah’s head thrashed on the bed, her nails dug into his ass cheeks.

“Don’t…don’t stop, Dan. Please. I’m so close, don’t fucking stop,” Sarah said.

“Hold on, just stop for a second,” Dan grunted. She felt his hips flex.

“No. Don’t stop,” Sarah said, “If you stop…” she looked her husband hard in the eyes, “I’m going to have to go back to Lester tonight so he can fuck me properly.”

“Ugh,” Dan grunted, going rigidly still. His eyes closed, and she felt his ass cheeks clench even more firmly. His cock spasmed inside of her, and they both felt it as his cum blasted into her. Sarah held onto him, pumping her hips up off the bed onto his cock as he tried to thrust inside of her.

She was so close, so agonizingly close. All the cum pouring into her mixed with her own juices made his cock slid in and out without gaining any purchase. She slammed herself down on the bed and thrust upwards, trying to take his cock into her.

She groaned in frustration as it slipped out, cum and her juices spilling out of her onto their comforter.

“Fuck,” Dan grunted, punching the pillow as he flipped his body off of her. Sarah clasped her hand between her legs, not wanting more of it to spill out onto their bed. She shuffled off and darted into the bathroom and into the shower to clean herself.

When she returned to the room, Dan was still lying on the bed waiting for her. He looked conflicted.

“Did you cum?” He asked quietly.

“I was close,” Sarah said, not meeting his eyes, “Really close.”

“Fuck,” Dan said, “I think I was just too worked up.”

“Oh, I could tell. You love it when I talk about Lester,” Sarah said.

“I hate it,” Dan muttered, but then they shared a glance that told her everything she needed to know.

She got up, walked over to the closet and started going through her clothes.

“What are you doing?” Dan asked.

“Trying to find an outfit to wear with Lester,” Sarah said, “He’s supposed to be taking me out tonight.” She levelled a wicked gaze at him. As much as she knew things had to change, how they had to evolve and find a better path forward, a better future as a family. She didn’t want to let go of Lester. Not yet. She knew it hurt Dan. It was a point of contention. Lester. It hurt his pride and his ego; he wasn’t any different than most other men. And she knew that Lester liked to turn the knife and torture him. But on some level, she knew her husband liked it. And if she could walk along that knife’s edge and have the best of both worlds, she would.

“What?” Dan said, his face a mask of hurt and jealousy. Sarah didn’t want to fight. Not now. She was tired of the drama and fighting. She let her towel drop. Dan’s angry eyes left her face and cascaded down her body.

She sauntered over to him, giving him her fuck me eyes. She crawled on the bed towards his still naked body. “I told you,” she whispered, “That if you don’t make me cum. I’m going to go to someone who will.”

Dan opened his mouth to reply, but Sarah’s mouth opened faster. She pushed down on his chest as her head descended towards his crotch and took her husband’s cock, slick with her own juices and his dribbling cum into her mouth.

“Goddammit,” Dan muttered as Sarah worked on her husband and urged him to cum again.

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The girls were upstairs playing in their room when Lester’s SUV pulled into the driveway. He didn’t bother getting out. He’d insisted on picking her up. Sarah knew it was another of his male power plays.

Dan fumed at the imposition, but she’d sapped enough of his energy during their afternoon tryst that he didn’t put up much of a fight. He still didn’t like the arrangement. But he’d come around to her way of thinking. They needed Lester. At least for the short term. They needed his help financially to stay afloat, and Sarah needed him to keep fucking her.

She felt a pang of guilt at forcing the issue. Using the taboo of their sex to help coerce Dan. But Lester had blown her mind wide open at the possibilities of what sex could be. And she didn’t know if there was any way she could ever close that Pandora’s box now.

Dan stood at the door, his face beet red, a pouting mixture of anger, arousal and injury. Sarah hated how much his look turned her on. Lester honked from the driveway, and Dan turned to the open door, staring daggers at him.

“Someone’s gonna see if he keeps doing that shit,” Dan said through clenched teeth. “The girls are right fucking upstairs, and we have nosy neighbors.”

“Shhh,” Sarah said, putting a finger on Dan’s lips, “It’ll be okay. Give me a kiss before I go.”

Dan pried his eyes away from the dark SUV and reluctantly leaned in and gave Sarah a quick kiss.

“Did my lips hurt you that bad?” Sarah said with mock offense, “That looked painful.”

“No. It’s not…you know what it is,” Dan said.

“I know,” Sarah whispered, “I know. It’ll be okay. I promise. Like you said, we’ll be okay, right?”

“Right,” Dan said, “I’m looking up jobs for you while you’re gone.”

Sarah chuckled, “Okay. I can’t wait to look at them.”

“You sure you have to go?” Dan said as Sarah stepped to the door.

“I have to earn my paycheck somehow,” Sarah said, her eyes flicked up to the top of the stairs, “Besides, I don’t think you want us in here.”

“We should have got your parents to babysit,” Dan said.

“We already use them too much as it is,” Sarah said. Lester honked his horn again, and Dan stiffened.

“Alright, I'd better go,” Sarah said as she flashed him a sweet smile. She turned and went down the front walkway and met eyes with Lester. Her sweet smile grew until it went from ear to ear. She hurried around to the passenger side of the car and got in. Lester was still staring out his window at Dan.

When he finally turned to look at her, he smirked, then reached over and roughly grabbed the back of her head and pulled her into a sloppy kiss. Sarah was taken aback and caught herself on the center console before melting fully into the kiss.

When she finally came up for hair, she saw Dan over Lester’s shoulder, standing in their doorway with that same conflicted erotic expression on his face. Lester followed her eyes and chuckled, “Put your seat belt on, safety first.”

Then he giggled; she wasn’t sure why, but he started backing out of the driveway. As he pulled onto the street, he honked again and took off. Sarah looked over her shoulder as they drove down the street until she couldn’t see Dan waiting in the doorway any longer.

“Where are we going?” Sarah asked, looking down at the tight black dress she had struggled into. It fit her curves all the right ways. It hugged her hips and breasts, pushing the girls up in a way that screamed for attention.

“Revenge,” Lester said, raising his eyebrows comically at her.

She pursed her lips before saying, “Richard?”

“Richard,” Lester confirmed, nodding his head, “By this time tomorrow, he’ll have been fired by the board.”

“How?” Sarah said, “What are we going to do?”

“Nu-uh,” Lester said, “Not we. What you’re gonna do.”

“How am I going to get him fired by the board?” Sarah asked, “Are we roping him into the whole selling diabetic strips thing? I don’t see that working.”

“You’ll see,” Lester said, running a red light. “Right now, Richard is sitting alone at a bar like he usually is every night. He doesn’t like going home to his wife until it’s late and she is blitzed out of her mind on wine and valium.”

“How do you know that?” Sarah said, looking skeptically at Lester. He was smart. Creepy smart. But even that seemed like a stretch, “Did he tell you that?”

“No, I inferred,” Lester said, “He uses a company phone, remember? I have his location sharing turned on. He’s there every night after work. I’ve peeked in at him. He’s always alone at the bar. He stays until late. And he’s had conversations with his wife about picking up her prescription or wine on the way home.”

“That’s such an invasion of privacy,” Sarah said, crossing her arms. “It breaks so many hospital policies.”

“Do you want to get revenge on this fuckwad or not?” Lester said, raising his voice.

“You really enjoy fucking with people, don’t you?” Sarah said.

“I do. Some more than others,” Lester said.

“Do you get off on it?” Sarah asked.

Lester chewed on her words before answering, “I like winning. But sometimes I get off on it. In the right scenario, like fucking with Dan. I love fucking you and making him watch like an impotent little boy.”

“That’s fucked up, Lester,” Sarah said.

“I know you get off on that shit too, Sarah, don’t lie to me.”

Sarah didn’t respond for a full two minutes, just staring out the windshield, mulling things over.

“So, what’s the plan tonight?” She finally said, breaking the silence.

“That's my girl,” Lester said, leaning over and grabbing a handful of her thighs. His fat fingers dug into her flesh, and she winced in pain.

He let go of her leg and reached into the glove box. A grungy-looking plastic red diamond attached to a key dropped out. Sarah recognized it.

“Is this?” Sarah started as she reached down to pick it up.

“Yup. Same place,” Lester said. “Same grungy fucking motel where you fucked Richard behind my back.”

“How did you know what motel?” Sarah asked.

“Richard’s phone’s location is always on. I made sure of that. It’s a corporate phone. It wasn’t hard to put the pieces together.” Lester mocked.

“Okay, sure, but why? Why do you have this key here?” Sarah asked, but she already had an idea where this was heading.

“You’re going to go into that bar. And you’re going to seduce him back to the room. He keeps a bottle of whisky in his car. When you’re inside, I’m gonna put something in it. Then, when he’s out, we’re gonna blow up his career.” Lester said gleefully.

“Lester, I’m not sure about this one,” She hugged herself as she shook her head, not wanting to go back to the dingy motel where Richard had used her body and discarded her. The final stamp on her tenure at the hospital, a last spit in the face. “I don’t want to go back there.”

“He fucked you over, and then he fucked you there,” Lester spat. “It’s time to fuck him there, too. We’re gonna fuck up the one thing he cares about. Not his marriage. His career, how people see him.”

“How are we gonna do that?” Sarah asked, “What are we going to do once he’s back in the room, passed out? And where did you get something to sedate him with? How do you know how to do that?”

“Never mind the little details,” Lester waved his hand at her dismissively. “It’ll all work, you just need to worry about how you’re gonna seduce him.”

Sarah rolled her eyes, and now it was her turn to chuckle, “Have you seen this dress?”

She gestured to herself, and Lester’s eyes lingered far too long on her body then was wise for someone who was supposed to be driving. She added, “He won’t stand a chance.”

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Sarah straightened her dress, pulling it down before she pushed open the doors of the dimly lit bar. All eyes turned to her, but she pretended to ignore them as they ran over her body. It was a necessary skill most women had to develop; she was well aware of every single one.

Sarah looked around without focusing on anyone in particular. This looked like an after-work watering hole filled with the type of businessman who delayed going home to their wives. At least Lester was right about that.

Seated alone at the bar was Richard, eyes fixed on the TV behind the bar, a glass with dark brown liquor in his hand. Lester had suggested she go right up to him and just ask him back to her room. But she knew better; men enjoyed the chase. They enjoyed ‘winning’ and conquering, and Richard was no exception.

She slid into a seat at the bar and ordered a cabernet. It was a shitty vintage, but she kept the frown off her face as she slowly nursed it. It didn’t take long for a man to approach her, directly cutting off her view of Richard. Sarah politely, yet firmly, dismissed him, saying she was waiting for her husband. The man walked back to his table, where the group of men waiting there loudly laughed at his failure.

In the mirror behind the bar, Sarah saw Richard turn to see what the noise was about. When he did, his eyes landed directly on Sarah. He smirked and played with the wedding ring on his left hand. His eyes went back to the screen, but he kept turning to look at her. The smirk didn’t leave his face. Sarah just waited patiently as she sipped the disgusting wine.

It only took two minutes before Richard hefted himself off his stool and walked down next to where she sat.

“Sarah Williams,” he said, his eyes running lasciviously up and down her body. “Been a while.”

“Not long enough,” Sarah said back, giving him a sharp glance. Now that he was so close, she was having trouble keeping her rage at him contained. How easily he’d cast her aside after she’d opened herself for him.

“Come on, don’t be like that,” Richard said, his hand moving predatorily over the back of her stool. She knew then that she had him.

“Be like what?” Sarah said, giving him a dirty look.

“So hostile. We can still be friends, right?” Richard smirked as he stepped in closer to her. She could feel the heat radiating off his old, declining body, the smell of a day at the hospital. His musky, old man cologne was as cloying as the wine in her glass.

She turned, pointing her exposed knees at him. His eyes tracked them, and he looked like a salivating dog. “I’m actually here looking to make new friends,” she said in a sultry voice, “But you’re scaring them all away.”

“Oh, a new friend, huh? Whatever for? Does your husband know you’re here?” Richard said, not stepping back.

“My marriage is none of your business,” Sarah said as she sipped at her glass.

“Still being so standoffish, just like at the hospital,” Richard shook his head, “What kind of new friend are you looking for?”

Sarah levelled her gaze at him, reached into her purse and pulled out the hotel room key. She set it on the bar top and held Richard’s gaze, “The kind of friend who can give me what I need.”

Richard cocked an eyebrow at her, and the grin stayed plastered to his face. “Why roll the dice on a random new friend? Last time we had our fun, you seemed to really enjoy yourself. I did too.”

He picked up the key and slid it into his pocket. “Let’s go.”

Sarah held his eyes with hers for several seconds, giving him a contemptuous gaze. She reached out for her glass and downed the last of it before throwing some money on the bar. She slid out of her chair and headed towards the door without another word. There was a groan from the group of guys in the back, and she saw Richard wave at them from the overhead mirror as he followed her out.

“Come on,” Richard said once they were outside. He slid his hand around her waist, “My car’s this way.”

Sarah’s skin crawled under his touch. His fingertips pressed into her dress, eager to touch what he could feel underneath. “I knew you’d want more,” Richard whispered in her ear. When they got to his car, he pinned her against the passenger side door. His lips were on hers. He tasted like cheap whisky, but Sarah returned the kiss as he pressed his crotch against her. She could feel the heat from his growing cock as he ground himself against her. Despite her contempt for this man, her body was responding to his actions. Her back slackened against the door, and Richard pressed in harder. Sarah stifled a sincere moan as his tongue speared past her lips, spreading them.

Before she got lost in the moment and fucked him right here in the parking lot, she pressed a hand to his chest. “Slow down, big boy,” Sarah gasped, “Let’s go back to the room. I need something else to drink before I do this.”

Richard smirked as he withdrew, clearly happy with himself. He backed away and opened the passenger door for Sarah, a stark contrast to when he’d last kicked her out of it. Sarah got in and Richard went into the driver’s side. He reached into the back, where there was a leather satchel. He rooted around in it until he pulled out a flask filled with whiskey.

“Here, take a swig,” Richard said as he started his car. It didn’t seem like Lester had gotten in here, but she pretended to take a drink anyway. Richard drove them to the rundown motel, his hand greedily massaging her thigh the entire time.

“Your turn,” Sarah said, handing him the whiskey. He took a long pull from it.

“Bring it in the room,” Sarah said, opening her door, “Let’s party.”

Richard’s smile widened. He took another drink, grabbed his satchel and followed her into the dirty room, different from the one they’d used, but just as squalid. Sarah took the whisky from him and pretended to have another drink. She handed it back to Richard as his arms encircled her from behind. His cock pressed against her backside, and again, Sarah found herself responding to its growing presence. Her ass wiggled back against it seductively without her even realizing it.

“Let’s finish this,” Sarah said as she let go of the bottle. Then his lips were on her neck, kissing the area that Dan, and then Lester, had learned could work so well to get her going.

“Mhmm,” Sarah let a moan slip out. If Lester’s plan didn’t work, she would be bent over the bed soon. Richard took another long pull of the whisky and handed it back to Sarah. His hands landed on her breasts, and he gave them a gentle squeeze. He quickly found the straps of her dress, and it wasn’t long before he’d pulled them down her arms. He wasn’t watching her pretend to drink.

He pulled her to the bed and sat on it, as he pulled the dress down her body, exposing her lacy white bra and thong underwear. He clearly liked what he saw as her dress dropped to the floor. He didn’t even seem to notice as Sarah handed the whisky back to him, and he absent-mindedly drank a healthy swig from it.

Sarah stepped up between his manspreading legs and swayed her hips alluringly. His grubby hands were on her thighs, running up the delicate material still hugging her hips. She pushed them down as she knelt. Her knees pressed into the disgusting carpet that was harder than it should’ve been. Sarah suppressed a gag, wondering when the last time the rug had been steam cleaned. Her hands ran up and down Richard’s pants-covered legs, teasing him. She raised an eyebrow at the flask, “You gonna finish that?”

Richard looked at her through half-lidded eyes, seemingly swaying in place. He offered it to her with a shaking hand, slurring his words, “You want it?”

“I’m gonna have my mouth full of something else,” Sarah said as she tugged at his worn belt.

Richard laughed and leaned back on his elbows, emptying the contents of the flask down his throat. In one swift motion, Sarah pulled Richard’s belt out of his pants and threw it on the floor. Her hands quickly worked the clasp of his pants while Richard started unbuttoning his shirt. He raised his hips as Sarah pulled down his pants and boxers together, letting his fat cock spill out.

Sarah let out an unsteady breath, staring down at its length. Thoughts of her scheme with Lester slowly retreated to the back of her head as she grasped his cock and felt its warm power in her palm. Without waiting, she lowered her mouth to it and sucked it in.

“Ughh,” Richard groaned as he laid back on the bed. The empty flask tumbled to the floor. Sarah stroked his swelling shaft and savoured the taste of the man as his hard cock slid in and out of her mouth. Sarah moaned and pulled off his cock, licking down his hardened shaft, her hand running up and down it. She moaned into his cock, getting lost in the act. Her other hand cradled his wrinkled balls. Sarah licked up his shaft and swirled her tongue around his cockhead, catching the precum that had begun to slowly ooze out of it.

There was a click from somewhere close by, but only part of Sarah’s brain registered the sound.

“Such a trooper. Still going at it, huh?” Lester’s voice said, shocking Sarah out of her sex induced trance. She looked over to see the odd little man standing at the foot of the other queen bed, going through Richard’s satchel. Fear spiked in her, and she glanced up at Richard. He was splayed out, starfished on the bed, heavy breaths coming from his throat.

Sarah pulled herself back, her hand still wrapped around his cock as she regarded him.

“He’s out,” Lester said tersely, “Good job.”

Sarah reluctantly let go of the cock and rose to her feet. She went next to the bed and tentatively poked Richard in the chest. He grunted in his sleep in response. Lester came and sat down next to the passed-out executive. He had Richard’s laptop on his lap. He grabbed Richard’s hand and pressed his finger to the key on it, unlocking the system.

“He saves all his passwords to Chrome,” Lester chuckled, “Idiot.”

Sarah noticed for the first time that Lester was wearing latex gloves as he typed away on the computer. She looked between her passed-out former CEO and her husband’s roommate’s fat frame, hunched over the laptop. It was surreal to know this was happening in a dirty, no-tell motel. When had this become her life? She should be home watching trashy reality TV on Netflix right now, not living it.

Instead, she was standing in nothing more than her lacy white bra and panties in the middle of this bizarre scene. Lester continued to ignore her, typing away, and Sarah began to regret the whole thing. At least Richard had been paying attention to her.

“Come here,” Lester said, patting the bed next to him. Sarah wrapped her arms around herself and walked to him. She had to move Richard’s arm in order to sit. The screen in front of Lester was filled with a myriad of different windows, some she recognized as hospital applications, others looked like Richard’s personal files.

“Let’s get started,” Lester said and pulled up LinkedIn. He had a message composed that appeared to be formatted as a DM. It was sloppily written, the hallmark of someone who was drunk. Instead of being sent as a DM, it was going to be posted to Richard’s wall. It made it seem like Richard was talking shit about hospital staff and a couple of the board’s members.

“Shall I do the honors?” Lester asked. Sarah swallowed, knowing there was no going back from this. She nodded, and Lester pressed the enter key. The screen refreshed, and the post was now up on his wall.

Next, Lester opened Richard's email. There was suddenly another sloppily written email, and this time she recognized the name of the female department head it was addressed to. But Lester had added the entire hospital directory to the email.

"Gonna be hard to walk this back, especially without Mary to cover for him," Lester said, "I'm sure the board is gonna want to get an emergency HR person in sooner rather than later. They'll have to deal with this at once."

"It's crazy," Sarah said, knowing it would land like a bomb in the hospital. The email was quite suggestive and propositioning of the married department head. Sarah knew her, she wouldn't take it well. This is something she'd bring right to HR.

"He's going to know it's me, Lester," Sarah said, "He'll know I did this."

"His memory will be fuzzy. Trust me," Lester said, "Besides, what's he gonna do? Tell his wife you went on his laptop while he was innocently in a grungy motel room with you? The divorce will ruin the guy. I mean, so will this, but you know what I mean."

"Let's wait to send this one," Lester said, putting the laptop onto the nightstand. He eyed her up and down, "Now what can we do while we wait?"

Before Sarah could answer, Lester's hands were on her bare hips, pulling her towards him. He licked his lips, and she felt his cock pressing against his sweatpants into her hip. She stifled a moan as his fat lips kissed her neck and trailed down to her heaving chest.

"Been dying to fuck you since our little video call this morning," Lester said, "Should have made you drive over and suck me off in the hospital parking lot."

"Mhmm, what made you hotter? Seeing me in that car playing with myself or fucking over someone like Mary?" Sarah held onto his shoulders as Lester's tongue started its expert lapping at her breasts.

"Both. I love fucking with people. Like Mary. Richard. Dan. Mhmmm. Whoever," Lester said between slurps of her breasts, "But it was hot seeing you get off to it too. Touching yourself while I stroked my cock. Knowing what we did together. Real partners in crime."

"That was so hot," Sarah breathed, revelling in the memory of Mary being escorted out of the building. She'd reclaimed some of her power. She opened her eyes and looked over at Richard's passed-out form. And she'd reclaim just a bit more of the power they took from her tonight.

Lester pulled her down onto the bed, lying with his waist right next to Richard's head, "Take it out."

Sarah cocked an eyebrow at Lester, but wanted to see where he was going with this. She pulled down his ratty sweat pants. The large bulge in his tight white underwear looked cartoonishly comical. She shook her head and pulled the raggy briefs down too, freeing the massive organ that she had been salivating over since earlier in the day.

"This is what I wanted," Sarah said aloud to herself. Lester possessively grabbed a handful of her pretty blonde mane and pulled her down onto his cock. Sarah didn't so much as hesitate. She opened her mouth and took Lester's enormous cock into it, moaning as it filled her. She slid her tongue underneath his bulging cock, tasting him, confirming that he hadn't cared to shower before their 'date'. It disgusted her, but another part of her was so attracted to how Lester just did whatever he wanted and made no apologies for who he was.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned around Lester’s cock. She looked up at him seductively, seeing his fat head and stubble spread unevenly across his three trembling chins. It wasn’t a great angle, but she was looking at him through eyes shaded with lust, knowing what he could do to her.

“Suck my cock right next to your boss,” Lester chuckled.

Sarah’s eyes darted to Richard’s passed-out face, his mouth hanging agape as he snored away. Part of her wished he was awake to watch what was about to happen. She loved putting on a show for an audience. This was fucked up, but she was loving it. Richard had walked in here thinking he was going to fuck her, only for Lester to take his place.

“You’re essentially cucking Richard tonight, you know that?” Sarah asked as she lovingly licked up Lester’s hairy shaft.

The fat man chuckled, “Yeah, I guess I kind of am, aren’t I? Too bad he’ll never know about it. Not like old Danny boy - did you see how impotent he looked standing at the door? Jesus, how could he just let you leave with another man like that?”

“Mhmmm, it must have been humiliating,” Sarah teased as she worked Lester’s shaft with both hands, admiring it as it grew even larger.

Lester slapped Richard on the face and chuckled to himself. “Dan is the best to fuck with. He’s always so weak. And he hates how much he enjoys all of it.”

Sarah thought back to their afternoon reconciliation. Dan had been so angry and worked up before, yet a few hours later, he’d just stood by as she walked out the door to go to Lester, knowing she was going to fuck him.

“God, you’re a pro at that,” Lester said, hands behind his head as Sarah bobbed up and down on his cock in a well-practiced motion. She licked the underside of his cock in her mouth while her hands consummately worked his shaft and gargantuan balls. She could do this all night, worship his powerful cock. She lowered her head, pushing his cock into the back of her throat. Her lips were spread wide as she struggled to take all of him in. The angle wasn’t the best when she came from above; she couldn’t fit his entire length all in. His pubic hair wasn’t even touching her nose.

“You’ve taught me well,” Sarah purred, “I’d never sucked a cock this big until you came along.”

“I love when you talk dirty. Fuck, it's hot knowing an innocent little milf talks like that now,” Lester said.

“I was never innocent,” Sarah said, playing with his cock. Looking at it thoughtfully, “And I’ve always talked dirty.”

“Well, you better save some of that dirty talk for when we call Dan in a minute,” Lester said.

A shiver shot through Sarah, her thighs rubbing together. “You want to loop Dan into this? I thought you wanted me all to yourself?”

“Let’s just say I’m in the mood to spread the humiliation around tonight,” Lester shrugged and pulled off his dirty shirt. “And I know it gets you off, too. Mary, now Richard here. Dan needs a turn. Actually, get up here now. Take those panties off.”

Sarah shimmied out of her white lacy thong and gave one more look to the sleeping Richard, then crawled up the bed to Lester’s cock. The feeling of the cool air of the motel room on her newly

exposed pussy reminded her just how wet she was. She was about to mount him when his hand stopped her, “Not yet. Just rub yourself against it for a second.”

Somewhat annoyed, Sarah pressed her pussy lips against the girthy shaft of Lester’s cock. She ground herself against it, feeling its hardness and veins run over her clit and pussy lips. It felt good, and soon she got lost in the rhythm. But each time she pulled up near his cockhead, she had to stifle the instinct to just slam herself down onto his massive shaft.

Lester fumbled for his phone at the side of the bed. He gave her a sly smile as he opened it up. He showed her the screen when he’d pulled up Dan’s contact info, and he hit the dial button for a FaceTime call.

It rang and rang. Sarah was worried that he wouldn’t answer. But then she heard her husband’s voice.

“What do you want, Les….” Dan trailed off, and it took Sarah a minute to figure out why. Lester was now pointing the camera directly at his cock with Sarah’s pussy behind it in the frame.

“Okay, Sarah,” Lester said, “Now be a good girl and slowly get on my cock. We don’t want Danny to miss any of this.”

Sarah bit her lip, wishing she could see Dan’s face, but Lester held the screen toward himself. She wasn’t entirely sure if her husband was still there with the lack of sound from his end. Sarah pushed her pussy against Lester’s thick shaft and rose, inch by inch, until her pussy was positioned directly over Lester’s surging cock head. Without waiting for permission or another denial, she slowly lowered herself down on it.

Lester’s fat cockhead pushed her lips aside, then gradually disappeared inside of her.

“Fffffuuckk,” Sarah moaned. Lester was pointing the camera up at her face now, capturing her reaction to taking in his cock. She looked at him seductively, pleading to the camera and Lester for more as she lowered herself further.

“Stop,” Lester said, his hand on her hip. Sarah shot him a disappointed look. Lester pointed the camera at his cock and her pussy again, “See that, Danny? I think that’s about your whole length. What I’ve got inside her right now.”

He panned the phone down to the bottom of his shaft, showing him the extra exposed inches of his throbbing shaft still not in Sarah yet, “We’ve got a long way to go until she’s properly filled up. How’s it feel knowing I touch parts of your wife you’ll never be able to? Hell, your fingers probably can’t even get as deep as my cock can. And that’s not even considering how much wider I spread her pussy open.”

“Okay, Sarah, all the way down now. Make sure Danny sees how much of my cock you can take,” Lester said. Sarah bit her lip and nodded, lowering herself down Lester’s massive appendage, inch by heavenly fucking inch. Lester kept switching the camera to frame her face and then lower to show Dan as his cock slowly disappeared within her.

Finally, Lester was fully embedded inside of her, and the lust-racked wife took a second to breathe and adjust to his size. All the while Lester was filming her reaction, “Faces you’ve never seen on her, right little buddy? Sarah, you ever notice how Danny just doesn’t talk or respond when we’re fucking? Weird right? Like I kind of want an ‘atta boy’ or high five, ya know? I mean, I am doing his

job in keeping you satisfied. Or should we call it my job now that we're in a throuple? It's hard to keep straight."

Sarah groaned. Lester's cock felt so fucking good inside of her. She needed this. Needed to feel this full. Through half-closed eyes, she stared down at the obese monster that was Lester. His wispy hair on his head was out of control like a dishevelled mad scientist. She knew it signalled a lack of proper care and hygeine but her body didn't care. To her, in that moment, it told her that he didn't care about anything else, other than being with her. Other than making her feel amazing. She bit her lip and found herself drawn to his scruffy and unkempt look.

"All I know is now I'm bringing home the bacon and giving Sarah what she needs." With that, Lester thrust his hips up, pushing deeply into Sarah and making her jump with pleasure. "You're kinda expendable at this point, little buddy."

"Fuckkk Lester," Sarah moaned, her jaw hanging open as she looked past the phone, locked on Lester's glaring beady eyes. He felt so fucking good, better than the last time. She felt so full, fuller than she had earlier with Dan.

"I needed this," Sarah panted. She ran her arms up Lester's body, almost ignoring the camera entirely. Lester eagerly angled the camera to catch every move she made.

"Tell Danny," Lester said. Sarah gave Lester a naughty smile and looked down at the back of his phone.

"I needed this," she whispered huskily. She licked her lips and gave Dan a special message, "I didn't get what I needed today."

"And what did you need, baby?" Lester whispered.

"Lester," She moaned into the phone's camera, "I needed Lester."

Lester's smirk grew, and he laid back as far as he could, holding his phone close to his chest to point it up at Sarah's beautiful form. He captured her as she eagerly rode his cock, up and down, her mouth quivering with pleasure. She threw her head back in ecstasy, her hands grasping her breasts. She played with herself, palms pressing into her firm nipples, all the while Dan stayed silent on the other end.

She both hated and loved his silent complacency. Sarah looked down at Richard lying there, unconsciously playing a part in a wicked threesome. Or foursome, she reminded herself. It was all so deliciously fucked up. She knew Lester liked fucking with people. She knew Dan got off on being humiliated. So she decided to lean into both urges.

She bit her lip and leaned forward, giving Dan a great view of her ample hanging breasts. She continued to frantically ride Lester's cock, it hurt so good, felt so right inside her. She stifled a soft moan. "Dan, he's, he's going to make me cum."

The words were like music to Lester's ears. He was half tempted to look down at his screen and see Dan's reaction, but Sarah was a much more appetizing vision to look at. Sarah's little whispers toying with her husband were cute, and all but Lester wanted to kick things up a notch. Pull them both into his own perverse fantasies, letting the couple act them out without either one realizing it.

"Did you tell him?" Lester asked as he strenuously pumped his misshapen hips up off the bed, "Does he know?"

“No,” Sarah said. A confused look momentarily appeared on her face, then quickly disappeared, replaced by the seductive look of a willing accomplice. “I was waiting for you to do the honors.”

“Good girl,” Lester said, letting one of his hands trace up Sarah’s thigh and hold her hip in a domineering fashion. She was finally his. It might not be tonight, but he knew it would happen soon, once her hormones regulated. She wasn’t on her birth control anymore. To Dan and Sarah, the words would all just be the pretense of dirty talk, but he knew the truth behind them.

Lester suppressed a cackle as he watched Sarah ride him. Ride him with her fertile body on his naked, unprotected cock.

“Danny,” Lester said, unable to wipe the shit-eating grin off his face, “We’re trying.” He stopped himself from saying more, his laughter almost bursting out.

Dan didn’t respond, but Lester could hear his pathetic breathing and the sound of ruffling coming from his phone. He didn’t care to look at his roommate’s face. Lester controlled himself and continued, “Sarah, Sarah’s stopped her birth control. And I got my operation reversed.”

Sarah cocked her head, trying to read him. He thrust his unfit hips up off the bed to silence her.

“Ughnmhmmmm,” She moaned, her hands slapping down on his gut to brace herself for the pounding from below. She panted hard, and her pussy tightly squeezed his pistoning cock. She loved all of this.

“Your wife is unprotected,” Lester said, “You really should have stopped her from leaving tonight. You just let her walk out the door to be impregnated. Fucking cuck.”

Sarah shivered on top of him, her blonde hair framing her beautiful face as she sucked in a hissed breath. She opened her eyes and looked up at Lester with the rawest, most animalistic fuck me eyes he’d ever seen from her. She was practically glowing with incandescent lust.

“We didn’t want you to miss out on the moment,” Lester said, “Sarah wanted you to be there at the conception of the next mouth you’re gonna have to feed. We decided to try for at least one more.”

“Fuck baby,” Sarah racked her nails against his sunken chest and bloated gut as she rode him cowgirl. Lester wanted to flip her over and pound her. To really drive into her spread-eagled when he unleashed his cum into her. But there was something wicked about watching her willingly ride him to the point of no return, pushing him up into her of her own will, accepting it and letting it happen.

And a perverted part of Lester wanted Dan to sit there and watch the insemination happen. He never cared or got off on Dan being there. But he did take great pleasure in inflicting mental scars on the man, and this could be another, perhaps the greatest of them all. Sarah’s complicity in the act made it feel like his cock had never been harder than it was in this moment.

“I’m sorry,” Sarah said huskily, staring down at the phone, “I didn’t know how to tell you. I know we always talked about stopping at two, but…god Dan…”

Sarah was playing her part perfectly, but she didn’t know how close to reality what she was saying was. “Just the thought of Lester cumming in me and knocking me up….at first it was just a fantasy but fuck…I can’t….I want it to happen, Dan…God, I need him to….I want him to explode inside me completely unprotected and do it. Do it. FFuuckk…”

“Don’t be sorry,” Lester said, comfortingly rubbing her thigh as he filmed her, “Danny wants this to happen. Otherwise, he’d speak up, right?”

Amidst her involuntary expressions of lust and pleasure, she managed to give him a knowing smile, “Dan, you want Lester to put a baby in me? To fuck your wife like crazy until he finally claims me completely like this? By making my belly swell with another child? Is that what you want, Dan?”

Lester chanced a glance down at the screen. Dan’s face was an intense mix of arousal and anger. Surprisingly, both of his hands were visible, balled into fists. Lester noted that the man wasn’t jerking off as expected of the sad cuckold he’d become. It looked like he was trying to muster the mental fortitude to respond. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, Lester pressed the mute button on the screen.

Sarah licked her lips, expectantly, waiting to savor her husband’s reply. All the while, she slowly teased herself, riding up and down Lester’s staggering cock at a snail’s pace. Dan’s mouth was moving on the phone screen, visible only to his roommate. Lester looked up at Sarah, “I guess he does, otherwise he would say something, right?”

“Okay. Fuck. Okay,” Sarah breathed as she increased her pace, eyes locked on her obese lover’s. Lester felt her vaginal walls tighten around his cock, and he gave a couple of lazy thrusts up into her in response. Sarah’s mouth hung open agape with each one. “We’re doing this,” she breathed, fully getting into the fantasy, letting it run rampant through her mind, “Lester’s really going to knock me up. Your fat, creepy slob of a roommate is going to impregnate your wife. This is what you want? Is my husband really going to let this happen? That’s so, sooo fucked up.”

“It’s fucking pathetic,” Lester growled. He held the phone and leaned his arm against the cheap plywood headboard, propping it up so the screen faced the wall. He was done fucking the young mother with one hand. He grabbed both of Sarah’s lithe hips and pulled her down onto his straining cock.

“Ughhhhhhh…mhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned, rolling her hips in time with Lester’s angry thrusts. She was already working herself up to an orgasm. She planted her hands on Lester’s chest, then slid them up to his slumping shoulders and started licking his hairy chest while her perfect ass worked up and down the contours of his ridiculously large cock. The angle felt amazing. Between loving licks, she whisper-groaned, “Fuck. Close.”

Lester ran his hands over her hips and ass, letting the woman he owned do her thing. She bucked spastically up and down on him, her tongue bathing his skin in cool saliva. She pushed herself up so that she was face to face with Lester, looking into his beady eyes, “Feels so good, Lester. I’m almost there.”

“Cum for me, Sarah, give me one. Squeeze me. I have buckets of my cum to dump into you tonight,” Lester breathed foully.

“Fuck I want it. I want it, Lester. I want all your cum. Fuck, please,” Sarah’s eyes rolled shut as she focused on the sensations of Lester’s disproportionately grandiose cock sliding in and out of her sopping slit. She pushed her ass up and down, taking his cock in her pussy, sliding against the rough ridges of her G-Spot.

An entirely new feeling began coalescing in her stomach. It had the tingling of a massive orgasm, but it felt deeper somehow, like it was bubbling up from where her mind connected with her body. In an instant, something essential felt like it broke, and all at once, a tsunami of pleasurable fire seemed to rip through the break and spread out across her quaking body. Her toes curled, and she forgot how to breathe as all her muscles tightened in excruciating rapture. Sarah’s mouth hung open, twisted in

ecstasy as her orgasm hit her in exultant waves, spiralling across every inch of her soul. “Guuuhhh-Mhmmmmmmmmmm-Uhhohhhhhhhh.”

“Not sure Danny knows that sound,” Lester muttered to himself in awe of the shaking wife’s display. Sarah’s pussy squeezed his cock like a vice and stayed perfectly still, gripping the bulky girth mid-shaft for several seconds. Once Lester heard Sarah take a breath, both of his fat hands dug into the skin of her hips. He hoisted up his sizable waist and speared her pussy deep with his overgrown cock.

“Uhhhh,” Sarah said, caught utterly off guard. Lester dropped his jutting hips back down to the bed, then repeated the emphatic movement, lifting Sarah’s body up with him. Each time she inhaled sharply in response. It took three or four thrusts for her to begin to catch her breath and start aggressively pounding back down onto him, “Uhhh.”

Lester’s grungy hands were all over her now. Her toned back, her bubble-shaped ass, her sloping breasts. He was hungry for her, hungry to plant his sloshing seed deep within her fertile womb. Sarah ground her hips down on Lester’s towering cock, agonizing over how amazing it felt inside of her as it touched deeper than Dan or any other man had ever been. Ignited more of the nerve endings inside of her, filling her with life-altering pressure. The urgency of his hands on her body made her wetter than she could ever remember, but this beast of a man was in no danger of slipping out of her. Not when there was so fucking much of him.

Lester again pushed his hips up hard, pushing Sarah further up off the bed. He felt like this must be what a fucked up yoga pretzel pose felt like, but then Sarah’s eyes closed while her mouth expelled a held breath. It was worth the exertion. With another huff of breath, he dropped his jiggling hips to bed, eliciting another loud moan from the sexy mother of two. Lester kicked his leg out in exertion, and it hit something hard. He didn’t have time to look, but he suspected it was Richard’s head. As he thrust up again, he gave it another boot for good measure.

Sarah responded to the motion, “God Lester. Fuck. Feels so good, baby. Sooo good.”

“It’s gonna feel even better when my cum explodes into you. Hitting every part of you, filling you up, making you…”

“...Knocked up,” Sarah finished his sentence, “Making me pregnant! Putting your baby in me! Fucking it into me! Fuck I’m gonna have Lester’s baby, Dan.”

“Beg for it,” Lester said as Sarah’s well fucked pussy squeezed his cock firmly again. She felt amazing, wrapped around him. It felt deeper than any connection she’d ever experienced. He stared up at her, her beautiful face staring back at him with an unquenchable blaze of want and desire. Looking at him like he was the only thing that mattered to her. The phone had been completely forgotten as they held each other’s loving gaze. Lester’s giant balls prickled, an early sensation of his impending eruption.

“Please, Lester. Please do it. Do it. Fuck. Explode in me. I want to feel your cum pouring out of me,” Sarah humped on his piercing cock. Each time she went up and down, her mouth seemed to quiver. As the words poured out of her, she repeatedly slammed herself down on him faster and faster. There was a light sheen of sweat on her immaculate face and shoulders. Lester’s hips thrashed wildly up off the bed, meeting her downward momentum. He kicked Richard in the head again in their passionate frenzy.

“I need to feel your cum, make me pregnant, Lester. Knock me up. Fuck. Make me a mommy, Lester. I want it!” Sarah cried, pounding down so hard on his inflated cock. Sarah let the words slip from her mouth, lost in the sensations of Lester’s giant cock deep inside of her. She’d say anything to keep feeling like this.

Lester grabbed both sides of her face and pulled her lips down to meet his. They mashed together, tongue and teeth. A kiss as ugly as it was fiery. Both of them hungry for the other. Their tongues clashed, battling for supremacy in each other’s mouths, swirling around ferally, exploring every inch of the other’s open oral cavity.

They parted, a strand of saliva breaking between them, both panting hard, each of them fucking the other into delightful oblivion. For a moment, Sarah forgot all about her birth control pills and felt like she was actually on the verge of being impregnated again. Being knocked up by this beast of a man, by their outlier on the edge of society. But she didn’t stop for a single second. Not even to give it a moment’s thought.

“I’m gonna cum,” Lester declared in a bellowing voice. Someone in the room next door knocked hard on their wall, angry at the interruption.

Sarah slammed back down onto Lester, his declaration and its consequences clear in her mind.

“Do it!” Sarah screamed, “Cum for me, Lester! Cum…Mhmmm….FUCK CUM. GIVE IT TO ME.”

“GONNA,” Lester breathed hard, “GONNA KNOCK YOU THE FUCK UP.”

“DO IT!” Sarah screamed in his face. She pushed forward and kissed his lips again. Lester’s body was thrashing beneath hers as they fucked athletically. She broke the kiss and in a hoarse whisper, said, “Knock me up, big boy. Fill me with your seed. I want your cum. Drench me. I want it. Make a baby in me.”

Lester roared, his hips raising off the bed as he rammed his cock as deep into Sarah as he possibly could. She held onto him, wrapped around him with both her arms and legs. She clenched down with her pussy around his cock, feeling every inch, every twist, every vein of his perfect organ. As she did, her body shuddered, and she screamed as an incredible orgasm tore through her shaking form.

The knock from the other side of the wall came again, and the sound left her conscious brain as everything, every stimulus and sensation seemed to swirl together inside her. She was a mass of writhing, pleasure, fireworks going off inside of her, her eyes rolling back until just the whites of her eyes were exposed as her head tilted back to face the ceiling. She lost her breath as her body tensed to a breaking point, and a fluid warmth spread through her in a mind-blowing, nuclear chain orgasm.

Then the awaited event happened. Lester’s cock expanded inside of her, and she felt a magnified waterfall of splattering cum deluge inside of her, blasting across her insides, bathing her in gouts of Lester’s hot, sticky, forbidden baby-making batter. It felt so thick and heavy as it poured into her. It was impossibly scalding, and her body rocked as another unthinkable orgasm rose up out of nowhere, dwarfing the detonation before it and crashing down on her writhing form, making her go completely limp.

Sarah’s exhausted body fell onto Lester’s, forcing him down to the bed as she continued convulsing in abject mind-shattering pleasure. Lester’s cock kept emptying itself inside her fertile pussy. Loads and loads of Lester’s illicit swimmers blasted into Sarah, exploring each part of her, flowing down his balls to stain the unclean comforter.

They breathed hard together, a hot sticky mire of limbs and fluids, lying together connected as one entity. They both drifted off to sleep contentedly, completely forgetting the cellphone that had fallen onto the floor.

***

Across town, Renee was seated on a barstool. She was supposed to be at her book club, but when she arrived, she saw a text saying it had been cancelled. James was already off playing pool with some of his friends, and she didn't want to go home to an empty house. But she hadn't explicitly planned on going to a bar.

She sat there, hesitantly drinking her fine wine, aware that men were looking at her. She wondered if any of them would approach her. She'd stopped at the first place she'd seen, and normally, she wouldn't ever step foot in a place like this, let alone on this block. It was what she could only describe as 'seedy.'

But she sat there and sipped at her drink. When it was done, there was an itch she just had to scratch. It had been plaguing her. Always there at the back of her mind at the most inappropriate times. She slid off the barstool and headed toward the bathrooms. The hallway was gross, the walls looked sticky, but she soldiered on.

Just a quick bathroom break and I'll go, she told herself. She found the door marked for women and went inside. It was just a single stall, and she locked the door behind her. She glanced at the wall but didn't see what had filled so many of her recent dreams. There was no hole in the wall. No hungry man on the other side.

She shook her head. It was stupid. She shouldn't even be here. Without using the facilities, she went back out to the bar to settle up. As she did, a man approached her. She saw him coming from across the bar, his eyes trailing her up and down. He looked like the kind of rough-and-tumble man a sub-contractor might hire for manual labor. Before he could get any closer, she dropped a ten on the bar and hurried out the door to her car.

As she drove off, peeling out of the run-down neighborhood she was acutely aware of a hot dampness starting in her panties.

***

The phone rang twice before Marcus answered it. He didn't check the number but muted himself on the video call.

"Marcus," he said, watching the screen. One of the scientists in their cognitive divergence division was presenting on results from one of their latest test subjects. How he'd scored on his most recent test. It was promising to see how much he'd changed after their repeated nudging and influence while the man slept.

The integrated audio and visual system built into the house had made their delivery system all too easy. And the scientists could even test and deploy new hallucinogenic messages remotely.

"It's me," a deep voice said from the other end of the line.

"Right," he said, recognizing the voice. It wasn't a high-priority call, but it was the one he'd been waiting for. The on-screen demonstration was much more promising for the future of the Lincoln Group and its benefactors than whatever information the caller could provide. "What do you have?"

“Interesting stuff here. Fucked up stuff, actually. Maybe it’s something in the water here, but I followed ‘em. The guy, Lester, from the hospital. I don’t know how he does it. But get this, he overlaps with the other people you sent me to look at.”

Marcus rolled his eyes. *Obviously.* He didn’t say it; he always kept his information siloed, especially from those in the field.

After a bit of silence, the man continued, “Anyways, the blonde, Sarah, she’s got two kids and, as you know, she’s married to Dan Williams. Well, get this, she’s some kind of freak, right? Pulling behind a gas station in the middle of the day just to have a go at herself. Later that night, Lester picks her up from her house, where her husband is just standing there, letting her go with him. So fucked up, right? Well, it gets even weirder. They go to a bar, and she heads inside. Then Lester gets out of his car and goes into the parking lot, gets in another car for a few minutes, then gets back in his own car. Sarah then comes out with another man and leaves with him in his car, the one Lester had gone into. Our boy Lester tails them back to this rundown motel. Sarah and the guy go in, and then Lester follows them after a few minutes. There was a gap in the curtain, and I could see inside after Lester had gone into the same room as Sarah and the old man she’d picked up.”

“The old man was passed out on the bed, while they fucked, loud too. All about knocking her up and stuff while he filmed it.”

Marcus tapped the desk with his fingers. It was a messier situation than he’d expected, but none of it had to do with Lester hacking into their network.

“Anything else?” Marcus asked.

“They both woke up in the middle of the night and left the room with the old dude still passed out. He drove her home. I didn’t stay to see what happened with the old man.”

“I want you to get into Lester’s office at work and take pictures of everything, got it? Don’t be seen.”

“I know how to do my job,” the voice said before the line cut out.

Marcus rolled his eyes again and filed the information away for later. He unmuted himself and returned to his meeting to see what developments were coming from their other divisions.

Here we are at the end of February. Did this month fly by for anyone else? Anyways, things seem to be getting a bit better on my end (fingers crossed). We'll see if that holds. I really hope it does.

But lets get to the good stuff shall we? First, here's Toxic Attraction Chapter 39. A lot happens in this chapter and it was blast to write it. I hope its a fun read for you as well. In the next few days I'll finish editing Neighborhood Encounter five and get that one up on here too.

Lets dive into 39.

“Just stop,” Dan said firmly into the phone, watching Sarah enthusiastically ride his disgusting roommate. He waited for his loving, yet estranged wife to slow but she never even slowed down. She just kept riding that slob’s massive organ. “Sarah, stop. Pineapple. For fuck’s sake.”

It had taken all of Dan’s willpower to finally voice the words raging through his head. Having already cum to the scene on the phone had helped clear his mind, too. But Sarah didn’t stop moving, her face contorted in pure sick pleasure. The arousal that had been pumping through his veins dissipated, and Dan felt his heart begin to sink. His chest felt heavy as the lurid scene continued to unfold. Then the camera shifted, and he had a new view of Sarah, mostly obstructed by Lester’s pudgy arms that were grabbing at her hips.

He couldn’t tear his eyes away from the screen, ashamed that his cock was still hard watching his wife being thoroughly defiled. A text message from Tricia popped up at the top of the screen, but he quickly swiped it away.

Sarah and Lester shifted, and the phone spun dizzyingly before going black. Dan ended the call and lay back in his bed. He looked over himself in disgust. On a whim, he opened Tricia's message.

T: I need it.

It took Dan a second to understand what she was saying. In his last message, he’d asked what needed his special attention. Dan fired back a response.

D: Professionally?

T: Maybe.

Dan sighed, knowing he was moving down a dangerous road. But he’d just watched his wife riding his obese roommate begging to be impregnated in their far-out-of-control bedroom fantasy. Dan and Sarah had briefly reconnected, but now it felt like they were still oceans apart. Dan decided, not for the first time, that he needed to do something to change his situation.

D: Let’s talk once Sentinel hires me full-time.

T: Negotiating? Now? Gotta admit, that’s kind of hot.

D: What would it take to make that happen?

T: There’s already been chatter about it. I’m sure I can tip the scales. But you’ll owe me.

D: Oh yeah? And what would you want?

T: I’m sure you can guess.

D: I have a pretty good imagination.

T: Kinky.

Dan put the phone on the bedside table and ran his hands over his face. He didn't want to sleep on the futon tonight. He was going to sleep in his own damn bed. He pushed himself up and crossed to the door, going down the hallway to check on the girls. They were sleeping soundly, blissfully unaware of the issues between their parents. He pulled the door shut and rested his forehead against it, longing for simpler times.

Downstairs in the kitchen, he poured himself a glass of water and tried to calm himself down. The laptop was still open on the dining room table. The same table that Lester had so blatantly taken Sarah on during their recent dinner conversation.

He'd reformatted and updated Sarah's resume for her, a token sign of his effort in still wanting her, wanting them, to succeed. He'd even found a few jobs nearby, and in Chicago, she was qualified for, and had them printed out and had arranged them in a neat stack. Why did he even bother? It all seemed so pointless in the face of being ignored and emasculated on the phone again.

Dan so wanted this day to be over. He went upstairs and crawled into their marital bed, pulling the sheets over him. He lay on his side, eyes closed, but his brain wasn't turning off. The mental images of Sarah's seductive face, moaning and screaming in pleasure, were burned into his mind. He drifted in and out of consciousness. In and out of reality. His fleeting dreams were filled with visions of Sarah and Lester. His conscious thoughts held the same pictures. Sometime in the middle of the night, or it may have been early morning, he heard the front door lock engage. A single set of footsteps slowly crept up the stairs and came to their bedroom entrance. Dan held his eyes shut and swore. Sarah stood there at the door, just looking at him for several seconds. He didn't stir.

She went into the bathroom and started a shower. Dan braced himself, waiting for a second set of footsteps. This set plodding and monotonous, but that sound never came. She was alone. The shower cut off after a few minutes, and Sarah slid into bed next to him. He didn't dare turn and look at her, afraid of what he'd see. Was she on her side, looking at him, waiting for him to say something? Or was she content, oblivious to his pain, perhaps she'd turned away and was facing the wall?

Dan just lay there until he drifted off to more uncomfortable dreams.

***

Sarah had slept in way longer than she would've if she'd still been working at the hospital. She'd loved her routine of making coffee, getting the girls off to school and then fully attacking her workday. She'd prided herself on being the most capable person at the hospital and getting the most done in her day. Sure, her job wasn't as directly impactful on patient health outcomes as a surgeon, doctor, or even a nurse's, but she helped in ways often overlooked or unseen by patients and staff. She kept everything running.

Now she woke to an empty house. Dan was gone, presumably he'd dropped the girls off at school. She checked the time on her phone and groaned. Almost noon.

The events of the night before slowly returned to her mind. Her rendezvous with Richard, luring him to the hotel and then….her insane lovemaking session with Lester.

"Lovemaking," Sarah scoffed at herself. But she couldn't deny that's what it had felt like. They shared something more than just fucking now. Sure, sometimes it was just getting pounded, but last night, their dirty talk….part of her almost believed what they were saying to each other.

She sat up with a groan and put her head in her hands. Her skull was throbbing, and she made her way to the bathroom to pop a Tylenol. She felt some of Lester's warm cum seep down her leg, and she quickly wiped it up. Before bed, she'd gone into the shower to clean herself up, but still some of his generous load was embedded inside of her. While she was there, she grabbed her birth control pill and swallowed it. As it hit her tongue, it tasted funny, but she quickly forgot about it, moving downstairs on autopilot for coffee.

The pot dripped excruciatingly slowly as she swayed unsteadily. Finally, her cup was full, and she tasted the warm heavenly nectar, giving her brain the wake-up call it needed. She spotted Dan's laptop and papers on the dining room table, and she moved over to see what he'd done.

She picked up the first sheet of paper and saw a new resume for herself, professionally formatted and updated with her recent experience. She couldn't remember the last time she'd even made a resume, and the idea of making one had been a barrier to her even wanting to start her job search. She put her resume down and looked at the other stack, which was printed and stapled job postings. She took the papers and her coffee to the couch and thumbed through them.

Some of them were actually interesting. Better than that, she didn't feel intimidated by any of the jobs. She knew she was more than qualified and could kick ass in these roles. None were on the level of hospital CEO, but all of them would be fine for the short term.

"Thanks, Dan," Sarah said to the air, feeling the knot tighten in her chest. He was still there for her. After everything. She'd wanted to ask him about last night. What he thought of it. Why hadn't he spoken up? She knew when he was really turned on, he'd just freeze, his brain unable to process what he was seeing. Not wanting it to stop.

She grabbed her phone and texted him, "Thank you." She didn't know where he was, but she'd give him space. Things were delicate, and she didn't want to push. Another notification at the top of the screen caught her attention. She opened Instagram and saw a request to follow her. Otis.

She scrunched her nose up seeing his name, but clicked through to his profile. It was exactly as she expected: shirtless pictures of the man, him posing with a beer or guns. Lots of political ramblings. She denied his request. She had enough going on right now and didn't want to allow that kind of additional chaos into her life. Though a small smile played at her lips, thinking of their encounters in the hospital. While she regretted them on the whole, she couldn't deny that she'd fully enjoyed her time with the former janitor.

She opened her texts and didn't see anything new from Lester. That irritated her. Especially after last night. She fired him a message.

S: Anything new happening there?

After a few seconds, the three little dots appeared, followed by Lester's response.

L: Yup.

She stared at the screen waiting, but a follow-up response never came.

S: And? What's happening?

L: Richard stumbled in late.

Sarah was getting frustrated, but Lester sent her another text before she could type one.

L: Talk later. Don't want to text about it.

Sarah stared at the words for a minute before they clicked for her. He didn't want to leave a trail back to either of them. She hadn't thought of that. Lester's level of conniving always surprised her. It should be worrying, but she found it a comfort in situations like this one.

L: Did you have fun?

Sarah licked her lips and texted back.

S: Oh, I did. It was quite explosive.

L: Did you take a pregnancy test yet? Did I knock you up?

Sarah shook her head and rolled her eyes, thinking of the impossibility of what he was suggesting. They were double-protected, but she was getting turned on that Lester was bringing up his fantasy. She'd be lying if she said it didn't turn her on, too.

S: I don't know, I think you're going to have to try a few more times to make sure it happens…

S: …Daddy

L: I'll fill you up as many times as I have to.

Sarah smiled, thinking of the stream of cum that had still leaked out of her this morning. Before Lester, she hadn't known that a man could make that much cum.

S: Promises, promises.

Sarah put her phone down on the table, her eyes landing on the stack of job postings. After another cup of coffee, Sarah took the papers over to the laptop and decided now was the time to throw her hat into the ring again.

The links were all still open in the browser, and her resume was open in Word. She saved a PDF of her resume and started applying for jobs. Writing a cover letter for each one was annoying, but she powered through. One of the postings asked her to apply on LinkedIn. When she logged in, she was greeted by an out-of-date profile she had yet to update. But what caught her eye was a post in her network that was suddenly getting a lot of activity.

It was Richard's post from the night before. It looked just like a drunk rambling DM. The message bashed the hospital, some of the board members and really made Richard look bad. It was a surprise he hadn't taken the post down yet. Sarah's jaw dropped open when she saw that there were over 200 comments and reactions on the post. Scrolling through them, Sarah saw several of the named board members and other notable hospital community members.

"He's cooked," Sarah said, pushing herself back in her chair, staring at the screen in disbelief. Then a wide smile spread across her face. "He's done."

She sent Lester another text.

S: Saw a wild post on LinkedIn.

Lester just sent back a shocked emoji. Then, a link to a local news website. There was a story about a local, unnamed executive at the hospital who'd been arrested for fencing critical diabetic test strips online. There was even a picture taken in front of Mary's house.

S: I want to fuck you.

L: Soon

Sarah pushed away from the table. She'd work on the rest of the applications later. At the moment, she was too turned on to think properly. She marched up to her room, clutching her phone in her hand. Pulling open a drawer, she rooted around until she found a vibrator that hadn't been used in a long time.

She pressed the button and smiled as it started to pulsate in her hand. The batteries were still good. Sarah laid down on the bed, dropped her panties and touched it to herself. Her eyes tightened in pleasure, and she started to suck in small breaths. Lazily, she opened her phone and sent Lester a text.

S: Send me a pic of your cock.

L: Why

S: I need it. Now.

Sarah threw her head back down and went to town on herself, working the shaft of her vibrator inside herself. Her thighs clamped around it, and she turned on her side, running, bucking her hips against it. Her phone dinged, and she slid it open to see a picture of Lester's massive cock filling her screen. It was from his office, but that detail didn't matter to her. She stared hungrily at its veins, how thick it was and how her phone's screen couldn't contain it.

"Fuckk," Sarah whispered to herself. Her eyes alternated between closing and being lost in pleasure to looking at her phone through her slitted lids. Another picture of Lester's cock head appeared in the chat, and Sarah moaned, "Mhmmm."

S: Don't stop.

Another picture, this time of Lester's giant, hairy, heavy balls, came in. Sarah pressed a button, and the vibrator's speed increased. Her head lolled to the side, and she worked the amazing invention in and out of her. Her phone dinged again, and another shot of Lester appeared; this time it was his gross lips with his tongue sticking out of his mouth.

Sarah groaned, her eyes locked on his disgusting tongue. She licked her own lips, imagining how that fat tongue tasted. Another picture. Lester's ugly face. Another picture, Lester's shirtless body,

"Mhmmmmfffmmm," Sarah moaned. She felt it. It was close. Just a small one. Right around the corner. "Mhmmmm….Lester…..mhmmmmlessterrr….god…"

Sarah stared at Lester's shirtless, disgusting, oddly proportioned body. She craved it. Sarah's mind was lost in lust. She pushed her vibrator in and screamed hoarsely as she came. An erupting warmth spreading out from her pussy and flooding into her entire body. Sarah dropped her phone. The mental image of Lester burned into her mind as her vision blurred, her eyes closed, and she saw stars.

"Fuck…." Sarah groaned in the aftershocks of her orgasm. She pulled her vibrator out and dropped it onto the sheets as she fell back to sleep.

***

Lester sat in a meeting room with the other remaining executives at the hospital. Notably absent was Richard. But on the large projector screen in front of them was John Walsh, a member of the board. Lester was eagerly casting glances around the room, watching each of their reactions in turn.

Lester's face held contempt and worry, but beneath the surface, Lester was gleeful. It was a new sensation to be inside the belly of the beast when one of his machinations had successfully attacked it. He'd taken down the systems of over a dozen companies through the years and always wondered what it would be like to be a fly on the wall as they panicked and strategized on the inside. He'd seen some of that when they'd first brought him in to help with the ransomware attack he himself had orchestrated.

"Richard is stepping down as CEO," Mr. Walsh said to the room from the screen. "We misjudged his character when we recruited him, and for that, the board would like to apologize to you and your teams. We should have gone with our other choice at the time, but regrettably, that is no longer possible."

Lester met the eyes of his fellow executives, matching their shocked disbelief. He mirrored their shaking heads and distraught appearances. While hanging on to John's every word.

"Some of you may have seen Richard's unfortunate LinkedIn post before he took it down," John sighed into the camera. "Suffice to say, he was trying to message someone else privately while accidentally posting it to his wall. The content of that post, combined with other emails and communications he sent are the reason for his dismissal. The role of the CEO should be to lead the hospital and improve patient outcomes, and the board feels that Richard no longer possesses the tools necessary to accomplish that."

"The content of some of those other communications is quite sensitive and will not be repeated here. The board has been made aware of a handful of them. Unfortunately, we expect at least one will result in a lawsuit against Richard and, possibly, the hospital. As I am sure many of you are aware, after the hospital's recent ransomware attack, we cannot afford another public controversy. It is critical that we maintain the faith and trust of our community. If asked about Richard or the lawsuit, simply say you can't discuss it. If issues or questions continue to be directed to you, please get in contact with the hospital attorney who has been briefed and is standing by."

Lester could feel the tension in the room. He wished he could taste it. It was palpable, and the only thing better would be fucking Sarah on the table in front of everyone and rubbing his ability to do so in all of their faces.

"The board is immediately conducting an extensive and exhaustive search for a new CEO that can pick up the pieces from this and lead the hospital to a new and prosperous future," John added, "I am back to being your point person on all corporate matters for the time being until that new person is in place."

When John disconnected from the meeting. The other executives just sat in silence for a few moments before quickly devolving into petty gossip about Richard and the new allegations. Lester stayed silent, observing how these so-called corporate executives were nothing more than teenagers in business outfits, just like the rest of corporate America.

The system was broken and run by idiotic performative children. It didn't take long for everyone to start filing out, going back to their respective domains across the hospital. Lester headed down to his gutted IT department. When he left, which would be soon, this place was going to crash and burn. He was holding it together on his own, and whoever took his position after him would need to restaff

and retrain from the ground up. With Richard gone, Lester had a great, plausible reason to depart. He'd say he didn't want to be involved with a team like the one Richard had personally put together.

Lester pushed open the door to his office and looked around. He'd only been in here briefly this morning before the meeting, but he had the same sense of unease as before. There was something off about his office, but he couldn't place his finger on exactly what it was. He hefted himself into his chair and checked out his surroundings. Running his hands over his desk, he couldn't find anything different. His mouse was slightly askew, but that wasn't out of the ordinary.

He sat with a frown, examining his surroundings. His phone chimed, pulling him out of his observations. He cocked an eyebrow. It wasn't who he expected.

Sarah's mother's message surprised him.

R: Can we talk later this week? I'd like to ask more about the sort of things that happened in Chicago.

L: What sort of things are you talking about?

Lester sent a message to Sarah while he waited for Renee's response.

L: So what do I get for sending you those pics?

Lester didn't need to wait long before another message came in.

R: I'd rather talk than message, if that's okay.

L: Sure, Renee, how about tonight?

Three dots appeared, then disappeared. She was trying to compose a response and was second-guessing herself. Lester smiled and pressed his advantage.

L: I'm actually in Middleton on business, but leaving in the morning. I'm heading overseas and won't be able to talk while I'm away. Let's meet and talk face to face.

He knew Sarah's mother was nonconfrontational and accommodating. He just needed to tip the balance in the right way to make things happen.

The three dots appeared, but before her message appeared, Lester fired off another one.

L: I have to run to a meeting. Let's talk tonight. 7:30 at The Varnish. See you then.

The three dots disappeared, and Lester smirked to himself. *Gotcha.*

His phone chimed, and his smile grew even wider.

S: Me.

L: What time?

S: Once the girls are asleep.

L: I'll come around nine.

S: Don't be late. I need it.

L: You're gonna get it.

S: You better deliver big daddy.

***

Sarah watched from the kitchen as Dan wheeled his carry-on suitcase to the front door. He didn't look at her. She was annoyed by his silence. She was tired of how, one minute, he could be hot and the next, cold, like he was now. He'd come around and even taken her to bed, and now he wasn't even going to say goodbye. She'd invited Lester over for some fun and thought it might be a nice change of pace for Dan to be present, but now he was leaving. She debated for a second, not necessarily cancelling her plans, but she wanted to at least try to talk to her husband first.

Part of her wanted to just go upstairs and take a bath with a glass of wine. She couldn't believe he was going to act like such a child and just leave. Where was that assertive man she'd fallen in love with? The man she'd had two children with. She hadn't seen that guy for a long time.

She ground her teeth and walked to the edge of the kitchen, leaning against the doorframe, "Going to Washington or Chicago?"

"Washington," Dan said without looking at her, "It sounds like they might have something big for me."

"Sounds great," Sarah said sarcastically. She couldn't hold back her anger anymore, "Were you just going to leave without saying anything? What's going on?"

Dan dropped his luggage to the ground and slumped his shoulders. He sighed, "I don't know how much longer I can do this, Sarah. This back and forth. This up and down. It's killing me."

"It's killing me!" Sarah shouted. "You're the one who is acting like this. Why?"

"Why? Why?" Dan repeated, half laughing. She heard the hurt and pain in his voice. "Why the fuck do you think? I asked you to stop. I asked you to stop with Lester last night but you didn't. You just kept riding him. You chose him over me. Again."

"I didn't…" Sarah started, biting her tongue. The anger in his voice was setting her off. She wanted to snap at him. She couldn't hold it back, "You didn't say anything. You just sat there not saying anything, like you always do. Letting another man take your wife. Again."

"I did. I told you to stop. I even fucking said pineapple, but you didn't stop," Dan said. His phone buzzed, and he checked it. "My Uber is here."

"Whatever," Sarah said, "Go."

Dan slammed the door behind him. Sarah walked to the door and watched him get in the black sedan. Part of her wanted to go after him, the other part of her wanted to curl up on the couch and numb herself with a glass of wine.

She rested her forehead against the door as the sedan pulled away with her husband. *What the hell is happening to my life?* She thought back to when they'd gotten married and then when they'd had the girls. Their quiet nights together. The fun they'd had going out on dates. Her life had been perfect, exactly what she'd always wanted. How did they get here?

Her thoughts came back to how unreasonable Dan was being. It was like he was trying to push her away. He hadn't said anything on the phone and was probably just pissed at himself yet again for being overcome and freezing at the sight of her and Lester enjoying themselves together.

She still couldn't believe that Lester had fucked her in the same bed as her passed-out boss while her husband watched on the phone. It was deliciously fucked up and something only someone with a sour mind like Lester could come up with. He just loved fucking with people, and Sarah found an odd power there that she was attracted to.

Even as Sarah performed for the camera, her mind had been on Lester and his lovely cock. Part of her had wondered if Lester had even called Dan or if he was just recording her. Lester held the phone, but his eyes were always on her.

Lester held the phone. Lester enjoyed fucking with people. He especially enjoyed fucking with Dan. Could Lester have muted Dan on the call? Had Dan actually tried to stop them? Had her husband manned up and commanded her to stop? Would she have if she'd heard him?

Sarah quickly ran to the kitchen, grabbed her phone, and texted her husband.

S: I think Lester muted you on the call. I couldn't hear you say stop.

***

Dan read Sarah's text for the third time before turning his phone face down on his desk. He'd come right to the Sentinel offices after landing in Washington, eagerly burying himself in work to distract himself from continuing the conversation with Sarah. He was happy to be away. He didn't want to be anywhere near that house at the moment. If his daughters weren't there, he seriously didn't know if he'd ever go back.

It was too painful. Going around and around. The same issues, the same arguments, the same outcome. He was tired. Tired of feeling like shit. At least here, at Sentinel, he could be himself, his old self. The one who he really was, not the pathetic cuckold he found himself assuming the role of in Middleton.

Dan turned back to the current conversation. Carlos was sitting in Dan's cubicle, speaking in an animated yet hushed tone.

"I mean, it's kind of nerdy, I know, but a couple of us get together at lunch on Fridays. We book one of the meeting rooms on the third floor. There aren't many people using them, and most people on the third floor don't come into the office. " And no one else likes going all the way down there for meetings," Carlos said. "You could come and just check it out, right?" No commitment. Easy. Once you start with us full-time, you don't have to come every Friday, but it sounds fun, right?"

Dah held up his hands in defense, "Let's not put the cart before the horse. I don't have an offer yet. Hell, no one besides Tricia has even talked to me about it. I'm just gonna keep my head down and keep doing my work, alright?"

"Semantics, whatever," Carlos said with a shrug, "I hear it's gonna be a done deal. I didn't want to invite you before, since no one would be looking to bring in a part-timer to the game who might leave and throw off the dynamic. But since, or if, you get in full-time, you can join us now, right? Have you ever played D&D before?"

"Once," Dan said, shaking his head, "It wasn't the best experience."

"You probably had a shitty dungeon master," Carlos said without missing a beat, "Just wait until you meet Omar. He's from accounting, and he's the best. He comes up with some insane campaigns, and there's always a twist or a way to defeat the boss that you just don't realize. It's a ton of fun. We've

been running our current campaign for a few months now, and it's awesome. What class did you play as?"

"I don't know, I think it was some music guy or something like that. Everyone thought he was weak," Dan said.

"Bard probably," Carlos said, his fingers tapping the desk, "Not my favorite but they can be cool. Maybe I can help you come up with your build at lunch tomorrow if you want."

"Sure, man," Dan smiled at his new friend's eagerness. He didn't want to shut the guy down or tell him that he had no interest in D&D. It reminded him of his roommate and his fucked up situation, something he definitely didn't want to think about.

"Alright, coolio," Carlos said as he rolled up his sleeve to check his watch, "I gotta go. Meeting on redoing some of our technical SOPs."He made a gun with his hand and mimed shooting himself in the head, "Kill me now."

Carlos got up and left the cubicle, leaving Dan alone with his thoughts. He opened the Chrome browser on his computer and started typing in an address before thinking better of it. *Probably best not to do that on the company network.*

He turned his phone over, pointedly ignoring Sarah's message and opened Chrome, going to the address he'd memorized. He logged in, and his screen populated with several camera feeds of his house. He had a view of their bedroom, the master bathroom, the kitchen and the living room. Thankfully, the bed was empty, but so was the rest of the house. Sarah must have gone out.

Images of her riding Lester's cock in his car filled his mind until he got up to go for a walk.

***

Laster sat in the crowded bar parking lot as the sun was beginning to set over the small town of Middleton. He hadn't had a reason to come to the seedy part of town again lately, but it reminded him of some of the less-than-reputable neighbourhoods in Chicago that he liked to frequent. The ones with businesses like adult theatres would be shunned and ostracised, or gentrified out of nicer areas. The underbelly, where outliers like him could thrive.

He saw her car drive by once again. Lester couldn't keep the smirk from his face. It was the third time Renee had passed the bar, trying to work up her nerve to park and go inside. Lester just waited. Patience had always served him well.

Worst case, she drove home. In which case, Lester would go pay her daughter a visit for a night of festive debauchery and impregnation. Best case, she went in for a drink, and Lester pushed things further with her. Then he'd go and visit Sarah. In either scenario, he won. This was just a pleasurable distraction.

Lester's cock stiffened when her car finally pulled into the parking lot. She sat there for another five minutes before she finally composed herself and stepped out. Lester's eyes drank in her form. She was wearing plain jeans and a loose t-shirt, but there was no hiding her curves. Lester's eyes travelled up and down her form as she nervously walked across the parking lot, clutching her purse. She looked like she could be Sarah's older sister. From her blonde mane to her heavy chest and bubble butt, she had just about everything Lester liked in a woman.

When she disappeared inside, Lester opened the center console of his SUV and pulled the device out. The car shifted as he got out of it, and he took a roundabout way to the bar entrance, making

sure he passed Renee's car. He bent down as if to tie his shoe next to her rear wheel well and placed the magnetic device under the frame.

He straightened up and went inside. Tracking her could prove useful in the future, but he wasn't sure. It was another variable he could monitor and account for. Serendipitous meetings and all that. The bar was half full, but more people would filter in as they came off shift. Renee was sitting alone at a table, nervously playing with her glass of red wine. Lester hid his scowl and changed back into the nervous, meek roommate Renee had met with her husband, James.

He gave her a polite wave as she met his eye from across the bar. He scooted into the booth next to her as a waitress came over and asked for his order.

"Coke," Lester said, then remembered to add, "Please."

"Thank you for coming, Lester," Renee said over the music. Lester chuckled internally at her thanking him for attending his own setup date that he'd forced through. *So polite.*

"Of course, that's what friends are for, Renee," Lester said, turning his body to mirror hers. People were more at ease when you mirrored them. Their brains unconsciously took note of it and filed it away. Using Renee's name was also part of his game. People liked hearing their names repeated. It endeared you to them. "I was worried when I got your text. Is everything okay?"

"Yes, of course. Sorry to worry you. Everything is fine," Renee waved, "I just…wanted to find out more about…well…you know…it's a delicate topic…"

"Of course," Lester said with a smile, putting his hand on his heart. He held her gaze sincerely as he said, "I can be discreet, but I don't really know what you're looking for me to tell you."

Renee broke eye contact and played with her wine glass again, "I want to know what you know. What you've seen. I know you said Sarah and Dan were into some things, but I want to know what kind of things. All I know is the theater she went to when he was out of town."

Interesting. Lester thought. "Can I ask why you want to know? I know you care about your daughter. About both of them. But I don't know if I feel comfortable talking about things they'd rather keep secret, you know." Lester said carefully, trying to weave the needle.

"I just need to make sure Sarah is okay," Renee said.

Bullshit Lester thought. He wanted to ask her why she stayed in the bathroom of the bar in Chicago so long after she'd heard a woman was getting fucked in there. Or why she stared at his dick when he was naked back in the apartment. She was interested in learning more about what was possible.

"I've never seen her in any danger," Lester said, "But…"

"But what?" Renee asked.

"I don't know if I should say," Lester said, looking down at the table. Renee put her hand on Lester's arm, and his cock sprang away from his body. *Bingo.*

"Lester, please," Renee said, scooting closer to assure him. He looked up at her and saw the outline of her breasts through her t-shirt. He wanted to see what they looked like under there.

Lester let out an exaggerated sigh, trying to be sincere. "Okay, I guess I can tell you. They'd always have these dates when Sarah came into town. They wouldn't always say where they were going, but they'd come back sweaty and smelling like, like sex." He whispered the last word.

Renee's eyes widened.

"Sometimes when Dan would be at work. Sarah would go out on her own, too. She's sometimes come back in the same condition. Maybe she was just meeting Dan somewhere, or maybe she was doing something else. " I don't know," Lester watched Renee's face as she processed the information. "A couple of times they came back to the apartment and went into Dan's room." They weren't alone. I could hear them through the wall."

"Was..um…when they…went into the room," Renee stumbled over her words as her brain tried to process Lester's lies, "Was it with a….another woman…a man?"

"They were definitely men," Lester said.

"Men?" Renee asked, eyes wide.

"Yeah. The few times it was definitely another man, but there was one time where it was at least two guys. They wouldn't stop talking after uh, you know. IT. Even at like three in the morning. I had to bang on the wall to get them to be quiet."

Renee's jaw hung open as she fidgeted with her wine glass. Then she grasped it and downed its contents in one go.

Lester upped the ante, "One time I saw Dan's laptop open on the couch when he went to the bathroom. Don't say anything about this, please? Okay?"

Renee signalled the waitress for another glass and silently nodded her assent for Lester to continue. Lester slumped his shoulders and leaned in, "He was on a website for some kind of sex club in Chicago. It seemed like a club with all these different beds and stuff. I didn't get a good look at it, but I think couples go there to be watched or to…swap."

Renee gulped. The waitress put a new glass of wine in front of her, which Renee quickly took a drink of. "Well, that's… a lot. I'm not sure what to think here."

"I didn't want to get into it, but it feels good to say something to someone finally. I've been holding all that in for months, keeping their secrets. Thank you." Lester said.

"Thank you for telling me, Lester," Renee said with a thousand-yard stare. She was looking out at the rest of the bar. Lester could see the wheels turning in her head. Lester's eyes danced over her body, and his shit-eating grin broke through his meek demeanour. Renee's nipples were as hard as snowpeas.

Lester flagged down the waitress, "I think we need another round, please."

***

It was getting close to eight thirty, and Lester was surprised that Renee hadn't left the bar yet. Instead, she was complaining to him about things, particularly her husband and his lack of drive to do anything new. He liked eating the same meals and going to the same restaurants.

"There's just no surprise anymore," Renee said, swaying in her seat, "It's just the same thing over and over. The same bland food. On repeat. I want to try new things. I want to live. We're not senior citizens, not yet. There's still life yet to be lived."

Renee's eyes drifted up to the back wall of the bar again. The one with the bathroom sign. Lester could do the math. It wasn't the first time she'd looked back there. She wanted to take a look and

was working her nerve up again. Lester saw his opening and leaned in, “You know, it’s okay if you go to a different restaurant.”

Renee blinked her eyes at him, like she’d forgotten he was there. She’d been unloading her issues but had seemed to forget who she was talking to, “What do you mean, Lester?”

Thankfully, the music was louder now. More people packed the seedy bar, and Lester had to scooch closer to talk into her ear, “If James wants to eat at the same boring restaurant, that’s fine. But you can go to other ones too. Just to have a taste. Maybe dessert. Something sweet. He doesn’t even need to know.”

Renee pulled back, looking at Lester, trying to parse his words, “I don’t want to go to a restaurant alone.”

“Who says you have to be alone?” Lester said. “I’m sure there are a lot of delicious things out there just waiting for you to taste them.”

Renee’s eyes went back to the back wall. She seemed to study it for a moment before she said, “It’s getting late, Lester. I’ll be heading out soon. I just need to use the little girls’ room. Thank you again. For everything. I appreciate your candor. You don’t need to wait for me if you want to go.”

“Sure thing,” Lester said as Renee got to her feet. She steadied herself on the table and walked back through the throngs of people. Lester got up, as though he was leaving. She didn’t look back at him, so he turned around and also walked back through the crowded bar, parting people the way a shark would part a school of fish on the way to its prey.

Renee’s hand was on the hallway wall as Lester followed her. He ducked back around a corner, and she looked both ways before pushing into the bathroom. Lester went into the men’s room and quickly found the stall on the furthest wall that abutted the ladies’ room.

The big hole in the wall was still there. Lester had hoped he might end up in here when he pushed this place as their meeting location earlier. He crouched and peeked through the hole. It was so amateurishly made, unlike the discreet creation back at his apartment. The stall door on the other side of the wall opened. Lester saw the familiar t-shirt and jeans and heard a quiet gasp from the other side. Lester grinned.

He couldn’t see her face from this vantage point, but he could see her body. She was just standing there, immobilized, looking at the hole. If she’d have crouched to inspect it, she’d have seen Lester’s ugly face and beady eye staring back at her from the far side of the stall. Lester waited, patiently watching to see what she would do. If he just stuck his dick through, he might scare her off.

Women were easy, though. The longer she lingered, the more her anticipation would build. She turned around and fiddled with the stall’s lock before turning back to the hole in the wall. She paced back and forth for a second, and Lester could make out her nipples hardening through her shirt. Renee went to sit on the toilet, then stood back up, nervous indecisiveness telegraphed through her curt motions. Lester unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants. Renee nervously paced on the other side of the wall. As Lester stood, he lost sight of her as he slid up to the hole and stuck his swelling, hairy cock through.

***

Renee stopped her pacing in the dirty, repugnant bathroom stall and stared at the growing male appendage that was now pointing at her. Her mouth hung open as she stared at it. It was at least

twice the length of her husband's and much, much thicker. It looked angry and wild, surrounded by a forest of dense pubic hair. She'd never seen a penis that large before.

Her mind drifted to the night in Dan's apartment when Lester had walked into the kitchen naked. She gulped. It hadn't been the first time she'd thought about Lester's tool. Her mind had drifted to it more than once while they'd had their drinks.

She put the thoughts of the odd man out of her mind and tried to figure out what she was going to do. The stall door was right beside her. She could leave anytime. Get into her car and go straight home. But she'd been drawn to coming back here all night, all week really, wondering if one of these holes would be here. She'd lie awake at night fantasizing about this exact moment. But it was all just a fantasy, wasn't it?

Now that it was here, sticking out at her, it was so vividly real, too real. Renee stopped in her tracks, realizing only after a moment that she'd moved her body closer to the fully hard cock. It didn't move. It just stayed there, erect and waiting, sticking out of the wall like a steel bar. It was hard and thick, and she wondered desperately how something that big would feel inside of her. If she could even fit something that size into her body.

She pushed all thoughts of James out of her mind. She needed to satiate her own curiosity, or her fantasy would continue to distract her and dominate her mind. She tentatively reached out and gently grasped the shaft of the cock. It was hot to the touch, and she felt the man's heartbeat in her palm. She'd planned to touch it, wash her hands and leave, but she found her fingers encircling the cock and holding it tight.

A whimper escaped her lips as she saw how her fingers stretched to wrap around it, barely able to touch her thumb and middle finger. Then the cock slowly pulled back and pushed forward, using her grasping hand for its pleasure. Renee's knees trembled. She'd just begun jerking off a cock that wasn't her husband's. The stranger's oversized dick pulled back and thrust forward slowly again, and Renee quivered. She heard a muffled groan from the other side of the wall.

This man. This stranger was using her hand. And she was letting it happen. Renee leaned on the wall, unable to stay upright on her own. She watched in horrified fascination as the man pumped himself through the wall into her waiting hand. There was so much of his length on either side of her hand. She marvelled at how long his cock was. Even if she used both her hands, she wouldn't be able to cover him. His cock was even bigger than she could see when she thought about the part of it in the wall between the two rooms.

Renee's other hand slowly moved up the wall. She knew what it was doing, where it was going, but she just watched as if it were acting on its own. Her delicate fingers touched the edge of the hole, grazing the dense pubic hair until her fingertips glanced off the shaft of his cock. The dick never stopped its slow, pumping. Renee's fingers slid around his shaft and grasped. She held his thick cock with both of her hands as it pumped in and out. In and out.

Renee moaned, feeling the velvety skin of the thick cock slide in and out of her soft palms, using her grip for its own pleasure. She didn't care what the man on the other side of the wall looked like. She was completely lost in the moment. She stared down, watching the cock fuck her hands. The thick head of it pulled back against her grip, then powered forward, forcing her fingers apart. She didn't know when she'd started stroking it on her own. Her grip was tight on the shaft as she worked her hands up and down. It was still insane that both of her hands couldn't cover the length of his shaft.

“Sweet Jesus,” Renee breathed hard. A part of her brain chastised herself for taking the Lord’s name in vain, but it was drowned out by the wanton desire burning through her. She pictured herself dropping to her knees on this filthy floor and letting this stranger put it in her mouth, tasting him. Or even more insane would be dropping her jeans and letting him press it into her.

Renee shuddered at the thought. She wished she could touch herself through her jeans, but she didn’t dare take her hands off the man’s cock. She marvelled at how large he was in her small, soft hands, the strength of his veins pumping blood to his engorged cockhead. The wild pubic hair sticking through the hole was disgusting, and its primal scent twinged Renee’s nose, but it barely registered to her brain. She just leaned against the wall, marvelling at the male organ in her hands. Her breasts rose and fell along with her heavy breathing. Her nipples strained against the cups of her bra.

She bit her lip and stepped slightly closer to the thick cock. This was wrong. She knew it. This wasn’t her husband. He was out, thinking she was at her bookclub again. She moved next to the throbbing cock and could feel the heat emanating from it. Renee couldn’t stop herself.

Reluctantly tearing one of her hands off the massive member, she unclasped the button on her jeans and unzipped them. She struggled out of the oppressive garment until it got stuck just above her knees. Her white panties were already soaked.

She pressed herself forward until her panty-clad pussy came in contact with the side of the cock. The shaft pushed forward, rubbing against her pussy lips and clit. Renee shuddered and held the cock in her hands, stroking it as it ran against her. She leaned lazily against the wall, eyes rolling back in their sockets as she lost herself in the sensations.

Over and over. The cock dragged across her sensitive area, sending electric sparks of pleasure through her body. Her own blonde hair cascaded down her shoulders and brushed her skin; it felt like a lover trailing a feather across her overstimulated nerve endings.

Her eyes shot open as the cock moved. The man on the other side of the wall pulled back, making her lose her grip on it. The angle changed. It wasn’t pumping straight out into the stall. It pivoted and shot out of the hole.

The head of the cock pressed hard directly against her soaked panty covered pussy.

“Ohhh,” Renee gasped, not having expected the quick movement. She tried to pull away, but the cockhead forcefully tapped her pussy and clit again. Her knees felt weak, and she let go with one hand, bracing herself against the wall, while the other held onto his thick shaft.

It kept poking at it. The man on the other side of the wall must be bending his knees. The cock was thrusting into her and rubbing up and down. He was grinding into her and dragging his cock up and down her panty-covered slit. Renee gasped, hanging her head in arousal and shame as she stared down at the man’s precum mixing with her own juices already soaking into her panties.

“Oh god,” Renee moaned and felt her hips move. They turned side to side, rubbing her pussy against the massive organ. Renee let herself go and closed her eyes, feeling the hot, strong shaft glide up and down her smooth palm. Felt it rub itself up and down against her pussy and clit.

Renee groaned and tried to catch her breath. She was thankful the dirty stall didn’t have a mirror, or else she’d have to see herself look like the harlot in Ezekiel 16:15-63. Renee let her jaw hang as ragged breaths escaped her throat.

The cock was pounding against her, running up and down her slit. Renee's hand, bracing herself on the wall, was holding all of her weight, and her pussy pushed against the cock slamming against her. Her half-lidded eyes opened, and she realized that her other hand was stroking the cock. It dawned on her that she could easily step away or redirect the cock away from her with her hand.

But she didn't.

Instead, she let it use her. She let herself get lost in the moment as she used the wide and imposing cockhead to pleasure herself. Renee gasped as the cockhead punched against her slit.

It pulled back and pushed forward again. This time, it dipped lower and pushed between the top of her thighs, coming to rest between her legs. It slowly raised and Renee watched in horrified fashion as it moved up part of her pussy lips through her panties. It pushed forward and tapped against the bottom of her opening. It retreated a bit but pushed forward, back and forth. It dragged against her opening, unable to penetrate her with the right angle.

Renee just ground herself against it, her chest rising and falling in rapid succession. She couldn't take her eyes off the massive organ pushing against the thin, wet material of her panties.

"Ohhh…..myy…." Renee panted. It was so surreal. This had been what she'd fantasized about. She was having an out-of-body experience. This wasn't her. This wasn't real. This couldn't be. Her marriage vows. All the years…

Her cheeks flushed, and she felt her shirt clinging to her body. This wasn't how her night was supposed to go. She'd just wanted information, instead she had the biggest cock she'd ever seen in her life battering up against her sopping wet pussy.

Renee arched her back, revelling in the feeling of her nipples pressing against the restraints of her bra. This was too much. She couldn't breathe. She was standing on the tips of her toes as her body ground itself back against the cock. The cockhead slipped up and pushed hard against her pussy lips, spitting them open as it inched up her. It touched her clit, then passed it.

Renee gripped the shaft in her hand and directed the cock back down to her clit. She pulled it open and down, grinding herself against the cockhead as she directed the motion of the cock. Up and down. Over and over.

Renee couldn't catch her breath. The feeling between her legs dictating everything. She felt on the verge of something she hadn't experienced in years. "Oh god…oh god…oh god…forgive me.." Renee panted, "Pleaase lord forgive me."

"Pleaseee LORR–UHHHHHH," Renee's head ached back as she bellowed out, "OHHMHMMMMM!" A rush of long forgotten sensations rushed through her, exploding out from between her legs and radiating up her body. Fireworks of pleasure exploded inside of her. All the air left Renee's lungs as her muscles clenched. She gripped the cock in her hand tightly, holding it against her clit. She felt it pulse in her palm.

A flood of wet sticky cum exploded out of the cock head, blasting against her already soaked panties.

"Ohgoo–" Renee cried as her orgasm hit another level, leaving her knees weak and her arched over against the wall for support. Cum kept blasting out of the cock, spraying her panties, soaking into them. She could feel its hot, urgent wetness through the thin material. The cum dripped off them,

running down her thighs, dripping into her jeans below her. Soaking in and permanently staining them. Renee thought she was going to collapse.

As her orgasm receded, she found the willpower to roll herself away from the cock, moving towards the wall to catch her breath. As she did, the cock sprayed, covering her hand in its thick cum. Renee fell back against the wall, panting, staring at her hand in awe as the man's substance stretched between her fingers like thick pancake batter.

The cock was still sticking through the wall, spasming as more cum launched itself onto the floor, pooling and adding to the sticky tiles. Renee's brain finally caught up to the moment. She didn't know what to do. The cock was still here, she could hardly breath and she was covered in a stranger's cum.

Pushing herself to her feet, she struggled out of the stall to the sink, desperately washing her hands to rid herself of the stench of the other man's cum. She wiped furiously, trying to rid herself of it. She looked down at her soaked panties and tried to decide whether to take them off or pull up her jeans to hide what she'd done.

Voices from the hallway made her decision for her. Female voices, headed this way. She quickly pulled up her jeans just as the young girls entered. Renee hurried to the door. Behind her, she heard one of the girls, "Holy shit, look at that thing! Crissy, come here!"

Renee stumbled out to the hallway in a daze, bracing herself against the wall. She pushed through the crowded bar area and ordered one last drink. Not wine. Something strong. Whisky, straight. She downed the contents in one swift gulp to settle her nerves. What had she just done?

She sat at the bar staring down at the glass. Time stood still, her mind racing, unable to concentrate on any single thought. Her stupor was broken by a male voice too close to her.

"Hey, are you having another drink or are you heading home?"

Renee slowly turned her head to see the beady eyes on the fat face of her son-in-law's roommate, Lester. She shivered and tried not to glance down at his crotch.

"Lester," Renee breathed, wondering if he could tell how flushed her face was. Did he notice? Was she breathing normally? "I thought you left."

"I did…I mean…I was," Lester blubbered. Renee just stared at his ugly face, lost in thoughts of what had just happened in the bathroom. When she finally tuned back in, the awkward man was still stumbling over his words, "I made it all the way to the parking lot when I remembered what a seedy area this was. I thought it would be, uh, chivalrous to walk you to your car. Are you ready to go?"

Renee glanced past Lester at the far wall where the bathrooms were. She was curious to see the man who emerged.

"Renee? Are you okay?" Lester asked.

"I'm fine," Renee said, sliding off the stool. It wouldn't do her any good to see who the man was. Nothing good could come of it. "Thank you for staying. I certainly think it's time I called it a night."

"Let's go, I'll walk you to your car," Lester said, leading the way, pushing through the throngs of people between the bar and the door. Renee resisted the urge to look back over her shoulder. Instead, she focused on how tight Lester's shirt was and the back fat that struggled against being contained by it.

She suppressed the instinct to gag. Thankfully, Lester pushed open the door, and the cool night air was the wake-up call Renee needed. She needed to get home. Now. Renee took the lead, moving through the parking lot towards her car. She'd had a few drinks but felt good enough to drive.

Her sedan was in sight, and she fished her hand into her purse and retrieved the keys. As she was about to open the door, Lester put a hand on it.

"Goodnight, Renee," Lester said from behind her, his warm breath on her neck.

She turned to face him with a polite smile on her face. Her panties were still soaked from the stranger's cum. "Goodnight, Lester, thank you again for coming to meet me—— mhmmm."

Lester's fat lips were on hers. She took a step back, her bubble butt pressing against the cold car door. He took a step forward, pushing against her. She put her hands on his chest, and then she felt it. Lester's hard cock pressed against her thigh.

"Mhmmm," Renee moaned. That was the opening Lester needed as his fat tongue snaked its way into her mouth, dragging over her own. Renee's knees buckled, and she melted into the kiss, her pussy still desperate for connection with that large cock in the bathroom. She thought she'd had control over herself, but she found her tongue dancing hungrily against Lester's.

Lester grinded himself against her, and Renee found her body doing the same. Her hands never left his chest, balling his stained shirt in her hands. But Lester's hands travelled the entirety of her body. Touching her. Grabbing her. Pulling her face deeper into their kiss.

A voice in her mind screamed, and Renee broke the kiss, panting. She pushed against Lester. He took a step back with a toothy grin on his face. She stared at him, unsure what to do next. She hadn't expected something so bold from such a meek man. She wiped his saliva off her lips.

"You're welcome," Lester said.

"For what?" Renee breathed, her gaze travelling over Lester, trying to reassess him. Her eyes paused on the substantial bulge in his sweatpants. She fumbled behind her, unable to break eye contact with his tented pants and pulled her door open.

"For coming to meet you," Lester said, "Call me anytime, Renee."

Without answering, Renee got in her car, locking the door. She peered at Lester through the door, and images of him taking her in the backseat flashed into her mind. All she had to do was invite him in. Instead, she keyed the ignition and pulled out of the parking lot. She held a hand up to him, but didn't quite manage a wave. The odd man just stood there watching her go.

***

Dan was putting the finishing touches on his presentation. It was a big one. The report that would decide his future with Sentinel Securities. He needed them to give him a job. He'd studied their upcoming projects and knew he could help save them a lot of time and effort. His meeting tomorrow with the executives would be his chance to prove himself.

But his mind was not on the project at the moment. His head wasn't even in Washington. Instead, it was back home in Middleton. Specifically, wondering what Sarah was doing at that moment. He knew he needed to trust her. But the way they'd left things made his stomach turn. He opened his phone and read her last message again.

S: I think Lester muted you on the call. I couldn't hear you say stop.

Dan put his phone face down on his desk and pinched the bridge of his nose. He didn't know what to think of her message. It screamed like a desperate attempt by her to explain what had happened. How they had both simply ignored him. Lester, he expected that from him, but Sarah? ….maybe he should have expected it from her, too.

There was the slimmest of chances that she was telling the truth. Or at least a version of what she believed to be the truth. But Dan didn't want to open his heart up to that possibility. He didn't want to let himself get hurt again.

He focused back on the screen in front of him and mindlessly tabbed through the well crafted powerpoint slides. The only sound on the floor around him was the quiet clicks from his keyboard. Everyone else had long since departed for the night, but Dan needed to nail this. He checked the time. It was late. A small break wouldn't hurt him.

Walking to the breakroom, he stretched and found his phone in his back pocket. He glanced around. The floor was empty, not another soul in sight. With a sigh, he opened the app to remotely view the cameras he'd surreptitiously set up in his home. He braced himself for the inevitable heartache and opened the feed.

The bedroom was empty. He thumbed through the different cameras until he saw Sarah sitting on the couch in a silk emerald robe. She looked incredibly sexy, the garment riding high up her thigh while offering great glimpses of cleavage.

He was relieved to see that she was alone. But the robe didn't sit right with him. He checked the other feeds and didn't see the girls. They were either down for the night or with their grandparents. He didn't know which. Sarah hadn't told him.

He thumbed back to her message and started to type a response. Then he deleted it. Dan didn't know what to say. He didn't know how to find the words that would convey what he was feeling. Like a chump, he just sat there watching his wife for a few minutes before getting a bottle of cold water from the fridge and going back to his desk. Break time was over; he needed to absolutely kill this presentation. For himself and his family, and whatever future he and Sarah had together.

***

Sarah sat on the couch waiting for Lester. He was late. She sipped her glass of wine and flipped through Netflix, trying to occupy her mind. Dan still hadn't returned her text, but she'd seen that he read it. She'd hoped he'd try reaching out to her. Give her a reason to maybe call things off with Lester tonight.

Another part of her was glad he hadn't. It meant that she'd get Lester all to herself. But she had a bone to pick with the man. Had Dan really tried to speak up? Based on how upset he'd been, she was thinking he might have. Which meant that Lester had probably muted the mic to cut her husband's audio off.

That both irked her and turned her on. It was shameful to admit to herself, but she did enjoy how Lester would constantly fuck with people. The power he wielded over them. In just a few nights, he'd changed the fates of Richard, Mary and the entire hospital. He loved to fuck with people. She got that. She was somewhat surprised to find herself attracted to that.

But Lester was fucking with Dan now. The love of her life. Father of her children. It wouldn't be the first time he'd fucked with him. Ever since Dan had moved into that god-awful apartment, Lester had been fucking with him in one way or another.

Did Lester see Dan as just another person to fuck with? There had been so many times when Lester had claimed to be doing this for them. For their fantasy. He'd seen him do things to benefit Dan. It chilled her to think that all of that might have just been an act.

The doorbell rang, waking Sarah up from her conflicted thoughts. She checked her phone one last time for a message from Dan. Nothing. Sarah gulped down the last of her wine and stood up, straightening her sexy emerald robe and walking to open the door.

She opened the door to see Lester standing there in his stained shirt and dirty sweatpants. There was a fresh, wet stain on one leg. He smirked at her, his toothy smile stretching from ear to ear. She'd never seen him grin like that before.

"What…the girls are asleep, we need to be –"

"Daddy's home," Lester chuckled loudly and stepped into the house like he owned the place. Sarah didn't even have time to close the door before Lester's fat, short, hairy arms wrapped around her waist. He dipped her back, pulling her thigh up as he pressed himself against her. Sarah was nearly horizontal, staring up at the ceiling, feeling Lester's hot, hardening manhood pressing against her through the silk robe. Lester licked his lips, flicking them in and out like a snake and raised his eyebrows comically at her. His lips met hers, and he pried them apart with his fat tongue.

Sarah felt his cock stir to life and begin to increase in length and girth as it inched its way up her slit. A guttural groan escaped Sarah's lips as she felt it pushing into her; she knew the promises of pleasure that it held. She melted into the deep kiss, letting Lester's tongue probe and dance around her mouth like a live serpent. Sarah's arms wrapped around Lester's neck, and her tongue came alive, sucking and sliding over his. Tasting alcohol on him.

Her mind whispered that she'd rarely seen Lester have a drink, but her mind couldn't hold onto the thought for long as Lester ground his hips against her, rubbing his cock against her covered pussy. She moaned into the kiss, battling him with her tongue. His hands ran up her body, grabbing her thigh hard, kneading her ass and breasts possessively.

Finally, Lester ripped at the robe's belt. In one swift motion, he undid the flimsy material. Sarah felt the cold night air dance across her exposed skin. The silk material fell away from her torso. Lester's hand was on Sarah's bare breasts in a second, grabbing them hard, pinching her nipples.

"Mhmfmmff," Sarah groaned at the rough treatment, loving the sensations. She cracked an eye open, and her lips paused in confusion. Why could she see Lester's SUV? *The door is still open….*

"Les–Mmmppppffff," Sarah was cut off by Lester's fat tongue swirling around in her mouth. When it finally momentarily receded, she tried to continue, "Lester! The doorrrrooooooohhh."

Lester ground his sweatpants-clad cock against Sarah's panty-covered pussy. The thin green material was the only piece of clothing she had left on. It matched her robe.

"Ughnnmnn," Sarah moaned, the words getting lost in her throat. Lester sneered, grabbing her by the back of the head and pulling her mouth back onto his. His tongue pushed in again, spreading his acrid saliva into her mouth. Sarah's mind raced, but her body melted again into his kiss, pulling on Lester's torso for leverage so she could grind back against his cock.

Lester's mouth hungrily devoured her own, and she struggled to breathe. And then Lester was lowering her down. She felt the cool tile press against her exposed bubble butt, and it gave her brain a little jolt. She turned her head. Lester's flicking tongue followed, battering at her lips. "Lester, the door," Sarah managed to whisper, avoiding Lester's probing tongue, "It's open."

Lester gave a dramatically exaggerated look over his shoulders, "So?"

He turned back to Sarah, forcing his lips back onto hers. He shuffled on the floor, spreading her legs and sinking his sweatpanted cock onto her damp pussy.

"Ughhmhmm," Sarah groaned, feeling the hot, thick cock pressing against her. The little panties were both a curse and her last lifeline from being taken on the floor of her home for the entire neighborhood to see.

Sarah turned her head again, "Lester. Let's shut the door. Someone might see."

"Fuck off. You don't give a shit. You like being watched," Lester grunted as he pulled his hips back and slid his cock up and down Sarah's slit. Her silk panties were already soaked.

"I..I don't…not them….not here…Lester…please…" Sarah struggled with the words as her body begged for her panties to be ripped off.

"Why not?" Lester sneered.

"Please…." Sarah begged.

"Fine. But you gotta do something for me first," Lester said, pausing his oral assault on her.

"Yes. Okay. Whatever, let's just move this upstairs," Sarah breathed hard, regretting but also relieved as Lester's body weight on her eased up as he moved off her. Lester stood, his cock sticking straight out of his sweatpants, forming an impressive tent.

Sarah pulled at her robe, trying to cover her nudity and ward off the chill of the night air as she sat up. When she was pushing herself to her feet, Lester said, "Stop. Take it out first."

"What?" Sarah said, eyes darting to the open front door. The cool breeze wafted into the house, ruffling her blonde hair.

"You heard me. Don't act dumb. We both know you know what I want. Skip the whole song-and-dance you always put on. You don't wanna fuck on the floor here? Then take it out," Lester said, glaring down at her.

"You can be a real asshole," Sarah mumbled, her fingers going to the waistband of his dirty sweatpants. She hooked them underneath and pulled the ratty elastic down; his sweatpants and tight, once-upon-a-time-white underwear came down to his ankles. Sarah chanced another look out into the dark night, mortified that someone might be out there watching. But all she could see was the light pooling under the street lights and the soft glow of lamps and TVs behind the surrounding houses' closed windows. She eyed her neighbor's house with the best line of sight to her. All the windows were dark, but she couldn't tell if the curtains were drawn.

"Kiss it," Lester said, "Then we go upstairs."

Sarah glared up at Lester, rolled her eyes and quickly darted forward, planting a peck on the massive head of the large bulbous organ.

Lester rolled his eyes, “This ain’t a middle school dance, baby, give it a real kiss.”

Sarah huffed, glanced outside again before taking Lester’s cock in her hand and giving the crown a slow, passionate kiss. Her tongue darted under it, twirling around the head as she sucked and kissed it. Her tongue licked the slit, tasting the flavor of his cum even though she didn’t see any leaking out.

A loud slam jolted her out of her reverie. The cold air from outside had been unexpectedly cut off. Lester had slammed the door while she’d lost herself sucking his cock. He grinned down at her, stepping out of his unwashed sweatpants and gross underwear.

“The girls are sleeping,” Sarah scolded him in a hushed voice.

Lester just chuckled, “I’m not your husband. Don’t you take that tone with me.”

“This is my house, Lester, I’ll talk to you however I damn well –”

Sarah’s scolding was cut off by a mouthful of Lester’s fat cock. He swiftly grabbed her hair in one fist, holding it tight while his other hand braced the side of her face as he shoved his cock in. Sarah sputtered as the head of his pole hit the back of her throat. She gagged, her hands instinctively going up to Lester’s hairy thighs. The head of Lester’s cock aggressively hit the back of her throat again, dragging across her tongue.

Sarah tasted the unmistakable tang of Lester’s cum but still didn’t feel any of the sticky substance in her mouth. The head of his plunging cock hit the back of her throat again as Lester’s grip on her hair tightened. The next time he thrust forward, Sarah was ready for him, and she moved, opening wide. The head of Lester’s cock pushed deep inside her throat. His balls slapped at her chin as she extended her mouth as wide as it would go and took Lester’s enormous cock down her throat. She suppressed her natural gag reflex and let Lester throat fuck her.

“Mhmhmggaggggggfcckkk,” Sarah moaned around Lester’s cock. Her mouth was going into overdrive, producing saliva to make the process easier. “Gggaackkggaaakkggaaakk.” An equal amount of moisture was being produced between her legs.

“Obi-Wan has trained you well, padawan,” Lester muttered. He pulled his cock from Sarah’s throat as she desperately gasped for breath. Using his dripping hard cock, he slapped her across one cheek and then the other, snickering to himself.

She glared up at him, panting for breath, wiping the saliva from her mouth, “What the fuck has gotten into you?”

“Oh, it’s just one of those nights, y’know?” Lester said with a grin. There was something hidden behind his eyes that she couldn’t quite understand. “Where do you want it?”

“Want what?” Sarah said, standing on unsteady feet.

“Where do you want to make a baby? Your bed where you and Dan made the other two or somewhere fucking dirty? Lester stood, stroking his cock.

Sarah wanted to be mad at him. Then she remembered she was furious at him. Instead of answering his question, she fired back, “At the motel, with Richard. Did you mute Dan?”

“Fuck Dan,” Lester barked, pushing towards her. He backed her up until her luscious bubble butt was pressing against the living room couch. Both of Lester’s hands rose in unison to her shoulders. He

roughly gripped the edges of her robe and pulled it down to her waist. Material was still trapped between her ass and the couch otherwise, it would be a heap on the floor.

“Tell me,” Sarah said, matching the intense anger now visible on Lester’s face.

Lester smirked at her, “Of course I did. Who cares what dipshit Dan had to say?”

“I did,” Sarah fired back.

“Bull-fucking-shit,” Lester sneered, “If Dan was telling you to stop. You wouldn’t have stopped.”

“You don’t know that,” Sarah said.

“I do,” Lester said, reaching down between them and directing his cock against Sarah’s pussy. He ground it into her. She gasped, marvelling once again at its size and girth even though it had just been in her throat. It was molten hot as it pressed against her, its heat tracing a path between her thighs. “You wouldn’t let him take this away from you. Would you?”

Sarah stared back at Lester with a fire in her eyes, but her mouth wasn’t able to form an argument against him. All protest was lodged in her throat as she tried to breathe. As determined as she was to maintain a defiant expression on her face, Lester’s cock grinding against her broke through her facade as the inevitable pleasure crept into her features. Lester smirked.

“There’s my girl,” Lester sneered. He roughly ground himself against her, grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her into him for a kiss. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth, desperate to taste him again. The kiss never came.

Sarah opened her eyes to see Lester smirking at her, pleased with himself at how ready she was for him to continue. His meaty, fat hand with its hairy knuckles ran down her skin until it gripped the sides of her panties.

“Admit it. You don’t give a shit if I fuck with Dan. Richard, Mary, Dan…” Lester trailed off. “None of them matters.”

Sarah gulped. A chill ran up her spine. Lester was lumping Dan in with the people she’d watched him fuck over. The people whose lives Lester had entirely decimated. Lives Lester had ruined. Her breasts rose and fell as a realization washed over her. Lives *they* had ruined. Both of them. Sarah had been complicit, if not outright responsible, for both Mary and Richard’s downfalls. But Dan…had she contributed to Dan’s downfall somehow? Events raced and replayed through her mind, grasping at disparate puzzle pieces just out of reach. She felt a pit in her stomach, but didn’t understand why.

Lester’s cock ground into her again, eliciting another small moan from her lips. She knew this was wrong. The girls could come down and see her pinned to the couch like she was by this short beast of a man, scarring them for life. To her right, Sarah realized that despite closing the door, she’d never closed the living room drapes. The house was dark, but still….the danger was there.

“But Dan…” Sarah’s mind tried to grasp her fleeting thoughts.

“Doesn’t matter,” Lester said as he played with her panties. A wicked smile spread across his face. “Unless….”

Sarah’s heart hammered in her chest as Lester ground into her. She was hanging on Lester’s every word. “Maybe his pretty little wife can properly incentivize me not to mess with him. What do you say?”

Sarah gulped again and slowly nodded her head. Lester's fist seized her panties. Pain seared her ass as the sound of ripping fabric filled the room. Lester pulled his fist up victoriously, holding her torn panties up by his head. He pulled them to his face, inhaling deeply before discarding them over his shoulder.

***

Dan's presentation sat untouched on his computer. He sat there, looking disgusted as he watched the events unfold on his phone. The pit in his stomach was growing. Shame, anger and a strong tide of arousal battled one another inside of him as he watched his camera feed.

He hadn't meant to get his hopes up. But part of him really believed she wouldn't go through with it. After he'd finally responded to her text, trying to give her the benefit of the doubt on what had occurred. Trying to rebuild that bridge, he'd been dismayed by her lack of response.

He knew she was at home. He knew she had her phone in her hand and was sitting on the couch. Why hadn't she responded? So, he'd opened up the cameras. And there was his loving wife, the mother of his children, lying on her back on the floor, being mauled by his roommate. Moaning for him with the door wide open for the entire world to see.

And now Lester was inhaling the aroma of her panties like some kind of sick pervert, and Sarah was still turned on by this absolute turd of a human being.

On his phone, Sarah moved wantonly to kiss Lester, but he pulled his head back, grinning.

"Beg me to stop fucking with your husband," Lester said. Sarah bit her lip, and Dan watched her face as it slipped into that all too familiar expression of a seductress. It seemed so natural to her. Too natural. *Which one is the real Sarah and which is the role? The seductress or the wife and mother?*

"Please, Lester," Sarah said, her body swaying back and forth, "Leave Dan alone. He's had a hard enough time lately. With losing his job. Twice. And everything else. Please don't fuck with him anymore."

Dan's stomach turned. Even thousands of miles away, he was being used as part of their sick, fucked up fantasy. Putting him down and using him like some absent prop to get both of them off. His dick strained against his dress pants.

Lester had a Cheshire Cat grin plastered on his face. He pulled Sarah from the couch and spun her around, bending her over the back of it. Her nails dug into the leather material as Lester reached down and grabbed his bulky shaft. He held her by the back of her neck, dominantly pushing her head down.

"You're already fucking dripping wet," Lester chuckled as he ran the head of his cock up and down Sarah's slit.

"Please, Lester," Sarah said, "God. I need it."

"Beg," Lester said.

"I'll do anything," Sarah purred, swaying her ass back and forth, seeking contact with Lester's cock, "Just leave Dan alone."

Sarah gasped, and her body lurched forward violently, and Dan knew that Lester was pushing himself inside of her. Sarah's face contorted in pleasure as his fat roommate worked more and more of his

massive organ into his blonde wife. Dan brushed the tears from his eyes and watched as she went up on the balls of her feet, Lester feeding more and more of his monster into her.

Finally, the odd little fat man sighed in satisfaction, and Sarah moaned in ecstasy, feeling the entire length of his cock buried inside of her. Dan slumped in his chair, unable to tear his eyes from the phone but unable to bear what he knew would happen next.

***

Sarah's angry thoughts fell away as Lester's cock filled her. It hurt as she stretched to accommodate his size, but the pain blended with other sensations to bring her close to orgasm - it felt amazing inside of her. She was bent over the couch as Lester slowly pulled his cock back out of her until just the apple-sized head remained buried within.

With the slow movements, Sarah groaned, "Umhmmhmmmmm."

"Poor Danny," Lester chuckled, "Oh well."

"Please, don't fuck up Dan's life like you did to the others." The words tumbled out of Sarah's mouth. Her brain didn't even process what she was saying, let alone fully understand it.

Lester just chuckled, "Who says I haven't already fucked it up?"

Sarah's mind raced. What did he mean by that? Was this all part of his fucked up fantasy? But she needed to hear him talk about Dan. She needed more of it. So the only word that came out was, "How?"

WHAP

Lester slapped Sarah's ass hard, just as he rammed the full length of his cock back into her. His hand stayed glued to her naked ass cheek for leverage, his dirty, cheeto-laden finger nails digging into her supple flesh.

"How haven't I?" Lester said loudly. Too loudly…*the girls…*. Sarah winced in pain, but her body shuddered with increased pleasure from the fullness she was experiencing. "Cuck's in a different fucking zip code, and I'm balls deep in his wife. Mission, nngh, accomplished."

Lester's immense cock pulled back. Then pushed in. Out. In. Out. In. Slow and steady. Slow and steady. Sarah was gasping for breath as she took it all in. Her bubble butt was spreading against Lester's hairy gut as he powerfully fucked her. Her breasts pushed down into the cold leather of the couch.

"And now….I'm gonna dump….a whole load…." Lester said through gritted teeth and he seesawed his cock in and out of Sarah. "Of my cum….into his wife…and knock her the fuck up….while she fucking begs…me….for…it."

"Uhhmhmmhmm," Sarah moaned at the vile words. Her mind was a complete mess as the lust-addled words tumbled out of her mouth. "Fuck….Gonna fill me….with your nasty cum…."

"Fucking A," Lester said, licking his lips, "You're gonna be dripping for days."

"You promised…."Sarah breathed hard, "Not to fuck with Dan. Not to fuck with my husband. But you're gonna put a baby in me?"

“I never said I wasn’t gonna fuck with you,” Lester said cheerfully as he rammed his cock into the hot wife hard and fast. Sarah wasn’t ready for it. She’d been used to the slow, steady pace. His meaty fingers gripped her neck and waist, and he took his pleasure and pounded her with abandon.

***

“Ughhh….mhmmmmm….godd….Lester….” Sarah screamed from his phone speakers. “You’re so….such a fucking asshole…..asshole whose gonna knock me up….ohgod.”

Dan felt a bead of sweat run down his temple. His eyes burned. He didn’t remember the last time he’d blinked. He forced his eyes shut. Then opened them.

“Uhhhhmhmmmmmmmm…..yes….fuckk…do it….don’t tell my husband…..fuckkkkk. FUCCKKYES!”

Something moved to Dan’s right. His eyes finally broke from the screen, a momentary reprieve from his heart being totally eviscerated. A slender and toned body filled his view and a hint of perfume filled his nostrils. Dan’s eyes traced up the female form until they landed on Tricia’s face. She had a bemused look on her face and raised eyebrows.

“Uhhhhhh…..MHMMMMMMM…..FUCK. FUCK. FUCK! FUCK! FILL ME! FUCKING GIVE ME A BABY ASSHOLE!”

Dan gulped.

“Porn? At work?” Tricia said, stepping into his small cubicle, invading Dan’s personal space. “Kinky. I never would have expected that from a straight shooter like you. But I guess every man has a dark side.”

Dan didn’t speak; his mind raced. Mortified at being caught Mortified at someone else seeing the shame of his wife being consummately used and pleased better than he could ever do.

“It’s hot. Seeing that side of you,” Tricia said, boldly pushing one of her stocking-clad legs between Dan’s knees. “I won’t tell if you won’t. This can be our little secret.”

“YES…OH GOD YES…” Sarah’s pleading screams filled the silence between them.

“Show me what you’re watching,” Tricia said, reaching for his phone, “Show me what got you so hot and bothered that you’d risk watching it here, of all places.”

Dan grabbed her wrist, halting it as her fingers touched his phone.

“EMPTY THOSE FAT FUCKING BALLS INTO ME YOU BASTARD,” Sarah wailed.

Tricia stared at her hand, then back at Dan. The contact of his hand on her wrist was electric. Dan’s cock twitched. Sarah’s ever louder cries of pleasure filled the dark floor. Dan pulled on Tricia’s wrist. She willingly fell onto his lap, and Dan hungrily pressed his lips against hers. She moaned into the kiss as Lester’s grunts filled the room.

***

Lester pulled tight on the soft blonde locks in his fist. Sarah grunted in newly felt pain, her lithe back arching back towards the fat man working behind her. Lester’s long tongue snaked out and licked Sarah’s neck, sending familiar shivers through her whole body. He yanked her hair again, this time from the side. Sarah turned her head to the left, and his large tongue speared into her mouth. The

angle was awkward, but Sarah moaned into the awkward kiss; their tongues lapped and battled each other. Saliva dripped from their mouths, dripping down onto the leather couch below.

Lester's other hand snaked around and grabbed one of her exposed breasts, palming it. He roughly squeezed and mashed her tender flesh with his fingers. Sarah's mouth opened wider, her moans ringing out through the house. Lester pulled his cock all the way out to just the head and slammed it back in, jolting Sarah forward again, breaking their lusty kiss.

"OHHHHHHHHFUCCKK!" Sarah wailed. Lester slammed into her again, and Sarah's grip on the couch faltered. She slipped, her torso falling onto the cold surface, her breasts pressing against the cool leather cushion. Lester's fist still held the hair at the base of her neck, but his fingers splayed out, gripping her neck, holding her in place as he slid his cock in and out of her. Sarah was on the balls of her feet, taking every thrust.

The slapping sound of skin on skin filled the Williams' living room. The air was thick with the odor of their sweat. A bead of it dripped off Sarah's forehead and landed on the couch. She felt another chilling bead roll down her neck and disappear between her ass cheeks.

"Ohgod," Sarah moaned, Lester's vice-like fingers wrapped around the back of her neck.

"God won't help you now," Lester chuckled, "Pray to me."

"Lester…Lester….fuck….LESTER…." Sarah moaned, "Fuck you're such an asshole."

"This asshole's the one that's gonna knock you up," Lester chuckled, "My balls are fucking full of cum. Just waiting to be unleashed."

God Sarah thought, hanging her head. She couldn't think straight. Her mind had already been scrambled by an amazing orgasm and Lester's unrelenting thrusts. She knew what he wanted to hear. She knew the words that needed to escape her throat.

"GIVE IT TO ME!" Sarah wailed. She clawed her way back up the couch, digging her fingers into the leather and thrusting her pert ass back against Lester's ramming cock, "Stop talking about it and just fucking do it! Put a baby in me behind my husband's back. Knock up a married woman, you fat asshole!"

Lester grunted, his breath coming out raggedly as his sweat mixed in with the hair covering his torso. He wiped his thinning hairline with the back of his hand and gripped Sarah's hips, his swollen cock pounding into her. His gut rested over her fantastic ass as their skin slapped together.

"Put your bastard, baby, into me. Fill me with your nasty cum and do it. Just don't tell my husband." Sarah said. As the words left her throat, she felt another orgasm quickly ramping up inside of her. The overt betrayal of Dan was sending her over the edge.

"Oh, he's gonna figure it out when your belly starts swelling up," Lester cackled, his groping fingers digging deep into her flesh. "And here and I thought you didn't want me to fuck with him anymore."

"You can't fuck me without fucking with him," Sarah cried, "I need it, Lester! I need to feel you cum in me!"

"Heh," Lester snorted, "I've been fucking with him since day fucking one."

“I know, you bastard, you sick piece of shit,” Sarah cried as she thrust back against Lester’s invading cock. Her pussy clamped down around his massive member, holding him like a glove. Refusing to let him go for anything.

“This sick piece of shit is about to impregnate you,” Lester said, “How’s that for fucking with him? You know what's the best fucking part? I never got snipped. I still got all my swimmers, and they’re about to explode into you.”

“FUCKK!” Sarah panted; her lungs were on fire. Her muscles felt weak, but she pushed on, chasing that orgasm that was so close she could almost taste it. “FILL ME! FILL ME WITH THEM YOU FAT FUCKING FUCK! IMPREGNATE ME!”

***

“IMPREGNATE ME!”

Dan was vaguely aware of Sarah’s voice from somewhere in the cubicle but he wasn’t picking up on every word. His mind was focused on the other blonde beauty grinding against him. Their tongues hungrily intertwined, his hands aggressively exploring the curves of her body.

Dan couldn’t wait any longer. Tricia’s hands were already undoing his belt. Once freed, she got up off his lap and pulled down his pants. Dan’s hands dove under her skirt and hiked it up. *Not stockings*, he thought, garters. Tricia’s stockings were held up by garters strapped to her thigh. He swiftly pulled down her panties, eliciting a shocked cry of pleasure from the exposed woman. She was staring down at his erect cock.

“Looks like someone’s happy to see – hey…oh,” Tricia cried as Dan’s hands roughly pulled her back down onto his lap. His cock was sticking straight up as Dan lined her up with his straining cock. Tricia panted, “Do you have any…Ohhhh.”

Dan cut her off as his cockhead spread her moistened pussy, and he pulled her down onto his naked cock. Shock and pleasure were plastered on Tricia’s face as Dan grabbed both of her ass cheeks and started thrusting up into her off his office chair.

“Dan, my god, who are…” Tricia cried, thrusting her chest against his face, “I never thought–”

Dan nuzzled his face against her blouse. He let go of one of her asscheeks and fumbled with buttons until her chest was partly exposed in the small office. His tongue and lips met the flesh of her breasts, and his hands went back to caressing her ass.

“Dan. Oh God, Dan. You’re an animal,” Tricia breathed hard.

Dan just grunted an affirmative. Focused on the feeling of his cock inside Tricia. Her little mews of pleasure as he powerfully fucked her.

Both of them were lost in the moment, ignoring the cries of pleasure coming from the phone on Dan’s desk.

***

“AhhFUCK LESTER!” Sarah cried, her body moving rapidly back and forth as she pushed back on Lester’s meat only to have his girthy cock pound forward and pin her against the back of the couch in response. Sarah felt like she was in heat. She wanted his cum to flood into her. It felt like more than sex. It felt biological. Primal. Inevitable.

Sarah was also overheating. Her skin radiated heat like she was standing under the sun in the middle of the desert. Her mouth was dry, and her throat felt ragged from screaming, screaming for Lester's cock.

Sarah's pussy clenched down on Lester's cock as she felt another orgasm begin to rear its head, "OH…SHIT….FUCK….LESTER….DON'T STOP…." Sarah cried, arching her back sexily and thrusting her bubble butt towards the obese monster behind her, "DON'T FUCKING STOP YOU UGLY BASTARD!"

"I'm there," Lester growled from behind her. Sarah could hear the sneer in his voice.

She dropped her head fully panting as her lungs burned, "DO IT, LESTER! I NEED IT! CUM IN ME!"

"ARGHFUCK!" Lester bellowed like a moose. His voice echoed throughout the house. From outside a neighbor's dog started barking. Sarah felt Lester's hairy, oversized balls move and clench up beneath her, then the pulse of his cock. The head greatly expanded in size and then…

Hot, sticky cum blasted up and deep into her soaked pussy. The moment she felt it, her orgasm came crashing down on her like a furious tidal wave, washing pleasure over every nerve ending in her body. Sarah went limp, still clutching Lester's cock as she had the wind knocked out of her. Cum exploded inside of her, and Sarah's body convulsed. She felt her eyes rolling up into the back of her skull, and all she saw was white as millions of fireworks of pleasure erupted from her pussy and cascaded throughout her trembling body.

Lester's greedy fingers dug into her flesh as more and more of his illicit seed poured from his shaft into her. Rope after rope of steaming cum blasted into Sarah's fertile pussy. Lester chuckled internally as he thought about the events from earlier in the evening with Renee. He groaned as the last of his cum sputtered out of his cock and seeped into Sarah's pussy. He fell on top of her sweaty back, breathing hard as he caught his breath.

Sarah collapsed under the big man's weight, remaining pinned to the couch. She struggled to breathe as his formidable weight crushed down on her, her mind still dazed from the powerful orgasms. She shut her eyes and focused on her breathing as Lester's thick cock stayed embedded inside of her.

***

Tricia trembled in the aftermath of an orgasm as Dan's cum drenched her insides. Her hair was a mess, her clothes lay strewn about his cubicle. She'd only meant to come down and tease him. She loved teasing men, especially married ones like Dan. It gave her a thrill.

But tonight…she hadn't expected him to actually act on her teasing. And she hadn't expected him to fuck her. Her mind raced as she pulled herself off her potential new colleague. There was a wet *spluch* sound that was foreign to her, and she realized it was her cum-filled pussy as they disengaged.

How many kids did he say he had? She knew he had at least one. The cum poured down her thighs, and Tricia braced herself against the cubicle, "That…"

Tricia started to say something, but for once, she was at a loss for words. Dan was splayed out on the chair, breathing hard, looking at her like a conquering hero. Her eyes broke from his and went to the phone screen still blasting his porn. There was now a hairy obese man on the screen with a ridiculous horse-like cock dangling between his legs. Tricia didn't see a woman anywhere. *Gross, what the fuck is Dan into?*

“I…Jesus…Dan,” Tricia said, debating between using her clothes to stem the tide of cum pouring out of her or just rushing off to the bathroom. They weren’t the only people in the building, though. She couldn’t just walk out of here like this. She quickly pulled on her clothes, her panties instantly soaked from the outward flow of Dan’s cum. She grabbed kleenex from his desk and tried to clean off her leg. She shoved some down into the front of her panties for good measure.

“That was good,” Dan muttered as he played with the ring on his finger, “Exactly what the doctor ordered.”

Tricia didn’t know what else to say. She needed space to think. “I’m gonna go clean myself up. We made a mess.”

“That we did,” Dan said. As she moved away, he didn’t try to stop her. She redid the buttons on her blouse, and she walked towards the door, not sure what to feel about what had just happened.

***

Sarah Williams lay there lazily kissing the big fat man that wasn’t her husband. The fat man rolled away, his sweaty body flopping back on the couch like a beached whale. Mrs. Williams grabbed her robe from the floor and, on shaky legs, disappeared from view.

Ted stopped the recording on his phone and sat back in stunned silence. He couldn’t believe what he’d just witnessed. He picked some lint from his belly button, smelt it, then flicked it away. He’d secretly lusted after this next-door neighbor for years.

He loved watching her in the backyard or walking around her house in skimpy clothes, but this was something else. He’d seen this odd fat man around a few times but didn’t know what his deal was. But tonight, from his second-story window, he’d had quite the view.

She’d fucked that ugly fat guy. Really, the fatty had fucked the living shit out of her. He rose up off his chair and stomped into the bathroom to look at himself in the mirror. He didn’t like what he saw. His stomach bulged over his boxers, and his flabby chest sat on top of the sorry sight. Every time he saw himself, he expected to see the young high school linebacker, but instead, an old, ugly man looked back at him from the mirror. He hadn’t been that boy in over fifty years.

But if that ugly fuck had been able to get with the young mother. Maybe he had a shot, too.

Let's get this posted before April Fool's day tomorrow, shall we? I believe I worked out the issues with the Insider post, so some of the dialogue during sexy times has been tweaked here because of the automod.

Anyways, I hope you all enjoy this chapter and where things are heading. I hope the ending gives you some pause about where this big ol' story is heading.

Anyways, lets dive in!

Renee turned off the engine and sat back into the seat, breathing hard. She'd been shaky the entire drive home and worried she might get into an accident. She half expected James to come out to the garage and ask why she was just sitting there, but she knew she had to compose herself.

After what she'd just done, she needed to steady her face more than anything else. She'd touched another man's penis. Not just touched it. Stroked to completion, until it exploded all over her naked sex. She could still feel her soaking wet panties clinging to her skin and felt shame and arousal coursing wildly through her body. Her face felt hot, and a look in the mirror confirmed that her cheeks were notably rosy.

She still couldn't believe that, on a whim, she'd gone into that bathroom. She hadn't even needed to pee. She'd gone in to see if there was a hole in the wall like the other place she'd been to. She hated herself. And she was mad at Lester for suggesting the place. They could have just talked over the phone.

She shivered and wrapped her arms around herself. Dan's roommate had made a move on her, and she'd been too surprised or maybe turned on to reject it properly. She was a married woman. And Lester had even met her husband, James. It wasn't right. But with how hyped up she'd been from the man behind the wall, her defenses had slipped, and she'd let it happen. Let him press his body against hers. Press his penis against her body. Push his lips and tongue against hers. She still hadn't forgotten that night in the apartment when she'd seen what the odd little man had between his legs.

Maybe she'd done something to give him the wrong kind of signal. Or maybe there was more to Lester than she realized. Either way, she needed to keep her distance from the man. She didn't want to find herself in that situation again. She didn't want to confront how she'd responded to his advances.

Renee took a deep, steadying breath and smoothed out her clothes before getting out of the car. She didn't want to face James, terrified he'd see the guilt all over her face. But she needed him. God only knew how much she needed him in that very moment. She wanted to tear his clothes off and pull him into their bed.

The door to the garage closed silently behind her, and she quickly crept through the house to find her husband. To her dismay, she heard him before she saw him. Heard them.

Loud, obnoxious voices coming from their den. Renee dropped her purse onto the kitchen counter and walked into the adjoining room. James was on the couch surrounded by his buddies watching some football game. Bottles of beer sat on the table in front of them.

"Hi, boys," Renee said from the doorway. It came out way more sultry than she'd intended. All the men's eyes snapped off the screen to look at her. The eyes of James' friends ran over her body, and

she suppressed a shiver. Her mind began to assess each one in ways she'd never done before: bedroom prowess and the imagined size of their members.

"Uh, James," Renee said hurriedly, trying to suppress the uncomfortable thoughts from taking root, "Can I have a word?"

James got to unsteady feet and picked his way across the room until he reached his wife. She grabbed his hand and pulled him into the kitchen. She gave him a playful look and whispered, "Why don't you get rid of your friends, and you and I can have some alone time upstairs?"

James swayed a bit, bracing himself on the counter. It took him a few seconds before a knowing grin appeared on his face. Then a frown, "It's the start of the second quarter. Late game in San Francisco. I can't just kick 'em out now. It won't be long, honey. Tell you what, you go on upstairs and take a nice bath, and I'll come up when the game's done."

"Okay," Renee said flatly. James hadn't noticed her thighs rubbing together, and she tried to contain herself. James leaned in and kissed her. He tasted like beer. Shouting erupted from the other room, and James quickly disengaged with her and ran back to see what he'd missed.

With a sigh, Renee went upstairs, trying to block out the sounds of the loud TV and adult man children excitedly reacting to what came out of it. She took James' advice and got into a bath, letting herself relax under the warm water. Her mind kept drifting back to the lurid events of the night, despite her best efforts. To her eternal shame, her fingers had unconsciously found the sensitive areas on her body, and Renee indulged herself for a few moments before chastising herself and getting out of the bath. She needed James. Now.

After she dried off, she slipped into a sexy pair of lacy purple bra and panties, then pulled a comfy robe around herself. She laid herself seductively on the bed and waited for her husband. Time ticked by slowly. Renee scrolled on her phone aimlessly while her eyelids got heavy. She drifted. Her mind played a reel of the night's events, but altered. In this dream, she let the man on the other side of the wall put his penis inside of her. She felt him stretch her out. When she looked over her shoulder, the wall was gone, and Lester was standing there, embedded inside of her. She opened her mouth to say something, but all that came out were wild moans she didn't recognize the sound of. It was such a shocking and disgusting dream that she woke herself up, her heart slamming against her ribcage.

Renee looked at the time and saw that it was late. Well past midnight and in the early hours of the morning. With a groan, she crawled from bed, tied the robe tightly around herself and tiptoed down the stairs. The TV was still playing loudly from the den, some kind of sports recap show.

James was leaning back, head draped over the back of the couch, mouth open, snoring loudly. A couple of his friends were in similar states in other chairs.

Men, Renee scoffed, turning on her heel and marching back upstairs, not taking care to be quiet any longer. She stripped her sexy attire off and crawled back into bed, desperate to chase the dream she'd just escaped from.

***

The stress relief from the previous night was exactly what Dan had needed. He hadn't come to Washington to break his marriage vows. Surprisingly only part of him felt at all bad about what had happened. The rest of him felt vindicated. Felt whole. Like he'd recaptured a part of him that was missing.

He didn't let himself dwell on it. Or on Sarah and Lester. Today, he focused on what was important.

"Let's be frank," Dan said, "The kind of threats and issues Sentinel deals with now are only going to grow more complex in the very near future. With the rapid rate of change over the last few years, that future is probably going to be here before any of us expect. Your current infrastructure plan is good, albeit one based on past assumptions. I would expect the need to arise for rapid scaling to meet client demands. That means more data centers and other critical infrastructure to build and maintain. I can help streamline that process and make it profitable from an operational standpoint. It's a heavy lift, but it's not an impossible task. If you give me the opportunity, I'll take this off your plate and run with it, positioning Sentinel Securities for a bright and prosperous future."

Dan confidently pressed the button on the clicker in his hand, and the PowerPoint slide advanced to his closing slide, which featured his headshot and large text that read 'Thank You.'

A few of the men in the room nodded appreciatively and looked around at their colleagues. Tricia was there, but surprisingly, she wouldn't meet Dan's eye. It was odd. She had set up this meeting and had pulled all the strings for him. The video playing on his phone last night must have upset her somehow. He just hoped it didn't cost him this opportunity.

A few of the men and women began an open discussion, beckoning Dan to sit. They asked him questions about his presentation and his opinions on initiatives from various departments. Dan was eager to participate, sliding back into the role of the seasoned professional he was. It felt good, and he knew he was nailing this.

When the meeting was over, Tricia was the first to leave, almost bolting for the door. Dan nodded and shook hands with everyone else. An older man, Gordon Armstrong, stayed behind and pulled Dan into a conversation. Gordon was one of the firm's partners.

"Great work, Dan," Gordon said, "You really gave us a lot to think about. Coming in, I thought our five-year strategy was sound, but now, well, I want to look at it again, especially given all the points you brought up. Do you really think there is that much room for cost savings with our data centers?"

"I do, and to be honest, what I presented was on the conservative end," Dan said with a smile, "I don't like to over promise, so I don't, but I'm confident there's more we can do."

"We're really lucky we found you when we did. How you didn't get scooped up by someone else, I'll never know. It'll be good having you on the team."

Dan cocked his head. Gordon laughed and patted Dan on the bicep, "It's a yes from me. You're employment that is. I'll have HR draw up some paperwork for you to sign, but I think it's a no-brainer. Welcome to Sentinel Securities."

He went to leave before turning back as if an idea had just occurred to him, "You're based in Chicago, right? Maybe we can get together, your wife and mine, for dinner. A welcome to the firm kind of thing. That work for you?"

"Of course," Dan said, trying to keep his best poker face, "I look forward to it."

With that, Gordon turned and left the room, leaving Dan alone. He pumped his fist into the air and couldn't hold back the giant grin from spreading on his face. He couldn't wait to see what the offer was. He knew it would be good, though part of him tried not to get excited. He opened his phone to call Sarah but paused, re-reading their last exchanged messages. Dan put the phone away and headed for Tricia's office.

It took two knocks before he heard her utter ‘Come in,’ from the other side. He slid into the room, easing the door closed behind him. Tricia looked up at him, and he couldn’t read the expression on her face.

“So,” Dan said, pushing past the awkwardness, “How’d I do?”

“They loved you,” Tricia said with a flat smile that didn’t seem genuine. “I think you’re a lock.”

“Gordon said some kind words to me after, so we’ll see,” Dan said. He didn’t want to give away what was said in the conversation in case Tricia was having a change of heart. “What’s going on, Tricia? You are uncharacteristically unflirty today.”

Tricia rubbed her eyes, “Just tired.”

“You sure? You haven’t been the same since you left me in my cubicle last night.”

“I just….” Tricia started, “I didn’t think that it would actually happen. Not like that.”

“Like what?” Dan said, feeling his cheeks start to burn. This was an odd conversation to have with someone other than his wife. His stomach was uneasy. He didn’t want to fuck this opportunity up. He never asked for this. It had always been her pushing it.

“I didn’t expect you to be so…aggressive,” Tricia said, not meeting his eye. “I had to run to the pharmacy to get Plan B this morning. I’ve never done it like that without a condom.”

Dan smirked, and Tricia’s gaze got icy. He put up his hands in a placating manner, “I’m fixed, Tricia. I got the snip. You have nothing to worry about.”

Her shoulders relaxed, but she kept her icy gaze locked on him, “You have to be more careful. We can’t just…God. I sound like a bumbling teenager. Give a girl a heads up next time.”

Dan pulled the door open with a smile, “Next time, huh? I guess you enjoyed yourself after all.”

Her eyes went wide, darting to the farm of cubicles beyond her door. Before she could respond, Dan stepped out, closing the door behind him. It felt weird, openly flirting with her like that. He’d kept himself reserved for so long, but it was starting to feel like the scales were being balanced. But there was a long way to go before they were.

***

The sound of stomping feet eased Lester into consciousness. He didn’t open his eyes, but he slowly left dreamland. He felt more at peace than he ever had in his entire life. His body was completely relaxed, and everything just felt as it should.

He inhaled, caught a familiar strawberry scent, and knew Sarah was close by. As his mind stretched out and became aware of his surroundings, he knew the pretty little mother was curled up against him, her head on his chest, her luscious blonde mane splayed out over his hairy chest.

She mumbled something in her sleep and nuzzled into him. His fingers traced over the taut muscles of her naked back. She was warm to the touch. Lester couldn’t help the shit-eating grin from spreading on his face. Sometimes he had to remind himself to enjoy the little things. Moments like this. He’d come so far. Way further than he’d ever expected to get. Much further than with any of his prior conquests.

Lester's cock grew against Sarah's toned leg. It was time for him to deposit another load into the fertile young mother. He scrunched up his ugly face and heaved his immense bulk off the bed, turning Sarah onto her back.

She groaned in protest, but her eyes fluttered open, staring up at him. She blinked, confusion and revulsion giving way to acceptance and want. Lester smirked again, dipped his fat lips down and mashed them against hers.

"Uffmmhmmm," Sarah groaned, surprised. Lester's flabby chest and large gut pinned her nubile young body to the mattress.

"You're mine," Lester mumbled before resuming his sloppy, saliva-filled kiss. Sarah moaned into his mouth as he ground himself against her naked body. Her hands slid to his arms. Lester grabbed the back of her neck and mauled her awake with his tongue, forcing it into her mouth. He held her neck in a vise grip, turning his head and pushing his fat tongue into every crevice of her mouth. His other hand was underneath her, mauling her ass cheek.

His cock pushed against her bare, naked thigh, inching its way upwards. Sarah's hand went to his chest, pushing against him, trying to get a breather. But Lester pushed ahead anyway.

He shifted his bulk on the bed, his legs pressing into the mattress as he expertly shuffled them, hooking her knees over them. As his giant, hairy stomach pressed her down into the bed, he lined his cock up with her entrance.

Much to his delight, she was already wet for him. He grinned, breaking the kiss as his large cock head ran up and down her slit.

"Lester…I…just…" Sarah started, but the words died in her throat as Lester slowly and firmly thrust forward. The head of his cock separating her pussy lips, barging in, eliciting a sharp intake of breath from the mother of two. Lester ground his fat hips forward, easing her legs open as the head of his cock disappeared inside of her.

A guttural groan of pleasure replaced Sarah's fading words as another inch of his massive veiny cock entered into her. Her face was a mix of pleasure from the sensation and frustration at being silenced, disregarded. Lester pumped forward, his eyes gleaming as he watched her. Watched the fight kindle in her eyes, the desire to say something, the desire to give in to her baser instincts and their shared history. His grin widened when he felt her hips rise off the bed to meet his.

He sank his cock further into her. She cried out, bottom jaw hanging open as he stretched her pussy. He was always amazed at how tight she was. How, no matter how often or how hard he fucked her, she'd somehow transform back to feeling like a virgin's tightness. Like she was new for him every time.

Lester licked his lips, clutched his fingers in the hair at the base of her skull and pulled her face up towards him. He kissed hard, her hips bouncing off the bed now, seeking more of his cock. He obliged. Lester plunged his entire length into the once faithful wife and nailed her to the bed, almost knocking the wind out of her as he drilled down. He grabbed her by the head and forced her to his chest, her tongue lolling out and began licking him through the coarse hair.

Lester pumped his hips, splitting her legs open wide. He felt her calves come to rest on his ass. Her head was held pinned to his chest, but she was like a bitch in heat, tongue circling, licking him, needing to feel and taste him.

After their eventful night, she just couldn't get enough of him. Lester couldn't help the shit-eating smirk from being glued onto his face. He used to have to hide it around her. Not wanting to show his true intentions. They'd come so far. His naked cock was buried in her unprotected pussy, and she was begging for more of him. Needing more of his cum. He was making sure to take full advantage of the time he was given. There was nothing to stop him.

He pulled Sarah from his chest, her eyes lazily opening as his tongue slowly retracted into her mouth. He pushed her into the mattress, hands on both of her shoulders as he pounded her with his cock. His thumbs dug into her collarbone as he fucked her into heavenly oblivion, his cock driving in and out of her at reckless speed.

They grunted in unison, no words passing between them, just a brutal, primal knowledge of what the other was experiencing. Sarah looked up at him, disbelief on her face. She still couldn't get used to how often Lester could fuck her.

His big, heavy, hairy balls were slapping against her ass. Lester hooked an arm under one of her knees and brought it up, giving him a new angle of attack and letting his cock get just a bit deeper inside.

"Ughhhnnn," Sarah groaned in reply, her eyes fluttering closed, her nails digging into the flesh of Lester's arms. He had her. She was his. His to own. His to breed.

Lester felt a primal sense of ownership and the drive to reproduce. His hips began to buck forward wildly, losing control of himself. Sweat trickled down his back and dripped off his forehead, splattering onto Sarah's abundant chest. He flexed his cock inside of her and her body shivered.

"I can't wait to cum in you," Lester sneered, "Again."

Sarah just bit her lip, eyes closed tight, focusing on enjoying the moment. Lester was grunting loudly, plowing forward like a prized stallion loose in the barn with a thoroughbred mare. The bed creaked rhythmically under the violent force of their fucking.

The pitter, patter of rushed footsteps that had awoken Lester floated into his ears, but he quickly dismissed it, focusing intently on the task at hand. Sarah's eyes flew open. With a strength neither of them knew she had, Sarah's hands pushed on his chest. Her exposed hips pushed off the bed, fully embedding his cock into her as she tried to flip him onto his side.

Lester relented and let himself be moved. Sarah's hands reached for the comforter, but it had fallen off during the middle of the night marathon sex session. She reached further forward to grab it and pulled it up over them. But she wasn't fast enough.

Her daughter Ava stood with one hand on the doorknob, a look of confusion on her tilted face.

"Mom?" she said, barely above a whisper. Thankfully her sister wasn't there with her.

"I…I'll be right there, honey. Mom's just getting ready. Close the door. I'll be right out." Sarah's words nervously poured out of her. Lester held his breath under the comforter. What an interesting development. He just hoped it wouldn't come back to bite him on the ass.

"Ava," Sarah snapped, "Close the door honey."

The door shut, and Sarah sighed. Lester grabbed her by the waist and tried to pull her back down to him. She shifted, evading his stubby fingers and rushed out of the bed, "Fuck."

Lester's arms went behind his head as he watched her hurriedly pull a robe around her naked form. "Relax," he drawled, "Nothing you can do about it now."

"She might have seen us!" Sarah whispered hard at him, "Seen you. I knew it was a mistake the moment you came in here last night. I should have just let you sit out on the porch all night. This is too fucked up."

"She probably didn't see a thing. Even if she did, they're kids. They don't know what's what."

"Kids are smarter than you think, Lester," Sarah said, going to the door. She cracked it open, looking down an empty wall. When she looked back at him, she spoke in a voice, daring him to defy her, "Stay here. Be quiet. I'll be back in a little bit."

"Whatever," Lester said, letting his eyes close once again.

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Sarah hurried down the stairs to the living room. The girls were both on their tablets, but Ava looked up, meeting her mom's eyes. "Thanks for waking me up, Ava," Sarah said, "I overslept."

"It's almost eight," Ava said slowly.

"I know. I know, I'm sorry," Sarah said, rushing into the kitchen, her mind racing, trying to decipher Ava's face and her words. She poured them both a bowl of cereal and hit the start button on the coffee machine. The coffee helped her swallow her supplements, and she made a mental note to take the other one upstairs when she got dressed.

"Ava," Sarah said, watching her daughter use her spoon to play with her cereal, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine mom," Ava said, putting on a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. Sarah studied her daughter for a few seconds before returning to finishing her food. "I'm going to get upstairs and get your clothes."

Sarah hurried up the stairs, taking time to catch her breath and steady herself at the top. She grabbed clothes for the girls and, with a second thought, brought their toothbrushes and hairbrushes down from the bathroom downstairs.

"Here's your clothes, girls," Sarah said laying the clothes out on the couch. "Your brushes and toothbrushes are on the counter. Let's brush down here just for today, okay? Can you girls do all that while I get ready? Then you can go back to your tablets."

Both girls nodded, Ava less enthusiastically. Sarah crept back upstairs to get changed. She'd need to get the girls in the car and out the door in thirty minutes to drive them to school, otherwise they'd be late.

This time, she locked the bedroom door behind her. A large mass moved under the comforter, and Sarah wondered how the legs on the bed frame hadn't snapped off yet.

"Get over here," Lester said from under the heavy blanket, "We have business to finish."

"Not now, Lester," Sarah said, her voice filled with panic. She hurried to the closet. "I need to drive the kids to school. We overslept. I think Ava saw us."

"She didn't see anything," Lester said, "Relax."

“I can’t relax,” Sarah stammered, sorting through her clothes to find something that wasn’t wrinkled. “I don’t know how I even faced her or how I can do it again. It’s mortifying, Lester. I didn’t want to expose her to this. To you, to any of this. It’s a nightmare.”

Sarah kept moving hangers, looking for something to wear. Lester groaned and rolled off the bed, stretching his back in the process. She didn’t look, but could see a large mass making its way to her out of the corner of her eye.

“Lester, not now. I’m panicking inside. I can’t do this.” Sarah stammered, still unable to find anything to wear. There was nothing. Nothing to wear. She didn’t know what to do.

“Shhhhhh,” Lester said, sliding up behind her. His hands fell over her robe-covered shoulders, gently massaging them. His still hard cock poked against the back of her robe. “You’re overreacting. You snapped at her; she’s probably just hurt. Relax.”

“I can’t relax,” Sarah snapped. Her heart was beating out of her chest, and she couldn’t think straight. She was spiraling. Just like when she’d been caught with Otis at the hospital. Her world was falling apart, and she wasn’t in control of its downward descent. Lester swiftly undid the belt on her robe, his other hand brushing it off her shoulders, where it fell to the floor.

“Lester!’ Sarah said, panic in her voice. “The girls. I can’t, what if–”

“Relax,” Lester said as he pushed forward. Sarah almost tripped as he bumped into her, spearing her ass with his dick. She reached out to catch herself; the only thing in sight was the bar holding her clothes. Lester’s hands were on her hips as she shifted his cock to settle it between her thighs. He pushed forward, running against her pussy.

“They’re downstairs, Lester, awake. We can’t – Ugh,” Sarah’s words choked out.

Lester’s cock head pushed into her, followed by his girthy shaft. Sarah struggled, her breath catching in her throat.

“Ahhffff-Lesssstee–” Sarah whined as Lester fed her his cock. Her body instinctively pushed back against him, taking more of him inside of her.

“Oh, but we can,” Lester grunted into her ear, hand snaking around her body to cup her breasts, the other holding her hips in place. Lester thrust into Sarah, and she gripped the closet bar for dear life. The clothes shook on her hangers as Lester picked back up right where he had been. Lester pinched her nipples, groping her breasts greedily. Sarah arched her back, pressing them into his meaty palm. Her mind felt like mush. As much as she didn’t want to do this right now, she needed it. She needed the distraction, didn’t want to think about confronting yet another stressor in her life. Even if this very act was the cause of that stress.

Sarah opened her mouth to speak. To try and slow things down and get a handle on herself. As if he were a mind reader, Lester’s hand left her breast and sharply grabbed her hair, twisting it into a swirling ponytail that he yanked back on. Sarah’s arms swung, holding the bar as Lester jerked her back, his fat tongue licking up and down her neck like a frenzied dog.

“Let go,” Lester grunted.

“The girls…” Sarah managed to breathe out before Lester yanked her back, impaling his cock entirely into her. Sarah’s arms gave out and slipped off the bar. Her legs felt like jelly; the only thing holding her up was Lester’s strength. He pulled her down onto the carpeted floor of her walk-in closet.

He didn't waste any time. Sarah was on her hands and knees, and Lester was still inside of her, sliding his swollen cock in and out of her from behind. She took it. She took his cock doggstyle and let her forehead rest on the floor. His large gut sat on top of her perfect bubble butt, jiggling with each forceful thrust.

His stubby, fat fingers gripped both of her hips as he hammered at her. Sarah could still hear the sounds of the TV show coming from downstairs and bit the flesh of her forearm, desperately trying not to make any noises. She failed. Moans escaped her lips, but she bit down harder, muffling them with her own body.

"MMMFFMMMMMM," Sarah whined throat the flesh of her skin as Lester's cock repeatedly punched into her. He slid it all the way out to the tip and pushed it back in hard. Sarah's body jolted forward, and Lester had to shimmy to keep up with her. She wanted to collapse onto the ground and let him take her, but he held her hips up, keeping her in doggstyle. Lester was lightly chuckling behind her as he drove his naked cock into her again and again.

"Yeah…," he said lazily, "They're gonna be late for school. Their mama's too busy fucking."

Sarah's body clenched around his cock at Lester's words. It was disgusting, dirty talk, but the idea of abandoning her responsibilities touched something inside of her and made her body push back onto his cock. Sarah whined into her forearm, desperate to stay quiet as her body took over and fucked Lester back. He kept thrusting hard, and Sarah struggled to push back on his assault.

Sarah's blonde hair fell around her face, obscuring her vision. Her eyes were unfocused, and Lester brutally fucked her, savoring each and every pointed thrust. Each ridge and vein of his cock is dragged in and out of her. Lester started pumping into her with abandon, and Sarah did all she could to keep up with his building rhythm. Their bodies shuffled as they fucked. He'd thrust forward, and Sarah's body would move half an inch. He'd pull back and do it again. And again. Sarah's elbows slid across the carpet until her head was back in the bedroom. Light came from the crack under the door from the hallway beyond. Somewhere out there, her family was diligently waiting for her. But Lester had her in his grips and he wasn't letting her go.

"Fuck you feel so goddamn good," Lester grunted, "Keep squeezing me like that. Ah, yeah, just like that, Sarah."

"MMHMMFFMMMM," Sarah moaned into her arm.

"That won't do," Lester said, reaching around and grabbing Sarah by her throat. He lifted her up off her arm, and her rapid gasps filled the room.

"Please…Lester….I can't…Need to be quiet…..they're…" Sarah panted.

"What's your name? Say it," Lester said.

"Sarah," she panted as Lester squeezed her throat.

"Full name," Lester said.

"Sarah Williams," Sarah answered.

"No. Try again," Lester punctuated the sentence with a sharp jab of his cock, driving decisively into her G-Spot. Sarah groaned and dropped her head. She didn't know what he wanted her to say. Her mouth moved, her brain not even registering what she was saying, "Sarah Marshall…"

“Good girl,” Lester chuckled, “Fuck, I can’t wait to bust inside of you.”

“Ughhhhhh. Mhmmmmm. Mhmmmmm. MHMMMMM. Ugh….” Sarah’s moans were coming fast and heavy. She couldn’t control herself anymore. She wanted to muffle herself, but Lester wouldn’t let her. It wasn’t her fault. She gritted her teeth, trying to clamp her mouth closed, but it was hard to breathe. Lester’s hand on her throat was making it difficult. She couldn’t breathe deeply enough through her nose. Not while Lester pounded her into oblivion. She had to open her mouth to gasp for breath, but as she needed another string of moans rolled out of it. “Ugghhhhhhh….Mhmmmmm…Gaawwww…..fffuuuuuu…..Leessssmhmmmmmm.”

“Such a bad girl,” Lester snickered, “You ready for my load?”

“Ughh fuck….give it me Lester…..”

“Tell me what we’re doing here, Mrs. Marshall?” Lester grunted.

“Making a baby,” Sarah said automatically without even thinking about it.

“Making a baby,” she whispered and started thrusting back on him in earnest. Her perfect bubble butt slapped against Lester’s fat thighs. The room was filled with the sounds of wet skin on skin contact as she aggressively fucked back on Lester’s enormous cock. His grip tightened on her hips as he held on against her onslaught.

“Fuckkkk….Mhmmmmmm….agghhhhhh…ughhhhh…yessss……a baby….” Sarah’s manicured nails dug into the carpet. She strained and pushed herself onto the balls of her feet for additional leverage as she fucked back into the disgusting man behind her.

“Oh fuck…..yes….” Sarah moaned. She pushed up off the ground, burying one hand in the carpet. She reached back with her other hand and held onto Lester’s hip, urging him forward. Lester didn’t need the hint. He gleefully power fucked her hard and fast just the way she liked it.

Sarah’s eyes rolled back in her head as her orgasm rapidly took shape inside of her. Lester’s big, fat, ugly cock was hitting every sensitive nerve ending inside of her pussy, and she was loving every fucking second of it.

“Here it comes, Sarah,” Lester grunted, burying his cock into her. “Big old load of Lester coming up.”

Sarah didn’t respond, just gritted her teeth and fucked Lester back. She felt his cock begin to quiver inside of her. The delicious throb running up and down his shaft as his balls started to empty. The second the first blast of his hot jizz sprayed into her, Sarah came.

“UGHHHHHHFFUUUUMHMMMMMMYEEEAASSSSSSSSSS,” Sarah cried out to her bedroom. “LEEESSTEERGOD.”

Pleasure rippled across Sarah’s body; her muscles all went rigid as her lungs burned from holding her breath. Her eyes felt like they rolled back in her head, her eyelids almost twitching as more and more of Lester’s illicit cum flooded into her. Fireworks kept exploding inside of her, washing her in blazing pleasure.

Sarah moaned, unabashedly into her open bedroom, forgetting everything around her but the need for Lester’s cum and how amazing the copious fluid made her feel. An ocean of cum seemingly poured into her as she clamped her pussy down on his cock, letting it pulsate and blast off inside of her. Sarah’s insides were drenched and coated in Lester’s seed, and still her body tried to milk more out of the overweight beast.

Her head had dropped to the floor as she lay there panting. Through gritted teeth and a gasping mouth, Sarah mumbled, “How can you cum so much…”

Lester just chuckled and gave her perfect bubble butt a light slap before backing up and out. A wet sound like someone stepping on a sponge filled the room, and she gasped in disappointment when his cock left her. She felt so empty, but the deluge of cum pouring down her thigh made her fall onto her side in the fetal position.

She winced. Her knees and elbows burned. She was vaguely aware that they’d thoroughly been rug burned from the intense fucking. She realized that they’d moved several feet from where they’d begun.

Lester groaned from somewhere behind her as Sarah’s body and mind slowly came back down to earth. She could hear his heavy breathing. She could hear her own heart thumping in her chest. And she could hear the sound of the TV downstairs.

Ava and Sofia drifted back into her mind, and Sarah’s post orgasmic bliss was traded with white hot parental panic. She heaved herself onto unsteady naked legs and wandered further into her bedroom to find her phone.

The girls were already running late for school. Sarah turned back to the closet to find something to wear, but stopped at the sight of an ugly, hairy, naked Lester lying there like some kind of pulsating, pupating larva from a sci-fi movie. Cum ran down to her knee, and Sarah spun and awkwardly ran and hobbled into the bathroom.

She cleaned herself up as best as she could with water and a washcloth, wishing she had time for a full shower. Still, she popped one of her pills from under the counter and swallowed it dry.

Back in the bedroom, she pulled on a dirty pair of panties and felt them immediately get wet from the steady flow of cum still leaking out of her. She grabbed a pair of sweatpants and an oversized hoodie of Dan’s and put it on, no longer caring about her appearance. She was already so fucking late.

“I’m gonna drop the girls at school,” Sarah said into the closet, not bothering to check on Lester. She hurried out of the bedroom, closing the door behind her. Downstairs, she hurried to get the girls ready for school, trying to ignore any red flags of awareness from Ava.

As they hurried out the door to the car, Sofia asked, “Whose car is that?”

Sarah’s heart skipped a beat at the sight of Lester’s black SUV sitting in the driveway. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

“I don’t know, honey,” Sarah lied as she urged the girls towards their own vehicle, “I’ll figure it out later when I get back, okay? Probably just one of the neighbor’s, maybe a relative or something. Let’s get in the car.”

As the girls got in the backseat, Sarah rushed around the driver’s side. “Uh….hey…Sarah, how's it going?”

Sarah glanced up as she pulled the door open. Their neighbor Ted was strolling down his front steps, heading in their direction with an awkward look on his face. The guy gave her the creeps, but Sarah didn’t have time for this right now.”

“Are your relatives visiting?” Sofia shouted out from the backseat.

“My….what?” Ted asked, stopping in his tracks.

“Sorry, Ted,” Sarah said, mortified at being caught in public in such a frumpy outfit. “We’re running late for school. Talk to you later!”

Not leaving any room for further conversation, Sarah got in, pulled the door shut and turned over the ignition. While Ted stood awkwardly on his lawn, Sarah peeled out of the driveway and headed towards the girls’ school.

As she drove, her knees burned whenever she touched the brakes, her sweatpants grazing them. Thankfully, traffic wasn’t too bad, and she arrived at school without issue. Both girls leapt from the car, not bothering to say goodbye as they headed inside after their classmates. Sarah called the office to let them know before parking a few streets away, and as her mind raced to catch up with the morning’s events.

She put her head in her hands and groaned to herself at somehow making a bad situation worse. She didn’t want to think about it anymore. The girls were tucked away at school for six or so hours. Alone time was what she needed. Unfortunately Lester was still waiting for her at home, and if she went back there… she’d be fucked into oblivion. She’d be nothing more than a sweaty mess in her bed, likely missing school pick up. Again.

Sarah pulled out her phone to scroll through Instagram to distract herself. It only took a few minutes of meme posts and videos before a news story caught her attention. It was from the local paper, about a hospital employee who had been caught selling diabetic test strips to lowlifes on Craigslist. Sarah’s breath caught in her throat as she read the story, and she found a renewed dampness between her legs that wasn’t just Lester’s cum.

Immediately, she opened up LinkedIn and checked Richard’s profile. He had turned it private, masking all his posts and profile details. Sarah just stared at the screen. She’d gotten her revenge. Both Mary and Richard were out at the hospital, just like she was. She couldn’t imagine the turmoil there. She wanted to help. But they’d never allow her back. She missed that part of her life, being core to an organization and helping it thrive. The fact that her work could impact patients and their families had been such a fundamental part of her identity for so long, so she felt moorless without it.

She navigated to her LinkedIn page and decided it was time to really put the effort into her job search. And she had an ace in the hole. She texted Lester.

S: Hey, so I was wondering. Could I get a letter of recommendation? You know, because I worked for you for a bit?

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Lester read Sarah’s text message again before tossing his phone onto the pillow next to him. He was lying starfish in the Williams’ marital bed, idly playing with his soft cock. What fucking part of their arrangement did she not get? He was gonna take care of her. Her and the baby. She didn’t need to work.

Why couldn’t she just fucking accept that and go along with his plan? What was this letter of recommendation bullshit? Lester seethed and rolled his rotund body off the bed and stomped into their ensuite bathroom. He pissed in the bowl without putting up the lid before plodding over to the sink and looking at Sarah’s pills. He smirked as they continued to dwindle, almost like a countdown to his magnum opus.

While he loved fucking Sarah and degrading her in her own place, their house was boring. Lester couldn't just sit around here all day. He grabbed his phone and texted her back without answering her question.

L: When are you coming back?

S: I'm going to see my parents for a bit.

L: Come back and clean up my cock first slut.

S: I'm already here, Lester. Sorry.

Fucking bitch.

Lester wasn't about to just wait around like some domesticated animal. He got dressed and left, driving to the closest McDonalds and eating the Big Mac in the parking lot. Technically, he was supposed to be at the hospital working, but he really didn't give a shit. There wasn't a CEO to fire him, and Lester wasn't sticking around there much longer. He wasn't going to be asking for a letter of recommendation.

Heh. Lester thought. Maybe there was one last hurrah the place could offer if Sarah really wanted to earn her special little letter. After finishing up with his burgers, Lester grabbed some supplies from the grocery store, including a couple of bags of Cheetos. He spent the rest of the afternoon watching anime in his hotel room and playing on his gaming laptop, then ordered in for dinner.

It was only then that he texted Sarah, letting her know that she had to earn her letter and meet him in the hospital parking lot that night. On a whim, he checked the app connected to the tracker on Renee's car.

With a devilish smirk, he headed for the door.

***

Renee sat in her car, chest already rising and falling as she tried to work up the nerve to enter the seedy bar. She knew she shouldn't be here. But her body ached for relief. After James had fallen asleep in the den with his juvenile football friends, she had tossed and turned all night. She needed to be touched, to feel the thrill of connection.

Yet her husband hadn't even tried to make a move on her in the morning. She was ready to crawl up the walls; she was so horny, but James was spending the day nursing a rare hangover.

That's why she found herself outside the same bar she'd visited the previous night. She'd left dinner for James in the fridge, for him to heat up when he was ready. With the sun disappearing behind nearby buildings, Renee was torn between what she desperately wanted to do and what she knew to be the right thing.

She shouldn't even set foot in this part of town, yet here she was ready to go inside the local bar for degenerates. She busied herself to keep from dwelling on it, adjusting her hair and outfit in the mirror. This time, she was in a conservative black dress, but it still hugged her in the right places and illustrated her lovely figure.

Going into a bar wasn't wrong, she tried to convince herself. She didn't have to go to the bathroom area this time. She could just get a drink to calm her nerves and then leave. On shaky, toned legs, she stepped out of the car and headed for the entrance.

It was early, and the bar was still filling up. The local blue-collar workers were just starting to filter in. She felt eyes on her, but ignored them. She sat at the bar and ordered herself a red wine to give her hands something to do. She glanced at the door, knowing it was only a few feet away and she could easily leave anytime. She was in control.

Renee was surprised when she finished the last sip of wine. She quickly ordered another, only to find it drained in just a few minutes. It was time to go. She'd been silly to come here. But first….she decided to use the washroom. She buried the voice that said she was lying to herself, that she didn't even have to go.

Renee passed through the jostling crowd and down the dark hallway until she reached the women's bathroom. There were several stalls she could have chosen, all of which seemed unoccupied. But her body moved towards the one against the far wall. She slipped inside and locked the door behind her, heart pounding in her chest as she stared at the hole in the wall.

This time, there wasn't a cock sticking out. It was empty. A pang of disappointment filled her as she took a tentative step forward into the cramped cubicle. She stared at the crudely made hole, transfixed, waiting for something to happen. Her shoulders were rising and falling in time with her breasts. Then she saw it.

A hairy knuckled hand appeared in the hole. It gestured to her, its fingers beckoning her forward. Alarm bells rang in her head. It wasn't too late to march out back to her car. Instead, Renee stepped forward with bated breath.

The hand reached out and touched the smooth skin of her leg. Renee stiffened at the touch of a man other than her husband. She quivered and braced herself against the wall as the hand trailed playfully up and down her exposed thigh, caressing her. It rose, playing with the hem of her skirt. Dancing across her skin until the bold fingers disappeared beneath the material and reached behind her to lightly cup her ass.

Renee moaned into the wall as the unknown stranger kneaded her. His fingers flexed, gripping her supple flesh, and he tugged, pulling her against the wall. Renee's face was pressed against the dirty wall as this strange man's hand groped her. He pulled up the bottom of her dress, exposing her bubble butt to the dingy washroom stall.

The front of her dress rose as well, Renee's legs rubbing together as she groaned against the dirty wall. She was breathing hard, still trying to comprehend the new and exciting experience. She felt a thrill coursing through her that was dangerous and addictive. She needed more.

Her breath caught in her throat as the man's hairy thumb hooked around the side of her panties and gently started tugging them down. Renee weakly grasped the other side, holding it up. There was a brief moment of tug-of-war before the material slipped through Renee's releasing fingers. Her bare pussy became exposed to the cool air of the room, and a shiver ran up her spine.

Her panties hung limply between her thighs, the meaty hand moving back to grope and roughly maul her exposed ass. It tugged her closer to the hole until her thighs and midsection were awkwardly pressing against the wall.

Something wet flicked over her exposed pussy, and she instinctively recoiled, trying to back away. But the meaty hand held her in place. It flicked out again, quickly like a snake's. Then it happened again. Renee groaned, and her thighs instinctively parted. It was the man's tongue. This stranger's outstretched tongue was licking her through the large, roughly cut hole.

The next lick gained better access to her, dragging its way up her pussy lips and flicking over her clit. Renee moaned openly at the stimulation and felt a smile tug at the lips of the man attached to the tongue. He lapped more vigorously to which she rewarded with more moans of her own. Her delicate, manicured fingers stroked the dirty wall, her hips bucking forward to meet the stranger's unfurling tongue. It coiled and swirled the opening to her pussy, it dragged up her clit before two lips encased it, and an amazing, sucking sensation sent a shockwave through her entire body.

In all their years of marriage, James had never done this. He'd never gone down on her despite asking it of her. Now a stranger was giving her attention her husband never had. And Renee was hooked.

Her hips savagely bucked against the man's expert manipulation, and all sense of time was lost as Renee grinded herself against the man's outstretched muscle, urging him with her moans to keep going. She could feel it. She could feel a heady orgasm brewing inside of her, and she needed to feel it erupt. Renee's jaw hung limply open as she struggled for breath; every fibre of her being felt more sensitive. The cool wall felt amazing against her skin. She flexed her fingers, stroking the dirty surface, despite the disgust in the back of her head.

Renee was openly moaning for anyone to hear, on the tips of her toes as she let this delicious stranger taste her. Lick her. Suck her. Renee ground herself against the tongue. She was so close. She threw her head back, prepared to scream in orgasmic pleasure as her nails dug into the wall.

The tongue abruptly retreated.

Renee stood still, grasping the wall, thrusting her hips forward, waiting impatiently for its wet return. Waiting for it to finish what it started. Waiting for it to give her the Big O she craved. She needed. But it never came.

She finally let out a choked, disappointed breath, going back down to the flats of her feet as she lost the moment. It was beyond frustrating. Her body still burned with need, disappointment running through her. Why? Why? Why not let her finish?

The hinges of the women's washroom creaked, and Renee went stiff. Heavy footsteps sounded out on the sticky linoleum floor. Renee didn't take her eyes off the wall less than an inch in front of her face. Her breath caught in her throat.

There was a knock on the stall door.

"It's…." Renee struggled to breathe, "Occupied."

The knock came again. Twice.

With a shaking hand, she reached down and pulled up her panties. She tried to straighten her dress out and worried just how out of sorts her hair and makeup were after her latest encounter.

The knock came again.

"Just one minute," Renee breathed, glancing at the hole in the wall, unsure what she would do if the tongue or something else reappeared. She grabbed a roll of toilet paper and flushed the toilet.

With a deep breath, she stepped towards the stall door, unlocking it. The door swung inwards, causing Renee to abruptly step back. She squinted, confused by what she saw. She expected a young woman to be standing there, tipsy and desperate to use the facilities.

Instead, she saw…

“Lester?” Renee said, clamping her knees together. She tried to get her breathing under control. “What…What? What are you doing in the women’s washroom?”

“What’s the matter?” Lester smirked, stepping into the tight stall. “Cat got your tongue?”

He raised an eyebrow, smirked, and flicked his immense tongue out then up and down lewdly.

“Lester….” Renee said as the pieces clicked together in her brain.

“That’s my name,” Lester said, easing the stall door closed behind him. He locked it. The stall suddenly felt way too tight. Renee felt the blood drain from her face.

“You…” Renee said, “It was you.”

“Guilty as charged,” Lester chuckled and licked his lips, “I have to say, you taste delicious. It was the least I could do after the lovely double-fisted handjob you gave me last time.”

Renee glanced at the hole, then back to Lester’s face. Then she glanced down at his crotch, eliciting a broad smile from the short, chunky man. He again flicked his tongue at her mockingly.

“You wanna see it again, dontcha?” Lester wiggled his eyebrows. Renee was about to say ‘no’, but her voice caught in her throat. Lester pounced on her hesitation, swiftly dropping his orange-stained grey sweatpants to the ground. Through his tight once-white underwear, Renee could see his giant appendage straining against the fabric. Lester shuffled out of his sweatpants, leaving them strewn over the disgusting linoleum floor. Then, before Renee could protest, his underwear quickly followed. The tight material had been holding back his fat, which plopped down as did his massive penis. Renee stared at it for a few seconds before her eyes snapped back up to Lester’s irksome smirk.

He took a step forward, and Renee backed up against the too close wall. Neither of them said a word. She just started into his mocking eyes, clear with his intent as she struggled to breathe. Lester licked his lips and pressed his fat gut against her abdomen, pinning her to the wall. His eyes broke from hers, scanning down her body, to her lithe neck, rising and falling breasts and the bare skin of her arms. Lester reached out with a hand, and Renee flinched. He gave her a look of contempt before reaching his hand out again. This time, it found the strap of her dress.

He lazily ran his fingers up and down it, playing with the material. Renee was practically gasping. Lester shifted his weight, and his hard dick poked against her slim dress-clad thigh. Lester slowly pulled down the strap of her dress, exposing naked skin to this ugly, little man.

He did the same with the other strap, and the dress fell to the floor. Lester’s smirk widened.

“Yum,” he muttered, shifting against her, his penis now trailing up her thigh. She felt it leave a trail as it went, and she couldn’t help but draw comparisons between Lester’s body and that of a fat slug. She went up on her tiptoes when the head of his cock pressed against her pussy through her underwear.

“This is wrong,” Renee finally managed to eke out.

“Is it? Then why are you here? Why did you come back here?” Lester said.

“It’s wrong. With you…it’s….”

“It’s the same thing. My cock was right here pressing against you like this last night. And you let me lick you today. It doesn’t matter that it's me or someone else on the other side of the wall,” Lester chastised, “You have a need, and I’m here to fulfill it.”

Renee opened her mouth to disagree, but Lester’s fat lips mashed against hers as they had in the parking lot. She mumbled something into his mouth in protest, but that only allowed him to stick his fat, slobbering tongue into her mouth. She tasted junk food and cheese on him, as his tongue slid around her, bathing her in his taste.

She could feel his smirk against her cheeks. His hands were on her now. One on her hip, pressing her against the wall. The other on the nape of her neck, guiding her in how he wanted to be kissed.

The tearing of fabric filled the small stall, and Renee tried to yelp in pain. Lester’s fat hands pulled on her panties, pinning them against her skin until the material gave way, ripping away in his brutish hand. He held her neck in place, not letting her look down, but his hand was back on her hip, now devoid of the panties. His naked cock now butted up against her pussy, leaving his stain of pre-cum upon her sex.

Lester's head slithered around like a snake as his tongue explored every crevice of her mouth. His hand on her hip was urging her forward into his cock, then back again, forward then back, like he was patiently guiding her. Lester dipped his hips and thrust forward, his cock pushed between Renee’s thighs, gliding against the bottom of her pussy. He pushed in and out, grinding his cock against her. His hand on her hips, guiding her body forward and back along his shaft, making it slick it with her own dripping juices.

Lester rolled his tongue one last time inside her mouth before slurping it back out and staring her hard in the eyes. He held her gaze as his hand left her neck and snaked around her back, expertly unclasping her bra. As it fell to the floor, her breathing increased, making her breasts rise and fall in rapid succession. Lester broke eye contact and leered at her naked breasts, licking his lips.

Neither said a word, but both seemed to understand the eventual conclusion. Lester grinned and pulled Renee off the wall, wrapping her in his arms as he planted another kiss on her. She let him move her around the enclosed space and realized that her lips were kissing him back. His tongue was in his mouth, battling with his.

Then he let go and spun her around. She was abruptly thrust forward, and her hands came to rest on the sticky surface of the toilet’s tank. She curled her nose in disgust, but her jaw dropped as she felt the head of Lester’s massive cock pushing her thighs apart and knocking at her soaking entrance.

She drew in a sharp breath, eyes focused on the chipping paint on the block of concrete in front of her.

“Uhhhh,” Renee grunted as the head of Lester’s considerable cock parted her lips. A million thoughts raced through her head in that singular moment. Pleasure, regret, fear, arousal, need. Then he was inside of her. Renee felt her pussy stretch around him, painfully but oh so heavenly good at the same time. He pushed more of his growing cock in, and she felt her toes curl. His persistent cock pressed against her G-Spot as he slowly fed more of himself into her.

“OH GOD,” Renee screamed as an incredible orgasm ripped through her out of nowhere. She clamped down on Lester’s embedded cock and wailed, thoughts racing through her mind. Betraying her husband and their marriage vows, letting an ugly cretin like Lester inside of her. How big his

fucking cock was. “AHHGGMHMMMMMM,” Renee screamed, digging her manicured nails into the sticky porcelain. Lester held still, letting her orgasm ride on, echoing through her body.

As she started to come down, her muscles trapping Lester's cock released, and she started to breathe normally. Then Lester pushed another inch into her, putting her right back at the point of no return. She felt another stupefying orgasm swiftly rumble to life inside of her. Lester fed her another inch. Then another, and she was up on her toes, pushing back on his cock, needing to feel the entire thing inside of her. Desiring the pain that accompanied the incomparable pleasure as she was stretched out.

Lester pulled his cock out of her and slowly fed it back in.

“OHGOD. SWEET JESUS GOD. OH GOD,” Renee moaned in amazement.

“Heh,” she heard Lester chuckle from behind her as he fucked her. As another man besides James fucked her. She’d never broken their marriage vows in their thirty years of matrimony but now Lester was stomping and spitting on them while he gradually split her open.

“You enjoying what a real cock feels like, aren’t ya?” Lester said, his cock coming almost all the way out before slamming back in. Renee gripped the side of the tank, thankful she had something to hold onto. Lester pistoned in and out of her, and Renee’s ass slammed back on him.

She couldn’t remember the last time James had taken her like this. Or the last time she’d had spontaneous sex at all. She’d never had sex in a bathroom before, her mind drifting to that woman at the bar in Chicago getting it from two guys. She was that woman now.

Lester’s stubby fingers kneaded into her hips, leaving trailing red marks. “Squeeze it, Renee.”

She did, she tried to grab onto his cock again with her entire pussy, but it was just too large and strong. It kept pushing out of her grip, but felt so fucking good when it did. The more she tried to grasp it, the more she could feel the veins and its delightful slight curve, the warmth of the shaft as it pounded in and out of her.

“Yeah that’s it. Shoulda known Sarah’s mom would be a good fuck,” Lester growled.

Renee dropped her head, her blonde locks dangling around her face, just touching the top of the toilet. She was struggling to maintain her footing. Each time Lester pulled back, she readjusted herself and thrust back to meet him with a slap.

“This….this is so wrong,” Renee moaned.

“Oh shut up,” Lester chuckled as he slammed his cock into her, “Stop squeezing me then. Get up and leave.”

Lester held himself still. Renee continued to thrust her body back and forth on his cock, fucking herself enthusiastically on him.

“That’s what I thought,” Lester said, keeping his unmoving position, “You want this more than I do. Otherwise, you’d stop. Isn’t that right?”

Renee didn’t answer. Couldn’t answer. Couldn’t possibly admit that to herself. But her undulating body told him the truth. It slammed back on him hard.

Lester’s gravelly voice boomed again from behind the trembling woman, “Y’know, if your asshole keeps winking at me, I may have to put something in it.”

The toilet lid cover shifted, scraping porcelain against porcelain. As Renee was about to push her bubble butt back on Lester he lunged forward with his cock, burying his entire fat length deep within her all in one go.

“Ahhhh, please…” Renee panted desperately, “I can’t – uhhh—can’t stop.”

“I wanna hear my name on those soft fucking married lips of yours,” Lester said, digging his fingers into the flesh of her hips. “Say it.”

“Mmm–Lester–please….” Renee’s mind whirled at the idea of giving into another man’ sexual desires, not her husband’s, “Right there—Lester….god.”

“Hallelujah,” Lester snorted and pumped into her. Renee’s eyes were closed. Lester’s big, hairy balls were slapping against the tops of her thighs with each frantic thrust.

“Please….please….don’t stop…..please…I’m…uhhhhhmhmm.”

“You gonna cum for me again? Cum on my big fucking cock? That what I’m hearing? Well then, you should know I’m getting close too. Give it to me, Renee. Show me what James has been missing this whole time. Let loose for me. Howl at the fucking moon.” Lester shouted. His tempo increased to a frenzy, pumping his huge cock in and out of her at an unstoppable rate.

Renee’s brain felt like it was being completely scrambled, her nails dug into the sides of the porcelain cover, and she jostled it free of the tank. It scraped against the back of the toilet, hitting the concrete block wall as they anxiously fucked. Renee slammed her ass back against Lester hard as the stirring of her orgasm grew faster inside of her. She tried clenching down on his cock with her pussy, but the man wouldn’t be stopped. He was like a rutting animal.

“Oh…Lord….Mhmmm.,,,ah…hah….ha……ah…..Les……ah…OHGOD.” Renee screamed, her pussy clenching as a shower of pleasure rumbled and exploded inside of her. Her vision went white, her arms lost all their strength as she collapsed, hugging the tank of the toilet. Pleasure roared through her, setting all her nerves on fire. Her legs grew weak, shaking as if every calorie and ounce of energy her body contained was kindling for her unbelievable orgasm.

“Get ready,” Lester roared. His mammoth cock pulsed inside of her and she felt the giant head somehow expand. Renee’s eyes snapped open when realization struck her. It happened at the same time that a lengthy shot of warm sticking goo blasted off inside of her. The walls of her previously faithful pussy were drenched in Lester’s spewing cum. His balls heaved, pumping more cum down his wide thrumming shaft as he emptied himself inside of her. Renee’s orgasm eclipsed its previous zenith and shook her hard, making her question her reality and her faith. Cum seemed to jet out of Lester's cock as Renee’s body gave out, slumping against the toilet.

Lester stayed embedded in her for almost two full minutes before he pulled his cock out with a plop. Renee sagged but caught herself. Touching the toilet was disgusting, and she tried to right herself on shaking legs. She wouldn’t even sit down on a public toilet normally, yet here she was touching it with all parts of her exposed body.

Lester held her dress up over her head and lowered it back over her. She cursed and grabbed the hemline, pulling it back up so his cum wouldn’t touch it. She awkwardly grabbed handfuls of toilet paper and shoved them between her legs to capture and clean the escaping cum. She threw the toilet paper into the toilet and grabbed another bundle, wiping more and more of the disgusting man’s cum out of her. But it never ceased. More kept flooding out of her. Renee kept wiping as Lester

got dressed. She threw more and more toilet paper into the toilet until eventually, the flood of cum dwindled to a trickle.

She glanced around and found her ripped panties on the corner of the floor. She wouldn't be able to use them to help her stem the dribbling flow. Renee winced as she touched the toilet handle to flush it. The water surged, and the bowl whirled only for it to get clogged with all the cummy toilet paper.

"Think we got a blockage," Lester smirked, already back in his grubby sweatpants and shirt. He opened the stall door and held it open like a gentleman. Renee stepped past him to the sink, quickly washing her hands. She pumped globs of soap onto her hands, furiously scrubbing, trying to wash the toilet grim and the shame away. She didn't recognize the woman looking back at her in the mirror. Wild, crazy, unkept hair and smeared makeup. She tried to tame her hair and improve appearance but there was no helping it.

"I'm going home," Renee said quietly as she left the washroom. Lester followed her, lingering too close for comfort. As she went back into the main bar area, several eyes looked at her, knowing smiles forming on their faces. With Lester trailing right behind her, there was no doubt about their connection. She quickly pushed through the crowds and out into the cold night air.

"You sure you don't wanna go for round two?" Lester asked as he stepped up beside her and cupped her ass.

"I'm going home to my husband," Renee said as she marched to her car.

"Too bad he'll never be able to satisfy you as good as I just did tonight," Lester said, still following her.

"You're not half the man he is," Renee said, flinging open the door. Her mind was a mess of emotions and arousal. She just knew she had to get away from Lester before she made another bad decision.

"You mean his cock isn't half of what mine is," Lester said.

Renee pulled the door closed and hit the lock button.

"What? No kiss goodnight?" Lester chuckled as she turned over the ignition and pulled away. So much for Dan's meek roommate. She'd seen the real Lester tonight. He was an ugly, petty man. And apparently a sexual prodigy.

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Sarah was stiff, her eyes darting around the parking lot as she pulled her car into a spot. She really didn't want to be back here. Unpleasant memories flooded her mind, and she tried to control her breathing and heart rate as she cold feel them both spiking.

She was still coming to grips with how a place she had worked at for so long, contributed so greatly to and still identified with, a place that still is as a strong part of her self-identity and self worth could also cause her to have mini-panic attacks.

Thankfully, it was late and most of the day staff had gone home. The dim lot was mostly empty. She still parked far enough back that she hoped no one would see her or recognize her car. She felt heat rush to her cheeks at the thought that any of her coworkers had probably heard the rumors of why she'd been fired: messing around with a lowly janitor and pervert stalkers like Otis. It irked her that her professional reputation, something she'd spent years meticulously cultivating, could be torn down in a single instance.

She'd texted Lester, begged him to choose anywhere else to meet, but he'd insisted on the hospital. She'd even gotten a babysitter to watch the girls so they could go anywhere else but he'd held firm. When had she grown so subservient to what Lester wanted?

She took out her phone and sent Lester a text.

S: I'm here

L: I know. I see you. Come inside.

S: Lester, I don't want to be here.

L: Come on. It'll be fine.

S: Can you at least meet me at the maintenance entrance?

L: No, I want to watch that sexy body walk across the parking lot. Stop wasting time. Let's go. Come to daddy.

Sarah sighed and turned off the screen. She looked down at her outfit and shook her head. Lester had demanded she wear a sexy black dress, something wholly inappropriate for her former workplace. She would never have considered showing so much cleavage and bare leg, not to mention wearing something that hugged her form so tightly that it left little to the imagination.

She looked at herself in the mirror and let out a long, slow breath, then got out of the car. Her heels clicked on the asphalt as she walked towards the hospital. She purposely didn't look up at the windows looming overhead, knowing anyone could be up there watching, and her dress and appearance would no doubt catch their attention. But somewhere up there, she suspected Lester was staring down at her.

She hoped that this would be the last time she had to set foot in this building. As her mind raced, she thought of her parents, aging and needing medical treatment. What would it be like to have to sit by her parents' side while the nurses and doctors talked behind her back? At one point, she could have arranged for them to receive VIP treatment, but now… she was a pariah.

She opened the back door to the atrium and stepped inside, the faint antiseptic cool air a familiar comfort she hadn't realized she'd missed.

"Over here," Lester's voice came from a side door that only maintenance and janitorial staff used to access the hospital's back hallways. Sarah quickly moved to the door, her heels clacking on the floor, drawing looks from visitors. She quickly stepped through the door and breathed a sigh of relief at being out of the public eye. It was also very unlikely that other medical staff would see her here.

Lester shut the door behind her and pointed to his lips. Sarah rolled her eyes and planted a polite kiss on his fat lips.

"What, no tongue?" Lester complained.

Sarah stuck out her tongue at him before saying, "Alright, so my letter of recommendation. Did you write it?"

"Not yet," Lester said, "To be honest, I'm not quite sure what to write or if I can honestly write you a letter."

"What?" Sarah said.

Lester walked away down the narrow corridor while speaking over his shoulder to her. She was clearly meant to follow. “I mean, we only worked together for a short period. And my reputation is everything. I’d hate to put it on the line only for something… unfortunate to happen again.”

“Are you serious?” Sarah snapped, quickly catching up to the plodding fat man.

“I am. I think we need at least one more work assignment before I feel comfortable writing the letter,” Lester said as he sauntered up to a maintenance elevator. Sarah looked up and down the hallway for any sign of hospital staff.

“Don’t worry about it,” Lester pressed a button to call the elevator and waved his hand dismissively in the air, “I’ve taken care of everything.”

The elevator door opened, and Lester stepped inside. Sarah followed, asking, “What do you mean, you took care of it?”

“Employees,” Lester said, as if that explained everything. When Sarah just looked at him, he explained, “With Mary and Richard gone as well as at least one other department head, big brother isn’t watching anymore. So some maintenance guys got the night off, or their schedule changed to floors we won’t be on. The only bummer here was all the stupid babies that had to be born today. I was really expecting the maternity ward woulda’ been empty. But no.”

The cart started moving, and Sarah noticed the floor they were headed to. “We’re heading to the executive floor?”

“Duh, like I said, stupid babies,” Lester said.

“Why are we going there?” Sarah said.

“Well, obviously, I am going to fuck you all over the CEO's offices. What better way to say fuck you to this place? It’ll be both of our last hurrahs.” Lester said as the elevator dinged and the door slid open. Without looking back, Lester stepped out, and Sarah followed. She’d been on this floor so many times in the past. It was all familiar to her, except for some of the names on the doors. Lester hooked an unexpected left, and Sarah found herself in the floor’s break room. Lester had the fridge door open and grabbed two cans of Coke.

“For later,” he said before heading back to Richard’s old office.

“Do you know when they’re going to hire a new CEO?” Sarah asked, following closely behind.

“Don’t know. Don’t care. I won’t be here,” Lester said flippantly. It irked Sarah that he could just casually disregard the hospital's future direction like this. If only she’d been promoted to CEO, things would have been so different.

“The hospital is going to need stable leadership…” Sarah said flatly.

“Not really my thing,” Lester said, “Sure, the paychecks were alright, but they're just a drop in the bucket.”

They’d arrived at the CEO’s office, and the placard still had Richard’s name on it. “Shall we?” Lester said, holding up a key, unlocking the door and stepping inside. Sarah walked in after him, imagining herself in this office. She’d rarely been in here since Drew was fired and Richard had taken over. It was like peering into a different reality of what could have been. One in which her life wasn’t in ruins, and she was at the top of the hospital’s food chain.

Lester paced around the room, looking over the contents. The big oak desk with a plush leather chair, the table set near the window with a couch and two chairs for small meetings. Bookshelves and filing cabinets.

“Let's get more comfy,” Lester smiled and started to remove his clothes. He hadn’t even bothered to dress up in the workplace, wearing a frumpy, ratty pair of sweatpants and a sweatshirt. He got buck naked, and his hairy, oddly proportioned body was on full display. Part of Sarah’s mind recoiled, but then she found she was almost salivating. Before Lester could command her, she lost the dress, letting it drop to the floor in a heap, showing Lester the lacy black bra and panties she’d chosen. His eyes roamed over her body, focusing lewdly on her breasts.

“I can’t wait to see what those look like when you're pregnant,” Lester said, licking his lips.

Sarah struck a seductive pose, resting a hand on her hip. “Well, you’re just gonna have to work harder on making that happen, aren’t you?” She teased.

Lester smirked, “You have no idea…”

He plodded behind the desk and sat his fat naked ass down in Richard’s comfy leather chair. A chair she knew from expense reports had been custom-ordered by Thornhill himself. “This chair is comfy, I might steal it,” Lester said before beckoning her over with his hand, “Get over here, get on your knees and get to work so I can properly recommend you.”

Sarah gave him a devilish smile, “You’re going to recommend how good of a cock sucker I am? What kind of job do you think I’m applying to?”

She got on her knees in front of Lester without breaking eye contact, her hands coming to rest on his thighs. She stared up at him before slowly sticking her tongue out and moving towards his cock.

“You never know,” Lester said with bated breath.

Sarah’s tongue came in contact with the underside of Lester’s growing cock, and she closed her mouth around it. It stretched her jaw, but she’d long grown used to taking his girthy meat in her mouth. As she started to suck him, she noticed his cock tasted sweeter than normal. She had an idea about that, but it wasn’t the time. Both of her hands quickly found his shaft, and she started working it, stroking it up and down in alternating directions like she knew he liked. She looked up at the fat man sitting in the boss’s chair. She expected him to have his eyes shut and hands behind his head, but he was watching her intently, studying her for a reason she couldn’t put her finger on.

Sarah pulled her mouth off his cock, but didn’t stop stroking it, “What?”

“What?” Lester responded, too quickly.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Sarah said.

“I’m just enjoying the show,” Lester said, putting a hand on the back of her head and guiding her back down to his cock. He had a weird smirk on his face, but Sarah put it out of her mind. He pulled her head to the side and made her lick up and down both sides of his shaft. She cleaned every inch of his cock, and he pushed her head down to clean up around his balls; the same sweet taste lingered there as well. As did the jungle of coarse pubic hair she had to wade through.

Sarah flicked her tongue back up the length of his shaft, swirled it around the head of his cock, dabbing the pre-cum there before parting her lips and taking as much of him in her mouth as she could.

“God, you’re a fucking pro,” Lester muttered.

Sarah moaned a hearty affirmative around his drool-coated flesh, “Mmmmm-hmmmmm.”

Lester rested one of his hands on the back of her head, guiding it up and down. His fat thighs pushing off the leather to pump his cock into her waiting, stroking hands and her warm little mouth.

Sarah was getting lost in the moment, overwhelmed by her desire to please the man in front of her. She loved making Lester cum, making him shoot from conquering a powerful cock like that. But then again, she’d always wanted to please the man that sat in this chair. This room had always held power over her.

Sarah’s rug burned knees hurt as she knelt and sucked Lester's cock with abandon. She was moaning, her body arching and reacting as she sucked him with everything she had.

Lester's hands fell to her naked shoulder, putting gentle pressure on her. Sarah slowed her loving embrace of Lester’s cock, not quite content yet. She still took a few more laps and licks and sucks as she slowly pulled herself off his god-like appendage. She flicked her eyes up at Lester, wondering why he was stopping her from getting what she wanted. As she looked up at the triple chinned monstrosity above her, she said, “Why are you stopping me? Don’t you want to give me what I want?”

Lester’s smirk widened from ear to ear, “I’m gonna give you what you need. But we don’t want to waste a drop, do we?”

Sarah cocked her head at him, one of her hands still trying and failing to wrap around his girthy cock as she pumped it up and down. Finally, she understood, and a smile crept across her face to match Lester’s ugly one.

“You mean,” Sarah said in a low husky voice as she continued to stroke Lester’s cock. Her other hand ran provocatively over the sensitive skin at the tops of her breasts. Her own playful touch sent a shiver up her spine, “You want to cum in my pussy?”

Lester’s jowls shook as he nodded brusquely. Sarah bit her lip, “You want to flood me with your cum and put a baby in me?”

She knew by now that Lester liked playing with this fantasy. She’d always found the baby-making sessions with Dan some of the hottest and understood why Lester would get off to having them with her. Sarah slowly let go of Lester’s cock, taking a few extra seconds to take her eyes off it. She seductively stood, looking down at the fat little man with the girthy cock sitting before her. How she found herself so attractive and compelled by this man, she didn’t know.

She stepped forward, prepared to mount and fuck him right there in the leather chair, but Lester put a hand on her stomach, stopping her. He awkwardly hefted himself out of the chair, looking like a chunky pretzel as he did. He plodded around the desk and, with some effort, pushed Richard’s former couch up against the floor-to-ceiling window so the seating area was against the glass.

“Get over here,” Lester growled in a low rumble. Sarah licked her lips and followed. Lester held up a hand and helped her climb over the arm of the couch, where she laid herself down on her back. Lester didn’t so much as climb over but gracefully tumbled. He crawled over the couch, closing the distance between them.

As he neared, Sarah’s knees voluntarily parted, allowing his short, fat, hairy body to climb over her. She sucked in a breath when she felt the large head of his cock press against her already slick

opening. He mumbled something she couldn't hear, but in that moment, all she cared about was him filling her up. Her hips rose off the bed, urging his cock to enter. Her slender, toned legs wrapped around his ass, trying to pull him forward, yet somehow that flabby body of his had enough muscle to resist her. His hand was on her waist, the other on the back of her neck as his slobbering mouth found hers, kissing and sucking on her bottom lip.

"Mhmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily, her lips closing around his. Sucking and kissing him back. Their mouths opened, and their tongues danced around each other, playfully sucking and licking each other.

His lips broke from hers and traced down her neck, leaving a fresh trail of goosebumps in their wake. Lester kissed the sensitive areas of her neck and collarbone, places at one time, only Dan knew about, but now Lester had found even more that he regularly exploited. Sarah turned her head to the side, giving Lester better access to her. She moaned and writhed under him, begging for him to push his cock into her and give her what she needed.

Her lazy eyes opened, looking out over the darkened parking lot. The sun had long set over this place, and for an instant, it felt like the hospital had been plunged into darkness ever since Lester had started working here. Ever since he'd come into her life. But the moment was fleeting, lost amid the sensations Lester was giving her. She happily let the thought slip from her grasp as Lester's cock started to slide up and down her opening.

Sarah moved her hips in time, catching the head with her pussy. Lester sucked in an unprepared breath, and his cock had just parted her lips. Sarah's heels wound together around his ass, and she flexed the muscles she'd built in the gym, pulling him in. She had him. The head of his cock was inside of her, and Sarah's jaw opened as she breathed hard.

"Uhhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt the veiny ridges of Lester's cock scrape across her sensitive, slick pussy walls. Lester had resumed slobbering all over her chest, licking her flesh. Her back arched from the leather couch, urging him forward, pushing more of her flesh into his rancid mouth for him to taste.

Lester hungrily lapped at her as his hips ground forward. Her nails dug into his back as inch after agonizing, pleasurable inch of his cock entered her.

"Oh Lester…," Sarah muttered, her own tongue lazily licking the skin of his neck, "Lester."

"Sarah," Lester growled with a smirk, "You feel so good around me."

"God, you feel so good, Lester….So big….I can never get enough of your cock." Sarah almost cried as another inch disappeared inside of her.

"That was the plan. To get you hooked on it. Willing to do anything for it," Lester whispered in her ear.

"Fuck, I'll do it. I'll do anything. Just don't stop, baby. Don't stop. You feel so good… so fucking good," Sarah whined, hands running over Lester's back like a woman possessed, tongue, lips tasting his hairy flesh as she needed him. He was feeding her his cock, agonizingly slowly, and she was going wild like a bucking mare.

"You're so fucking hooked," Lester chuckled in her ear. Sarah didn't even respond, her hips driving off the couch, seeking more and more of his cock until he filled her up completely. Her hands joined her ankles on his ass, nails digging into them, trying with all her strength to pull him forward.

“Hooked enough to let me fuck you,” Lester whispered, “Hooked enough to let me impregnate you.”

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned into his chest, “Please stop teasing me, Lester. Just do it. Do it. Fuck drive it into me and fuck me. Fuck me, Lester. Do it. Impregnate me.”

“Nnn-Mhmmm,” Lester muttered, pushing another inch in, making Sarah gasp. She felt so full. So stretched out. Lester pushed another inch, his last all the way in until his balls slapped on Sarah’s ass. She groaned in sheer pleasure, unable to move as his gut and his cock pinned her in place.

“I’m going to make slow love to you tonight,” Lester muttered, pulling his cock mostly out and slowly thrusting it back in. Sarah’s body was going wild, demanding him to go faster, harder. His slow deliberate pace only served to increase her arousal and frustration. She moaned, begged, pleaded for him to give her more. Her body was crawling, pulling and urging him on while Lester spent the next ten minutes methodically making love to her.

Sarah’s eyes were glazing over, looking out the window at the moon high in the sky. Pleasure and contentment washed over her body, the rest of the world and her troubles melting away in this perfect moment as Lester and she were one.

“Oh god Lester. Baby. Please. I need you.” Sarah moaned.

“That’s what I like to hear,” Lester whispered sweetly in her ear. Sarah was ready to convulse under his touch. “My balls are already full again after draining them twice today.”

“Mhmmm,” Sarah moaned, images of their early morning session drifting back into her mind. Lester had put so many loads into her the past little while that she had lost track. The thought of his abundant, sticky, warm loads filled her mind, and she craved that feeling.

“God Lester. I want it. I want your cum in me. I need you to fill me. Fill me with your disgusting cum. Fuck you want me addicted? I’m already so fucking there. I’m addicted to your cock. I’m addicted to your nasty fucking cum. I need you to fill me with it.”

“My balls are gonna explode. Shooting all of it into you,” Lester whispered, “Filling you completely with all my baby-making cum. There’s no way you’re getting out of this without getting preggers.”

Sarah’s mind raced, knowing Lester’s fantasy. Knowing what he wanted to hear. Knowing what she wanted to say to drive him wild.

“Yes, Lester. Yes, please,” Sarah moaned, begging, his teeth biting his earlobe, “Please do it. Make me a mother again. Fill me and knock me up. I want your baby, Lester. Give it to me.”

“I’m going to breed you,” Lester growled. Sarah’s hips bucked off the couch as Lester's cock drove into her. His pace quickened, growing more frantic. Her silky words were doing this job, driving him crazy. His body told her all she needed to know. He was getting close. Close to cumming. And her body was pushing herself towards it too. She could feel a big orgasm growing quickly and wanted to cum with him. Cum together like the lovers they were. Her pussy clenched around him like a vice, nails digging into his back, ankles pulling him, not letting him go, not letting a drop go to waste.

She leaned in to what he wanted, “Breed me. Breed me, Lester.”

“Louder,” Lester said harshly,

“Breed me. Ohhmhmmm breed me. Breed me,” Sarah said, her voice rising in volume. “Lester. Lester. Fuck-uhhhhhhmhmmm Breed me, Lester. Bred me…..fuck…..give it to me, Lester! Bred me with your fucking cum! Breed me!”

“Gonna make you pregnant,” Lester growled. Her hands were slick with the sweat from his back. Their bodies coated one another as Lester expertly fucked her into oblivion.

His thrusts were coming more urgently now, and Sarah’s body raced to keep up. Her hips thrashing off the couch in time with his thrusts. She felt a ball of tension building in her stomach, in her pussy, in her very soul.

“BREED ME!” Sarah shouted. The words, the naked desire for Lester to fill her seemed to be the key to unlocking that ball of tension. She felt it unwind inside of her as pleasure erupted into her body. “FUCK LESTER. I’M…DON’T STOP…..BREED ME. CUM IN ME, LESTER!”

“Take it,” Lester grunted, thrusting his cock into her, “Here it comes. My cum. Your fertile pussy. Take it.”

“GIVE IT TO ME!” Sarah cried into the night like a wolf baying at the moon. She grabbed Lester with her entire body, as his cock expanded inside of her. The head growing wider. She felt its slit open, and a torrent of cum erupted into her, battering her insides with its sticky, milky goodness.

“OHGODFUCK,” Sarah cried as her pussy exploded with ecstasy, sending her mind spinning. Every inch of her tensed as a wave of tinging pleasure rippled through her body, making each muscle go taut and knocking the wind out of her lungs. Her nails dug into Lester, her jaw going limp as her eyes rolled back in her head, the only sound emanating from her body, the throaty groans of unbridled need and passion. Lester’s cock kept pulsating, sending fresh explosions of cum deep into her fertile pussy, the millions of little sperms swimming inside of her seeking her egg to conquer.

Sarah finally let out a breath, wheezing as Lester collapsed on top of her. His body slick with sweat. Her mind was dazed, and she couldn’t process anything as she drifted off for a second.

When she woke, she was alone on the couch. Her head pounded as she sat up, only to notice a damp spot under her ass. A pool of Lester’s sticky cum leaked out of her at some point and was all over the couch. She scooted up, away from it, looking outside at the night sky, the moon no longer visible, having travelled higher and out of view. How long had she been out?

She looked around the darkened office, but Lester was nowhere in sight. She groaned and pulled herself free of the couch, finding her purse and checking the time. It was early morning, and she needed to get home. Lester and his clothes were gone. And she couldn’t find her dress anywhere.

She tried her best to find it, to no avail.

Fucking Lester, she thought. She pulled open every drawer in the office, looking for something to wear. There was nothing. Being a man’s office, of course, there weren’t any throw pillows on the couch or chairs. Richard’s plump leather chair was also missing. Naked, Sarah crept into the hall. She tried the first door to another office, but it was locked. So was the next. She crept through the floor looking for something, anything to wear.

To her growing horror, there wasn’t so much as a hospital dressing gown anywhere.

“I’m going to kill him,” Sarah muttered as she crept along. Occasionaly a splat would sound from behind here as more of Lester’s cum dripped out of her, splattering onto the floor. Sarah spent the

better part of half an hour looking for something, anything to cover herself with, but couldn't find anything.

She made a decision and crept back to the maintenance elevator she'd ridden up on with Lester. She crossed her fingers and hit the button. When it arrived, it was empty, and she rode it down, watching the numbers slowly tick by. It opened on the ground floor, and Sarah quickly navigated the hallways to the maintenance exit and sprinted naked across the parking lot, heels in her hand and got into her car. Thankfully, there was a blanket in the back that she covered herself with for the late-night drive home.

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Renee couldn't sleep. It wasn't just James snoring next to her. Her mind was too wired, continuing to go over the night's events. Even after her lengthy shower, where she'd scrubbed and scrubbed, she still felt like she had Lester all over her and inside her. She couldn't fathom what she'd done. In the span of just a few moments, her entire life had been flipped upside down, and she'd let another man besides her husband inside of her.

She stared up at the dark ceiling, picturing that porcelain lid of the grungy toilet as she was fucked. She hated how hot a situation she knew it had been. She couldn't reconcile how much she enjoyed and thrived in that moment with the post-sex regret coursing through her.

It felt like she was awake for hours, just staring at the ceiling. The more she thought about Lester and the evening's events, the more worked up she got. She was disgusted with herself but turned on her side, reached under the covers and found James' penis.

She'd always thought it was large and filled her completely but now…..she'd experienced something else and it just paled in comparison. Still, she stroked it, until it grew hard.

"Wha?" James sputtered, still half asleep.

"Make love to me," Renee whispered huskily. She could hear him starting to drift back, sleep claiming him again. Renee threw back the sheets and climbed on top of her husband, doing her best not to think of Lester.

***

Dan opened the door to his house expecting the girls to come running up to him. They didn't. Then he remembered they were in school at this time.

He found Sarah in the kitchen, contemplatively drinking a cup of tea. She looked up and gave him a flat smile.

Dan settled on the chair next to her.

"Sentinel Securities offered me a job," Dan said.

"Reallly?" Sarah said. Dan noted a spark of hope in her eyes, a look he hadn't seen in a long time.

"It's good Sarah. Really good. The pay is more than I've ever been offered, not including the health plan and other benefits. They have big, ambitious plans and want me at the center of it." Dan said.

"What's the catch?" Sarah asked, "Do they want you to move to D.C?"

You. Not us. Dan thought.

“No, we won’t have to move to D.C. I’d have to travel there often, but we don’t have to live there,” Dan said. “But we can be done with all of this,” Dan said, gesturing to the air around him. “No more struggling. No more stress. No more Lester.”

Sarah played with her teacup, staring down into the liquid.

“What do you think?” Dan asked, staring at his beautiful blonde wife, desperately hoping to get back to where they’d been before.

How is it already the end of April? I know I've said it before, but 2026 is just zooming by. Chapter 41 is a hinge chapter: it is pivotal to the story moving forward and shakes up the status quo of the series.

I don't want to say too much more about it. I'll let you read to the end, and then we can discuss it. On other news, I've written a big chunk of the next chapter, and I'm working on another chapter of Double Cross. I'm still figuring out how to continue the Island story without it tripping any red flags here.

Anyways, let's get to the story, shall we?

Lester’s fingers strummed across his desk as he hummed the theme song from his favorite anime. He was spinning back and forth in his chair, feet bare on his office carpet.

Today was the day. Today, he would finally be done with this awful fucking place. It was a long time coming. Ever since he’d maneuvered people and select situations to help Sarah get herself fired and fall further under his thumb, the clock had been ticking. Hell, it had been ticking since he’d first accepted the position. He didn’t need the money and didn’t like the work. It was all a means to an end, and now he wasn’t about to waste his fucking time anymore.

He unplugged the USB from the computer, having downloaded the security footage of Sarah sneaking naked through the building. Lester got up and stretched his back, looking out of his office window at the rows of empty cubicles – a department he’d slashed and savaged after taking over.

They were gonna be so fucked. The best part was that Lester might still get paid. With the lack of an HR head, that department was scrambling, and it would take them a while to process everything payroll-related. The IT division was about to be a shitshow without him. He went back to the desk and typed away, deleting all the custom scripts and automation he’d put in place, as well as all the urgent emails related to hospital systems and operations that would need to be addressed soon before things stopped working.

Lester hadn't set out to fuck with these people, but he'd enjoyed it. He relished the idea that these people would scramble and panic without him. Knowing his actions could have a ripple effect on so many people's lives and waking hours was intoxicating. Sure, he could have a positive influence if he wanted, but he got a huge thrill out of just fucking with people.

So Lester continued deleting critical files and turned off the security cameras for the next four hours. He triumphantly cracked his back and smiled before grabbing his phone and sending some lewd texts to Sarah's mom. He couldn't help but chuckle to himself as he did.

With those items on his to-do list accomplished, he went into the hall where he'd left the hand cart, already loaded up with expensive computer equipment he'd ordered on the hospital's dime. Sticks of RAM and processors, SSDs, and other items he felt he was owed.

He wheeled it through the halls, down the elevator and out into the parking lot, where he loaded his haul into the back of his SUV. Back inside the maintenance area, he left the hand cart by the door and took the elevator back up to the floor where he'd fucked Sarah in the old CEO's office. He walked through the administrative halls, glancing in at the little worker bees going about their day. Someone stopped him, panicked about not being able to connect to the email server. He told them he'd look into it, chuckling as he walked away, knowing that none of the skeleton crew would be skilled enough to be able to fix it.

He strolled past the large window, looking in at Richard's office. The couch was still propped up against the window overlooking the parking lot, and the plush leather chair behind the wooden desk was missing. It was tucked away haphazardly in the back of Lester's SUV.

He found the small, mousey woman in her office. He didn't bother to learn her name. She had dark circles under her eyes, and her desk was a scattered mess of papers. When Lester entered, she looked up, annoyed and frustrated, clearly the new interim head of HR was drowning in unaddressed work.

“I’m quitting, effective immediately. Have a nice life,” Lester said, turning on his heel and walking out of the office. The woman sat there stunned for a few seconds before rushing out and chasing Lester down the hall.

“Lester. Mr. Marshall, please come back to my office so we can discuss this,” she said, scurrying panic in her voice.

“We just did. I’m leaving,” Lester said as he walked to the elevator.

“I’m sure Mr. Walsh and the board would want to speak with you before you depart. Perhaps offer you a counteroffer or an incentive of some kind. Please, can we just discuss this? Stability is paramount at this time for the continued successful operation of the hospital. Please, can we talk?”

“Yeah, no. We’re not doing that,” Lester said, punching the elevator button. As the doors opened, Lester stepped in.

“Please, Lester, we need to discuss a transition plan at least…”

“Fuck off,” Lester barked. The small woman’s eyes went wide as she stepped back, allowing the doors to close. Lester hummed to himself, watching the digital display as the numbers crept down.

As he stood there, Lester fished out his phone and sent more texts to Renee. It showed she’d seen his other messages but hadn’t responded. Lester strode out into the lobby and powerwalked through the atrium, out the back doors to his car, planning never to set foot in a shitty place like this again.

***

Dan should have been on top of the world, but he couldn't help but dwell on the pit in his stomach. He kept his eyes on the road as he drove the now very familiar route between Middleton and Chicago.

He'd signed the offer of employment with Sentinel Securities that morning. It should have felt like a win worthy of celebrating with his wife. But his smile of triumph never reached his eyes; instead, it felt like a hollow victory.

He knew it should matter. This position, the pay, it was everything he'd ever wanted. He'd be making more now than he had before he'd been laid off, working on projects at a national scale for an organization with international reach and the opportunity to network beyond just a small group of Chicago clients. He was going to have to let go of some of them, like the friendly one, Bill from Dynamic Engagement. This was the shot of adrenaline his career, and more importantly, he needed.

After working for Walt and failing to secure better work, he'd almost begun to believe he was that weak person his mind kept telling him he was. The same weak person who had let Lester take advantage of his fantasies and worm his way into their lives. Just a pathetic cuck. But that wasn't who Dan was, not really.

He re-gripped the steering wheel, signalled right, checked his blind spot, and moved onto the off-ramp. His eyes lingered on Sarah's blonde hair, and the pit in his stomach tightened.

She'd barely said two words since they got in the car. She'd grown quiet when he'd told her he wanted things to go back to the way they were, before Lester, before Chicago. He'd slept on the couch, giving her space, but she didn't try to engage him, and he couldn't bring himself to try to talk about it again. Sentinel Securities was their golden ticket out of the mess and into building a better life.

He was afraid part of her wanted to stay down in the muck with Lester's influence. He'd underestimated just how much of his wife he'd lost to the awkward little man. It was infuriating. He thought it was just sex, but Sarah got something more out of it that he still wasn't sure

about. If she didn't go along with what he wanted, could Dan really go it alone? Could he bring himself to do that?

Tricia popped up in his mind. He hadn't told Sarah about her. Part of him wanted to. Martial guilt creeping in. But the other part of him, the one he was listening to, didn't feel that he owed Sarah an explanation at all. She'd kept things from him; she'd shown him how their relationship could be.

Dan gritted his teeth and tried to shake the thoughts free. This wasn't a good way to approach his marriage. If he kept thinking like this, it was doomed. And he didn't want that. Despite all the shit, he still loved Sarah and wanted to make things work. Tricia would never replace her, not like that.

The off-ramp exited to a streetlight in the heart of Chicago. Dan signalled left and drove them to their hotel. Driving into Chicago with Sarah gave him a level of anxiety he hadn't realized he'd had. But pulling into the fancy hotel instead of the grungy apartment helped set him at ease. He'd feel better if Sarah had firmly committed to moving forward without Lester, though.

"We're here," Dan said, putting the car in park. Sarah finally broke eye contact with her phone and looked up at the hotel before them.

"It's really nice," Sarah said quietly.

"This is what me working at Sentinel Securities does for us. For our future," Dan said, noticing the slight flinch from Sarah. Maybe he was pushing it too hard. He didn't think so. But she purposely didn't pick up on his comment, instead getting out of the car first.

He sighed. This fucking sucked. He hated it. And was getting tired of it. He needed to put an end to the shit with Lester once and for all. He hated that he was starting to watch the security cameras at his house obsessively. And he hated that she kept reinforcing the reason why he'd installed them. He'd watched a replay of Lester taking Sarah on the closet floor. Her face

contorting in carnal pleasure. Yet he'd still told her he loved her and wanted a future together. He'd buried that memory and didn't tell her he knew about it. She used to tell him the details of all their encounters, but now it was like a separate part of her life he wasn't invited to.

Dan kicked open the car door and went to the back to grab his suitcase. They checked in and settled onto their respective queen beds in the room. Dan wanted to say something, but couldn't bring himself to do it.

The problem was that they needed to be on their game and present a united front to Gordon and his wife. Gordon was his new boss at Sentinel Securities and had invited him out to dinner with Sarah tonight as a sort of 'welcome to the company' thing.

Dan shifted on the bed, then got up and moved next to Sarah. She looked up at him, and he held her gaze. Despite his heart telling him not to, he reached out and grabbed her hand, taking it in his.

"I really hope tonight goes well," he said, his thumb stroking the back of her hand, "It means a lot to me that it does. I really want things to work out here. It's such a good opportunity. It's not like the last job I had. There's real growth potential for me. For us. I can see a bright future for you, me and the kids, Sarah. I want to grab it. But I want us to reach for it together."

Tears welled up in the corners of her eyes. Her fingers squeezed his. "I want that too, Dan."

He wanted to press. Ask for clarification. Ask about Lester. About leaving him behind. But for now, he wanted this little victory—this connection.

"I love you," Dan said, bracing for the gut punch of a delayed response. But she answered right away, "I love you too."

A sad smile spread across her face. The instant he saw it, Dan's arms were around her, holding her. She buried her head in his shoulder, and they just sat there, holding each other for a time.

"We're gonna be okay," Dan whispered and kissed her hair. He tried not to think about the way Lester would hold it wrapped in his fist while he viciously pumped his naked cock into her. He was beginning to feel like a Vietnam vet having unwanted flashbacks.

"Are you okay?" Sarah whispered, her hand on his chest, "You're breathing so fast." He hadn't realized that he was almost panting, thinking about Lester fucking Sarah. Like he was having some kind of delayed panic attack.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Dan lied, trying to get himself under control. It felt similar to how he'd freeze up whenever Lester would fuck Sarah in front of him. He wasn't prepared for these thoughts to creep in and affect him like this. He balled his hands into fists to get himself under control. Sarah nuzzled into his neck, her warm breath on his skin. Dan's shoulders relaxed, and the pit in his stomach unclenched.

His fists relaxed, and his fingers stroked his wife's hair. "I want this," Dan whispered, "More of us. I miss this."

"I miss it too," Sarah breathed out shakily. "I don't know which way is up lately. I feel like I have no anchor and I'm just adrift in the currents."

"I got you," Dan said, rubbing her back. He felt his cock stir. He wanted to take her right then. Reconnect with her. But they had to get ready for dinner. "I wish we could just stay in tonight. Enjoy the city together. I don't want to go to dinner. I just want to stay here with you."

Sarah pulled back, eyes dry of tears and put her hand on his chest, "We have to go out. My husband got a kickass new job and needs to start working on that promotion with his new boss."

She kissed him softly on the lips and smirked, standing up, “Besides, you have a hot wife to show off.”

She gave him a dangerous smile and slid around him, moving towards the bathroom, closing the door behind her. He heard the water start and pictured her disrobing. He tried not to dwell on her use of the term ‘hot wife’ and the other way he could have taken that. Images of Sarah moaning under Gordon’s old frame filtered into his head.

“Fuck,” Dan grumbled, getting up and pacing around the room. He needed to stay busy. While Sarah got ready, Dan ironed his clothes and watched ESPN on the TV. When Sarah finally emerged from the bathroom, she was wearing a sexy black dress that hugged her in all the right places but was loose enough to still seem conservative. There was a nice amount of skin, but there wasn’t enough cleavage to upset the other wife. Dan had to admit that Sarah really knew what she was doing with her apparel and when to wear it.

“You look amazing,” Dan said, feeling his heart beating faster and the familiar swell of his cock as his eyes ran over his wife’s body. A red blush tinted her cheeks as she thanked him. The drive to the restaurant only took a few minutes. Gordon and his wife, Ann, were already there waiting for them.

“Gordon,” Dan said, shaking his new boss’s hand, “Great to see you again. This is my wife, Sarah.”

Gordon’s smile didn’t falter, and his eyes stayed locked on Sarah’s as he introduced his wife. From what Dan could see, his new boss’s eyes didn’t stray down to look over Sarah’s form at all—a good sign of a consummate professional.

They joined the other couple, ordering drinks while looking over the menu.

“So, Sarah,” Gordon said, closing his menu, “What kind of work are you in?”

Dan was about to answer for her, to save her from the complicated situation she found herself in, but she put a hand on his thigh. He closed his mouth as she said, “I’m taking a hiatus at the moment, actually. For the last several years, I served as the executive administrator of a hospital. Unfortunately, there’s been a lot of executive turnover recently and some fairly large structural changes, which gave me pause, so I’m taking a step back from things and evaluating where I want to spend the next three to five years of my life.”

Gordon nodded along, then said, “You know, that is commendable. Too often we jump from one opportunity to the next, running full tilt, only to wake up unsatisfied, unchallenged and just miserable. And it impacts and spills over into all other aspects of your life. It’s not the American way to take a break. I know, as a culture, we look down on that. That’s how our society is wired. But I think it’s smart. Where you spend your time, especially away from your family, is something that you should take care in deciding.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Sarah said with a soft smile.

“That is why I’m glad your husband has decided to join our team. I’m assuming he’s as careful and discerning as you are when it came to making this decision?” Gordon said with a slight twinkle in his eye and a smirk.

“Dan made the decision rather quickly,” Sarah said, “He’s been telling me for months how much he enjoys the work and challenges that your company presents and what a great opportunity it would be. He’s been trying the company on for size for a while and has liked what he's seen. It didn’t take any convincing from me by the time the offer came down,” Sarah smiled.

Gordon clasped Dan on the shoulder and smiled at him, “That’s great. Just great. We’re going to do great things together, Dan. I think you’ll really make your mark on the company.”

“I hope so. I’m really looking forward to getting started in earnest,” Dan said.

“The whole team loves him. Everyone went to bat to convince us to bring him on board. Tricia and the others on the team. They all convinced us how much money and time we’d save by bringing him aboard,” Gordon said as the waiter arrived at the table to take their orders.

Dan silently prayed Sarah hadn’t picked up on Gordon using the name Tricia. He’d hate to have to try to lie to her about it. After the waiter was done taking their orders, Dan quickly shifted the topic away from work, asking Gordon’s wife about herself. Any speed bumps to the conversation quickly dispelled as the foursome fell into a lively back and forth that didn’t lull as their food arrived.

The cooks in the back really outdid themselves, and they all ate, laughed, and enjoyed one another's company. Dan was feeling good, and not just because of the free-flowing beer but because he was clicking with his new boss on a personal level. He could see the potential this relationship held and how it could open doors for him in the future. And for the first time in a long time, he was just enjoying the company of another guy who wasn’t a complete sleazeball around his wife. It was refreshing to remember that reality was very different from what he’d experienced recently. It was a bonus that this guy was his new boss, and hopefully, they could continue this burgeoning relationship.

Things were going great. Until someone from the other side of the restaurant started to make a scene. “You fucking slut!” A man loudly slurred, catching the room’s attention. Dan’s eyes snapped up from his conversation with Gordon to see an overweight, dishevelled man in a suit stalking across the restaurant, waving his arms wildly. It was clear he was drunk by the way he moved. He was a mess: dappled stains on his shirt, his tie was loose and crooked, and he dragged his feet while he walked.

“You fucked them, and ya fucked me, you fucked everybody!” the man wobbled then steadied himself on a couple’s table as he passed by. Dan realized, perhaps a few seconds too late, that the slurring man on uneasy feet was shambling in their direction, his cock-eyed head fixed directly on Sarah.

“What the hell?” Gordon muttered as his wife skittered back in her seat. Dan’s eyes shifted between the approaching man, who he vaguely recognized and Sarah. His wife’s face was as white as a ghost, and she looked like a deer in the headlights.

The older, drunken man stumbled up to their table. His voice rose for the entire restaurant to hear, “You conniving fucking bitch. I ought to punch you in the fucking throat for what you did. The fucking board. I know it was you. I don’t know how, but fuck you did it. And then she left me!” The man slurred, punctuating each sentence as he pointed an empty beer bottle at Sarah.

“I…” Sarah swallowed, looking at the rest of the table. Before Dan knew what he was doing, he was on his feet between the drunken man and his wife.

“Back off, buddy,” Dan said, hands raised in front of himself defensively, “Look, why don’t I buy you another drink and you can tell me all about it?”

“Fuck you and fuck her!” the man barked, swaying uneasily on his feet. Dan had moved on instinct to protect Sarah, but now realized that this was also a show to his boss on how he’d react to a difficult situation. He couldn’t just knock this guy out. “She ruined my fucking life!”

Get in line pal, Dan thought then dismissed the errant thought.

“Take it easy,” Dan said, hands still up in front of him, “Let's take it down a notch, alright?”

“She’s gonna fuck you too. I got fucking fired because of her. Fuck you. Fuck you too,” he shouted at Sarah and threw his bottle down. It smashed into pieces on the tile floor. A couple of the staff came out of the kitchen and were slowly making their way through the dining room.

“I think there's some kind of misunderstanding,” Dan said carefully, trying not to directly look at the cooks who were quickly closing in on the man from behind.

“She’s a fucking whore!” The man shouted as a cook slipped in behind him and pinned his arms over his head. The other cook rushed forward, helping to restrain the belligerent old man. They forced him out of the restaurant to a chorus of claps as a police cruiser pulled up on the street outside.

Dan turned back to the table, sharing an exasperated look with Gordon. “Are you okay?” he asked Sarah. She quickly nodded her head, averting her eyes from everyone else at the table.

“Did you know him?” Gordon asked, looking between Sarah and Dan.

“Never seen him before,” Dan said as he sat back down. Sarah crossed her arms, “No idea. He must have been on something.”

“More like, ‘on several things,’” Gordon’s wife muttered. Gordon gave Dan’s shoulder a gentle squeeze, “You did well, distracting him like that. Quick thinking.”

“I wasn’t about to let him keep approaching us, hurling insults like that. He was drunk out of his mind,” Dan said, putting an arm around Sarah’s shoulders.

“Let’s order another drink,” Gordon said, swallowing what was left of his. The couple had another round of drinks, watching the man outside be arrested and taken away in the back of the cruiser. When their drinks were finished, they called it a night and parted ways.

On the drive back to the hotel, after a few quiet moments Dan asked, “Who was that?”

“Richard,” Sarah said quietly, “The guy who beat me out for CEO of the hospital after Drew left. He just got let go too. It was…hot…how you stood up to him like that. Even when his face was all red and angry.”

Dan opened his mouth to ask a follow-up question. Ready to ask what Richard had been yelling about. Was there any truth to what he said? But before he could speak, Sarah said, “I’m going to blow you when we get back.”

Dan’s jaw abruptly closed, and he knew better than to press the issue right now. Back in the room, Sarah was tearing the clothes off Dan’s body as they fell onto the bed. She started maneuvering down the bed, yanking off his boxers.

“I guess I'd better thank Richard,” Dan drunkenly muttered.

“Thank you, my husband, for being a big, strong man and standing up for me,” Sarah said, licking her lips and staring down at Dan’s lengthening penis.

“I just stood there. It was those two cooks who took him down,” Dan said. Sarah’s fingers encircled his dick, her eyes staring up at him with wild excitement, “You’re right. You did just stand there. Maybe I should go back to that restaurant and thank those two men, personally.”

Dan groaned, his head falling back on the pillow. His hips arched off the ground when he felt Sarah’s tongue touch the head of his dick. “Fuck,” he murmured, letting his wife take him somewhere he hadn’t been in a long time.

“Should I go?” Sarah asked, flicking her tongue up his shaft, “Go back to the restaurant. Leave my husband here with a hard on, needing to take care of it himself?”

“I…” Dan felt the all too familiar pull. Of falling. Of being out of control. He gritted his teeth, trying to hold on as Sarah’s fist pumped his cock up and down, her tongue swirling around the head of his cock. “I’ll do it.” Sarah whispered to his cock, “You know I will. At one point, this would have all just been bedroom talk, but now… do you think I would actually do it?”

“I don’t know…” Dan panted, his hips jutting up off the bed, trying desperately to find Sarah’s mouth. She extended her tongue and quickly swirled it around the head of his cock, making him groan in pleasure.

“I think you do,” Sarah said with a soft moan. “You’ve seen me do things that you…that we both…never thought I’d do. I still surprise myself. Do you think I’d do it? Do you think I’d go down there, find those cooks, and taste what they’ve prepared for me? Hmmm? Lick them just like this?”

Sarah licked up the length of Dan’s cock, making him shudder. “I wonder if I could make them both go off at the same time,” Sarah mused as she played, licked and stroked Dan’s cock, “Or maybe I’d let one of them fuck me.”

“Jesus Christ,” Dan muttered, his hands making fists with the bedsheets as Sarah toyed with him.

“Is this what you meant when you said we would be all done with this? Done with Lester? Did you really mean that? That you want me to stop touching you like this, talking like this?” Sarah whispered, “Did you really want me to stop playing with other men? Is that what you want? I know you crave it. I’ve always known how bad you crave it. I wonder if you could really even help yourself from thinking about it, wanting to see me do it.”

“I…” Dan started, his mind racing. He wasn’t expecting this. Wasn’t anticipating how to react. Didn’t know what to say. They’d been so cold and distant earlier that he hadn’t expected her to go in this direction.

“I…I…I…” Sarah teased, “You love this. You don’t want to, but you do.” Her mouth engulfed his cock, and he started to suck him off in earnest. Dan just groaned, trying to keep his hips from bucking, from thrusting his cock deep into her mouth. Dan was amazed that Sarah took his cock completely into her mouth, her tongue lapping at the underside of it.

“Tell me you want to keep going with everything,” Sarah breathed as she stroked his cock. He could feel her hot breath on his dick.

“I…I don’t know,” Dan said trying to fight off his impulses to go along with anything so he could cum. “Maybe. But not with Lester. On our own terms. We figure things out together.”

Sarah put her mouth back on Dan’s cock and sucked him while stroking his shaft. Dan put his hand on the back of her head, urging her on. His hips bucked off the bed in time with her hand movements. His mind raced at the idea of Sarah returning to that restaurant to thank those cooks properly. Thanking them for taking down her old CEO. Stopping the nastiness he was spewing. The lies…

“Was Richard lying?” Dan asked, things clicking into place. Richard said she fucked over people, but maybe he was saying she fucked them. She’d fucked Otis the janitor there. And he knew that Lester had taken her in the hospital at least once. “Did you fuck Richard?”

Sarah gasped, coming up for air, “What if I did? What would you think about that? Would it turn you on?”

“Jesus,” Dan groaned as she gripped his cock. The thought of Sarah under a man like that, letting someone like that inside of her. Moaning aloud to someone like that. He hated that it turned him on. It was such a fucked up situation. “You did. Didn’t you? And somehow he got fired for it.”

“He deserved it,” Sarah said, her hands slamming down on Dan’s hips, pinning him to the ground as her mouth descended back on his cock. Dan’s mind swam, mental images running through his head. He knew he was slipping, spiralling like he always did. So he grabbed the back of Sarah’s head and thrust up to meet it. She squeezed his cock hard. Dan continued to thrust over and over until he felt his balls seize and his cock expand, and his cum shot out into Sarah’s waiting mouth.

“Ughh,” Sarah grunted at the quick release of his cum. Her groan was quickly followed by gulping as she swallowed her husband’s load. Dan fell back onto the pillow, letting out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding.

The brain fog cleared, and finally, he could think clearly again, albeit sleepier than before. “What did you do? How’d you get him fired?”

Sarah looked up at him, wiping cum from her lips. “It’s not important.”

“It is important. The fucking guy almost derailed dinner with my new boss,” Dan said exasperated, “Sarah, I’m trying to build our life back up here. I can’t have shit like this popping up and surprising us. What if he hadn’t been drunk and said something convincing? What if he’d said your name? I’d be screwed.”

“He didn’t lift a finger when I got fired and then took advantage of the situation. We were just getting payback,” Sarah said.

“We?” Dan asked.

“Me,” Sarah paused, “And Lester.”

“You come to me with your problems. Not him,” Dan said.

“Lester took the initiative,” Sarah said, “And now Richard got what he deserved.”

“Maybe. But this just reinforces that we need to be done with Lester,” Dan said. “Or else our life is going to spiral out of control like this. He only brings chaos. Sarah, for us. And the girls. We need to be done with all this shit.”

Sarah slumped back on the bed, dejected, “I know. I don’t even know who I am sometimes. I think you're right.” She gulped and looked up at him through teary eyes, “I don’t…okay…we’re done.”

***

Renee stared at her phone screen, vaguely aware of how short her breaths were coming. She should delete the conversation, block the contact, and be done with it. But she was mesmerized by the messages. How lewd and domineering they were. How much attention was he spending on her? And pictures…it was disgusting. Yet she couldn’t look away.

She laid in bed in only her bathrobe, scrolling through the conversation. She reread them over and over, her fingers tracing the trim line of the robe on her chest.

L: God you were so fucking tight

L: Moaning in a public bathroom

L: How’d you like my cock?

L: I knew you’d be a good fuck

L: God if only Sarah could see what I did to her mother

L: Did my cum leak out of you all night?

L: Did you touch yourself thinking of me yet?

Then there was a picture of Lester's mammoth cock, angry and veiny, staring back at her.

L: I can't wait to slide this into you again

L: To hear you moaning my name

L: I want to fuck you in your marital bed

L: Or better yet, Dan and Sarah's bed

L: Come on, Renee

L: Don't be shy

L: I can see that you've read these. Are you touching yourself to them?

L: You want more don't you? You want me to fuck you in a public bathroom again?

L: Come on baby, lets meet. I'll let you suck my cock this time.

Renee snapped off her phone and threw it across the bed before she did something stupid. She'd already broken her marriage vows, and the guilt was eating her alive. Why? Why the hell was she thinking about cheating again then? And with someone so despicable as that? She'd thought Lester was meek and polite, but now she'd seen the real thing. The real monster he was. And she couldn't stop thinking about him.

The excitement she felt. She wanted more of that. She hadn't realized how much she'd been craving excitement in her life. She laid back on the bed, acutely aware of where her phone was and the nagging pull of it on her mind. She wanted to reach out and grasp it, look at it and revel in what she saw. Instead, she calmly breathed like they taught her in yoga class, ran her hands slowly over her robe and closed her eyes.

She focused on the sound of the water from the next room. James was in the shower. Renee was getting ready to crawl up the walls. Finally, she undid her robe and stormed into the washroom. James looked at her, confused, from behind the shower pane. His eyes trailed down, and it took him a second to realize she was standing there, completely naked. She posed seductively on the door frame.

"Umm," James stuttered before a smile spread onto his face. He rinsed off the last remaining soap on his body, turned the water off, grabbed his towel and started drying off.

"I need you," Renee said as James stepped out of the shower. "Now."

She strode over to her husband and grasped his growing erection. He looked shell-shocked, but Renee needed it. She dropped to her knees, skin pressing against the cold tile floor and took her husband into her mouth. Her mind immediately drifted back, wondering whether Lester's cock would fit and how she would tackle it. She pried her eyes open to look up at her husband, trying to focus on him, not letting that brutish, disgusting man worm his way into her brain. James looked down at her with a relaxed smile. One of love, understanding and care. And his dick grew hard in her mouth, and his hands ran through her hair. She realized that wasn't what she wanted in that moment.

With his dick now as hard as a rock. Renee held his gaze and slowly stood up, still stroking his cock. She tugged on it as she stepped backwards.

"Renee…what are you.." James sputtered.

“I want you to make lov…” Renee started but corrected herself, “Fuck me. Fuck me like this. Now.”

She let go of his cock and gripped the porcelain lid of the toilet. She closed her eyes and pushed her ass out towards her husband. She swayed back and forth, waiting for him to take her. She could visualize the dirty bathroom wall of the bar in front of her,

“Renee…” James said slowly, “Why don’t we get comfortable in the bed?”

“James, just fuck me,” Renee said, shocked at how desperate her voice sounded. Her husband put a hand on her bare hip, and she felt the head of his cock search for her opening. She bent slightly, pushing her ass back and lined herself up with it. James was about to say something, but Renee pushed herself back, opening herself up and taking his dick into her.

She groaned, dropping her head, her blonde hair spilling over the top of the toilet. She pushed herself back on James’ dick, taking more and more of it into her until…she felt her ass cheeks pressing against his hips. She pushed back harder, trying to take more of him into her. It took her a second to realize there wasn’t any more to his dick. She stifled her disappointment, quieted the areas inside of her that longed to be touched and began to fuck her husband.

James struggled to keep his wet feet planted on the tile floor, but he got both of his hands on his wife and started to pump into her like she had oddly demanded. Her beautiful bubble butt slammed back against him with an intensity he wasn’t used to. James did all he could to hold on as Renee started to moan desperately and completely out of control as they fucked. He wanted to lie down on the bed. This wasn’t like them. But Renee was making new sounds he hadn’t heard before, and he already found his breath coming in shallow as his body took over and started pumping back matching her frenzied pace.

Renee pictured herself bent over the toilet, that short, fat, ugly, disgusting man pumping into her behind with his incredibly large cock. His gross hands on her body. Despite her husband’s lack of inches, she was slowly building herself up to an orgasm. She focused on it, tying it to the image of Lester and their dirty bathroom rendezvous.

James was grunting as he pumped himself into her. Renee clenched down on his cock and felt the warm, tingling sensation begin to grow inside of her. James grunted and lurched forward, his dick spasming and erupting inside of her. She almost doubled over, and she had to brace herself on the toilet as he caught his breath. Her growing orgasm quickly fizzled out, and she wanted to scream.

***

L: Are you in Chicago?

Sarah stared at the text, biting her bottom lip. Her thumb hovered over the keyboard to reply, then she withdrew it and clicked the screen off. In the mirror, her face was full of conflict. She had just told Dan that they were going to be done with Lester. Yet, a few minutes later, a simple four-word text had her itching to respond to the deplorable little man.

What is wrong with me? Sarah thought to herself. She could hear Dan in the next room, snoring away. She kept looking at her reflection in the hotel bathroom mirror, trying to decipher the gaze staring back at her. They both knew, deep down, what they wanted to do. They knew what they should do, which was to follow through on her agreement with Dan to be done with Lester.

Her phone on the counter was like an itch she needed to scratch. No matter how much she tried to ignore it, its mere presence was a tug on her consciousness. She focused on herself in the mirror, trying to slow her breathing, look into her eyes, and whisper that she could do this. She didn't need Lester. She watched her eyes flick briefly to the phone, her shoulders sagging. The bright screen shone in her face again.

S: Yes.

It was agony, waiting for a reply. Her mind raced, wondering what else Lester could be doing. Why was he taking so long to type back? What if Dan woke up and found her hiding in the

bathroom texting Lester? She let out a gasp of air she hadn't realized she'd been holding when the three little dots appeared at the bottom of the conversation.

L: Why aren't you here?

S: Dan has work stuff

L: I don't care about Dan. Why aren't YOU here?

Sarah chewed her lip, trying to decide how to respond. She knew how she could lead this conversation to Lester's bed. It wouldn't be hard. In fact, all she had to do was suggest it, and Lester would happily take her there. Or take her someplace else, like that theater…

L: Why aren't you over here getting fucked?

Sarah put the phone down on the counter and took a deep breath. She shouldn't be continuing this conversation. She should crawl into bed with Dan. But she'd just given him a blow job, and they always turned her on. She wanted relief. But she wanted some semblance of that old life back, too.

S: It's late. We'll talk tomorrow.

Sarah silenced her phone and powered it down. As quietly as she could, she exited the bathroom and crawled into bed with Dan, trying not to wake him. She lay awake thinking about how Lester would respond. How irate he'd grow when she didn't message him back. And if she could sneak out of the hotel and meet Lester and be back before Dan woke up. That thought was disturbing, but even as she admonished herself for it, she also knew that she could slip out without Dan knowing.

She lay there, tossing and turning, trying to think of anything else until sleep finally took her.

***

Sarah didn't turn on her phone when they woke up. She had Dan facetime the girls and check on them, since they were with Dan's parents. Sarah had suggested they stay an extra night in the city. It would be good for them to reconnect and spend time together. Even as she said the words to Dan, he mind told her she was lying to him and herself. That there was another motive for staying. She ignored the voice and spent the day visiting sights around the city.

They fell back into a familiar, comfortable rhythm together as they talked and ate. It felt like old times. It felt good. Then, while Dan was in the washroom at the restaurant, Sarah turned on her phone.

L: Sarah

L: Get over here

L: Now

L: Where are you?

L: Did you really fucking go to sleep?"

L: What the fuck?

L: I swear to god, Sarah

The last message had come in a few minutes after she had shut off her phone. Before she could talk herself out of it, Sarah sent a message.

S: Hi

She flipped off her phone, face down on the table and mentally berated herself for sounding like a teenage girl. She had just spent the day with her husband and had given in to texting Lester the second she was alone.

L: I'm going to punish you for leaving me hanging last night.

S: I'm sorry. We're here for work stuff.

L: Come over tonight

S: I can't. Sorry Lester.

L: Come on. I'm having D&D at my place, and I want to show you off. The cuck can come too.

Sarah was about to tell him they were going to slow things down. She didn't want to say they were breaking things off yet. She wasn't sure she was ready for that. Yet.

S: Not this time, Lester.

L: Come on, I have a bunch of your dirty panties here. Come pick them up at least.

L: And Dan left some stuff in the kitchen. Like his work mug.

“What's up?” Dan said, sitting back down in the seat across from her.

“Uh? What?” Sarah put her phone face down on the table. Dan eyed it, “Your face looked flustered. Everything okay?”

Yes,” Sarah smiled, let out a breath, and said, “No. Sorry. It’s just…Lester just texted me. I know. I know we are stopping things. He just said that we left stuff at his place. Like your work mug? I don’t know, he’s trying to get us to go there.”

Really?” Dan asked, flatly.

“Yeah, I know. I didn’t say we were. But he’s being pushy. He has his nerd friends over tonight, I think he wanted to…you know. Show me off or whatever,” Sarah said. Dan didn’t reply but took a long drink of his water. Dan seemed lost in thought. Sarah looked down at the empty plate in front of her, bracing for the inevitable argument. She didn’t think Dan would float the idea of divorce, but just the idea terrified her.

“Maybe we should go over there,” Dan finally said.

Sarah’s eyes snapped up to look at her husband, who still seemed to be chewing on the idea. “What?” Sarah asked, “Why? After last night, I thought…I thought we were going to be done with him.”

“Yeah, I know,” Dan said with a shrug, “I just love that travel mug.”

Sarah stared at him, dumbfounded. He returned her gaze before a smirk broke on his face. He shook his head and held his hands up, “I’m just kidding. We have other travel mugs. And I know I said we should be done with him. With all of it. And I still mean that.”

“So you were just joking,” Sarah said, feeling a sense of disappointment creeping over her, “You don’t want to go over.”

“Oh no, I still think we should,” Dan said.

“That doesn’t make any sense, Dan. Why would we go over there if we are going to be done with him? Isn’t it dangerous? Maybe leading him on?” Sarah asked.

“Or…” Dan said slowly, “We could have one last opportunity to rub his face in it. Show him that you’re now off limits. That we are done, and he gets to go back to his sad little life.”

“That…sounds like something Lester would do,” Sarah said, her heart beating a little faster. Dan shrugged, “Maybe. I don’t really care what he’d do. I have an idea. I don’t want to spoil it. It’s a good one, though. And I’m feeling more like myself lately. What time is his D&D game starting?”

***

Dan was half surprised his key still worked as it turned in the apartment door. It had been a while since he’d been back. And given his lack of employment in Chicago and his moving out, he’d expected Lester would have changed the locks and found a new roommate by now.

Yet, as they swung the door open, the apartment looked just as it did before, as if it had been waiting for them: the sharply appointed decor, the new couch. Dan felt a false sense of comfort stepping into the apartment. Sure, this place had a ton of unpleasant memories, but it also held some good ones. Childless nights with Sarah on the couch, enjoying each other’s company.

Dan was beginning to lose himself in a strange sense of nostalgia when his reverie was shattered by the fat, plodding footsteps of Lester coming down the hallway. His body tensed. Sarah must have noticed, putting a hand on his lower back and closed the door behind him.

“Well, well, well, what has the cat dragged in?” Lester huffed, dragging a large card table behind him. Dan wanted to scoff at the light sheen of sweat on the man’s face. “My slut and the cuck,” Lester chuckled, “Come on over here, Dan and help me set this up.”

“Yeah, that's gonna be a you thing,” Dan said, steeling his nerves, determined not to fall back into the familiar trappings they’d repeatedly found themselves in. He took Sarah’s hand and led her to the kitchen. “We’re just here to pick up our things.”

He quickly found his travel mug in the cupboard and frowned, “Did you use this?”

“Of course I did. It's in the communal cupboard,” Lester grunted, bending over to straighten the fold-out table’s legs before turning it upright. He went into the closet, brought out several folding chairs and set them around the table.

“What is this?” Dan winced, peering into the cup. He showed Sarah the strange brown streaks running up and down the interior.

“Coke, probably,” Lester shrugged, turning back to his setup, “Hey, where’s my kiss, Sarah?”

“You drink Coke out of a can,” Dan muttered, then locked eyes with Sarah and shook his head. Sarah seemed visibly tense just as her husband had been, but she was holding herself together.

“We’re just gonna grab our stuff and be out of your hair,” Dan said, eyeing Lester’s prominent thinning hair. Dan held Sarah’s hand as they crossed the living room. Lester stepped into their path, eyeing up Sarah. He licked his lips, and Dan suppressed the urge to shove him.

“Something’s up,” Lester said, finally pulling his eyes from Sarah’s body. “What’s going on?”

“Nothing that concerns you,” Dan said, “We’re just getting our things and leaving.”

“Oh? I thought you were going to stay and play some D&D. It was so much fun last time.” Lester smirked.

“Where’s her stuff?” Dan asked, crossing his arms. He knew that just like them, Lester was planning something.

“On my bed,” Lester attempted to wiggle his eyebrows, but it just looked stupid. There was a soft knock on the door, stealing their attention.

“Get your things,” Dan said quietly to Sarah, urging her down the hallway.

“I left something else out on the bed for you,” Lester said with a mocking sneer, “Go put it on.”

Without waiting for a reply, Lester went and opened the door. Sarah looked unsure about what to do before she went down the hallway and disappeared into Lester’s room. Dan felt that familiar tug as he watched her disappear into the troll’s abyss. Thankfully, his awkward, portly roommate was opening the apartment’s front door.

“Hey Dan, what's crackin'?” Ned asked, walking through the door with his hands full of bags of Cheetos. The man hadn’t changed since the last time Dan had seen him. He looked like a mini Lester, less chunky and more meek. His beard needed to be trimmed as it was bordering on scraggly, and he wore the nerd staples of thick glasses and cargo shorts. “You joining us tonight? Been a while since you’ve played, but I think I have your character sheet on my phone. It was a bard, right?”

“That guy who sings? I think that was it.” Dan said with a shrug.

“Yep, Dan’s joining,” Lester said, eyeing him, “And Sarah will be too.”

The elderly wizard-looking man Eugene bumped into Ned, almost dropping the cardboard box he was carrying. His thinning, grey, wispy hair and long white beard put some extra mileage on him since the last time Dan had seen him. He looked ancient, “Your girlfriend…Sarah. She’s here?” His lecherous eyes darted around the room, lecherously looking to scan Sarah’s body.

“Yep, she’s getting ready in the bedroom.” Lester forcefully took the cardboard box from Eugene’s hands and plopped it on the table.

“Hey, I painted some new miniatures. Be careful,” Eugene snapped, quickly moving to the box to check its contents. Last into the apartment was Greg, who had slid past the others and was now next to Eugene, removing things from the open box. Greg looked like a meek textbook nerd: rail thin, clothing a couple of sizes too big, thick glasses and squirrely eyes.

He gave Dan a curt nod before going back to the box. Lester slammed the door shut and turned to Ned, “Soda’s in the fridge. So are the bowls.”

“On it,” Ned said, turning from the others and heading into the kitchen. Dan set his travel mug next to the couch and waited for Sarah. The other guys set up a board with the miniatures and began laying out a bunch of game pieces and notes behind a large wedge of cardboard at the end of the table. Greg sat behind the cardboard with Eugene and Lester taking seats on opposite sides of each other. Ned returned shortly after and went to sit next to Lester, but was shooed away to another seat. Eugene looked at Dan expectantly. He just stood there, leaning against the couch, waiting for Sarah.

His head snapped down the hallway when the door at the end clicked open. Dan’s heart started to pound into his ribcage as Sarah walked out wearing a sexy little emerald robe, carrying a small grocery bag filled with her clothes and the other garments she’d left behind at some point. He inhaled deeply. This hadn’t been part of their plan. Hell, Dan hadn’t even told her what his plan was. She’d done this of her own volition.

Dan swallowed, eyes trailing up her body. Lester was smirking at him before he even saw Sarah appear, knowing the outcome by reading Dan's face. The jaws around the table dropped when Sarah walked into the living room.

"Hi, boys. It's been a while. Did you miss me?" Sarah purred. Dan felt his chest tighten. She'd fallen back into her old routine so easily—this sultry persona. Thankfully, Dan had kind of been aware that this might happen. He loved it when she acted like this, but just wished she didn't do it for Lester on her own.

There were silent, enthusiastic nods from all around the table. Lester just chuckled and patted the chair next to him. Sarah gave Dan a furtive glance, her cheeks going a light tint of rose before she averted her gaze and sat down next to Dan's rotund roommate.

None of the eyes turned towards Dan, who, once again, stood apart from the main event. All eyes were discreetly, or in Eugene's case, not-discreetly, undressing Sarah. She pretended not to notice and reached towards the bowl of chips. Her robe loosened at her chest, giving Ned an appreciative glance at her cleavage. His gulp could be heard all the way from where Dan was standing.

He felt the familiar sting to his ego. The feeling crept further into him, making him waver and grasp onto the familiar comfort of going prone, letting the events play out before him. Dan balled his hands into fists and took a step forward, pulling a chair out and sitting down at the table.

"Alright," Greg said from behind the standing cardboard, "Let's begin." The diminutive man cracked his knuckles and began to lay out the story for tonight's game. Apparently, it was a new campaign in which the characters met in a tavern to find someone with secret information about the location of a lost ancient magical treasure. Dan half listened, instead opting to watch Sarah's eyes dart around to each member of the table. When she landed on him, her gaze faltered a bit. Lester seemed to notice, reaching out a hand to squeeze her thigh that the robe barely covered.

Dan steeled his nerves, looking down at the character sheet on Ned's phone. He'd spent enough lunch hours with Carlos in Washington that he was more prepared for this little game than he was last time. He listened as Greg explained the situation, and their characters took turns entering the tavern, trying to identify which character there had the information they required.

Dan stared at Greg, getting his attention and putting a finger to his nose. Greg looked confused, but Dan thought it stood out enough that the guy might go along with what Dan was planning.

Lester was once again playing as his barbarian character and said, "Lady Val, come, let's sit by the fire."

"I'm going to go talk to those rough-looking men at the bar," Ned said, repositioning his character. "I'll engage them in a conversation."

"I'll cast a mind-reading spell and see if anyone is thinking about the relic," Eugene said, his eyes staring at the table in front of Sarah's breasts.

"It fails," Greg said from behind his cardboard, "Dan, Cassius Silverstrings, your move."

"Tell me, Mr. DM. Does this tavern have rooms available for rent?" Dan asked.

"Indeed, it does," Greg said, "Five gold."

"I pay five gold to the innkeeper for a room," Dan said. This move got Eugene to break his stare at the table and look up at Dan, surprised. Ned gave him an enthusiastic thumbs up while Lester looked disinterested and kneaded Sarah's leg.

“I stroll up onto a table, with my lute in hand and begin to play,” Dan said, moving his little figure on the table. “I target the Maiden Val as my rich voice captures the attention of the room. My song has a strong charm effect, and it's a song of seduction.“

“What?” Lester snapped.

Greg hid a little smile, “...okay. Roll Performance check.”

Dan grabbed the dice off the table and rolled an 18. Greg nodded. “You passed. Val finds her loins stirring, and she leaves Dar the Barbarian and saunters up to listen to Cassius’s performance.

Dan leaned forward, “I seduce her with a song.”

Greg peered at him over his cardboard sheet, “…okay. Roll Performance.”

Dan rolled the dice. It landed on a twelve.

“Pass,” Greg said with a knowing look to Dan.

“I charge at the bard with my sword drawn, to impale him,” Lester said, breaking the turn order but casting the dice anyway. It rolled a sixteen.

“Sorry, it needed a twenty,” Greg said. Lester slapped his hands down on the table.

“My song makes the cleric disrobe,” Dan said and rolled an eight. Sarah raised her eyebrows, looking at Dan with a playful look. She put her hands on his, stopping his die roll. She stood up

from the table and unknotted the belt holding her robe together. She let it drop to the floor, standing completely stark naked before the group of assembled nerds.

There was a sharp intake of breath from several of the men. Lester slammed his hand down on the table, but no one's eyes diverted from Sarah's body. She swayed seductively to a song only she could hear, her curves and movements mesmerizing the assembled men.

Dan threw his die onto the table and said, "I take the cleric upstairs and fuck her until the morning."

He didn't even look at what the die roll came back as. He stood and grabbed Sarah's hand and pulled her from the room, down to his vacated bedroom. He locked the door behind them, threw Sarah onto the bed and crawled in after her.

***

"What just happened?" Ned muttered, tucking his boner up into his waistband and looking around at the rest of the group.

"Lester's getting cucked, that's what happened," Eugene chuckled, "Cucked by the bard!"

Lester balled his hands into fists, clutching the little miniature figure in them. He shook and stared down at the table as Eugene's comments and laughter rang out. He seethed. In the same way, when girls in high school had made fun of him all those years ago. Before he'd learned he could take what he wanted.

"UHMHMMMM," A wanton moan echoed from down the hallway, making the men grow still. Lester abruptly stood, knocking his chair over in the process. He stomped away from the group, disappearing down the hallway.

“Did Silverstrings really just do that?” Ned said, eyes wide. “I…I should have tried that…do you think she would have…”

“I don’t know,” Greg said as he debated whether to pack up the board and pieces for tonight, “I’ve never seen Lester so angry.”

“Of course he’s angry. His hot girlfriend finally came to her senses and traded up. Jesus Christ, just listen to them going at it.” Eugene chuckled.

“UHHMHMMM. FUCK,” Sarah’s sultry screams could be heard from where the men sat. Ned looked out of sorts as he tried to focus on anything but the sound he could hear. “I can’t wait to post about this on the subreddit,” he said to himself.

Eugene stood and started down the hallway.

“W-where are you going?” Ned said, reaching out to stop him, but he pulled his hand back when he noticed Eugene’s erection tenting his sweatpants.

“Gonna see if I can get a closer look,” Eugene said, walking away from the table and down the hallway. Greg couldn’t look up. He started putting the cardboard and the other pieces into the box.

“Did he really pass on those checks?” Ned stammered, awkwardly trying to sit to conceal his own boner.

“Yeah,” Greg lied, finishing packing the box. He might not have done that if Lester weren’t so mean to him. Still, he hadn’t expected anything in real life to happen.

“Dan… what's gotten into you?” came Sarah’s words from down the hall.

***

Lester pounded on his bedroom wall, trying to get Sarah's attention. How the fuck could she do this to him? Sweat dripped down his back, and his face was flushed. He wanted to scream and hit something. He closed one eye and peered into the peephole, only to be rebuffed by the back of the anime poster he'd mockingly put up when Renee had visited.

But Sarah and Dan ignored his fists. Her moans echoed through the thin walls, and Lester felt the impotent rage he hadn't experienced in decades. He kicked over a pile of dirty clothes and almost chucked his model of the USS Enterprise at the wall, but calmly put it back down. He threw the door open, intending to pound on their door.

He stopped short when he saw Eugene with an ear to the door as he stroked himself through his sweatpants.

"Oh, what the fuck!" Lester snapped. Eugene's eyes went wide, and he stood up, trying to cover his erection. Then he smirked and said, "Sounds like your girl is getting fucked by an alpha male."

"Get the fuck out of my HOUSE!" Lester screamed, stalking towards the older man. Eugene smirked, put his hands up placatingly and walked back to the other room. Greg was holding the box of D&D items possessively as Ned sat there awkwardly.

"Get out!" Lester bellowed; his cheeks felt hot. Greg was already out the door as Lester struggled to catch his breath. Ned stood awkwardly, torn between leaving and trying to help clean up. Another step into the room by Lester made him drop the bowl of chips and dart out of the door. Eugene was chuckling as he pulled the door shut behind him.

Lester spun and marched back down the hall. He slammed his fists against the door, "FUCK."

***

Dan pumped into Sarah with a renewed energy he hadn't felt in a long time. His energy. This felt like he was himself. Sarah's face contorted in pleasure as he fucked her. His feet were planted on the floor as Sarah ground herself against his cock, lying on her back on the bed. Dan grunted, hands mauling Sarah's shapely naked breasts.

It had been invigorating to expose Sarah to the group of nerds like that. And it had also been like a shot of heroin to steal his wife away from Lester in front of them. Sarah's pussy clenched around his dick.

Dan was aware of the pounding sounds at the door, but neither he nor Sarah stopped to care about them. Her legs wrapped tightly around his waist, urging him deeper and deeper. Dan hadn't felt this alive since he'd fucked Tricia in the office. Sarah's hands clawed at him, desperately needing to feel him.

A primal sense to fuck his wife surged through him. He gripped her toned thighs and thrust into her. She pulled him down by his shirt, their tongues swirling around each other. Desperate energy coursed through them as the pounding continued at the door.

***

Eugene howled in laughter, "Did you see the look on Lester's face? Dan is my new hero. I think I'm going to name my next character after him. Dan the Daring. Dan the Dastardly. What a legend."

"Lester was really upset," Ned said, fingering the elevator button for the tenth time. Greg clutched the box of D&D supplies possessively, his eyes on the floor. "I've never seen him so mad."

“Yeah, it was awesome,” Eugene said. Then, in a lower voice, he whispered, “How about those tits? Jeeezus, Sarah has a fantastic body. I hope she comes to the next D&D night. I’ll make sure to spec in some love spells.”

Greg silently shook. Ned said, “I forgot how to breathe. Literally. When she dropped that robe, my body stopped breathing. We really should record our sessions.”

“Amen to that. It happened too fast. I want to see those globes again,” Eugene held up his hands in front of his face, groping the air and flicking his tongue up and down. The elevator dinged, and before they could step in, a nondescript man walked out, paused and looked at Eugene sucking on a pair of pretend breasts. Ned nudged Eugene in the side. The older man just laughed and pushed past the guy, then stepped onto the elevator. Greg and Ned followed after him, Ned hammering the closed door button.

The man watched the elevator door close and headed back the way the men had come. His eyes darted to the apartment numbers until he stood in front of the one he’d been searching for. He pulled a toolkit from his pocket, looked up and down the hallway, then pulled out a small snake-like device and plugged one end into his phone. He knelt, pushed the camera end under the door, and looked into the apartment.

Lester Marshall was pacing back and forth, holding a trembling bowl of Cheetos. He furiously shoved them into his mouth. The man’s brow furrowed as he watched the scene. Where were Dan and Sarah Williams? Their car was in the parking lot, they wouldn’t be anywhere else but in this apartment.

He pulled the snake free and put it back in his toolkit. Before he sent an update to Marcus, he’d stick around a bit longer and see what developed.

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“It’s been a while,” Sarah said dreamily from atop Dan’s chest. She was wearing just the stark white sheets as she lay with him. Dan’s hands were clasped behind his head, feeling yet another victory.

Sure, having sex with his wife wasn’t something to celebrate so strongly, but he couldn’t help but smile. Life was on the upswing, and after tonight, they were done with this shitty apartment and Lester for good. Things were looking up. He couldn’t wait to see Lester’s ugly face as they strolled out of here and out of Lester’s life for the last time.

“It was long overdue,” Dan said, stroking Sarah’s back. He smiled and kissed her head. They lay like that for a while, just enjoying each other’s bodies. Lester had stopped pounding on the door at some point. Dan didn’t remember when.

“Dan,” Sarah said softly, “Are we going to be okay?”

Dan hesitated for only a second before answering, “Yeah. We will. We just need to put all of this behind us. It’ll take a bit, but I think we can be stronger than ever.”

She kissed his chest and nuzzled into it, “I hope so.”

“I know so,” Dan said, his fingers grazing her naked back. He wanted to lie with her forever. But the bed was uncomfortable, and the sheets itched. And the sooner they were out of this hellhole, the better.

“We should get out of here,” Dan said.

“Do you want me to get off you?” Sarah said coyly, her hand brushing his chest.

“No,” Dan said, “But I do want us to get out of there. The sooner we’re away from all of this, the better.”

Sarah pushed herself into a seated position, her blonde hair flowing freely down her naked back. She swallowed and nodded her head, giving Dan a smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes, “You’re right. Let’s go.”

Dan swung his legs off the bed with a groan and began grabbing clothes. He pulled on his boxers, then his pants and shirt. Sarah was still sitting there, completely naked.

“Uh, babe, aren’t you going to get dressed? Or do you want to walk down to the car naked?” Dan asked.

Sarah rolled her eyes and pushed herself off the bed, standing stark naked before him, “A charming bard disrobed me with his song in front of the whole tavern, remember?”

“Ah, yeah,” Dan chuckled, “Your robe is out in the living room. What about your clothes?” Dan moved towards the door.

“Lester’s room,” Sarah whispered. Dan froze with his hand on the doorknob. He’d hoped not to have to interact with the short, weirdo again. Having his last memory of Lester be ineffectively banging on the door would’ve been nice.

“Alright, give me a second, I’ll get your robe,” Dan said. He pulled the door closed behind him. Lester’s door was thankfully closed so that he couldn’t hear any rumblings or gaming noises. It was dark, probably the middle of the night, and the fat bastard was fast asleep.

He went to the living room but couldn’t find Sarah’s robe. The table was still set up, but everything else was missing—no nerds, no soda, no bowl of chips and Cheetos. Something moved out of the corner of his eye, and Dan swore he’d seen something at the bottom of the

door. He stared in that direction for several seconds, but it must have been his sleepy mind playing tricks on him.

Unless Eugene or one of the other nerds had taken Sarah's dress as some kind of jerking off aid, there was only one place in the apartment it was. He stared daggers down the hall at Lester's closed door. Even when Dan had gotten the upper hand on the smug bastard, Lester still had a card to play, knowing full well they wouldn't leave without getting Sarah's clothes.

Hell, Dan was tempted just to have her leave naked and not have to play into his roommate's plan. She could wear his clothes for all he cared. We went back to his old room and cracked the door. Sarah stood there, arms crossed over her breasts, trying in vain to hide her nakedness.

Dan's eyes scanned up and down her body briefly, and he felt the surprising urge to go for round two. He quieted that voice and said, "The robe and the bag of your old clothes are gone. Lester probably has it in his room."

"Of course he does," Sarah said, pulling the door open, "Wait here, I'll get them."

"No, I'm gonna come with you," Dan said. She shot him a questioning glance, "I don't want to leave you alone with him."

"I'm a big girl, Dan, I can handle myself," Sarah said, letting her arms fall from her breasts.

"I know. It's just that Lester seems to have a way of convincing you to do what he wants. Earlier, you didn't have to come out wearing that robe. We could've just left. But you still did what he said," Dan whispered.

"I did that because you said you had a plan," Sarah said in a low voice, "I figured it had something to do with teasing those boys."

“Whatever. It all worked out, right? Let’s just go in and get the clothes.” Dan said, walking up to Lester’s door. He tried the handle, and it didn’t budge. Locked.

He raised his hands to bash on the door the same way Lester had been doing earlier, but Sarah gently grabbed his wrist and shook her head. She softly knocked and said, “Lester. Are you awake? We’re leaving, but I need to get my clothes. Can you open the door?”

Only silence came from the other side of the door. Sarah gently knocked again and repeated her message. This time, slow, plodding footsteps could be heard approaching the door. Dan braced himself.

The door was pulled open, and his short, ugly roommate stood there very naked. Dan regretted that his eyes dropped to Lester’s member and immediately looked up at the ceiling. His brain told him that the brief moment of the appendage he’d glimpsed confirmed that Lester was packing and that his dick was semi-hard.

He finally looked down from the ceiling when he realized no one was talking. Sarah’s breasts were rising and falling rapidly as she stared at Lester’s face. His eyes were roaming over her body as he slowly licked his lips. It finally dawned on Dan that both of them were naked. Lester’s dick began to harden in front of them until it was jutting out like a steel rod pointed directly at his wife.

Dan’s throat went dry. His jaw was opening, but no words were coming out. He hoped Sarah would speak for them, but her mind seemed to be doing a hard reset. He began feeling like a third wheel again, doomed to spectate as this troll ravaged his wife. Dan clenched his fists until the nails dug into his palms, and he stepped forward, “We’re leaving. Just give us Sarah’s things.”

“Leaving, huh?” Lester raised an eyebrow to Sarah, “What happened to our rules? Our throuple. I thought we were in this together.”

“That’s all done now,” Dan stated flatly, pushing out his chest a bit. Lester didn’t seem to be intimidated; instead, he stepped back and gestured for them to enter his room.

“Just give us the clothes, Lester,” Dan said.

“As you can see,” Lester gestured to the floor covered in piles of dirty clothes, “there are lots of clothes in here. You’re going to have to be more specific. Scratch that, actually. I don’t really care enough to get the clothes. You can pick them up yourselves.”

Dan stepped into the room, eyes scanning the piles of garbage and clothing on the floor, looking for anything that might be feminine. He was about to take another step in, but realized Sarah was still standing at the threshold, naked. He looked back over his shoulder and saw Lester turn and whisper something to Sarah.

“Nope,” Dan said, “Not happening.”

He grabbed Sarah’s wrist and pulled her into the room with him, shooting Lester an irritated glare. He turned to his wife, “Alright, what were you wearing earlier? Do you see it? Let's grab it and go.”

The door shut behind them with an audible click. Dan turned to see Lester pressing his back against the door. “Lester, what the fuck do you think you’re doing?” Dan asked carefully, stepping around a pile of plates littered on the floor.

“I’m closing my door, what does it look like?” Lester shot back.

“Open it. Now. We’re getting our things and leaving. We’re done with all of this. Done with you.” Dan said. Lester shrugged and opened the door a crack, technically following Dan’s command.

“Is that right?” Lester said, his hand going to his cock while his eyes feasted on Sarah, “Sarah, is this true? You’re done with this?”

Lester shook his cock to punctuate his sentence. Sarah stayed uncharacteristically quiet, seemingly torn between them. Dan squeezed her hand. She returned it and looked at him. He saw the uncertainty in her, yes, a stark contrast to the determined woman from earlier.

“Yeah, we’re all done,” Dan said.

“So hostile,” Lester chuckled, “Well, if this really is the end of the road. I’ll be sad to see you two go. It’s been a lot of fun after all.”

Dan kept scanning the room, looking for Sarah’s clothes, “Fun’s one word for it.”

“Oh, don’t be like that, Danny-boy. At least, don’t lie to yourself. We both know you enjoyed watching me fuck your wife. Whether it was in this bed, in your bed, in the car, wherever. You stroked yourself to completion so many times that we both know it would be a lie to say you didn’t enjoy it.”

Dan stiffened at Lester’s words. Sarah’s nipples stiffened as well.

“I gotta say, I never thought it would end like this. It’s a bit anticlimactic, isn’t it?” Lester said, stepping towards them. “Shouldn’t we go out on a high note? One more memorable night? Instead of going out with a whimper, we should go out with a bang. What do ya say?” Lester licked his lips, looking over Sarah’s body. His cock was hard and jutting out towards them. Dan gulped at the sight of his wife standing here in this filth, naked, with this short troll of a man openly feasting on Sarah’s body.

She broke eye contact with Lester and slowly turned her head to look at Dan. He could see it. The lust in her eyes. The desire for this ugly man. It didn't make any sense. A stray, betraying though crept into Dan's mind, asking him Would one last night really change anything?

Dan felt himself waver. He was staring hard at Sarah's eyes, trying to figure out how to convey his feelings without speaking out loud. He hesitated, and something passed between them. A glint of recognition in her eye. An understanding.

Sarah turned to her husband, "Dan, you've been so great today. Protecting me from the bad men and being there for me, and with me. You took me into your room and made me yours. I think you deserve a reward. Something I know you want really, really badly." She'd begun to move as she spoke to him, bending slightly to express herself, letting the droop of her breasts catch the eyes of both men.

"And Lester, you do kind of have a point," she glanced down at his erect cock. "After all that's happened here, all we've been through, it does seem kind of… unfinished without a proper goodbye." She'd stopped bending and now her chest was heaving. A drop of precum leaked from Lester and stretched a gleaming thread as it fell from his cockhead.

Dan's chest tightened, a war inside between his desire to escape the confines of the apartment and his need to watch Sarah perform.

As she faced Dan, she licked her lips in anticipation, a gesture eerily similar to Lester's. She broke eye contact and turned to Lester, "One last time. One last night together. You're going to fuck me like it's the last time you'll ever have me. Give me the best fuck of my life to remember you by."

Dan's heart hammered in his chest, his knees going weak. Lester flashed him a smirking, arrogant smile, and he crossed the dirt-laden floor and possessively pulled Sarah into his untoned arms. She groaned when his cock, dripping with precum, touched her skin, pressing hard into her. Lester enveloped her in his flabby, hairy arms and dipped her as a dancer would. For Dan's sake he made a show of running his hands up Sarah's naked body before he roughly

grabbed the back of her head. He slowly licked his thick lips. Dan's breath caught in his throat when his wife again unconsciously mimicked the motion. The fat man slowly lowered his lips to hers, and at the last second before connection, Dan saw her lips open, allowing Lester's foul tongue into her mouth.

His wife moaned into the deepening kiss, her body seeming to melt into Lester's body, pulling on him with desire. Her hands ran over his pale skin, reaching down immediately and grasping his cock. She groaned again, wrapping her delicate, French manicured nails as far around it as her fingers would let her.

Dan's mouth was dry as he tried to swallow. What the fuck did I let happen? The genie was out of the bottle again yet…he knew he could put it back in. But he felt his brain and body disconnect. Lester's hips started humping forward, jutting the precum-soaked tip of his cock against Sarah's thigh. It inched higher and higher, leaving a sludge-like trail in its wake.

Dan's foot inched forward. If he said something, would they stop? Would Sarah? She didn't stop the last time he told her to on the phone. Did Dan want her to stop? His head felt foggy, and he couldn't think straight. He kept blinking over and over, breathing harder and harder.

Sarah eagerly stroked Lester's cock, desperately against herself, smearing his creamy pre-cum onto her skin like some kind of fucked up moisturizer. They stumbled back until Sarah's bubble but pressed against the edge of Lester's low bed.

The analytical part of Dan's brain noted, not for the first time, how the bed seemed to be at the perfect height for Sarah's luxurious behind. Lester edged himself forward, splitting Sarah's legs apart. Sarah still held onto his cock, lining it up with her opening and running it up and down her slit. Lester's oozing pre-cum mixed with Sarah's juices. She was thrusting her chest against Lester, her body desperate for him to fuck her. Their heads continued to wildly thrash from side to side as they hungrily kissed, moaning their lust for each other.

Dan saw flashes of entwined tongues and lips in the rapid motion, Sarah's beautiful blonde mane moving so quickly it seemed to blow in the wind. Sarah's hand grabbed Lester's cock

tightly, stroking herself with it. Then she lowered it and jutted herself forward. Lester held his hips still and broke the kiss. Sarah breathed heavily, looking up at him with a look Dan could only describe as love and adoration. His heart broke. Again.

Lester smirked at Dan over his shoulder and nodded, “Take a seat, champ.”

Sarah blinked, looking at Lester, then turned to follow his gaze. She seemed to look through Dan, blinking hard, struggling with recognition. Dan’s leg bumped into something that slid back—Lester’s gaming chair. Sarah’s gaze pierced him, and his legs went weak. He fell back into the chair, scooting it back so it bumped the desk. The monitors came on, casting a light blue glow over the copulating couple in front of him.

Lester was still smirking at him, while Sarah’s body writhed in need. “Hey,” Lester chuckled, “Remember when you both used to insist on condoms?”

Before anyone could reply, Lester bent his knee and thrust forward, the head of his cock disappearing into Sarah, “UHHHHH.”

Her fingers latched onto Lester’s hairy shoulders. She moaned as Lester fed her his giant cock. Dan watched inch after inch of Lester’s cock disappear into the loving mother of his two children. Sarah groaned in pleasure. Lester's fat ass cheeks jiggled as he pumped more and more of his swollen cock into Sarah. Her legs wrapped around his oddly proportioned body, pulling him in deeper.

His fat tongue lapped at her collarbone, her fingers running through what was left of his thinning hair. “Uhhhmmmm…ffuuuuckkk,” Sarah groaned, her bottom lip hanging over her chin, sucking in air.

“Ohfuck Lester,” Sarah moaned, kissing his balding, fat head, “Uh, uh.
Ah…Uhh..Mhmmm…fuuuuhhhhhh.”

Lester glanced wryly over his shoulder at Dan, that shit-eating grin still plastered on his face. Sarah tugged at his body, her head thrown back, a mask of pleasure covering her face. Lester sneered, “I didn’t hear her making sounds like these earlier. Guess that's what happens when you send a boy to do a man’s job.”

“Dan wants you to be louder,” Lester whispered, “Don’t hold anything back. Show him what we’ve been working on.”

“Uhhhh….Mhmmmmm…god yes, Lester,” Sarah moaned, finger nails raking across Lester’s back, “Fffuck.”

Dan gripped the chair's arms, having his out-of-body experience. It had been a long time since he’d had a front row seat to this horrid affair. Lester began picking up the pace, his fat hips beginning to jackhammer his cock into Sarah. Each thrust elicited a hearty grunt of pleasure from her. Gone were the soft, pleasurable moans from Dan’s session with his wife earlier. Even her screams sounded different. More animalistic. Primal.

Dan felt like he was watching a wild-animal mating ritual on the Discovery Channel. Lester's fat sausage fingers grabbed onto Sarah’s thighs. He pulled on her legs and pumped his pale naked cock into her. Sarah fucked him back, her bubble butt rocking against the bed, thrusting her body back onto Lester’s unyielding cock. They ground against each other as if it were a competition for dominance.

“Fuck. Ohhhfuuuck,” Sarah moaned, throwing her hair back and screaming at the ceiling. Lester snarled and grabbed the back of her head. His fat tongue was already sticking out of his mouth as he pulled Sarah to him. Her mouth, still parted from the moan, took his writhing tongue inside.

“MHMPHMMM,” Sarah moaned, eyes flying open at the sudden invasion. Dan’s heart sank. Her eyes looked at the fat man in front of her affectionately, almost lovingly, as she closed them and melted into the wild kiss, her mouth and body moving with a passionate fury that Dan had rarely seen.

The headboard slammed against the drywall. Their bodies rocked against the end of the bed, making the bed'slegs slide across the floor. Dan opened his mouth, but nothing came out. Sarah was lost in bliss, seeming to have forgotten all about him.

Lester broke the kiss with a groan and dipped Sarah back onto the bed. She moaned as her body touched the soft blankets, and she pulled Lester back into a frenzied kiss, her ass lurching off the bed as Lester slowly fed the entire length of his stiff cock back into her.

"Mmmhmmm," Sarah groaned, raking Lester's back with her fingers. Lester's stubby body knelt on the bed, his mass entirely covering Sarah's tight body. The fat gut around his waist pressed down into her, making it hard for her to breathe. Sarah whined under him. Dan's eyes were fixed on Sarah's attractive calves as she dug her heels down into the bed, flexing them, and ground herself as she desperately tried to arch herself up to meet her lover's anxious possessive thrusts.

Lester broke the kiss, leaving a gasping Sarah panting below him. He looked over his shoulder and shot a glare towards Dan, daring him to do something, anything. Dan's nails dug into the arms of the chair. He felt something stir in him. He was about to get up.

Lester emphatically pulled his cock back all the way to the head and slammed his entire length back in with all the force he could muster.

"UHHHMHMMMMMMHMMM," Sarah moaned, the sound reverberating through the room, followed by lower, softer groans of pleasure that rocked Dan to his core. His legs went limp, the words in his throat a jumble of nothingness.

"UH. UH. UH. UH. UHHH. UHHH. UHHH," Sarah's moans echoed off the walls as Lester continued to crazily pound into her repeatedly. She arched her back, her bare breasts pushing into his chest, gleaming with sweat.

“UH. FUCK….LESTER….MHMMMM,” Sarah moaned, her ass flying off the bed to meet his relentless thrusts. “UHHMMMM.”

Sarah clamped her eyes tight. Dan watched in horrified fascination as her lips formed the perfect ‘O’. He watched all the muscles in her body go taut, feet digging into the mattress, toes curling as his loving wife came.

An incandescent shower of explosive pleasure erupted inside of Sarah and overwhelmed her senses; her concept of time and space didn’t matter anymore as her body drowned itself in the sensation that only Lester’s massive cock could give her. Lester smirked down at her as he pumped his hips forward. He licked his lips, ran his hand down Sarah’s thighs and grabbed onto both of her delectable ass cheeks. He collapsed down on her and humped into her at a rapid pace like some kind of fucked up sputtering slug.

Dan’s stomach twisted at the sight. A mass of sweaty, hairy wan skin engulfed Sarah’s entire body. The only thing he could see was her head and her legs jutting out from under his disgusting body. Her feet weren’t planted on the bed anymore. Lester held her ass up, lifting his wife off the mattress as he pounded into her.

Sarah groaned in wheezing pleasure, crushed under Lester’s weight. But she didn’t want it to stop. Her head lolled to the side as she struggled to breathe, struggled to catch her breath from the blissful orgasm still radiating through her. Struggling to breathe from the oncoming tsunami of a second, thanks to Lester’s new angle, and his rapid, ceaseless fucking.

“OH…OH...OH…..UH…UHH,” was all Sarah could utter through wracked breaths. Her lungs burned under the strain of Lester’s weight. Dan couldn’t move. Just watched as Sarah’s legs kicked out and his wife started another back-to-back orgasm.

“FFFUUUUU,” Sarah’s scream seemed to rattle the walls. It reverberated in Dan’s ears, seemingly settling there and threatening never to leave. When her scream trailed off into a desperate whimper, her heavy breathing was the only thing left making noise. Until Lester

began to thrust into Sarah again, and the wet, slapping sounds of colliding flesh rang out. She threw her head back, her eyes seemingly amazed that the sex was still going this intensely.

Lester was whispering something in Sarah's ear that Dan couldn't hear. He leaned forward in the chair, straining to try and catch a word, but all he heard was a throaty purr from Sarah. It seemed to echo in her chest.

With a heft, Lester pushed himself up, and Dan could finally see his wife's body again. Drenched in sweat, either hers or Lester's. What made him wince was the dark curly hairs clinging to her breasts and torso, transferred from Lester's body. His normally prim wife didn't seem to notice or care. Her breasts were too busy rising and falling rapidly as she struggled to catch her breath.

She struggled up onto her elbows, her body looking like it was ready to collapse into the bed. Her hair was a mess, and sweat ran down her face. She blinked, her eyes searching the room. Lester pulled his cock out of her with an audible 'splutch.'

Her eyes finally settled on Dan, her face blank of recognition for a few seconds before saying, "Dan…what are you doing?"

Dan swallowed, thinking hard. His lips finally made word shapes and said, "W..watching."

"You should be doing more than that," Sarah said, licking her lips the same way Lester did. It unsettled Dan. He didn't respond, his brain racing against a sea of testosterone and neuro chemicals.

"Take out your dick for me," Sarah said, biting her bottom lip. Lester grunted and heaved himself off the bed, repositioning himself. Sarah looked back at him, a wicked smile on her face, and shakily climbed onto her hands and knees. Lester knelt behind her, one hand on her hip, the other on his throbbing cock as he gently stroked her pussy lips with it.

“Mhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned, wiggling her ass back, searching for a connection. Her heavy eyelids opened again, piercing Dan’s, “Take it out. I want you stroking it for me.”

Dan shimmied out of his pants, his dick already tenting his boxers underneath. Sarah looked at the boxers with derision, and he quickly lost them too. His hand was already on his dick, the feeling of his palm a much-needed sensation compared to the strain of himself against his pants. His cock twitched at the sight in front of him, and Dan felt as if he stroked it much more; it was going to explode all over himself.

“Okay, Dan,” Sarah breathed hotly, “Show me how much you like this. How much do you want to keep watching me...UH.”

Her sentence broke off as Lester pushed his cock into her. He only put a couple of inches in, then pulled it all the way back out, and slowly fed her his entire length. Sarah’s head dropped to the bed in recognition of his building cadence, a mass of blonde locks showering down around her face.

Lester kneaded her hips with his pudgy sausage fingers. His sweaty gut sat atop her perfect bubble backside, but like a quivering blob that stared angrily at Dan. It was such a fucked up sight to see his wife shaking with desire, thrusting back against such a horrid creature, while her jaw hung open in half pain-half pleasure as she struggled to breathe.

Lester had a permanent sneer on his face and an expression Dan couldn’t quite place. Something was lurking there, beneath the surface, that he didn’t recognize, but it felt threatening.

“Sarah, my love,” Lester said hoarsely, sweat dripping down his fat skull. As he slowed his thrusts, eliciting a whimper of need from Sarah. She raised her head, her eyes partly visible through the blonde curtain of her matted hair.

“What?” Sarah breathed heavily.

“Have you and Dan discussed which room is going to be the nursery?” Lester drawled slowly as he deliberately pumped in and out of her. Dan swallowed.

“Personally, I’m in favor of you side sleeping. You know, making sure it's there in your bed every night,” Lester chuckled and locked eyes with Dan, “What? You haven’t discussed this at all? Buddy, you'd better get prepared for what's coming in nine months.”

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He slapped Sarah’s ass cheeks, sending a ripple through them. It rippled through his gut, making a sickening wobble. “Ah, Sarah grunted, fingers digging into the mattress. Lester licked his lips, “And you. You better get ready for what’s cumming in a few minutes.”

Dan didn’t like what Lester was doing. Didn’t like this sick fantasy of his. To impregnate Sarah. It crossed a boundary. Even though part of Dan shook at the very idea. His whole goal tonight was to shut Lester down. With a dry throat, he said, “She’s on the pill. It’s not happening.”

Lester’s smile grew wider. Dan again saw something darkly sinister behind his eyes, but still couldn’t quite identify it. Lester ran his hands lovingly over Sarah’s body and said, “Maybe.”

He left the words hanging in the room. Dan’s mind tried to puzzle together what he meant by that. Sarah hadn’t seemed to hear him. Her face was a mask of pleasure as she ground herself back against him, sucking in little gulps of breath.

Lester’s hand snaked up Sarah’s back, grabbing her by the hair at the nape of her neck. He balled her pretty blonde locks into his fist and yanked up. Sarah’s head snapped up, glossy eyes locking onto Dan’s. She looked like her mind was far away.

“Maybe the pills won’t work,” Lester said slowly, his naked cock thrusting in and out of Sarah. Driving deep inside of her at this glorious angle, hitting places inside of her that only Lester had ever touched. It felt like a hot, veiny steel living rod impaling her, and she craved more and more of it inside of her.

“You hear those stories all the time. Condom breaks. Pills fail because of medication. Vastectomies well….life finds a way,” Lester said in a slow, deliberate voice. His face turned into a grimace, his thrusts growing more and more urgent.

“What do you say, Sarah? Should we stop? What if none of that works? What if your pills don’t work? What if I start shooting real cum into you? Flooding you with it,” Lester grunted, yanking her hair, reaching around with his other hand and mauling her naked breast. “Are you going to stop?”

“No,” Sarah panted, answering far too quickly for Dan’s comfort. “No,” she repeated.

Lester licked his lips. He was pistoning machine-like in and out of her now. Sarah was opening up, moaning, her throat sucking in air faster than her lungs could process it. “You’d let me cum in you? Flood your fertile womb with my potent seed?”

Dan wanted to roll his eyes at the way Lester spoke like a neckbeard incel. But all he could do was swallow, hearing his wife’s lewd admissions. It was hard to dispute his words when he had his cock this deep inside of Sarah.

“Yes…fuck,” Sarah moaned, her arm muscles tight as she ground her palms down into the bed and pushed her body back onto Lester’s invading log of a cock. “I want your cum to explode inside of me. I want to feel it. All of it.”

“Even if it knocks you up?” Lester grunted.

Sarah's body shuddered, and for the first time, Dan saw pleasure and acceptance on her face. The curl of the corner of her lips as she smiled. In that moment, he truly doubted that Sarah would actually stop this if there was a chance Lester could impregnate her. The idea of Lester's seed flooding into his wife and seeking her egg made his cock involuntarily twitch, and a stream of precum dripped out of it. He loosened his grip on it, worried it would go off at the slightest provocation.

"Ummm….uhhhh…yess…" Sarah breathed rapidly, wanting to say anything to keep Lester inside of her. To keep this amazing feeling building inside of her. "I want it. I want it to knock me up. I want you to put a baby in me, Lester."

"You want me to fucking breed you. Say it," Lester snarled.

"Breed me, Lester," Sarah panted. She urgently thrust herself back into him, revelling in the feeling of his cock battering against her cervix, even moving past it and dragging over her sensitive nerve endings, "I want you to breed me. Fucking breed me, Lester."

Lester raised his eyebrows, his smile growing wider than Dan thought possible. Wider and even more sinister. Lester's eyes flicked up to Dan.

"What about you, Dan? You want to see me breed your wife? Breed her right fucking in front of you? Knock up the woman you love and made your wife? Impregnate the mother of your children? Flood her with my heavy seed? Huh?"

Dan's heart hammered in his chest, and his cock twitched. He couldn't breathe. The room felt small. It felt like it was closing in around him. Everything seemed to spin. Sarah's urgent grunts and groans were too much for him. Flooding into his brain like erotic heroin that he needed more of to exist.

"Cat got your tongue, huh?" Lester sneed, "You just gonna sit there while I cum in her aren't you? This is your moment, hero. This is your chance to stop me from impregnating Sarah

Williams. And you're just going to fucking sit there and watch as she gets knocked up. Knocked up and begging for more. Aren't you, you little cuck? Watch your wife get bred."

Dan couldn't move. He couldn't breathe. It was all happening so fast. There was too much to process.

Lester yanked on Sarah's hair, pulling her head back up. She winced and let out a yelp. Lester licked up her back as sweat dripped from him onto her. "Look at your husband, Sarah."

Sarah's eyes lazily locked onto Dan. They flittered over the quivering dick in his lap and onto his conflicted face, "Watch as the man you love sits idly by, as you get knocked up by his disgusting roommate. Watch as he lets you get bred. Watch as he absolutely wants it to happen."

"Ohhhh," Sarah's face contorted at Lester's words. They were pushing her over the edge. She felt the pressure and warmth rapidly building inside of her, convulsing into something gigantic. "Ohhhllester."

"Tell him what's about to happen, Sarah. Tell him what he's letting happen," Lester panted.

"Ahhhhmhmmm Dan…..Dan….he's…he's going to cum in me," Sarah whined in fervent anticipation. "He's going to fucking knock me up. He's going to breed me. Breed your wife."

"Unless he stops me," Lester whispered the primal challenge to the room. Dan felt an oppressive heat radiating from the enjoined couple in front of him. It threatened to wash over and suffocate him. Part of Dan wanted to protest, but he was already too far gone. Immobile. What the hell happened to me?

"Ohfuck…." Sarah groaned, her eyes locking with Dan's. "I've always wanted a son...Lester…" Dan swallowed. Getting a vasectomy had been logical, the right decision. They could give the girls a better life. Another baby would have been expensive. That's why they'd done it. Why he'd

done it. But he knew part of Sarah had wanted to try for another. A boy. A boy, he never gave her.

“I’ll give you a boy,” Lester grunted with a sneer.

“Fuck…Lester…please,” Sarah whined.

“You have maybe thirty seconds,” Lester said, his hands possessively roaming Sarah’s body, groping, mauling her ass cheeks. “Before I fucking unload into her. Before my heavy balls flood her with my baby batter. I dare you to stop me.”

Dan’s fingers were gripping the arms of the chair, nails digging into the leather. His dick twitched in his lap.

“He’s hard as a rock, Sarah. Look at his dick. He wants this. He wants you to be bred. Pathetic.” Lester sneered. Dan’s vision blurred, his face red-hot.

“Pathetic,” Sarah repeated, chewing on the words for their taste. Breathing was getting hard for her. Her own orgasm was rapidly building, and all conscious thought was starting to slide out the window. “Breed me, Lester. Fucking give me that cum. I need it. Make him watch.”

“Ughhh,” Lester groaned, “Squeeze it, baby. Milk all the cum out of me. Work for it. Show Dan how much you want me to breed you.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Sarah huffed. Dan’s heart twisted hearing that word from her lips. The word that had so many connotations. But his heart twisted further as she followed it up with, “Make me pregnant, Lester. Give me your baby. Fuck it into me. I want to feel it grow inside me.” She was actively thrusting her open cunt back onto the sweaty brute.

“Heh,” Lester licked his lips and pushed her head down into the mattress, “You’re about to get a deluge of Lester DNA into your unprotected pussy. Milk it out, baby. The pills aren’t gonna work, and neither is the snip.”

“Give it to me. Flood me!” Sarah squeezed her pussy around his veiny pulsing shaft. She felt his heavy, hairy balls slam into her. Her body started to burn with an intense white hot fire, and part of her knew, deep down, that this was truly an act of mating. Dominating Dan while she was bred in front of him. Stealing something away from him that would never be returned.

“FFFF-ffuck LESTER BREED ME,” Sarah cried, tears rolling down her cheeks as he pumped his full length into her in rapid succession. Lester sneered at Dan, “Too late, little cuck. She’s gonna get a big load of me.”

Lester turned his attention back to Sarah and said, “Here it comes, baby. Take it.”

“AAHHHUUHHGNMMMMMMMMGMMMMMMM,” Sarah cried, her pussy holding onto Lester like a vise, milking him decisively as his veins began to pulsate. Liquid hot cum sprayed out, drenching her insides in Lester's virile, disgusting cum. It splattered against the walls of her pussy. She milked it thoroughly, taking it deeper as she came. Fireworks exploded behind her eyes, and burning heat coursed through her, igniting her world on fire that burned hot with pleasure. She quaked, her own body convulsing and thrusting back onto Lester's invading cock. As he came, her body rabidly squeezed and sucked more and more of his illicit seed, deeper and deeper inside of her. She cried out as another nuclear orgasm eclipsed the first, sucking the air from her lungs.

Her world spun, and time seemed to lose all meaning. Her world was just a wave of rippling pleasure she wanted to ride forever. Primal pleasure. Of biological functions succeeding.

Her eyes rolled back in her head as she collapsed into a messy heap on Lester’s bed, consciousness slipping from her grasp. Lester grunted and fell onto her before rolling off to the side, the large mast of his cock sticking up into the air, glimmering with their shared drooling juices.

Dan slumped in the chair, his dick quivering in front of him, cum running down its sides and pooling on the surface beneath him. He'd cum all over himself. His dick, exploding on its own accord. He felt weak, in more ways than one.

His brain was still fogged up, looking at the sweaty bodies tangled on the bed in front of him. It tried to grasp comprehension but failed. He sat there, alone as both Lester and Sarah's breathing took on the familiar cadence of sleep. He looked down at his lap, disgusted with himself and slowly, weakly got to his feet and went into the bathroom, cleaning himself up.

When he was done, he looked into the room at the sleeping couple. His mind was a war of hate and self-disappointment. He'd been sucked in, just as he promised himself he wouldn't be. His body was exhausted, and sleep called to him. Sarah was already out, a sleeping mess after Lester's insemination. He didn't want to wake her. Didn't want to face whatever look she'd hold in her eyes. He didn't want to see the disappointment, the hurt, or the naked contentment.

He fell into his own bed and let sleep take him.

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Niko snuck back into the living room after Dan disappeared into his room. He quietly left the apartment and prepared himself to report to Marcus.

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Sarah woke him when the sun was already coming in through the window. She was dressed, and there was a mix of emotions he couldn't properly read.

"Ready to go?" She said quietly, almost hopefully, that he'd say no. Dan sat up and couldn't meet her eye.

“Yeah,” he said to the flood, his voice coming out weak and tired. He cleared his throat and repeated himself. They gathered their things, Sarah, at some point having found her belongings in Lester’s room.

They made their way to the living room, where Lester was waiting for them with a shit-eating grin on his face. Dan wanted to punch him, but felt somehow smaller than the short, pudgy man in front of him.

“We’re leaving,” Dan declared, leaving no room for argument or discussion. “We’re done. Don’t contact us.”

He squeezed Sarah’s hand, hoping to instill strength into both of them. She didn’t squeeze back.

“Oh, I don’t think so,” Lester said far too casually.

Dan flung open the door, and Sarah was right behind him. She looked back and forth between Dan and Lester. He squeezed her hand again, this time to be reassuring. He needed to get her out of this apartment. Out of Lester’s clutches.

“We’re done. Fuck off,” Dan said, pushing the memories of last night out of his head. He tried adding steel to his voice, “Last night was a mistake. It’s not happening again.”

“Want to bet on that?” Lester sneered. A wide, evil grin spread across his face, and he held out a cellphone, showing Dan the screen. Dan squinted, not wanting or caring to see whatever Lester was showing him. Sarah gasped.

Dan squinted and took a step back. On the screen, Sarah was begging to be bred on her hands and knees as Lester plowed into her from behind. Dan watched himself sit pathetically in the

computer chair. Watched as Lester roared and came inside his loving wife. Watched as Dan's own cock betrayed him, standing on end as it quivered and cum spurted out of it.

"Now," Lester said slowly, "Let me tell you how things are going to go."

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 42
Just now

Hey folks, hope your Saturday is going well. Here's chapter 42 of Toxic Attraction. Things are getting interesting. Looking forward to hearing your thoughts and discussions as we push forward. I wonder who you think will come out on top in this chapter.

“What the fuck?” Dan blinked, staring at Lester’s outstretched phone screen. His brain took a few seconds to register what it was he was seeing. Sarah, Lester and himself on the screen. Dan’s face felt red hot, looking at how pathetic he was sitting in Lester’s chair. “What the fuck?” Dan repeated, trying to break himself out of his mental loop.

Lester chuckled and pulled the phone away as Sarah tried to reach for it. He casually strolled back into the living room, leaving Dan and Sarah standing at the open door. They stood frozen in place for what felt like an eternity as their brains tried to fit these new pieces together. Lester slumped back in one of the chairs, completely disregarding them, eyes down in his phone.

They had been so close. Dan’s foot had almost crossed the threshold, leaving the apartment for good. But now he was hovering at the door with Sarah at his side.

“What the hell, Lester. Delete that,” Sarah hissed, taking a step into the living room. Dan’s stomach twisted, and the image of a bear trap jumped into his mind. “Lester, are you listening to me?”

Lester just thumbed his phone like he hadn’t heard her. There was a noise out in the hallway. They could be discovered. Dan couldn’t bear to glance toward the noise and reluctantly shut the door and engaged the lock. He saw a smart smile flash across Lester’s face, as he did before it quickly disappeared.

“Look,” Sarah said professionally, calm, supporting her voice. “I understand you’re probably upset about us wanting to end things like this. We didn’t give you much of a heads-up. I know you’ve grown attached, but recording us like that, it’s not okay.”

“You’re completely right,” Lester said, looking up at her. Sarah’s shoulders seemed to relax a touch.

“Then fucking delete it,” Dan snapped. Sarah shot him a hard look over her shoulder, urging him to calm down and let her handle it. She steeled her face before turning back to Lester.

“Lester. Please, don’t have us end things like this. I’ll always look back at our time fondly. More than fondly. But if we end things like this, it will ruin it for me. Forever. Can you just delete the video, and we’ll pretend it never happened?” Sarah said, putting a hand on Lester’s leg as she sat at the table.

Lester sighed and again said, “You’re right.”

“Can you delete it then, please?” Sarah said softly. Dan hovered behind the couch, watching the interaction, stomach twisted at how soft and familiar Sarah was talking with this asshole. His eyes were glued to where Sarah’s hand gently rested on Lester’s fat thigh.

Lester played nervously with his phone and asked, “Are you really leaving? For good.”

Sarah shared a glance of uncertainty with Dan. He nodded. Something colored her face, but she put on a smile and turned back to Lester, “Yes.”

Lester held his phone towards her and made a show of deleting the video.

“Thank you, Lester,” Sarah said, gently rubbing his leg.

“And delete it from the trash folder,” Dan said. Lester shot him an annoyed look, thumbed through his phone, and repeated the deletion process.

“Thank you,” Sarah said softly.

“One last kiss? Before you go?” Lester sounded pathetic, and Dan wanted to punch him. He couldn’t believe Sarah would fall for this. But without looking at her husband, Sarah leaned forward and pressed her lips to Lester’s. It was soft and drawn out. Not hungry. Almost loving.

Dan’s stomach twisted further. Sarah broke the kiss with a smile and left Lester sitting there. As Dan turned to walk with Sarah to the door, Lester sneered, “That’s just the one copy.”

“Excuse me?” Dan spun to face his shorter, dumpier roommate and narrowed his eyes, “What the fuck did you just say?”

“I said,” Lester stood, squaring his shoulders and looking more imposing than he had any right to be, “That I just deleted a copy. I have that video and more backed up. Locally and in the cloud.”

“Lester….” Sarah started before Dan cut in, “Are you serious? What kind of fucking game are you playing right now?”

“Deadly serious,” Lester smirked. He was enjoying this. Enjoying how irate Dan was getting. Dan felt like he was playing right into Lester’s hand. “And I’ve been playing this game since the first fucking day you emailed me to see the apartment.”

Dan balled his hands into fists at his side. Before he could step forward, Sarah was between them, stopping him, “Lester, what are you talking about?”

Lester rolled his eyes, “You two sure are fucking dense sometimes, aren’t you? That video was just the tip of the iceberg. Think back over all our lovely times together in this apartment. All those orgasms. All those late nights?”

Realization dawned on Sarah’s face, “No…you…Lester…no…thats not….”

“Not what? Did you just think I was some disposable incel man you could throw away whenever you wanted? You two have been dancing on my fucking strings since the jump,” Lester chuckled. “Man, this part is always so much fun.”

“I’m going to kill you,” Dan seethed, stepping past Sarah. He rounded the couch and grabbed Lester by his shirt and pinned him against the wall, “I’ve been wanting to hit you for so long, and now you’ve finally given me a reason to.”

“Oh, was fucking your wife sensless and making her cum harder and more often than you ever could not eno——”

Dan threw a haymaker into Lester’s gut, sending the pathetic little man sprawling onto the floor. Dan was ready to hit him again, but Sarah held onto his arm. Lester wheezed from the ground, struggling to catch his breath as he clutched his gut.

He groaned and sat back in a seated position against the wall, looking up at them, “Your friends, colleagues, any recruiters you use, your mother, fathers, siblings, nephews…internet strangers. How will they react to the videos? Hm? Wonder what your friends at your fancy new job will think.”

Dan cocked his hand back, and Lester laughed, holding his gaze, “You know how many times you’ve complained about work in this apartment? About colleagues? Your little clients? Poof. Gone.” He snapped the finger of the hand not clutching his gut.

“What do you want?” Sarah’s voice shook. Dan couldn’t tell if it was from fear or betrayal.

“Well, first Captain America here is going to sit down and finally understand what his fucking place is,” Lester said. He held his side, pushing himself up the wall into a standing position, staring up at Dan. Dan shook with rage, fist still clenched and cocked back.

“You going to hit me again? Go ahead. Even if you kill me, last night I made sure everything will be sent to those you respect and love unless I stop it. And keep stopping it. Let’s see how tough you are when you get fired from your new job, and neither of you can find work for the next fucking decade.” Lester said.

Dan shook with unbridled fury. Against every fiber of his being, he lowered his fist back down to his side. Sarah stepped in front of him, “Lester…don’t do this…what do you want? Why are you doing this?”

“Because I can, and why not?” Lester said. Lester pointed to the couch, “Sit down, Dan.”

Dan didn’t move.

“Now,” Lester snapped.

“Let’s sit,” Sarah whispered, grabbing onto Dan’s arm and guiding him to the couch. He thought the leather might melt under the immense amount of rage-driven heat his body was throwing off.

“So what? You just manipulated us, all this time? Manipulated me into sleeping with you?” Sarah said, hurt plainly evident in her voice.

“Yes and no,” Lester said with a grin, “But don’t expect me to start monologing like some two-bit villain. I hate that trope. Honestly, it’s so cliche, and I’m not a hack. All you need to know is that you belong to me now. Both of you. So your little ride off into the sunset is cancelled, capiche? Good. Glad we understand each other.”

Lester left them sitting there, minds racing to understand just what the hell was happening. From the hallway, Lester called back, “Sarah, whenever you’re ready, darling.”

Before either of them could ask what he meant, Lester’s door shut, leaving the couple completely alone. Dan stared at the electrical outlet in the wall, recognizing, for the first time, the small slit where a camera hid. He’d seen these devices before. He’d bought similar ones and installed them in his own house. His own bedroom.

“Godammit,” Dan muttered, feeling like the biggest mark in the world. He should have seen this coming. He’d seen the red flags. He’d known something wasn’t right. He’d even confessed this to Sarah. But they both had still gone along with it. Sarah had fallen deeper than he had but still…What the fuck…

“I should have seen this coming,” Dan muttered to himself. Sarah looked shell-shocked. Not crying, not upset, just numb. “Are you okay?”

“I don’t know,” Sarah chewed her bottom lip. She absently picked at her nails like she had a new nervous tic. “I don’t know what I’m feeling.”

“Me neither,” Dan said bitterly. He put his hands to his face and groaned into them. “The sick fuck is probably watching us right now.”

Sarah stopped picking her nails and crossed her arms over her chest, ineffectively trying to shield herself. Dan looked at the apartment door. It felt so far away now; moments ago, they had been ready to cross over it, “I just want to go home.”

“Me too,” Sarah said softly. She gulped and stood, not looking at her husband.

“What are you doing?” Dan asked, trying not to look at the camera, where he knew Lester was enjoying watching them. He caught sight of another outlet with a hidden camera and felt the sea of rage boil inside of him anew.

“I’m going to get us out of here,” Sarah said quietly. “I’ll go see Lester, and then we’ll go.”

“What?” Dan asked, “What do you mean? Why…”

It clicked into place, and Dan’s stomach dropped. Sarah, his beautiful wife, leaned in for a brief kiss before pulling away. He watched her disappear down the hallway and desperately wished he had punched Lester way harder than he had.

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Lester gleefully watched the monitor in front of him. Watched the downfall and submission of Dan Williams, the once proud and strong father, reduced to putty by someone he looked down upon.

“Oh joy,” Lester hummed to himself before shoving a handful of Cheetos into his gullet. Sarah’s lithe body moved gracefully down the hallway towards his room. He watched, with one eyebrow raised, trying to discern the emotions plastered on her face. She tried his door handle, but he’d locked it, just in case Dan had further ideas of heroism. There hadn’t been a delayed sending mechanism; he just needed Dan to back off and not hit him again. Lester didn’t like physical confrontation; it was beneath him. He silenced the part of his brain that reminded him of the violence of too many unpleasant memories growing up.

Lester hefted himself out of his computer chair, wincing at his stomach in the process. He opened the door and gestured for Sarah to come inside. She gave him a hard look but had no hesitation as she stepped back into his lair. Lester locked the door behind her, eyes trailing over her tight jeans and white t-shirt. She’d snuck out of bed before he could give her another deposit, and he was ready to rectify that.

“You’re disgusting,” Sarah said, holding her arms as she looked at his monitor. The screen was split with different camera feeds, and Dan sat on the couch in the upper corner. Lester didn’t feel the need to hide this side of himself.

“And yet you’ve let me fuck you and cum in you over and over,” Lester said, stalking through the piles of refuse and debris towards his prey. “Begging, pleading, even demanding.”

“That was before I knew about all of this,” Sarah gestured to the screens, her eyes lingering on Dan. “Before I knew what a fucking creep you were.”

Lester laughed hard enough that he winced at the pain coming from where Dan had punched him. He kept chuckling, “Oh that’s funny. Did you forget about my cameras? All over the apartment. I’d sit here and listen to you and Dan shit

talk about me, talk about how pathetic and how much of a loser I am. How much of a creep I was. Yet that didn't stop you from spreading your legs and letting me stick my cock up your married pussy did it?"

Sarah's hand connected with Lester's cheek, leaving a large red mark. He felt it, momentarily disbelieving that she'd actually struck him. Sarah regarded her hand with wide eyes in a simiiar sense of disbelief before uttering, "I'm sorry."

She stood up straighter, "No, I'm not sorry. You've been lying to us and making porn of us this entire time."

"How many times have you let me record us? Huh? You're not this much of a prude," Lester sat on the end of his bed, crossing his arms over his gut.

"You know that's not the same thing, Lester, so don't pretend it is," Sarah snapped.

"I know what the real issue is here," Lester said with a 'tsk', stepping up to Sarah. She didn't meet his eyes and took a step back. Lester knew it was time to press and did so, "You feel betrayed, that I lied to you, deceived you, but that's not how it is at all."

"How is it then? Sarah shot back, her eyes finding his.

Sarah flinched as Lester cupped her cheek. He held it there anyway, "It-it's because I'm falling in love with you, and I think you love me too, and I was afraid to lose you. I thought you were about to walk out of my life. So I got desperate and wanted to show you the real me. All of me. Finally."

Sarah opened her mouth to say something, but closed it. Perfect, Lester thought. Keep them off balance. Keep them guessing, conflicted. Never able to ground themselves.

He stroked her cheek with his thumb and saw the uncertainty as she tried to process his words. Distraction, misdirection. "I thought Dan was going to take you away from me," Lester said. Sarah opened her mouth to say something, but Lester sealed it shut with a kiss. He felt the tension in her body. Her shoulders rise up, her eyes open, her muscles flex. He ground himself into her, his body pressing against hers, his tongue probing her lips.

The tension in her body eased as she melted into the insistent kiss. Lester smirked internally and pulled her tighter against him, encircling her body with his flabby arms. He pulled her against his gut and felt her knees give a little.

Lester pressed his advantage, increasing the passion of the kiss. Lips, tongue, speedily overwhelming her senses. He ground his lengthening cock against her. Lester's tongue trailed down to her sensitive spot on her neck. A soft moan escaped her lips.

His hands roamed over her body, grasping, groping. Chubby fingers on her ass, pulling it forward while he ground into her from the front. Hairy knuckles dragging over her chest, kneading and grabbing her breasts hard, the way she always responded to.

"Lester…" Sarah panted. He didn't give her the chance to finish her sentence, silencing her with his tongue. He humped against her. She moaned into the kiss, her own tongue sliding into his mouth, roiling over his. He took her hand and guided it down to his sweatpants-clad cock.

She moaned again into his mouth. He didn't even need to make her grab it; her little fingers failed to circle around his shaft as she began rubbing him through his pants. He needed to keep up the offensive. In one fluid motion,

he pulled down his sweatpants, letting his cock fly free. He thrust forward, pressing the shaft against Sarah's open palm, his cock head pressing against her stomach.

Sarah sucked in a sharp breath, Lester's meatstick urgently hammering against her. Need rapidly began to overtake her. She gripped his shaft as much as she could. It was warm. Its veiny underside pulsed in her palm, tamping down logic. Lester thrust determinedly, and she stroked him. She knew how those thrusts felt. Reasoning began to dissipate.

Lester spun them until Sarah's bubble but was braced on the end of the bed the way it had been the night before. She knew what the path to pleasure was from here. It was a well-worn route she longed to travel. More. She needed more like last night.

Lester's leg spread her knees apart as he continued to hump against her, pushing himself into her hand. He was towering over her now, and Sarah felt enclosed once again by his mass, taking up most of her vision. Lester thrusting grew more desperate, faster and faster. His cockhead slid into her palm, leaving a greasy trail of precum before it jutted out and hit her in the stomach.

Her other hand dropped from his shoulder and found his hairy balls. Her delicate fingers teased them the way she knew he liked. Part of her brain screamed at her to get her shit together. To focus. But she couldn't remember what she needed to focus on. She didn't want to focus on that because it would veer her off this path to pleasure.

"I need you," Lester whispered, voice dripping with desperate energy. Sarah kissed him back, licked him back, her body and mind in sync, trying to communicate how much she needed him too. "I love you," Lester repeated over and over as he kissed her. The words danced in Sarah's ears, touching something in her. Opening something in her and filling it.

His hairy hand was on her ass, and he tugged it forward. Tugged her towards him. He tugged again, and her perfect jean-clad bubble butt shifted off the end of the bed, and gravity took her. She slid down, gasping and disappointed, away from Lester's slick lips. His hand travelled up to the back of her head.

She lazily opened her eyes and looked straight into the angry, pre-cum dripping slit of Lester's cock. Her hands hadn't left his balls and shaft. Sarah let out an involuntary moan as she stared it down, her own hands moving like phantoms with their own minds, stroking and teasing the massive member. Cum gloobed out of his cock and fell down onto her white shirt. She was breathing hard, mouth dry. She licked her lips.

Lester smirked at how transfixed Sarah was by his cock and did the only logical thing. He thrust it forward into her face. Her grip tightened on his shaft, now with both hands. He speared her in her cheek. Sarah turned her head, opening her mouth wide and took his thick cockhead into her mouth, letting a guttural groan escape from her throat and dance along his cock.

Lester smiled, gleefully at the way her lips parted. At her moan, the wet warmth of her mouth as she began to suck him. Began to suck his cock literally minutes after he fully revealed himself. Lester chuckled, looking over his shoulder at the monitor. Dan was ineffectually pacing in the living room now, pausing every so often to stare down the hallway.

Get comfortable asshole, Lester thought. Sarah was lovingly worshipping his shaft.

"Mhmmmmhmm," Sarah moaned, sending vibrations into Lester's cock, "Uhmhmmmmm."

The sounds were like music to Lester and evidence of how far Sarah had fallen under his thumb. He held himself still while she sucked and stroked him. Both hands moving in perfect unison, abilities that would make a concert pianist red with envy.

Sarah twirled her tongue around his shaft, letting its weight settle on her as she lapped at it. She pulled her mouth off and started licking and sucking down his shaft between her furious hands. Lester grinned, watching as the young mother made sure his cock was perfectly lubricated for her hands to glide up and down his shaft.

Lester put his hands on his fat hips, letting Sarah take her time, worshipping his cock with abandon. This is what he'd been training her for. Overwriting of what she should do, falling back into well-worn routines within her mind. Neural plasticity in action.

She gripped her shaft as tightly as she could with her fingers and stroked Lester's monster cock. She gulped, her mouth salivating as she went back to licking around her hands, licking every thick fucking inch of Lester's shaft. She went further, her nose tickling against the coarse hair of his ballsack

Her tongue whipped around like a hurricane, washing over his unkempt balls, slathering him in her saliva. Lester groaned in satisfaction, grinning from ear to ear as Sarah bathed his balls with her tongue. She was on her knees, devouring him just a few minutes after he'd revealed himself, and Dan sat limply in the living room.

He ran his hand through Sarah's hair, her blonde locks flowing between his fingers. He brought his hands to the base of her skull, giving her a gentle massage, and she moaned, tongue delving deeper into the jungle of pubic hair. Lester flexed his fingers around the base of her skull. Sarah's body tensed up at the joy of pain, her fists reflexively gripping his shaft tightly in response. He didn't let up. She thrust forward, his cock pushing through her fists, fucking her palms.

"Uhmhmmmm," Sarah's throat moaned. Lester pulled her head towards him, her face disappearing into his pubes. He thrust up while pushing her further down. Her tongue lapped out, dancing along the underside of his balls. Lester pushed forward again, and Sarah fell back slightly, holding onto his cock so she wouldn't fall all the way back to the floor. His balls were in her mouth; she sucked and licked, still holding onto his shaft, jerking it up and down.

Lester was bent over like a troll, holding onto Sarah's head as he fed her his balls. He pushed forward, her tongue lapping up against his coarse pubic hair, venturing further down as he pushed. He could hear her muffled moans from under his taint, her tongue swirling around as Lester was bent over, groaning openly. She tried to catch her breath, but Lester redoubled his efforts, pulling on her face, pulling her deeper into his undercarriage until he felt her tongue swirl around his asshole, making him shiver.

The lewd act made Sarah's body squirm with pleasure as she moaned into his ass. Her hands were still jerking him off with abandon. Lester bent down further, sending his asshole against Sarah's lapping tongue. She quivered and shook, a mix of revulsion and arousal coursing through her.

Lester pulled her hair into a tight fist, forcing her back off his asshole, her tongue dragging over his skin, past his taint to the other side of his coarse balls. She had a second to gasp for breath, straining to open her eyes, blinking hard in time to see Lester's dripping cock spearing towards her. She didn't have time to open her mouth as the cockhead rammed her succulent lips. It pushed forward, prying the mother's lips apart before inch after inch of it disappeared into her mouth.

Sarah's hand reflexively squeezed the shaft, trying to push it back, and the other slapped Lester's thigh. The fat man redoubled his grip on the back of her head, pulling her mouth onto his cock as he fed it into her mouth.

"Gaalaalkk," Sarah's voice made inaudible sounds as her spit was forced back by the invading cock. She struggled to get her touch under it, her lips strained wide trying to accommodate his size. She held back her gag reflex as his cock head pressed into her throat. Then the cock pulled back, giving her an instant to breathe through her nose before it rammed itself back in, bruising the back of her throat.

"Gaaallk," Sarah's throat sounds like a saliva-soaked chew toy, "Gaallkk….Gaaalkkl….Gaallkk."

Lester held her tight as he fucked her throat. He revelled in the tears forming at the corners of her eyes, in her fingers tightening and then slowly relaxing, giving in to his needs. He felt the shift, Sarah's head started to bob on its own in his hand as he force feed her his cock. He couldn't keep the smirk from his face. He grabbed her by both sides of her head, stepping up to straddle his legs over his chest and fucked those pretty lips.

Her throat and mouth made the most interesting sounds accompanied by soft, inaudible moans as he body responded on the floor below him. She peered up at him, through watery eyes, with a primal desire to please him.

Lester's fingers pressed into the sides of her head as he speared her mouth, driving his cock back down into her throat. Sarah stifled gags as saliva poured down her face. Lester's heavy, hairy balls hammered her chin.

With disappointment, he pulled his cock all the way out, and Sarah turned her head, gasping for breath. Her breasts rising and falling rapidly, her lungs burning with fire. The room spun around her due to the lack of oxygen.

Lester wasted no time. He hefted he up onto the bed, stripped her of her jeans and tore her white panties off at the hip, making her squeal. Sarah was still breathing hard, wiping tears from her eyes; the room was still spinning, and stars were dotting the edges of her vision. But she felt Lester line himself up with her.

He grunted and pushed himself inside of her. Sarah gasped, her legs going up reflexively, spreading to give her lover better access. She had to spread further to accommodate his large gut and wide frame, but she managed to wrap her legs around his hips. Pulling him inside of her.

Her lungs still burned, and she couldn't catch her breath.

"Uhhh…..uhhhhh….hmmmmmmhmuhhhhh," her breaths came out in half-moans, half-struggles for air. She blinked, putting her hands on Lester's hairy chest as her brain tried to process everything. Little by little, more oxygen flooded through her veins up into her skull, and she knew Lester was close. He was humping into her with abandon, sweat already cresting his brow. She stared up at his ugly, panting face and for a horrified moment her skin crawled knowing this cretin was inside of her. Until she felt him touch places that no one else had ever touched, besides him. Nerves she hadn't known existed came to life, begging for more. She squeezed his cock and felt him shudder.

She licked her lips, hands running over his skin to grab the back of his head and pull him down into a sloppy, urgent kiss. His fat tongue swirling through her mouth as his hot breath gasped and washed over her skin. Lester broke the kiss, pushing himself up by his flabby arms. His hands pinning her shoulders down to the bed as he rammed himself into Sarah, splitting her open.

She knew what was coming. She'd seen him like this before. She knew he was close to his end. She felt the urgency in his movements, her body desperately

slamming up off the bed to keep up with his thrusts, getting herself close. But his cock was impaling her to the mattress, pinning her there for his pleasure. She squeezed around him, feeling his naked shaft. The powering, thrumming veins running up it as his cock head engorged itself inside of her.

“Ohhfuckk,” Sarah groaned, licking her lips. Her throat was dry and bruised, and she struggled to suck in more air. “Fuckk. Mhmmmm. Lester.”

Lester’s eyes flicked to the screen, smirking. Dan had heard her moans. Lester’s eyes snapped back to Sarah, intensity burning down into her. He was focused and determined, and Sarah’s body responded, arching her back so her breasts pushed against the fabric of her bra, giving her a little agonizing tease. She wanted to feel him. Feel his naked, fat body pressed against hers. She arched, straining, trying to get close to him, but he held her down in place as he power fucked her.

“Uhhhhh…Mhmmmm…..Oh….Uh…..Oh….uh…uh…uh…” Sarah’s mind and body were disconnected. Her body was in control, moaning for Lester, moaning for the impending orgasm she was working herself up to, “Lester. Close. So close. Fuck. God fuck.”

“Let him hear you cum,” Lester growled as sweat dripped off his nose and onto Sarah’s lips. Her tongue snaked out and took it into her mouth greedily. “Let him hear how you still cum on my cock, even after everything you learned today.”

Lester started to hammer her with abandon, his cock pounding into all her sensitive places, rearranging her insides in the process. Sarah’s moans rang out, and she knew her husband could hear her. There was no way he couldn’t. No way he couldn’t hear her wails of pleasure as Lester pistoned his massive cock inside of her. Her eyes started to roll back, and she wasn’t registering the sounds she was making anymore. Her vision started to go white as her orgasm clawed its way up inside of her and thrummed, pulsating and colvusing in her pussy, becomoning Lester’s cock further and further into her, radiating out into the rest of her body in hot flashes that seared her irsies.

Lester grunted, loud and purposely, letting himself be known as the conquering lion as his balls burst. He kept hammering into Dan’s wife as his cock exploded, shooting load after load of hot, sticky cum deep into her fertile pussy as she milked it out through her orgasm. Her pussy convulsed, pulling more and more of his acrid cum deeper into her.

Her body shook and clenched itself around Lester, tears streaking down her face.

“Ughhh,” Lester grunted and pumped two final times into her before collapsing on top of her. His heavy frame was crushing her body while his cock held her in place. Sarah was already struggling to breath but now her lungs were compressed and couldn’t inflate.

“Lester…” Sarah wheezed out, “Can’t breathe.”

With a groan of annoyance, Lester rolled off of her, his cock spinging free with a wet pop. Sarah’s lungs fully inflated for the first time in what felt like forever. She blinked back tears, looked at the beached whale next to her, and felt revulsion wash over her. The thoughts of what he’d done were slowly seeping back into her. She sat up quickly and felt the bastard seep out of her.

“I’m leaving,” She said to herself, grabbing her clothes and heading towards the bathroom. Lester didn’t chase after her. He just groaned and turned on his side, watching the cameras as Sarah tried, futilely, to clean herself in the bathroom. His boys were too deep for that to matter.

He watched her rush into the living room and exchanged short, heated whispers with Dan.

“I’ll see you two real soon,” Leste called out.

Dan cast an angry, cuck like glance at one of the cameras before leading Sarah out of the apartment.

Lester laid back on the bed, hands behind his head, enjoying the feeling of someone seeing him for who he truly was. It had been a long time. He smiled to himself. He owned them now, more than he ever had.

***

To put it mildly, Renee was spiralling. Her gut was twisted into knots about what she’d done. About cheating on her husband. After decades of being faithful to him, she had slipped. Slipped hard in that disgusting bathroom stall and gave in to her base desires like a harlot from the bible.

And she still hadn’t admitted it to her husband. To her growing shame, she’d even pulled him into a lewd reenactment of her time with Lester, making him take her from behind while she bent over the toilet. And thought about him. That disgusting man who had been Dan’s roommate. She wanted to warn Sarah about who this man really was, but…how could she? How could she without admitting to her daughter the things she’d done with the man?

Renee ordered a second glass of wine, resulting in raised eyebrows from some of her friends. One wine with lunch wasn’t something any of them would bat an eye at. But they’d picked up on the way she was drinking like a fish today and not engaging properly in conversation.

They were at one of their favorite lunch spots, a busy cafe by the water where they could sit and gossip for a few hours. This was usually one of Renee’s favorite parts of her week, but her mind wasn’t present. It was back in the dirty bathroom stall with him. And his cock.

The word felt dirty in her mind. She pulled back from it while her body responded to the memory. She took a large gulp when the waiter brought her glass, prompting gentle probing questions from her friends. Renee eased back into her practice social matriarch role and brushed them off, leaning more on simply enjoying their company.

But she couldn’t wait to get out of there. Get home and let the thoughts run free, just for a few minutes, while she uncovered the secret toy she’d hidden away from James for years. Let the thoughts run free just for a bit while she took care of herself. Then, like her toy, she could put it back in a secret box and pretend it didn’t exist.

That was her plan.

Her plan fell apart when she spotted Lester staring at her from across the restaurant. He was seated, sipping on a dark soda, then raised it towards her. Her mouth dropped open, and she had to force herself to close it.

Her words were colliding. Lester was here. In the same building as her friends. And his slob like apperance made him stick out like a sore thumb. She felt herself slightly shake. This was the worst place he could ambush her. Her friends would ensure that a rumor of her affair with an unkempt, ugly man would spread like wildfire through their close-knit community.

He couldn’t be here.

“Are you okay?” one of her friends asked, “You look like you're going to have a heart attack.”

“I’m fine,” Renee tried to get her breathing under control. She was anything but fine. She spiralled further out of control as Lester stood up and started to stalk over to her table. She wanted to crawl into a hole and pulled the hole closed behind her. The room was shrinking, and she couldn’t look up at him. She stared blankly at the white table in front of her, worried that even a glance would give her away to her friends. They look over their shoulder and see this gruff, ugly bottom feeder, then glance back at her, instantly making the connection.

Lester smirked and winked at her. Renee’s stomach twisted into knots. She thought she was going to crush her wine stem in her fist; she was clutching it so hard. How did he find her here? How did he know where she was? Heat flushed over her chest with each step closer Lester took.

But then, he broke away towards a side hall where the bathrooms were located. There had been a purpose to that. A message. He didn’t want to intrude on her friends. He wasn’t trying to blow up her life. But he was here for a reason, and she needed to find out what that was.

“Excuse me,” Renee said, rudely cutting her friend off as she spoke, “I’m going to head to the ladies' room.”

“Do you want me to come with?” one of her friends asked.

“No, it's okay. I’m sorry for interrupting. I’ll be right back,” Renee said, patting her friend on the shoulder. She glanced back, making sure none of her friends were following, then proceeded down the hall into the ladies' washroom. All the stalls were empty, and there weren’t any holes in the wall. She swallowed hard, went back into the hallway and ducked into the men’s room. The stall at the far end of the room had its door open, and Lester stood there waiting for her.

“I knew you’d figure it out,” Lester said. Before she could respond, question or demand what he was doing, he disappeared into the dingy stall. Renee gritted her teeth and walked after him.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” Renee hissed, jabbing a finger into his chest. She waved her hands back towards the restaurant, “My friends are here. They can’t know about us.”

“Us?” Lester chuckled, reaching out and stroking a strand of her hair, “You make it sound like we’re having an affair. Is that what we’re doing here?”

She slapped his hand away, ignoring his question, “What are you doing? Why are you here? What game are you playing?”

“I’m not playing any games,” Lester said, licking his lips. He reached behind her and pulled the stall door closed, locking it. Renee felt the dingy walls begin to close around her. “I had to make a deposit earlier.”

Renee blinked at him, “What?”

“I had to make a deposit, so I didn’t finish getting my dick sucked,” Lester said as if that explained anything.

“You’re disgusting, and you have another thing coming if you think, for one second, that I’m going to –”

“How many times have you touched yourself thinking about me? Huh?” Lester sneered. Renee’s words caught in her throat. Lester chuckled to himself,

“Yeah, yeah, I can see all over that pristine little face of yours. Did it hurt? When James couldn’t stack up? Felt empty, didn’t you?”

“Don’t you say his name,” Renee blurted out. Lester just shrugged and started undoing his belt. Renee felt her cheeks heating up and took a step back as Lester’s pants dropped. She rubbed what looked like a tube sock through his stained white underwear.

Lester stepped forward, his fingers pulling down the waistband on his undies. His fat, long cock sprang out, flopping towards her. She gulped, her eyes finally breaking from his mammoth appendage. “I…..we…..”

“Sshhh,” Lester chuckled, “You knew exactly what was going to happen the second you left that table.”

“I didn’t,” Renee breathed, voice wavering.

“You didn’t have to come. You didn’t have to come into the bathroom. You didn’t have to come into the stall,” Lester stepped forward, his cock pressing against her, spearing her back into the side of the stall. His gut followed, pressing into her stomach, holding her in place, “There’s only one thing that happens between you and me in a shitty bathroom like this.”

A soft, weak moan escaped Renee’s lips. Lester’s words lanced through her, and she knew, deep down, what she’d been walking into. What she had been walking towards. Lester’s grin widened like he could read her mind. Her knees buckled.

Lester’s fat hand with its sausage fingers stroked her cheek, and his potato-like head with its greasy hair leaned close to her. She could smell the artificial cheese on his breath before his lips pressed against her, his fat tongue prying apart her lips and salivating into her mouth. He kissed her hard and fast, with wanton desire that Renee craved. He hungered for her as James used to. She craved more of it.

Lester broke the kiss, leaving Renee panting and staring up at him with conflicted arousal. She sucked in a deep breath, her chest rising and falling against Lester's. Her legs were weak, and her head was starting to spin, but she managed to utter out, “Lester…we can’t…not here…my friends…I can’t…”

“You don’t want your friends to see what you look like after you’ve been fucked senseless?” Lester said. She imagined walking back to the table, her outfit a mess, mascara running down her cheeks, her hair in disarray. She’d be mortified.

Lester’s hand left her cheek and played with her hair. His hand settled on the top of her head, and he applied gentle pressure. “That’s why you’re gonna suck my cock. Then the next time I see you, I’ll fuck you rotten.”

She didn’t know what that meant, but her body responded to him, pushing out from the wall to grind against him. She sucked in more air and let him push her down. She slid down his disgusting, fat body, his gut pressing against her face until she was eye to eye with his dripping manhood, jutting out, waiting for her. She gulped at the sight, not having been this close to it since it had been sticking out through the wall in the other bathroom.

Lester’s beady eyes watched her, clearly entertained by what was happening. Renee’s knees touched the cool tile floor, and her instincts told her to shower. But a deeper instinct made her bottom lip fall open. Lester wasted no time.

He gently saw his opening and took it, pressing the head of his cock against the small gap in her lips. Her mouth opened further for him, and she buried

thoughts of James and the rest of her family deep inside of her and took another man into her mouth.

“Mhmmmm,” Renee immediately moaned around Lester’s cock as inch after inch of him dragged across her tongue. It felt so big in her mouth that she struggled, opening her lips wide to accommodate him. It was awkward, but she continued to moan around it. Her body recoiled at the taste of him, like he hadn’t showered for days. She didn’t know what she should have expected from hin but the large cock invading her mouth made those thoughts drift to the back of her mind as his member slid in and out.

Her delicate, married hands gripped his shaft. Neither of them could wrap around him. She opened her eyes to see Lester’s wide grin as he caressed her cheek. It felt almost like a loving gesture, which was at odds with the rough and careless way he was treating her. Intruding on her lunch, invading her personal space. But she didn’t have to follow him back here. He’d been right. She’d chosen to do that. Chosen this.

Her tongue snaked out of her mouth, running it down the length of Lester’s hot shaft. Renee trembled, tasting the bitter, disgusting man, but she felt her panties dampen and cling to her. This was so wrong, but it felt like just what she’d been craving. Her body took over, her mind taking a backseat. A passenger watching herself slobber all over this man, who wasn’t her husband’s cock. Renee stroked and licked Lester, her minty fresh tongue delving down his length, getting lost in the foliage of his ballsack. She suppressed a gag at his coarse pubic hair, pushing through it to find two hefty balls that felt heavy enough to belong on a breeding bull. She trembled at the thought of how much semen they contained. She supposed she’d find out soon enough.

Lester's hand snaked into her hair and yanked her back. She gasped, eyes going wide as he spear his cock into her mouth. Her head hit the stall wall as Lester tried to impale her with his cock. She threw her hands up in protest, pushing against her thighs, but Lester was relentless. Not only did his cock stretch her mouth wide, but he kept pushing forward, nailing the back of her throat.

Renee’s protesting hands turned to iron grips on Lester’s hair, pasty thighs as she struggled to breathe and accommodate his pace. But somehow, her throat let out a guttural moan at the treatment. A deep, unwavering, primal need for more of what Lester was doing. She revelled in the feeling. Of being treated this way. Her body shuddered again, and she realized that at some point, one of her hands had left his shaft and was between her legs, teasing herself. Shame and heat spread onto her face, but she didn’t have time to think about it. Lester was humping against her, battering her forward with his hairy gut while his cock was buried deep in her mouth.

She’s heard the nasty term once. Face fucking. She hadn’t really pictured what it meant then, but she knew what it was now. Lester was fucking her face, the same way he’d fuck a two-dollar whore. And Renee wasn’t even getting paid.

“Mhmm…Mhmmm…Mhmmm,” Renee moaned, unbound as her head thumped over and over against the dirty stall wall. Renee sucked in hair through her nose, trying and failing to fill her lungs. She needed to breathe. When Lester reared back before a thrust. Renee pulled her mouth free, gasping. Lester thrust forward, his cock stabbing into her cheek and running against her face before meeting her ear. Lester’s hands never left her. His hips didn’t stop thrusting. He rubbed his putrid Adonis cock against her face, smearing whatever makeup she’d applied. Her own saliva wet her skin as Lester kept up his unrelenting barrage of thrusts. Renee grabbed his cock, as if to slow his face, but all she accomplished was stroking it in time with Lester’s urgent thrusts.

She saw his balls heaving, like some kind of alien sci-fi monster from an 80's horror classic and knew that her time was short.

"You're throat or your face," Lester said through gritted teeth. He redoubled his grip on her hair, eliciting a wince from Renee as her hair struggled to stay in her skin. Renee still struggled to breathe. The one thought running through her head was that she couldn't go back to her friends wearing a mask of Lester's cum. She breathed hard, opened her mouth and took Lester back inside.

The oversized head of his cock hit the back of her throat and smacked her back against the stall wall. Her hand reflexively squeezed Lester's shaft, and she felt it pulse in her palm. Lester drove his cock forward. Renee felt the head expand in her mouth.

Warm cum shot down the back of her throat. Renee tried to pull back, but Lester held her firm, unloading load after load of his virile seed into her mouth. Renee had no choice but to swallow. And swallow. She feared she wouldn't be able to keep up with it as more and more salty cum emptied out of Lester and flooded her mouth. She swallowed and sucked in a breath around Lester's cock, cum dripped down her chin. She scooped it up before it stained her clothes.

Lester grunted in satisfaction, and his hips seemed to wiggle. He chuckled to himself and slowly dragged his cock out of Renee's mouth, letting her breathe properly. He pressed his cock to his upper lip, and more cum oozed out, running down her face.

She kneeled there, breathing hard as she wiped his cum off her face. Horrified, she splayed her fingers out wide, seeing a web of cum stretching between them. Lester slumped back against the wall, grinning at her like some maniac pervert.

Renee tried to get to her feet but failed. Her knees had gone to sleep. With disgust, she grabbed onto the dirty stall handle and hoisted herself up and stood on shaky legs.

"Don't do this again," Renee said, hating how weak her voice sounded.

"Next time I'm going to make love to you," Lester said, still slumped against the wall. Renee's stomach turned at Lester's words, but she was still acutely aware of her drenched panties clinging to her pussy. She left the stall in disgust and regret, chastising herself. Her reflection in the bathroom's mirror stopped her in her tracks. Her makeup was a mess; she'd done the one thing she'd hoped to have avoided. She hurried to the sink and washed her face, thankfully she had some makeup wipes in her bag and did the best she could to make herself presentable.

Lester hung from the wall of the stall door, staring at her like he was about to drag her back in and have his way with her. The idea of feeling his cock inside of her again sent a thrill coursing through her that she was barely able to suppress.

"You're an asshole," Renee spat.

"Never said I wasn't hot cheeks," Lester chuckled and started to walk towards her. Renee grabbed her purse and dashed out of the bathroom. She took a deep breath as she walked back towards her table. The air was cooler out here. Less oppressive.

"Are you okay?" One of her friends asked as she sat back down. The other women at the table eyed her, likely noticing her change in appearance.

“Yes, thank you,” Renee said, trying to calm her beating heart. She didn’t elaborate or offer an explanation, and her friends moved on in conversation. Renee sat there in a lull, her mind trying to process everything. It wasn’t until one of her friends made a joke that she tuned back into the conversation.

“Uh, look at that guy. It looks like he hasn’t showered in weeks,” her friend said. The women was casting conspiratorial glances across the restaurant. Renee looked up in time to see Lester, dressed like the slob he was, sauntering across the restaurant like he owned the place. He looked in their direction and fired finger guns at their table. The woman all scoffed and turned away.

“What a creep,” one said.

“Like he’d ever have a chance. Such a disgusting man,” another said.

Renee sank lower in her seat, trying to hide her reddening cheeks.

***

Without the prison cell of his hospital job, Lester was getting annoyed with the commute between Middleton and Chicago. It didn’t make sense to keep travelling back and forth between the two. He knew he should focus on getting a new roommate. He wasn’t playing as much WoW as he wanted; he kept spending time in shity Middleton hotel rooms, that wouldn’t be comped anymore. And he hated that shitty small town.

But he’d invested so much in Sarah and Dan. And he was close. Closer than he’d even come to fulfilling his goal of impregnating that young mother. And she’d allow it to happen willingly. Or, at least as much as Lester was comfortable.

He chuckled to himself as the elevator doors opened and he sauntered out into the hallway. He strode down to his apartment, shaking his head at the thought that even after he’d revealed part of himself to Dan and Sarah, he’d still fucked her and left her leaking with his load of cum. He’d lied about so much, yet they hadn’t clued in to the fact that he’d never had a vasectomy. It was right there in their faces, but he’d done such a thorough job of presenting them with evidence and layering the lies that he impressed even himself.

His keys jingled as he unlocked his front door. The apartment was quiet, devoid of life. No Sarah. No Dan. He saw it for what it really was. A set. A trap. A fake slice of domestic life meant to lure in his prey and make them feel comfortable. Drop their guard. Let him in.

He kicked the door shut behind him and went to the only real area of his apartment. His bedroom. He switched on the light, squinted, and shut them back off again. He dropped his bag somewhere on the floor with the other refuse and plopped down at his command center.

Dan had sat in this chair naked. He’d need Ned to come over and clean it for him. Lester shook the mouse, and his screen came alive. Lester’s heart kicked into overdrive.

Several windows were open on the screen. Files were moving. Status bars shone, alongside his flashing warning lights. He glanced at his phone; his computer hadn’t sent him a single notification.

Someone had breached his system. Breached his state-of-the-art network. WHAT THE FUCK! Lester thought. He scrambled, mouse in hand, trying to decide what course of action to take first. How had they gotten in? Who had gotten in? What files were they after?

The images flicked over the screen too quickly for Lester to process. He tried clicking on them, clicking on his Discord, opening his cloud database, but his mouse was unresponsive. So was his keyboard. He kicked his chair back and flopped down hard onto the ground, wheezing at the impact. Lester pushed his large frame under the narrow desk, reaching through the tangled maze of computer wires until he found the power bar. His fat thumbs scrambled around until he found the power button, and he pressed it.

The whirling in the computer's fans slowly ceased. Lester lay on the floor, gasping for breath, sweat running down his forehead as the anger bubbled up inside of him.

"Motherfuckers!" Lester said, pushing himself up. His head hit the underside of his desk, stoking his anger further. He crawled backwards, like a seal with its head stuck in a tree trunk. After a brief struggle, he got to his feet and tore his router out of the wall.

He opened Discord on his phone. He'd been signed out. He tried to log in, but it said his username and password combination were incorrect. He tried again. And again. No movement. He tried to recover his password, but the recovery email never reached his inbox.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Motherfuck," Lester seethed. He booted up his computer, without internet and tried to look through the logs to find out what happened. He needed the internet, though. He needed to check the infrastructure of his dark web operations. His clients. His livelihood.

He spent the next eight hours in a Mountain Dew-fueled fever dream, running diagnostics on his machine and his network. It had all been compromised. Everything. Everything he'd built. Accessed, scraped, and in many cases, he was now locked out of a vital area.

He couldn't abide by that. He started burning down what he still had access to rather than let whoever this was access it. He wouldn't be some puppet on a string. And he still had his hardbacks ups.

"I'll fucking kill them," Lester said, slamming his finger down with each letter on his keyboard.

The attacks were similar to the ones Cronos had attempted before. But much more sophisticated and higher in volume. They'd come from all angles, overwhelming his system's defenses. If he hadn't been out of town playing paddy cake, this wouldn't have happened.

He would have been able to shut them down before they started, live in real time. Was being thoroughly compromised like this worth getting his dick sucked? In the moment he'd wanted nothing more, but he couldn't keep going on like this. He'd fucked up, and now he was paying the ultimate price.

****

Dan's hands were numb. His knuckles white. Despite the car's air conditioning, there was a thin layer of sweat on his forehead. He just stared ahead, out the windshield in a daze as traffic crawled alongside him.

He kept gripping the steering wheel, afraid of letting go. Even though his car and those around it weren't moving, he couldn't let go. If he let go, he'd spiral back into that dark place again. The place of no control. Of weakness and submission. Where everyone else decided his fate.

The video on the phone played again in his mind. Lester and Sarah. Entwined. He swallowed, trying to push the memory down. He tried to block out Sarah, going again to Lester's room. Going back there, after they'd learned that

this fat piece of shit had been recording them since the beginning. Threatened to expose them. Threatened to expose things Dan had done and said in that apartment. There were so many possibilities that Lester could have recorded. And then, her wails of pleasure. Despite the betrayal and reveal, Sarah was still screaming in pleasure, tucked behind the closed door of that obnoxious asshole.

The car in front of him drifted up a few feet. Mechanically, Dan followed suit. His mind was a million miles away from the snarling traffic jam, embedded in the searing memories of Sarah crying out in pleasure over and over again. He pictured his hands. Staring down at them while on the couch, listening to his wife. He could remember them vividly. Empty, not doing anything to stop the situation.

But what could he really do? Lester had manovered around them so deftly. What could Dan have done? He'd thought he was getting an edge on the situation. They'd been so close to being done with Lester for good. But it had all been a sham. Dan thought he was finally winning, but Lester had been playing an entirely different game from the start, and Dan wasn't even on the board.

And now he was back here, mentally tapped. Going through life like a numb zombie, trying and failing to stop thinking about his failures. He'd seen the concern in Sarah's eyes when he'd left. They'd been close to getting back on the right path towards where'd they been. And now….he didn't know where they were. Adrift in the dark.

He hugged the girls and held the emotions off his face, worried he'd break down in front of them. A few more hours and his plane would be taking off out of O'Hare, and he'd be in Washington. Able to breathe again.

The cars ahead of him started to move, and the off-ramp came into view. Traffic stopped again while Dan stared at the ramp sign. He signalled and took it, escaping the slow, immovable traffic. These roads were clear. Dan could move freely again. Decide the destination, not be subject to the whims of others, as he had just been.

But was he really in control? He parked and looked up at the looming apartment building. He took the elevator up, found the familiar hallway and knocked on the door. A beautiful short redhead answered. Dan held her gaze but could feel the curves of her body. Her alluring presence was overwhelming.

"You," she whispered, pulling the door to her, hiding the rest of the apartment from Dan. "Get out of here. What the fuck are you doing here?"

"Lester," Dan breathed hard, grasping at the words as they flittered past in her mind.

Her features softened. "Yeah," she breathed.

"He…" Dan felt himself losing his grip. His body was ahead of him. His shoulders rising and falling with his breath as he tried ot piece together a sentence. Anxiety crawled through him. "He was recording us the whole time. He…he wouldn't let us leave."

"That's what he does," Lizzie said quietly, her hands cradling her pregnant stomach. "He's always in control. People like us…he traps us, and then it's too late."

"Why the fuck didn't you fucking tell me!" Dan shouted, making Lizzie jump and take a step back. "I came to you for help. Why the fuck didn't you tell me about him?"

“I tried,” Lizzie seethed, pushing towards him, “I tried. What do you think he’d have done if he knew I told you about him? Hmm? He’d destroy me.”

Dan threw his arms to the side, gesturing to the hallway, “You’re already out. I’m the one with him stuck in my life. You’re free of him. Free!”

She craddled her stomach and murmured, “I’m not.”

Before Dan could parse that response. The door flung open, a man about Lizzie’s age strode out and immediately put himself between her and Dan.

“Who the fuck are you?” the man asked. Lizzie tried to grab his arm, but the man shrugged her off. She stepped back, hands still on her stomach.

“I’m Dan,” Dan said, trying to de-escalate this situation.

“Dan. Whatever. Why the fuck are you here, Dan?” the man said.

“Isaac, he’s just,” Lizzie started, but Issac waved her off.

Dan sighed, “I’m leaving.”

“Good,” Issac said, staring at Dan, waiting for him to make a move, “Get the fuck out of here.”

Dan gritted his teeth and slowly backed away down the hallway, not wanting to put his back to Lizzie’s boyfriend or husband. Issac stayed in the doorway, waiting for Dan to turn the corner. When he did, Dan quickly went to the elevator and rode it down to the ground floor. He didn’t breathe until he got back in his car.

It had been dumb to go to her. He didn’t know what else to do. He wanted to be angry at someone, but he just ended up mentally berating himself. The poor girl had been terrified. He’d terrified her. He felt like an asshole, but part of him was still angry at her for not warning him when he’d come for help before.

Not that it would have done any good by then. Dan thought. He had already been well into Lester’s web by then. Sarah under his thumb.

Things were worse than ever. He didn’t see how it could get even worse.

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Dan slumped in his chair, rubbing his eyes, trying and failing to focus. This wasn’t what he needed right now. He couldn’t be the guy Gordon and the other execs wanted. He couldn’t be the guy he’d convinced them he was. Convinced himself he was.

He was a mess. His new office was new, and the staff was nice. Everything about his new job and his warm introduction had been nice. But Dan was feigning his way through all of it. Going through the motions. His mind back in Chicago in that shitty little apartment listening to his life fall apart as the trap closed around him at the same time Sarah’s legs opened for Lester.

The screen in front of him was littered with onboarding documents, welcome emails and plenty of other distractions. He couldn’t focus on any of it. Being a bit slow at first would be expected of a new hire, but Dan had been consulting with Sentinel Securities for months. He needed to get his shit together.

Dan was staring, unfocused at the screen, when a knock came at the door. Gordon strolled in with a wide smile on his face.

“First day in the new position and we’re already overwhelming you with SOPs and emails, huh? Don’t worry so much about it, take it a little bit at a time, and it’ll all be fine,” Gordan said with a smile.

On reflex, Dan returned the smile, but it didn’t meet his eyes. He drifted back into his well-honed corporate small talk persona, “Yeah. You know how it is.” He ran a hand through his hair, “Just trying to get all this onboarding done and plan out my next steps.”

“Oh, and thanks again for dinner the other night,” Dan quickly added, “Saran and I had a great time.”

“So did we,” Gordon nodded. “Dinner even came with a bit of a show.”

“Yeah, that was weird,” Dan said, feeling his conversational well going dry.

“That reminds me. I meant to look more into that guy.” Gordon rapped his knuckles on the desk.

“Really?” Dan said as dread washed over him, “A random drunk merits that much attention?”

“He got close to my wife and I,” Gordon said, “I don’t like that. I want to know who he is, in case he ever gets close to use again. That's the line of work you’re in now.”

“Yes,” Gordon waved a hand dismissively at Dan’s office, “You’re mostly focused on our infrastructure and new builds, but ultimately we’re all about threat assessment and negating it. You understand that, right?”

“Crystal,” Dan said with a nod.

“Good. Well, I just wanted to welcome you to the team. I’ll let you get back to it,” Gordon said, nodding, then disappearing from the doorframe. Dan immediately slumped in his chair and pinched the bridge of his nose, wondering what fresh hell Gordon would uncover about Richard. Gordon was a smart man, and he’d easily connect the dots to Sarah and the hospital.

Dan drifted in and out of bursts of productivity throughout the day. He met new colleagues, was introduced to teams in other offices via Teams, and completed all the onboarding paperwork required by HR. His phone blinked to life, grabbing his attention.

Trisha: Hey, big boy, did anyone give you a proper welcome to the team? I’m talking about a nice, long, warm welcome.

Dan’s heart started to beat faster. This might be exactly what he needed. He stifled the debate over whether this was cheating. Sarah’s screams of pleasure still echoed in his ears.

He arranged for Trisha to visit his hotel room after work. It was just past six when she knocked on his door, wearing a sexy little black dress that she hadn’t been wearing at the office. Dan pulled her inside, slamming the door behind him.

No flirting, no preamble. She was on her back foot as he kissed her, tore at her clothes with his hands until the dress was a crumpled pile on the floor. Tricia gasped, falling back on the bed, dragging Dan with her.

He needed this. Need to reclaim how he felt. He’d felt powerful the last time with her and had gone on a tear afterwards. She was the answer, the cure to what he was feeling. This mouth battled each other as Dan pulled off his own clothes.

He wrapped his hand around Tricia's panties and yanked them off. Tricia licked her lips and pulled Dan's belt out of its loops, throwing it across the room. She pulled his boxers down and grasped his dick.

Confusion flashed on her face. Dan's heart was beating out of his chest. He needed her. Wanted to fuck her so badly. But his dick was soft in her hands.

She gave it a few tugs, trying to will it alive. She moved seductively on the bed, waiting for him. Needing him just as much as he needed her. Thoughts of Sarah and Lester dominated his mind. He stared at his dick, pleading to god to let him get hard.

But it stayed soft. Tricia smirked and got onto her knees and took his dick in her mouth. She made exaggerated and very convincing moaning sounds around his soft cock. Her head bobbed up and down on him.

Five minutes later, he was still soft, and she finally gave up. "What's the matter? First day mess up your nerves?"

"Something like that," Dan said, flopping back onto the bed and closing his eyes. "I don't know."

"Well," Tricia said. Dan creaked an eye open. Tricia was getting dressed. "When your dick is working again, give me a call. Last time was something. This time…not so much."

Unceremoniously, she left. There were no comforting words like Sarah would have given him, no reassurance. Just cold, hard reality crashing down around him. Dan left himself drift off to sleep.

At some point in the night, his phone buzzed, waking him. A notification from the camera he installed in the house. It dawned on Dan just how convincing some of the cameras he'd installed had been.

As he fumbled to open the app, he realized that Lester probably had hidden cameras set up all over the apartment, and they'd never looked twice at any of them.

In the dark room, Dan bathed in the light of his phone. Opening the camera app, his eyes went wide.

***

"I have five minutes, Niko," Marcus said as he hovered behind his office chair. He poured two glasses of whiskey. He took an appreciative sip, then placed the other on the desk and pushed it towards Niko. The wiry man sat in one of the two plush chairs of Marcus' office.

"I've already read your update on the Marshall situation," Marcus said, swirling his drink and sniffing it. He took a long pull from it, letting silence fill the room and making Niko wait. "What conclusions do you come to, given all the information?"

"Well, I see it like this," Niko downed the entire glass of whiskey in one quick gulp, failing to appreciate the sophistication of the liquid or its subtle notes. "First, we got big ol'tub of jelly, Lester, right? Now looking back, he always has these sexy little roommates that only last a few months. Why's that? Well, because of what he does to 'em. Now there's them, the couple. Up until a few years ago, upstanding suburbanites, right up until Dan loses his job and gets desperate and moves to Chicago and rooms with Lester. Thats then things get interesting. I don't know when or how, but it looks like Lester managed to start fucking the wife and from what I heard, fucks her pretty damn good, making her a scream queen."

Niko put the empty glass back down on the wooden desk. Marcus eyed it, annoyed. There was a coaster right next to where he put it down. The desk was from an old-growth tree. Despite the implied circle the glass might leave, Marcus didn't let his annoyance show. Never let them see what you're thinking.

"Now that's all just dressing, right? Under it all, Lester is some kind of computer whiz. He hacked up even, according to our IT nerds, hacked that hospital Mrs. Williams worked at too. Given that, he's quite an interesting bloke, I'd say. Much more interesting than some of the goons you have me tail."

Marcus nodded along. Niko was great at gathering information and somewhat competent at reaching conclusions.

"That'll be all, Niko," Marucs waved a hand. Niko jumped up from the chair, saluted and left. When the door was shut, Marcus took the glass off the desk and rubbed away any stray liquid. There wouldn't be a ring.

Marcus allotted himself a couple of minutes to think on this issue before his next meeting. Lester had been an annoyance, but could be turned into quite an asset. His corruption of the wife seemed to line up quite well with one of the upcoming projects the Lincoln Group was working on. He'd love to have his team interview Lester and unravel his methods.

Niko wasn't privy to the IT investigation that Marcus' team had performed. Lester had built quite an interesting presence on the dark web. While there was no doubt that the small, beady-eyed man had ability, he lacked imagination and scale. Something that Marcus aimed to exploit in the near future.

The only question on Marcus' mind was what to do with him. Lester needed to be dealt with for intruding on their networks. But the more Marcus learned, the more interesting Lester became. Should he recruit him? Perhaps empower Dan and aid him in regaining a foothold in his marriage, angling Lester where Marcus could exploit him.

Marcus pulled up a picture of Sarah Williams and let his eyes wander over her form for a few seconds. There were other options too. Personal benefits Marcus could reap.

Decisions. Decisions.

***

Lester kept his entire system dark. They'd gotten in. He didn't know how far. He didn't know what they had taken. But they'd locked him out of servers and accounts. He couldn't get them back, no matter how many exploits he threw at them.

He was hitting a wall, over and over, and there was nothing he could do about it. He'd let himself get distracted, and now everything he'd built had crumbled. He stayed offline, segregating his computers from the World Wide Web.

There was only one thing he could think of left to do. His car whirled into the Williams' driveway. It was late. He hadn't called ahead. He didn't care anymore. There was nothing they could do to stop him. He wasn't playing the nice roommate, the benevolent boss. This was the real him.

He stomped up the driveway and pounded on the door. He grimaced and knocked again, gentler. He didn't want two crying brats awake as he pounded their mother. He didn't need the distraction.

Sarah's beautiful face appeared in the window next to the door, holding a cotton robe around herself. Her blue eyes were wide as she stared out at him.

"Let me know," Lester seethed, nodding towards the door.

She disappeared. The door unlocked. She pulled it open a crack, staring out at him, "Lester, what the fuck are you doing here? It's late. The girls are asleep."

"Is Dan here?" Lester said, pushing the door open and stepping past her. Lester's blood was boiling. He wanted to fuck Sarah in front of Dan, make him watch as his wife moaned for him. He needed to take back control, and this was the only way he knew how.

"No…he…uh…had to fly out for work," Sarah said slowly, looking him up and down, "What's going on, Lester? Are you okay?"

"No. Not even fucking close," Lester seethed, balling his hands into fists as he paced in the Williams' living room. "Not even fucking close."

"What's wrong?" Sarah asked, typing the robe's belt together. Lester's nails were digging into the palms of his hands. He clenched harder, enjoying the pain. It distracted him. He needed to get back into his servers. To take the war to them. Yet he was here. With her. Why?

He flexed his fingers in and out, his breath ragged.

"Lester," Sarah said, tentatively stepping towards him. He could see the conflict on her face. The war going on below the surface. The push and pull of her emotions. His machinations come to life.

Sarah had never seen Lester like this. The strong emotions. He was upset. Was this him showing her another part of himself? A peek behind the curtains? She'd berated herself, over and over, after what had happened in the apartment. How she's so easily gone down to her knees, how she'd let him fuck her. After everything he'd apparently been doing since she'd met him.

How he'd tricked her and Dan. But the more she thought about it, the more she wondered how complicit she was in it all. She gone along with most of it. She'd even let him record her a few times. Maybe it was just Dan he was putting up an angry show for. Competing with him for her. And now he was, visibly upset and pacing in her living room.

She didn't know what to do. Part of her wanted to kick him out. The other part of her wanted to soothe him and try to make everything okay. She barely knew which way was up anymore. She didn't know what was right. But she was glad Dan wasn't here. Not now. Lester needed her. She didn't want them to fight.

Despite the angry voice berating her from the back of her head, Sarah stepped forward and put her hand on Lester's shoulder. He tensed, visibly, his eyes seemingly distant, snapping onto her.

"It'll be okay, Lester," Sarah said softly, in the same tone she used when her girls get upset, "Whatever it is, it'll be okay."

She felt the tension melt from his shoulders, his breathing returning to normal. His eyes shifted from the manic desperation he'd just been pacing with to something she recognized. Hunger. His eyes flittered up and down, over her robe-covered body.

A shiver ran up her spine as she watched his transformation. Lester licked his fat lips, and now it was her turn for her breath to come in fits and

starts. He reached out, grabbing her robe's belt and firmly pulling it loose. She didn't stop him. Her white cotton robe came undone, revealing her little silk nightgown underneath. She sucked in a breath as Lester's gaze left a trail of goosebumps over her flesh.

Sarah breathed hard and took a step back. She didn't bother covering herself, "You're sick, you know that? I should slap you for what you did to us."

Lester's chuckle came out like a warm growl. He stepped forward. She stepped back.

"You weren't complaining while my cock was in your mouth. Or when I was buried inside of you," Lester said, "Even after you learned all of it, we still made sweet, sweet music together. I'm sure Dan enjoyed listening to it."

"You're so fucking fucked up," Sarah turned, walking away into the kitchen. Lester shook his head, following after her. She hadn't thrown him out. He knew it was just a matter of time until her facade dropped yet again.

"You lied to me," Sarah spat when he walked in.

"Omitted," Lester said with a shrug, "The rest was true. Well, true enough."

"My marriage is at a breaking point because of you, Lester," Sarah breathed, "I don't know if we survive this now, too."

"Oh, stop," Lester said, putting his hands up, "Your marriage is at a breaking point becasue you're husband is a little cuck, and his wife loves to fuck me. And now he has buyer's remorse. This has nothing to do with it."

"You recorded me. Us. So many times, that's fucking creepy," Sarah shouted. She winced and in a lower voice, said, "It's disgusting."

Something about being called creepy irked Lester. He strode across the tile floor, quickly closing the gap between them. Sarah held her ground, planting her feet. Lester pulled Sarah to him, pressing his body against hers and pinning her against the counter.

"You like disgusting," Lester said, his tongue sprawling out of his mouth. He licked her neck, and he felt her stiffen under his touch. "You like getting dirty and crawling in the mud with me. Now you can stop feeling guilty about it with Dan. Now he knows you have to go along with it. It's a win-win."

"I hate you," Sarah said. Except it came out as a half moan, Lester grinding his cock against her. Her silk nightgown was riding her thighs. Her perfect bubble butt was pinned against the countertop as Lester ground into her. He shoved his leg between her knees, parting them, and she sucked in breath.

"You fucking love me," Lester growled. Sarah gasped as Lester's hands were on her shoulders, tearing her cotton robe down to the counter where it was pinned between the granite and her body. His tongue was already on her collarbone. Her body squirmed against him, half to get away, half to squirm for more. Her hips squirmed against his cock, and she shuddered.

He roughly pushed his leg to one side, knocking her knee away. He stepped in, now firmly between her legs. With one heft, he had her arched back over the counter, her legs spread open for him.

Her grinding against her, his cock already hard as a rock, sliding up and down her little panties. Lester gave an approving growl as he held onto him for support. His body was moving under his. He pulled his head back, staring hard into her eyes. She couldn't catch her breath.

His shit-eating grin spread. He'd seen her submission in her eyes. Her want and desire for this outcome. He was like Thanos. Inevitable.

Defiance rose inside of her, but it was snuffed out by his fat, greasy lips mashing against hers. She couldn't breathe. His tongue pryed her lips apart and snaked into her mouth,

"Mhmmmhmmm," Sarah moaned into him. Her chest arched, pressing against him through the thin material of her nightgown. Her ankles began caressing his thighs, hooking behind them, beckoning him in. Her soft hands on his hairy biceps. Together, they pulled his shirt off. Her feet pushing down his sweatpants.

Lester humped forward, his cock spearing at her panty-covered pussy. Sarah arched her back, pushing her hips forward to grind against Lester. She quivered, feeling his throbbing cock so fucking close. Whatever angst she felt. Her anxiety and panic at the situation. The cock in front of her would release her from it all.

Lester pulled the rest of her nightgown down to her waist, freeing her bountiful breasts for him. He grinned eagerly and began to lap at them.

***

Dan gulped and watched the camera feed. Sarah was pinned against the counter. Lester, for some reason, was there, in his kitchen, about to ravage his wife. He could call her. Or call him. Interrupt them, but would they even care?

He stared at the screen and shifted in the bed. His dick hurt. It was hard.

Shame filled his heart, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from the screen.

***

Ted had seen the SUV pull into the driveway like a bat out of hell. He'd been sitting there hoping to catch a peek of Sarah, but she'd had her windows drawn. He still hadn't worked up the courage again to tell her he knew her secret.

It was this fat bastard with the greasy hair again. Now he was showing up in the middle of the night, on the same day that Dan left for a work trip? He wasn't guilty enough to think it was a coincidence.

The man barged into the house, and the door slammed shut behind him. That's when Ted made his move. He slinked out of his back door and over to the Williams' lawn. Keeping to the shadows, he crept through their yard. The front window curtains had been drawn, so as quietly as he could, he opened the gate latch and snuck into the backyard.

He'd only ever seen their yard from his upstairs window. Never stepped foot in it. But here he was, in the middle of the night as the moon hung in the sky, walking on foreign soil. The thought of catching Sarah in a compromising situation already had his old cock hard as stone. He rounded the corner of the house and came up just out of view of a back patio window. He heard raised voices. Maybe he could rush in and save the day if she were in trouble.

But when he looked in, the greasy man had the voluptuous Sarah Williams pinned against her kitchen counter. The mother of two's body was grinding against the fat man's. Ted thought his heart was gonna stop when the short man pulled down her nightgown, letting Ted's eyes feast on Sarah's naked breasts. He couldn't help himself and started stroking himself through his blue jeans.

This woman he'd lusted after from afar for years was right here on the other side of the glass. Half-naked and getting ready to fuck. Ted watched as the short, fat man reached down and yanked on something. Sarah yelped. Ted heard it through the glass and wondered how her kids hadn't.

His mouth went dry as the big man held up a wad of white panties in his hand. Heat and anticipation was written all over Sarah Williams' face. Her large, bare breasts rose and fell in time as she waited. Ted didn't breathe either. The three of them locked in place.

Then, with an angry glint in his eyes, the fat man grunted and thrust forward, causing the blonde mother to scream.

***

"AHHFUUCKK," Sarah screamed as Lester shoved his entire length into her without preamble. There was no teasing. No foreplay. Lester punched his cock into her pussy, making her stretch around him.

Her wet walls gripped him as he pulled back, preparing herself for more of him. Sarah held onto him, bracing herself as he thrust his entire length into her again. He pumped into her, his balls slapping the side of the counter, her knees bending to reach behind his ass, hooking her ankles in a desperate attempt to pull him deeper.

Lester licked his lips, and Sarah grabbed him by his thinning hair and pulled his disgusting face down to her chest. He didn't need to be told twice. His swirling tongue danced across her skin until it found her nipple.

"Uhhhmmm," Sarah moaned as his wet, hot tongue teased her. He flicked it up and down. Then swirled around her nipple. Sarah arched her back further, pulling her head down as his cock pounded up into her. His mouth closed around it, and he started sucking on it, eliciting more guttural groans from the young mother.

Lester was bucking his hips, relentlessly pounding his fat cock into Sarah. She threw her head back, blonde mane flying as she fucked him back. Her hips rocked off the counter in time with his thrusts, legs pulling him in for more. Sarah groaned, chest pushed out into Lester's face. His melon-shaped head getting lost in Sarah's breasts. He changed nipples, assaulting the other, and Sarah groaned her encouragement. This is what she'd been waiting for.

Lester pulled up from her chest, wiping saliva from his mouth. A determined look on his face, his hands grasped her shoulders, pulling her down, her ass pinned against the counter. His fingers dug into her flesh, sure to leave marks in the morning. Lester's cock head drove into her pussy, hitting dangerously close to her cervix. Each time he pulled it back and rammed it forward, it dragged across her G-Spot, sending little shocks of addictive pleasure coursing through her. Sarah's hips rolled with Lester's thrusts; she was grinding herself against him for maximum pleasure like some kind of wanton slut.

"Still disgusting?" Lester grunted, sneering down at her. She stared up at him, a mix of revulsion, spite and love. She grabbed him by the back of the head and pulled him into a sloppy kiss. There was no coordination. Wild tongues splayed out of their mouths, licking and tasting each other's lips and faces.

"Fuck," Sarah gasped as they came apart. Saliva had dripped down their faces and coated her heavy breasts. "Oh god."

"Tell me how disgusting I am," Lester grunted. Punctuating each word with a thrust. "Tell me how fucking disgusting the fat slob who is fucking you is."

“You’re fucking disgusting, Lester.” Sarah panted.

“And I’m the one whose fucking you, right?” Lester demanded. Cock hitting all the right places inside of her.

“Yes. Fuck. Yes, you are. Don’t stop,” Sarah whined.

“The disgusting bastard who is going to knock you up?” Lester growled again. Sarah’s mind felt drunk. He was loving and leaning into this fantasy so much lately. She didn’t know why. She just loved how much it turned him on.

“I’m gonna get knocked up by a disgusting fucking creep,” Sarah panted, lost in the moment. Her body shifted, her ass planted onto the counter as she fucked him back. Lester was breathing hard, face red like a tomato.

Suddenly, he pulled his cock all the way out of her and dragged Sarah off the counter. She stumbled to stand, the muscles in her legs having forgotten how to work. He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her out of the kitchen, through the living room and pushed her back onto the couch.

Sarah blinked hard, lying back, looking up at the ceiling. She stared down her naked body, her lean legs. Beyond them, a hairy troll-like monster loomed, getting closer and closer. A giant sledgehammer cock dangled between his legs, already wet with her juices. Her toned knees spread as he approached. Her breathing quickened. He stepped up, kneeling on the couch, her legs fully open for him. Her lined himself up, the head of his cock tickling her entrance. She bucked her hips off the couch, trying for a connection..

He grinned down at her. Then looked past her to the wall. She couldn’t tear her eyes from him. She needed him. Lester looked between her and the wall, licking his lips.

***

Dan’s heart almost jumped out of his chest when Lester looked right at him. At the camera on the wall’s outlet. It looked like he was seeing Dan, stroking himself in his dark hotel room. Lester smirked and gave the subtlest of nods. He knew Dan had the cameras. He recognized them. He’d known all along.

Terror coursed through Dan’s veins. Lester had always known. Lester licked his lips, his grin spreading. He turned his attention back to Sarah while she buckled beneath him, eager for his cock.

“I’m going to fuck a baby into you tonight,” Lester said in a low, serious voice.

“Do it,” Sarah whined, desperation dripping. “Do it, Lester. Fuck a baby into me. Make me pregnant.”

Lester shook his head, that cocky smile still dancing on his face, “No, you don’t understand. I’m going to do it for real. Tell me you want it.”

“God, Lester, please do it. Just fuck me. Please,” Sarah begged. Dan’s stomach twisted, and pieces fell into place. Impossible pieces. No. Not impossible. Improbable.

“I’m gonna fuck you with my disgusting cock. No vasectomy. Just pure superior DNA. You good with that?” Lester said, staring down at her.

“Lester,” Sarah said seriously. Dan could see her breasts rising and falling on camera. She was struggling to catch her breath. Her hands went to his, pulling him towards her, “Breed me.”

***

“Breed me,” Sarah said, knowing the words were the key to Lester’s fantasy. She craved his hungry look. She wanted more of it. She knew the words to say to make that happen. Lester’s grin widened, and he looked behind her again. Sarah turned her head to see what he’d been looking at, but at that second Lester pushed his cockhead into her, causing her to jump.

“Breed mee Lester,” Sarah cried, filling herself stretch. Feeling so wonderfully full. She licked her lips, the way Lester did, pulling him down onto her. “Breed me, Lester. Fill me. Make me yours.”

She pulled his greasy head down, her tongue already out to meet his fat lips. Their mouths collided in a desperate battle of deep hunger. Tongues clashing together. Lester grunted into her mouth, his hips bucking, pumping his cock into her.

“Ohhhhh…mhmmmmmmmmmmm,” Sarah cried out, clutching him, feeling his entire length burrow into her. Her body stretched to accommodate him, and for the hundredth time, Sarah was amazed she could take Lester's cock inside of her. He spread her open.

“Uhhhmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned, a tear running down her cheek. His cock pushed in, igniting her nerves, pushing past where Dan could reach. Her body responded, rocking back, pushing off the couch. Making sure he hit all the wonderful places inside of her.

“Lester,” Sarah cried, clutching him hard. His cock felt like a molten rod inside of her. Hot and slick. “Oh god, Lester.”

His tongue wrapped around hers. Sarah sucked on it. Moaned around it. Lester’s slow, deliberate speed was driving her insane. She needed more of it. Harder. Faster.

“Lester,” she breathed. “Lester. Lester. Lester. Please. Please Lester. Faster. Please fuck me faster. Lester.”

Lester pulled back, staring into her eyes. He had the oddest smile on his face. It wasn’t the usual smirk. He stared at her. Hard. continuing his slow, deliberate strokes into her. Slow and deep. Agonizingly slow.

“Beg me to breed you again,” Lester said, pulling almost out all the way, then quickly pushing all the way in. Quick pull out, fast thrust in.

“Uh…Uhhh…ohh…mhmmmm,” Sarah’s throat responded. Her body seizing up, trying to match the new pace on instinct. Lester slowed back down again. Agonizingly teasing her.

“Oh god, Lester.” Sarah moaned, his mind swirling. She knew what he wanted. What she had to do to get more of him. It was so easy, “Breed me, Lester. I want it. I want you. I want you to pour into me. Fill me. Fill me with your cum. I want to be full of you.”

Lester's eyes grew manic. He pushed up from her so his sloth-like body hovered over hers. Sweat dripped off him, painting her breasts. His pace quickened. Thrusts coming faster and faster. Urgently.

She’d said the right words. Unlocked what she wanted. She needed to keep it going, the words tumbled out of her mouth, “Give it to me, Lester. Cum inside me. Breed me.”

“Gonna. Fill you.” Lester grunted, breath coming out ragged. The couch protested under them as Lester began to power fuck her into it. “My little sperm are gonna be swimming inside of you.”

“I can’t wait,” Sarah’s hands dropped to her breasts, kneading them, pinching her nipples. All thoughts dedicated to the idea of Lester exploding inside of her. “God, I need it, Lester. I need your cum.”

“I’m going to knock you up Sarah,” Lester said.

“I know. Do it,” Sarah begged, arching her back. Breasts pushing into her hands as she did. Her hips flying off the couch, only to be pinned down by Lester’s cock as he impaled her.

“I’m serious,” Lester said. Sarah cracked an eye open, looking up at this hideous troll-like man looming over her. Staring down at her with a manic expression. Dead serious. Eyes ablaze with a ferocity she hadn’t seen. A deep need and desire somewhere there behind his eyes. She gulped, on a deep level knowing he was serious but understanding it was impossible. Her brain was on fire. She felt the embers of an orgasm being stoked in her pussy. She wasn’t about to stop.

“How….god….just do it. I want it, Lester,” Sarah licked her lips. Her legs wrapping around his ass, pulling him deeper.

“Fuck the vasectomy,” Lester barked, making her jump, “Fuck your pills. We’re just two people fucking. You’re fertile. My swimmers are free. Goalie’s out of the next. Completely unprotected.”

Something thrummed inside Sarah. Her hips bucked. Her orgasm was rushing towards the finish line. Her hands flew to the back of Lester’s sweat watermelon head. She pulled herself up and bit his bottom lip, pulling it out. “God. Do it. Cum in me, Lester. Make me yours. Fuck your bastard into me. I want it. Please…”

As the words spilled out of her mouth, Sarah felt it. Her body going into overdrive. She wasn’t stopping for anything. Her hips slammed off the couch to meet Lester’s immovable body.

“Oh god. Lester. Yes…please….fuck…..fill me….fill me…fill me…FILL ME,” Sarah screamed. She dropped back to the couch, hands on her breasts. Lester thrust into her, balls slapping against her ass. “Fuuuckkmhmmmmm.”

Sarah’s eyes rolled back in her skull. Everything went white. A surging river rushed forth and battered down the dam holding back her orgasm. It rushed into her. Fireworks exploded throughout her body all at once. Warmth spread through her very being, overwhelming her senses.

“I’m gonna cum,” Lester announced, somewhere far away. “My potent, virile seed is going to unleash deep inside –”

“Ohhh…just…fucking…do it…” Sarah whimpered through ragged breath, “Let's make a baby.”

“UGGHHHHH,” Lester grunted. His cock head expanded inside of her. His ball slapped her ass and stayed there. She felt them heave. Sarah gasped. A thick, hot rope of cum blasted deep into her. It ignited her orgasm, punching through an unknown ceiling inside of her, surging to new heights. It dwarfed what came before, melting her brain.

Her head lolled to the side. Another sticky rope of cum exploded into her.

Her vision returned, fuzzy. The first thing she saw was Lester's ugly, contorted face as he came. Bloodshot eyes piercing her soul. Jowels shaking. Her body seized around his cock. Pussy milking him.

Another thick rope painted her insides. She felt impossibly full. Thick cum filled every inch of her insides.

Lester added another glob of cum. More. Hot and thick.

Sarah's eyes rolled back as she came again. Her skin was on fire. Her mind drifted from her body. She shuddered as it overwhelmed her senses. Everything was warm and right. Perfect. As it should be.

Lester grunted and collapsed onto her. She felt cum leaking down to her asshole. She sucked in a breath, brain returning to her body. Lester rolled onto his side, cock still embedded deep into her. Exhaustion took her, and her mind faded into sleep.

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Dan held his phone in one hand, staring at the sweaty sleeping bodies. Her heart felt shattered. Shame coursed through him. His other hand was covered in a sticky mess. His dick ached. It was still hard despite cumming a few minutes ago.

His stomach turned.

A simple question kept churning through his mind. He couldn't stop it. He was questioning everything.

What if Lester could knock Sarah up?

Are we really at the end of June? Alright, well, anyways, here's Chapter 43 of Toxic Attraction. Things are taking a bit of a turn here for Dan and Sarah. Sometimes I feel truly bad for what they are going through, particularly Dan. But alas, that's the story.

July should be a productive month. So without further ado, I'll drop this here and spend the rest of the time I have today writing for you all. Thank you, I appreciate your eye balls on the story!

Lester groaned as he rolled over. He wanted to stay in bed, but nature was calling. With some effort, he hoisted himself up, kicking off the sheets, and sat up on the edge of the bed. He blinked and looked around for a few seconds, not recognizing his surroundings.

There was a light snore coming from behind him. He twisted, like a troll peering up from under a bridge, and saw flawless skin on a naked back. A blonde mane and a little bit of her bubble butt peaking out from beneath the sheets.

His sleep-deprived brain waffled on whether it was Sarah or Renee. They both looked so similar. It was only then that the surrounding scenery clicked into place. Dan and Sarah’s bedroom. Lester chuckled to himself and grinned, remembering the previous night. How Sarah begged for him to breed her. The way he’d displayed their animalistic breeding right in front of one of Dan’s stupid hidden cameras. Did Dan really think he wouldn’t notice those? Peon.

Lester kept his eyes on Sarah, tracing the curves of her body. Imagining how it would change once her stomach began to swell with his child. It was a delicious thought. One that he let himself get momentarily lost in. His DNA swirling and combining with hers. Right under Dan’s nose. Perfection.

He was happy with himself. He plodded to the bathroom and started to take a leak, not really caring about accuracy as he yawned and stretched. His stream bobbed up and down as he did. Lester drifted blissfully between fully waking and being lulled back to dreamland. He couldn’t wait to slide into Sarah again. Maybe he could convince her to come back to Chicago with him for a few days of debauchery. Having her all to himself in the apartment, making sure he got her knocked…

The apartment. He’d come straight from the apartment after he discovered his network had been taken down. That someone had got the better of him and had stripped away his access to everything he’d spent the last dozen years building. The stream abruptly cut off.

He flushed and was about to stomp out of the bedroom, but paused and looked under the sink at the blister package of pills Sarah had there. He allowed himself a moment to smirk before the scowl painted over his face.

Lester retreated to the bedroom, casting one last lingering glance at Sarah’s naked form and the promises it held. She sucked him in. Brought him here to this godforsaken town. He couldn’t defend his empire from here. He needed a computer.

Down the hallway, Lester found Dan’s office and quickly got onto the computer. He didn’t bother closing the office door. It would be funny if one of the girls woke up and discovered him. It would create all kinds of delicious chaos.

If he couldn’t be back in Chicago at his command center, a computer with a spark of electricity would be the next best thing. Dan’s computer was pathetic by comparison, though. It had an old processor and just a bare amount of RAM. Lester wouldn’t be able to do anything process-intensive. He itched for his own computer. To be back in Chicago, trying to right the wrongs that had been perpetrated against him. But he was here.

He still kicked himself for running. Running away from Chicago. From his problems. Running to her. For comfort. Like a lost little boy. Lester shook himself and put those thoughts to the back of his head. He needed to focus.

Fingers flew across the keyboard as Lester tried to remote into some of his servers, trying to get in through a backdoor. He didn’t have his usual toolkit, but he didn’t know if those had already been compromised. He’d have to build everything from the ground up. Again.

Lester tried several different backdoors. Attacked his own servers from different vectors. A bead of sweat ran down his head. Either he'd done too good a job closing these off and building a semi-impregnable system, or Cronos or whoever he was working with had locked things down even tighter.

Lester pounded the keys with his fingers, trying everything he knew. Trying to get back into the system he built.

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Somewhere in a dark server room, a script fired on a server. It had one simple purpose. To capture IP addresses of anyone trying to access one of the servers. It filed the information away in a database to be reviewed.

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"Jesus fucking christ, relax already, will you?" Lester complained as Sarah hurriedly ushered him down the stairs. She'd barely had time to get her bathrobe wrapped around herself. It was early. But not early enough.

The girls would be stirring soon. She needed to get Lester out of the house before they did. He hadn't been in the bed when she'd woken up. It was a miracle she had a full bladder and forced herself to her feet. Her body yearned for the bed. To rest, to sleep after the night of strenuous activities that Lester had put her through.

She'd found him naked in Dan's office on his computer. Feet away from the girls' bedroom door. If one of them had woken up, they would have discovered him. He was being careless on purpose, and it irked her.

She shoved his broad, flabby back, pushing him down the stairs.

"I get it. You'd think after the orgasms I gave you last night, you'd be a little more grateful," Lester complained loudly.

"Shut the fuck up," Sarah hissed as they took the last step down onto the main floor. She shoved an armful of his clothes at him. "They'll hear you."

"Please, if you didn't hear their mom howling at the moon last night, they aren't gonna hear me now," Lester chuckled. He took the clothes and started putting them on. Agonizingly slowly. Sarah knew her window of opportunity was quickly shrinking. She needed him out.

"Lester, I swear to God," Sarah started, but Lester cut her off.

"Yeah, you were doing a lot of that last night," Lester grinned. "You got quite biblical."

"Lester, it's not funny. Please. For me," Sarah kept casting glances up the stairs, her chest was tight, just waiting to hear a door open and the familiar pitter patter for feet bound down the stairs.

"Alright, whatever," Lester finished dressing in his customary sweatpants and stained shirt. He stretched, loudly yawning as he padded to the door. "Give me a kiss before I go."

"Lester," Sarah said, feeling her blood begin to boil. He was toying with her. He shouldn't be toying with her. She'd already accepted him into her home after everything he'd done. After he revealed he'd been recording her in who knows how many compromising positions. She needed to address that. To make him delete it all. But right now she needed him out.

She angled her head down and planted a kiss on his fat lips. His tongue immediately darted out, and he pulled her in tight, pushing against her. Sarah let him. She let this short, troll-like man kiss and grope her. And her body kissed him back, groaning into his mouth.

Once her mind caught up, she managed to push him off her and wipe the saliva from her lips. “There. Happy? Time to go.”

“I didn’t say I wanted a kiss on the lips,” Lester grinned, lowering the waistband of his pants. His cock was already hard, jutting out as he held it pointed at her. “Come on now, don’t be shy.”

Sarah rolled her eyes and gulped. She kept the mask of annoyance on her face, but her knees had gone weak at the sight of his dick. What was wrong with her? Why did she respond like this? To him of all people?

She kept a fiery gaze locked on Lester as she quickly lowered herself and pecked the end of his cock with her lips.

“Come on, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” Lester sneered as she got back to uneasy feet.

“Satisfied?” Sarah asked.

“Not in the least,” Lester said. Something dark passed across his face before it disappeared just as quickly. “You should show more respect, my dick’s the thing that’s gonna give you that baby you’ve been craving.”

Sarah’s breath caught in her throat. She straightened and shook off the momentary flashback to the night before. That talk of getting knocked up had turned her on. Lester had caught that and wasn’t letting it go.

“Yes, Casanova, you caught me red-handed. Please, oh please, I will henceforth show you all due respect,” Sarah said flatly. The smile disappeared from Lester’s face. Sarah tugged the door open and ushered Lester outside.

She could tell he was annoyed, and part of her was happy about it. He was a manipulative asshole. And he was fucking with her and Dan in a way that she should have gone scorched earth on. But he had his claws in her. In her life.

As he walked to his car, Sarah froze. In the early morning light filtering into the street, Ted was already on his lawn, gardening. And he was watching Lester do the walk of shame. As much as she wanted to dash back into the house, she held her ground, standing uncertainly on her porch. She didn’t want him to see her falter.

But Ted didn’t look surprised. He had a knowing smirk on his face. Like he’d caught her with her hand in the cookie jar. Lester didn’t seem to notice. If he did, he didn’t care. The short man got into his SUV and backed out of the driveway.

Ted watched Lester go before his gaze fell back on Sarah. He looked like he was about to say something. Before he could, Sarah gave him a polite wave and headed back inside the house.

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She knew he knew. She knew he knew. It was like their own little secret. Their own filthy little secret. Something they shared. It was kind of intimate after all. Ted paced back and forth in his living room, thinking about his encounter that morning.

He stayed up all night after watching them through the window. Waiting for him to leave. He downed the contents of his Red Bull and placed it on the table with the others. He’d timed it perfectly. He’d been there when that fat, greasy man left. Sarah had seen him.

She knew, he knew. She must be going crazy over there. Thinking about him. Wondering what he’ll do with that information. What he might try. He was surprised she hadn’t come over to try to convince him of some false narrative. That would have been too easy. He would have loved beckoning her into ‘talk’.

But she was probably doing the same thing he was. Pacing. He stopped and thought about that. There was something there that he couldn’t quite articulate. Some kind of dance between them. A push and pull only they knew about. Maybe she’d see the beauty in that.

Ted downed another Red Bull and ignored the heart palpitations he felt. He couldn't pace there any longer. He was outside within the minute, crossing his lawn and the Williams' driveway before his brain caught up with him. He was running on instinct. Each step forward pulled him closer to her. Their little game was reaching its crescendo.

He rang the doorbell and shifted his weight from foot to foot. Each second dragged on, and for the first time since discovering their little dance, he realized he had no idea what to say.

The door opened.

Sarah stood there, and Ted couldn't help but stare. His eyes drank in her form, every curve of her body. The long legs, her hips, the way her clothes clung to her curves, and the magnificent rack and those killer collarbones. And her face…

He almost took a step off the porch when he looked at that face. She looked like an angel with that blonde, beautiful hair flowing behind her. She narrowed her eyes, but kept a radiant white smile on her face.

"Hi Ted," she said slowly. It looked like she was doing some mental math in her head. Ted swore she'd felt the pull of their little dance, too. "How are you doing?"

"I'm doing real well," Ted put his hands in his pockets and rocked forward on the balls of his feet. "Real good."

She raised her eyebrows at him and waited. This was supposed to be the part where she begged him. Pulled him inside and begged for his silence. But she just stood there expectantly.

Ted sputtered, "I wanted to apologize for earlier."

"Oh? No need, Ted, but thank you," Sarah said with a smile. She gestured behind her, where Ted could hear the girls. "I need to run and get the girls ready. Thank you so much for stopping by, though."

As Sarah was about to close the door, Ted blurted, "That guy earlier. He wasn't Dan."

Sarah froze and turned back to him, "No, he wasn't."

"Not your husband."

"No."

"Okay. Well. I think Dan has a right to know, don't you? Unless, of course, you want to keep this our little secret." The words tumbled out of Ted's mouth, and he hated how it sounded. Those fucking Red Bulls had hyped him up way too much.

"Oh? And what exactly are you proposing?" Sarah held the door close to her. She had a predatory gaze on her face. Purely sexual. Something like a cat toying with a mouse.

"I'll tell him. I'll tell him all about what I saw. Unless we can come to some kind of agreement." Ted steadied himself, trying to project confidence he wasn't feeling at the moment.

"What kind of agreement, Ted? Spit it out," Sarah said with a sultry air.

"Well, I think, for starters, we should have this discussion in a more intimate environment," Ted leaned in as he whispered. Sarah raised an eyebrow at him.

"Intimate, hmm?" She half moaned, and Ted felt himself tent in his pants. His mouth was dry, and he desperately wished he'd brought a Red Bull with him.

Sarah leaned closer, and he mimicked the movement. Getting close enough that he could smell her strawberry perfume. Her lips were right there, full and slightly wet. Sarah straightened her face. "Ted. I say this as a neighbor and someone who respects their privacy. Get off my porch now. Don't bring this up again. Understand?"

The door slammed shut in his face. Ted just stood there, momentarily flabbergasted, not understanding what had happened. Going from extremely aroused to deep shame and guilt in a matter of seconds. His face flushed with embarrassment.

Ted walked quickly—not running—back to his house and disappeared inside.

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It wasn't a great look for Dan to leave Washington so early. In reality, he should have stayed and networked with his new colleagues. Several staff members were still working in cubicles, but Gordon had insisted that Dan receive an office. And now he was back, landing in Chicago.

It was a bad look. He knew that. They had promised to accommodate his position, and he was technically a remote employee first. But he knew the expectations. They wanted him in the office. They were likely just entertaining him during the job's introductory period.

He knew it wouldn't last.

Gordon hadn't let the smile fade from his face when Dan had told him. But his eyes weren't smiling. They were calculating. Dan knew he was fucking up, getting off on the wrong foot with the man.

But he couldn't just sit in his hotel room night after night watching the sordid affair play out on his home cameras. Cameras. One's Lester apparently knew all about. He'd been so focused on fixing his work life that he'd let his family life slip.

And now he was further under Lester's thumb than ever before. The cretin had recorded who knows what on his own hidden cameras throughout the apartment. Whether there were more recordings, Dan didn't actually know. But he needed to find out.

And more importantly, he needed to find out if Lester could actually impregnate his wife. He'd gone along with a lot. Let a lot of things slip. First, it was the sex. Then the condom coming off. But he'd rationalized that all and been okay, because Lester had had a vasectomy. Dan knew that. He'd driven him to the fucking appointment.

But he couldn't shake the image of Lizzie's pregnant stomach. And Lester's insistence on using pregnancy talk during his sex with Sarah. And how enthusiastically she had taken to it. The math just wasn't adding up to him. Or, at least, he didn't like what it was adding up to.

When he got off the plane, he didn't take an Uber to the apartment. Instead, he went to see Lizzie again. It was dumb and probably a terrible idea. But he needed to ask her a question. One she wouldn't like. But he needed her to answer it.

His hands unconsciously balled into fists as he rode the elevator up. When it dinged, and the doors opened, Dan hesitated before stepping out. He was afraid of what he was about to learn. Part of him, the one that stayed still while Lester ravaged his wife, wanted him to just stay in the elevator, let the doors close and ride it back down.

His fingernails dug into the palms of his hands, and he stepped out into the hallway. The doors slid closed behind him. Even with his heart hammering in his chest, Dan strode down the hallway towards Lizzie's apartment. She wouldn't be happy to see him. He swallowed.

Dan steadied himself on the wall, drawing on strength to do what needed to be done. He knocked on the door and waited.

It wasn't Lizzie who answered the door. The man who had yelled at him last time appeared in the doorway, his smile vanishing instantly when he recognized Dan.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Issac demanded. Dan raised his hands peacefully.

"Look, I just need two minutes. I just need to ask Lizzie one question," Dan said.

"Elizabeth," Issac corrected. "Fuck off, right now, buddy."

“Issac? Whose at the door?” An alarmed woman’s voice called from inside. Issac drew the door closer to himself. “You have five seconds to get out of here.”

Dan steeled his resolve, “I’m not going anywhere until I talk to her.”

From inside the apartment, soft footsteps grew closer. “Who is it?” came a whisper behind Issac.

“Lizzie,” Dan said loud enough for her to hear, “Can I talk to you for one second?”

“That’s it,” Issac grimaced, stepping into the hallway and pulling the door closed behind him. His hands sprang up, pushing Dan back against the hallway’s wall. Dan didn’t want to fight. He knew he should walk away. But this guy was standing between him and the answers he needed. So Dan shoved him back. Issac was younger than him, but Dan still made him stumble.

The door opened, and Lizzie poked her head out. Her protruding stomach evident. Her eyes went wide when she saw Dan.

“Lizzie, one quick question and then I’ll never –”

Issac’s fist connected with Dan’s eye, and his head snapped back against the wall. The hallway around him spun for a second as Dan sagged back into the wall. Issac was holding his hand. Dan blinked, getting his bearings. Issac stood, favoring his hand and started saying something that Dan’s brain couldn’t process. As Issac advanced on him, Dan reacted on instinct, a kick snapped out and took Issac in the gut, making him double over.

Dan clenched his fist. Rage boiled over inside him. Months of frustration. It finally had an outlet. One that had started this. He cocked his fist back and was about to drive it down into the man’s temple with all his strength.

“No!” Lizzie shouted, “Please don’t. Don’t hurt him.”

Dan hesitated, fist shaking. It would feel so good just to hit something. Instead, he kicked Issac in the shoulder, sending him sprawling onto his side. Dan fell back against the wall, panting. He locked eyes with Izzie and said, “One question, and then I’m out of your life for good.”

“What is it?” Lizzie said, reaching down to try to pull Issac to his feet.

Dan’s eyes darted down to her stomach. “It’s about Lester.”

Lizzie stiffened, but had to know that was the only reason Dan would be here. Dan stepped closer, keeping his voice low. “Months ago, he asked me to take him to an appointment, but now I’m wondering, well, is Lester –”

Issac lunged and tackled Dan into the opposing wall. Drywall crunched under his weight. Before he could shake the stars out of his eyes, another fist connected with his face. Then another pounded into his stomach.

Dan fell onto the hallway floor and spat blood onto the carpet. A kick connected with his ribs.

“Fuck off,” Issac shouted, rearing another fist back. Izzie latched onto his arm, holding it in place.

“Come on,” Lizzie said carefully. “He’s done. If you keep hitting him…”

She let the words hang there. Issac slowly lowered his fist. “Don’t come back,” he commanded and pushed their door open. He ushered Lizzie inside. The door clicked shut. Dan rolled onto his side and cradled his ribs. He just lay there on the floor for several minutes before he found it in himself to get up.

He glanced at the closed door, debating knocking on it again. His bruised face told him not to. Having not completed his mission, he slowly slunk back to the elevator and rode it down to the street, and called an Uber.

It dropped him off at his old apartment, where his car was still parked. He winced as he got into it and let his eyes close. Everything hurt. He hadn't been beaten this badly since middle school. He should have socked Issac in the face when he had the chance. He just sat there for several minutes until he stuck the keys in the ignition before pausing.

He craned his neck and looked up at the building in front of him. All the unpleasant memories churned with the erotic desire he and Sarah had experienced here. A thought passed into his mind. He got out and headed into the building.

Like all the other times, Dan wasn't sure if Lester was home or not. The main living space sat untouched, like a sick display in a museum about modern living. He went to the closet and found the small bag of tools and fished out a Philips and a flathead screwdriver. The wall outlet was his first stop. He took it out and, just like he had expected, it had a camera built into it. Just like the ones he'd installed in his own house.

"Motherfucker," Dan muttered. He went to other outlets in the room, inspecting each one. He found more cameras. He found another in a picture frame. There were some in the kitchen. What about his bedroom? As he scrambled across the living room, he was met with Lester's plodding footsteps.

As was growing increasingly too common, Lester was naked. His flabby, hairy, oddly proportioned body came into view, making Dan stop in his tracks. Lester had his trademark shit-eating grin on his face, and Dan wanted to kick him in the dick that he knew was dangling between his fat roommate's legs.

"What the fuck happened to your face? You try to steal some Girl Guide cookies or somethin'?" Lester chuckled.

Dan wanted to say something smart. To say something like he'd just been visiting with Lester's ex-girlfriend. But kept his mouth shut. Information was power, and Lester had already been six steps ahead of him.

"Cat got your tongue, too? Guess it's for the best then," Lester shrugged and pushed past Dan and grabbed a Coke from the fridge. "You doing some renovating around here?"

"Just cataloging what a creep you've been," Dan retorted.

Lester chuckled again. The sound of it made Dan ball his fists. Lester eyed him, "I seem to recall hidden cameras in your house, too."

"Mine were to monitor my family. Not blackmail people and create sick recordings," Dan fired back.

"Tomato, tomato," Lester shrugged. "And we both know you just wanted to watch me slide into that sweet wife of yours while you jerked off in that sad little hotel room."

Dan didn't respond, which garnered another laugh from Lester, "He doesn't even deny it. So pathetic."

"Pathetic? You're the fat blob that stays in your room all day playing video games meant for kids," Dan snapped.

"And yet still, somehow I am drowning in pussy. Your wife's pussy, to be exact. Even after all of this. Even when she learned the truth, she still couldn't get enough of this." Lester punctuated his sentence by grabbing his dick and waving it at Dan. "The simple truth is, she just doesn't care as long as she's getting her daily dose of Lester."

“That's bullshit, and you know it. She’s just going along with this because you're holding it over our heads,” Dan kept balling his hands into fists. His knuckles hurt. So did his face.

“Keep telling yourself that, bud,” Lester shook his head.

“You know it's the truth,” Dan said.

“Whatever you say, boss,” Lester waved Dan off like he didn’t exist.

“We both know it,” Dan felt like he was grasping at straws. Trying to throw something at the wall to stick. To hurt him. He ignored the part of his brain that kept bringing Lizzie’s stomach to the forefront. “That’s why you’ll never do anything with that footage. You’re too desperate for more of my wife. You’ll do anything for her.”

“She’s more my wife than yours lately,” Lester gave him a hard look. “And don’t try to be brave and test me, Dan. I can do a lot more damage than you can even imagine.”

“Yeah, whatever. You keep telling yourself that, you little incel. Go talk a big game to your gaming buddies. It doesn’t work on the rest of us in the real world.”

“I guess we’ll see about that then,” Lester shrugged as he plodded back down the hallway. “Oh, and an envelope came for you. It's on the kitchen table.”

Before Dan could say anything else, Lester was back behind his closed door. Some kind of techno-esque music for some game blared through the walls. Dan stared down the empty hallway for several seconds before realizing Lester was probably watching him on another hidden camera. He steeled his expression and decided he needed out. He wouldn’t check his room for cameras. He knew they were there. Why wouldn't they be? A creep like Lester probably covered his bases.

The envelope on the kitchen table was a plain manila envelope. It was thin. There wasn’t much in it. Dan opened it, and his heart dropped. An attorney on Jesse’s behalf had served him with a civil lawsuit. The document talked about the incident that took place at their former employer when Dan had punched Jesse in the face. He was being sued for battery, assault, intentional infliction of emotional distress, and negligence. Dan’s stomach dropped as he read its contents. This was the last thing he needed. Another person coming for him. This time, with the legal backing and power of a lawyer.

Dan stared and reread the document several times. It dawned on him that if there were any hidden cameras left in the kitchen, Lester was probably watching him right then and laughing to himself. Dan gathered his things and left the apartment.

It only took him a couple of hours to drive back to Middleton. The girls greeted him at the door and were horrified by his face. So was Sarah. He’d played it off, saying he fell down the stairs at work, but Sarah was suspicious.

Even though Sarah was in the room and asked about his trip and his new workplace, he could feel the distance between them. Like a boulder rested between them, neither knowing how to remove it. He cringed when the girls sat on the couch where Sarah had been begging Lester to breed her. It had just happened. He suggested they all go into the backyard and kick a soccer ball around.

After they got the girls down for the night, Sarah finally confronted Dan about his growing black eye.

“What happened to you? You didn’t fall down the stairs at work,” Sarah said. Concern touched her voice, and it made him happy to know she still cared about him.

“No, it didn’t happen in Washington. I made a stop after I landed in Chicago. I –”

“Lester did that? He hit you?” Sarah asked.

Dan was surprised that she’d even consider it a possibility. The idea that Lester could physically hurt him. Had the events of the past months really diminished him so much in her eyes?

“No. What? Are you kidding? Lester? You think Lester did this to me? Really? Lester?” Dan asked incredulously.

“I don’t know. I just…I didn’t know where else you’d stop besides the apartment. And Lester can be surprising…” Sarah trailed off, and Dan knew exactly what she meant. But it hit a nerve.

“Oh, you mean like how he’s been a fucking pervert this whole time and recording us? Recording you? Now he wants to blackmail us with it? That kind of surprise?” He fired back.

Sarah sighed and wouldn’t meet his eye. Silence hung between them. Dan caved and apologized, “I’m sorry. It's just…still a sore subject. I hate that we’re here in this situation and that you and him are still…you know.”

“It's complicated,” Sarah said. Before he could ask for clarification, she continued, “So what happened to your face then?”

“I tracked down Lester's ex-girlfriend. You remember her from that one night? Early on in the apartment? Lizzie?”

“Yes,” Sarah said. Dan saw what he thought was jealousy pass over her face, but he didn’t know what she was jealous of. The mention of Lester’s ex, someone else who had been with him or that Dan had gone to see a pretty younger woman. “What happened?”

“Her boyfriend happened. He didn’t like me showing up there to talk to her. We got into a fight. I should have put him down, but I didn’t want to…” He trailed off, thinking of Lizzie’s pregnant stomach. His eyes glanced at his wife’s flat belly. “I could have hit him and didn’t, and he took advantage of that.”

Dan gestured to his black eye and bruised cheek, “And now I have this for being a gentleman.”

“What…why are you there in the first place? Why’d you go to see her? Dan, what the hell?” Sarah said.

Dan gestured around him, “Because of all this. The trap we’re in. We’re under Lester’s thumb. I wanted to know more about him. Remember, I was investigating him? Well, I’ve been back at that. Trying to learn more about it. She hates him. I don’t think they were ever actually dating. She seemed afraid of him and…”

Sarah narrowed her eyes, “And what?”

“She’s pregnant.” He let the words hang there, hoping she’d grasp the weight of them.

“Good for her, I guess,” Sarah said. “What does that have to do with Lester?”

“Lester’s the father,” Dan said.

“She said that? Is that why her boyfriend attacked you?” Sarah asked.

“No, she didn’t, but the timeline fits. I think. It makes sense, doesn’t it?” Dan said.

“Lester’s had a vasectomy, Dan. You drove him to it,” Sarah said.

“I drove him to a building. He went inside. I checked, and it's actually a urologist who has an operating room there. But do we know for sure if he actually got the operation done?” Dan said.

Sarah put her face in her hands, “You sound so paranoid right now, Dan.”

“Yeah,” Dan raised his voice, “obviously. This fucking guy has been lying to us from the get-go, and we keep letting him get away with it. He keeps pushing things past our comfort zone, and we keep letting him. And let's not forget the creep has been filming us

without our consent or knowing for I don't know, since we've met him? And now he's trying to blackmail us with it. So forgive me for being paranoid, Sarah."

"I get that. I do. I know he's fucked up. But the vasectomy was months ago. It would have had to have been scheduled before you even moved in. Why would he lie about something like that? It just doesn't make sense," Sarah said.

"Because he wants to knock you up," Dan said, "That fat fucking bastard wants to impregnate you."

Sarah chuckled. Ice ran in Dan's veins. It sounded too much like a Lester chuckle. "Dan, that's just…a role play thing. Part of Lester's fantasy. It all started after he got fixed. There's not…" she searched for the right words, "some big conspiracy here."

"Yeah? Well, we didn't think my creepy roommate would ever bed my wife, but here we are. And we never thought he'd make secret recordings of everything and threaten to blackmail us, but here we are. We can't trust anything he's ever said.

"Well, I don't know. I mean, okay, even if Lester had this big grand plan to knock me up, he's still not going to. I'm on birth control, remember? He can fire his little swimmers into me all he likes, but nothing is going to happen."

"Birth control isn't always 100% effective, though, right? Still, isn't it fucked up that he would do that? Aren't you mad that he isn't firing blanks into you like he claims?"

"If," Sarah corrected, "if he is doing that. And that's a big if. I'm going along with this for argument's sake, Dan. But I feel like you're grasping at straws. Even if you're right, I don't know what…"

"What? What I want you to do about it?" Dan asked. "It's yet another fucked-up thing he's done."

"I don't want to argue, Dan. I really don't. I'm so tired of arguing. Of going around in this circle again and again. It's exhausting. I'm tired of it. Please. I don't want to talk about Lester right now. Okay? If you have some proof or whatever, let's talk about it, but please, can we just drop this for right now? It's all we talk about."

Dan stood and paced through the room. He wanted to dig into this, convince her to see his point of view. But she was pumping the brakes, dousing the fire of his argument.

"Okay," Dan finally said. "Okay. But I'm not giving up on this."

Sarah sighed, "I know. Just for tonight. Okay? I just need a break from all of it. And I don't like seeing you get all worked up."

"I'm not worked up," Dan said.

"Dan, you went to question your roommate's ex and got into a fight with her boyfriend. You probably scared the poor girl half to death."

"You make it sound a lot worse than it was," Dan said. "I'm dropping this for tonight. But we're gonna stop Lester. I don't want him holding this shit over our heads."

"I know, okay?" Sarah said, "But please, let's just watch a movie or something. I'm going to pour myself a glass of wine."

Dan let Sarah put something on Netflix. He didn't care what. His mind still raced as the movie played, and Sarah curled up on the other side of the couch.

***

Lester stared at his rig. The former centrepiece of his empire. The computer sat dark in his room, mocking him. He'd disconnected the cameras from it, reducing his visibility. He didn't want someone else tapping into the feeds and identifying him.

It might be paranoid, but he didn't get to where he was without being careful. As far as he knew, they'd only compromised his servers.

Only my servers Lester thought as bile rose in his throat. That was everything. He powered up his computer without connecting it to the internet. Everything seemed fine at first glance.

He spent hours running diagnostics on it. Using his phone, he downloaded toolkits and other tools, then manually transferred them to the computer. He did all he could to ensure it was clean. In the end, he still wasn't convinced.

The breach had shaken him and his confidence in his system's security. He wiped the device and started over. But his irritation and anger at the situation boiled over inside him. He felt out of control. Like he had when he was a child.

He'd sworn to never feel like this again. There was one outlet where he could exercise dominant control. He knew it wouldn't fix his situation, but it would help briefly. He took out his phone and began putting his package together.

***

Dan wheeled the car onto Sarah's parents' street. The girls were in the back with their headphones on, watching a show. In a low voice, Dan said, "We need to call his bluff. He can't…we can't just let him keep dictating things to us. We don't even know what he has recorded."

"You said you found lots of cameras," Sarah cast a glance over her shoulder to make sure the girls weren't listening. Ava smiled and waved at her. Sarah returned the smile and turned back to Dan. "There's a lot that happened in that apartment."

"We don't know how long they've been there ," Dan started but falter, "But you're right. He might have some stuff we don't want getting out there."

"Probably a lot of stuff," Sarah whispered. "I'm in all of it. All of it, Dan. We can't let anyone see it."

"We can't just let him run our lives, though," Dan said. "We were supposed to be done with all of this. Not just bending over and letting him…."

Her husband had smartly trailed off, but she knew where he was going. He couldn't reconcile how, even after Lester had revealed himself and his nefarious actions, she could still lower herself to sleep with him. And not just sleep with him, actively engage, enjoy and participate in the creepy man's deplorable fantasies.

She'd thought about that many times herself. The rational part of her brain, which she found to be quieter and quieter when it came to Lester, knew it was wrong. She hated him. That made sense. But a larger part of her screamed for more. The more rancid Lester had become, the more it tweaked her Beauty and the Beast fantasy. The more she shouldn't, the more she wanted him.

But she couldn't admit that to Dan. It was a part of her that she wasn't ready to let him see. She certainly didn't want the world to see. But she suspected Lester already knew. That private connection sent a guilty thrill through her.

"I know," Sarah finally said, filling the silence that hung between them. "We should be done with him. We tried. He's just desperate to…keep things going."

"Yeah," Dan said, staring hard at the road.

She knew what he was thinking. That Lester had some ridiculous grand plan to knock her up. Sure, Lester had done some sneaky stuff, and he liked fucking with Dan, but she didn't think he'd do that. Not to her. There was something there between them. A connection. Maybe a fucked up one. But Lester wouldn't do that. It was just ridiculous. Who faked having surgery? Besides, she was on birth control, anyway. She was safe. Dan had just let his paranoia lead him down a strange path. She hadn't realized how much this

was affecting his mental state. It would be in his best interest to stop things with Lester, or else he might reach some kind of breaking point.

Sarah let out the breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding. Dan pulled into her parents' driveway, and the kids flew out of the car, running up to the door and impatiently pressing the doorbell. Sarah gave Dan's hand a gentle squeeze. He closed his eyes and squeezed back.

Dinner with her parents was uneventful. Her mom had made a Shepard's pie, and her father was busy doting on the girls until dessert was served. The girls quickly finished their bowls and ran into the basement to watch YouTube unsupervised. Sarah's mom made coffee for everyone, and they sat around the dining room table talking about Dan's new job in Washington while Sarah expertly deflected any questions about her own work.

"It sounds like an intimidating place to work," her father mused as he sipped his coffee, "Its secretive nature. All the important people watching over your shoulder as you work. I'd hate to screw up."

"It's not so bad. Everyone's pretty nice. Serious and all that, but nice enough. We had dinner with my boss and his wife in Chicago, and it," Dan paused, and Sarah saw the moment the memory crossed his eyes. He quickly recovered. "Well, he said after in the office that he and his wife had a great time. We get along really well so far."

"That's wonderful. I think that having a good relationship with a boss is important –" Renee started to say more before the buzzing of all their cellphones made her pause.

The synchronized vibrations rang out across the table, each of them eyeing their own device. They exchanged a quick look, then looked at their phones.

"What the hell…" James muttered. Renee just stared wide-eyed at her phone before James snatched it out of her hand. With a disgusted look, he put it face down on the table. Sarah's heart dropped. On her screen were two people fucking. There were big emojis photoshopped onto their faces, but Sarah knew the blonde in the video was her. Unfortunately, her sound was on, and her moans of ecstasy echoed into the room. The oddly proportioned, hairy body had to be Lester's. If that wasn't evidence enough, well, she knew based on other proportions it was him.

The clip flickered. Sarah caught quick flashes of the action before the big emojis covered the faces again. Her body bent over with Lester's heavy, hairy frame behind her. His thick cock sliding deep into her from behind, his gut pressing against her back as he gripped her hips, pulling her onto him roughly. Her legs trembled a little in the shot, sweat shining on her skin while he thrust steadily, making her ass jiggle with each push, her hand clutching the sheets tight.

Dan silently clicked his screen off and put his phone down. His face was stone.

"Did we all just get the same disgusting video?" James asked. Sarah's heart skipped a beat. She didn't know when the video had been taken. She didn't remember it. It was in the apartment, but…she reached for her phone and thought better of it. Not in front of her parents. But she was sure her hair had been shorter.

"I don't know, maybe," Dan responded to her father flatly, "I turned my phone off pretty fast."

"Was there some blonde whore on your screen too?" James asked. Sarah's stomach dropped when she heard her father talk about her like that.

"James," Renee chastised, "Language, please."

James held up a hand in apology, "You're right. I'm sorry. Why did we all receive the same video at the same time? What's going on?"

Sarah fidgeted in her seat, biting her tongue. How red was her face getting? Thankfully, Dan cut in, "I don't know. Maybe we all downloaded a virus or something. Maybe the group chat on Messenger?"

“It came in as a text message. I’m going to call the number and read them the riot act,” James said.

“I wouldn’t do that,” Dan said, “It's probably just some scammers from India or something. You don’t want to provoke them. Just block them and move on. I bet a lot of people all over just got the same message.”

“It’s sick,” James continued, “It's a good thing the girls are downstairs. For Christ’s sake, sometimes they play games on my phone when we’re babysitting. What if the message had come in then?”

“Well, thank God it didn’t,” Sarah finally managed to speak.

“Maybe you can bring this to your boss,” James said to Dan. “See if you guys can take down whoever sent it.”

“Now that's an idea,” Dan said, turning to Sarah. “I’ll see what I can do about it.”

Sarah’s blood ran cold at the idea of him sharing the video at work. “Maybe not share the video. It's porn after all. That's not a good look for a new employee, right?”

Renee eagerly nodded her head, “Yes, that's probably a good idea. Don’t want to make a bad impression after all. Don’t let this filth stain your new work, Dan.”

“Probably right, but still, I don’t like that someone could just send this to us. It's a violation,” her father said. He didn’t know just how much the woman in the video had been wonderfully violated, over and over again.

“I’m going to go check on the girls,” Sarah said, rising from the table.

“Oh no, their tablets, you don’t think,” Renee started. Dan shot her a grave look, like he was going to strangle Lester.

“I’m sure they're fine. They don’t have data,” Sarah said as she moved towards the basement.

“They’re on the same Wi-Fi,” Dan said, prompting her father to immediately call their cable provider.

Downstairs, the girls were blissfully unaware of what had transpired. Glued to a stupid doll dress-up YouTube video. She quickly checked their tablets and thankfully didn’t find anything out of place. She slumped onto the couch behind her daughters and typed WTF to Lester.

He had more videos. Dating back to who knows when. Worse, he just demonstrated how easy it was for him to send them to people she knew. It was some kind of fucked up power play.

“Mom, are you okay?” Ava asked.

“Yes, honey,” her voice came out hurried and half-panting. “Why do you ask?”

“I don’t know,” Ava shrugged and turned back to the TV. “You’re breathing funny like you just ran a race.”

Sarah took stock of herself. Her heart was hammering against her ribcage, and her breath was shallow and labored. She was turned on, despite everything. The thought disgusted her.

“Mommy is okay, honey. Go back to your show.”

***

Ted was in the front yard when the Williams pulled up in their driveway. He stiffened, the embarrassing encounter with Sarah still fresh on his mind. It was the only thing he could think about as he was alone in the house. That look she gave him, when she played along, made him erect every time he thought about it.

But now, he had to struggle not to think about it. Not when he was out in the middle of his yard in shorts, tending to his garden. The Williams' girls bounded out of their car, giving him a friendly wave and shouting "Hi, Ted!" before bounding off into the house.

He saw Sarah stiffen. Dan gave him a friendly wave as well and followed the girls inside. Sarah cast a nervous look his way and quickly diverted her eyes. Her steps were quicker than usual, and he didn't get to feast on the sight of her bubble butt for long.

But her demeanor had changed. Was it because Dan was with her? Before she had confidently shut him down, putting him in his place. But now…

She was nervous.

Ted had all but given up hope on ever bedding the beautiful blonde. After their earlier encounter, he'd been worried to even look in her direction and incur her wrath. But now she was nervous. He could work nervously.

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'WHAT THE FUCK'

Renee typed into her phone. That's how she felt, but the words on the screen made her blush and think about all her Sunday school classes she attended as a child. She erased the words and typed in new ones.

'WHAT THE HELL'

This still felt morally wrong to send. She erased it and typed in 'WHAT THE HECK.'

She dropped her head in shame at how unserious it came across. Renee stared at her phone for a long time. Hours ago, the screen had lit up with Lester fucking another one of his conquests. That video had been shared with her husband, her son-in-law, and even her own daughter.

Lester had somehow sent it all to them as a way to send her a message. To rub her face in her illicit affair. What was she doing?

She put the phone down. Then picked it back up. She couldn't just let him do this. James flushed the toilet, and she tossed the phone onto the end of the bed and picked up the book she'd been reading.

James stretched with a yawn and sauntered into bed. He had been grumbling on the phone with the cable people for hours and had embarrassingly explained the entire situation to some poor, naive girl from India. It felt like Renee's own private hell.

"I'm gonna hit the sack," James said. He kissed her on the cheek and rolled away from her. Renee felt the anger boil up inside her. It didn't make sense. But she wanted to smack her husband on the back of the head with the book. Instead, she closed it and turned off the light, plunging herself into darkness. She stared up at the ceiling trying to sort out her feelings when it dawned on her.

She'd wanted sex. She was horny, and James had rejected her outright by going to bed without so much as a glance her way. The contact from Lester and the video had done more harm to her than she initially realized. It was good that the room was dark. The heat in her face and chest would be evident to James if he'd rolled over and looked at her.

She tried to sleep, but it evaded her. She couldn't get comfortable. Couldn't stop thinking about the night's events in a strange, aroused shame spiral. When she eventually did drift off, her dreams weren't much better. Lewd images plagued her, along with emoji people and Lester's giant manhood.

She awoke in the morning, drenched in sweat. James was already downstairs, and the smell of freshly brewed coffee drifted up the stairs. The first thing she did was grab her phone and type:

‘WHY!!?’

The response came later when she was forcing herself to enjoy her coffee. Three eggplant emojis. She didn’t understand what that meant and had to look it up. Her face went red. James was talking to her, but she could barely pay attention. Her phone was face down on the table, but it was all she could think about.

Tension coiled in her chest, and she half expected James to confront her about everything at any second. At the way she’d broken their marriage vows. How she’d gone into that bathroom more than once. How she’d let Lester defile her.

She shifted her arms in front of her as she forced a conversation with her husband, trying to hide her erect nipples. They hurt, and she had to take several calming breaths to get her heart rate under control.

Her phone buzzed on the table, and James immediately looked at it. She snatched it, maybe too quickly. But she couldn’t have James look at it. She feigned a sigh. “It’s not one of those disgusting videos,” Renee said. James visibly relaxed. On her screen was a close-up picture of Lester’s cock.

Renee gulped and glanced at it one last time before putting her phone in her lap.

“The guys said we’d tee off around ten today. I hate going that late, but Roger likes to sleep in. I mean, he’s retired, so I don’t know why…”

The phone buzzed again. It vibrated in her lap, and she felt herself shudder. She clenched her thighs around the end of it so James wouldn’t hear the noise. It vibrated again, and she stifled a small moan in the back of her throat. Each vibration sent a thrill into her, touching against her pussy. And the lewd knowledge of what might be on the screen.

James kept talking about his upcoming round of golf. Renee waited with bated breath for the text message to arrive. She had to get up and get a glass of cold water to calm her system down. She silenced her phone to stop the vibration.

“Well, the boys are probably all making their way there so I'd better head out too,” James finished his coffee, got to his feet and kissed Renee on the head. “You let me know if you get any more strange messages today, okay? If you talk to Sarah, tell her I’m sorry again for what happened.”

“There’s no need for us to apologize,” Renee said.

“I know,“ James said as he headed to the garage door. “Still, though, it's not right. Alright, hon, but I love you.”

“Love you too,” Renee said brightly. When the door shut, and she heard the garage door begin to rise, she quickly checked Lester’s messages.

L: Why what? You didn’t like what I sent? I thought you would. Jealous?

L: Admit it, you’ve been thinking about it all night.

L: You know, I’m in the neighborhood… Maybe you, me and James should have this conversation in person. What do you think?

Her stomach dropped. He couldn’t really be close by, could he? Why? Why would he be close by? Clutching her phone, she ran to the front window and peered out. James was backing out of the driveway. There weren’t any cars parked up or down the street. Lester couldn’t be close by. He was just fucking with her.

She let out a relieved breath. James' car pulled onto the street and disappeared.

L: Was that you or James in the car?

Renee’s heart skipped a beat. She swallowed, thumbs trembling over the keyboard.

R: What?

L: The car that just left. Were you in it, or was that James leaving? Did he leave you home all alone?

Renee leaned back against the couch for support. Things were spiralling out of control. She frantically typed, erased, and retyped a message. On the third time clearing it, she heard a car pull up into the driveway.

Behind the steering wheel of the large SUV was a portly, small man with beady eyes. Lester. Renee's stomach flipped. Before she knew what she was doing, she was out of her front door, casting nervous glances across the street and storming up to the man who was just about to get out.

"What? Lester, what the hel-heck are you doing here?" Renee demanded.

Lester smirked, "Just wanted to make sure that little video didn't cause a ruckus. Did you like it?"

Renee ground her bare feet into the concrete. "Lester, you need to leave now."

"Yeah? I mean, sure, but then I wouldn't be able to explain to James why I accidentally sent that to his phone, too. I'm really sorry about that."

"And Sarah and Dan's phones? Was that just an accident, too?" Renee demanded. She felt sick. Her accidental dalliance with Lester was pushing into uncomfortable territory she wasn't ready for or able to predict. He was here in her driveway for Christ's sake!

"Oh," Lester chuckled, "Yeah, that was for a different reason." Before Renee could press him on that, he continued, "Anyway, do you mind if I just come inside to chat?"

"Yes. I mind very much, actually," Renee said. "Lester, this is my home. I know…."

She struggled to find the right words. There weren't any. There weren't any to convey the quiet guilt and longing she felt. The way that guilt seemed to wrap around her soul and suffocate her. She forced words out anyway, "We can't do this. It needs to stop. I can't-"

"Is that really what you want?" Lester pressed, his eyes running up and down Renee's body. It was only then that she realized he was out in the driveway in his pajama pants and a t-shirt without a bra on. Lester's eyes were laser-focused on her nipples beneath the material. She crossed her arms on instinct. "It seems like this conversation is having an entirely different effect on you."

"I meant what I said," Renee said. Lester sighed like a patient parent. That condescension pissed Renee off.

"Alright then," Lester shrugged, "I'll just come back later then. See if James is in then."

He shifted the car into reverse and slowly backed out of the driveway.

"Why?" Renee said. "Why? Forget about the thing you sent. It doesn't matter. Lester, enough, okay? This has gone too far."

"What's gone too far?" Lester said. His voice carried up the street, making Renee wince. She cast uncertain glances around, just waiting for a neighbor to come out for work.

"I can't…I don't…we can't do this here." Renee begged. "Please."

"Well, then let's go inside and chat like I said," Lester demanded. Renee knew where that might lead. She wanted to just let him leave, but the threat of him coming back and talking to James at any given time was too much to bear.

"No, not inside, just…"

“Get in,” Lester said.

“What?”

“Get in. Let's go for a drive and talk. Then I’ll drop you back off.” Lester said.

Renee looked down at herself. Bare feet, pajama pants, and an oversized t-shirt without a bra. She wouldn’t be caught dead going anywhere like this. Lester seemed to pick up on her reluctance, “The windows are tinted. We’re not going for a picnic or anything. Just a chat to bury the hatchet. It’ll be quick. I promise. I just have some things to say, okay?”

Renee stayed planted in the driveway. Lester nodded, “Okay then.”

The SUV slowly crept backwards again.

“Wait,” Renee seethed, marching up to the window. “Okay, but quickly, okay?”

Lester smirked like he’d expected this outcome all along. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder to the door behind him, “Get in.”

Renee cast one glance up and down the street before hauling the door open and getting into Lester’s SUV. It was filthy inside. Fast-food wrappers were scattered across the seat and the floor. It smelled of neglect. She barely had time to pull her belt on before Lester accelerated, the car flying out of the driveway and onto the street. Lester shifted it into drive and took off.

Renee tried to initiate a conversation, but it was awkward sitting right behind Lester. He didn’t give her much in the way of responses. She took to staring at the back of his neck, how the hair on his back peaked up over the collar of his old shirt. It climbed up his neck until it reached the base of his scalp, where it became impossible to distinguish what was back hair versus head hair.

They drove through the bad part of town, and Lester pulled into an overgrown alleyway between some deserted homes. Without a word, he turned off the engine, got out, and opened the door next to her.

“Move over,” Lester said impatiently. Renee undid her belt and slid back over the grungy seat. With a heft, Lester pulled himself into the car. The suspension dipped as he did. Lester’s face was red as he finally pulled the door closed behind him. He turned to her with a predatory look on his face and said, “Let’s talk.”

Renee stiffened. She knew that look. She’d seen it on the faces of men all her life. She swallowed and composed herself. “Lester, I made an error in judgment. I am sorry if I led you to believe this was something more than it was or that it was something that would continue. The messages you sent last night to my family were a wake-up call, one that I can’t ignore. Lester, I can’t say it's been fun, exactly, that…I’m not sure what to call it, but it's time we stopped whatever this is.”

Lester seemed to chew on her words, then shrugged, “Nah.”

Renee blinked.

“Excuse me?”

“Nah. It means no. No, thank you,” Lester said nonchalantly.

Lester smirked and turned to her. He pushed his bulk over the seat towards her. She slid back but butted up against the door. He got right into her face.

“Just tell me one thing,” Lester breathed his Cheeto breath onto her. “That video got you fucking wet, didn’t it? How jealous did you get?”

“I…” Renee started and felt her cheeks get warm. “Just stop, Lester. This isn’t funny.”

“No, it isn’t,” Lester agreed. “Did you get jealous of the blonde in the video? Jealous that I might be with someone else? It's an older video, but I thought you’d still appreciate it. What did you think?”

“It was disgusting,” Renee said. Lester just leered at her.

“Yeah…” Lester mocked, “Is that why those nips are as hard as diamonds?”

Renee glanced down at her chest, then moved to cover her clearly protruding nipples with her arm. Lester’s hand moved to her hip. Renee’s breath caught in her throat.

“Tell me what you really thought of the video,” Lester said. Renee was about to respond when Lester’s lips crashed into hers. His large, rotund body sank onto hers. Renee could feel his gut press into her stomach and thighs. And she could feel IT.

She was simultaneously disgusted and turned on beyond belief. If only James had fucked her last night, she wouldn’t be such a whimpering mess right now. But he hadn’t. And he had left this morning to go golfing while Renee climbed the walls.

She pushed against him with all her might. But he was like an immovable boulder. She pushed again, this time with her hips, and stopped immediately when she pressed herself against his member. A weak moan escaped her lips. He wanted her. Desired her. Was right here. Hard and ready for her.

Something in Renee relented. And Lester must have felt it because he’d tugged her down onto her back and was lying on her, grinding his cock against her. Renee stiffened, her senses overwhelmed by Lester, the reek of the car and his breath. But her body overrode all of that as her hips inexplicably rose off the sticky seat to meet him.

Her throat made a pathetic, weak sound as her lips opened and she kissed him back. Her mind tumbled as her hands went to the back of his fat head, fingers lacing through the hair on the back of his neck as she pulled him deeper into their kiss. She felt him smirk against her lips. It disgusted her, but she was far too out of control to let a feeling like that stop her.

Lester’s fat fingers were on her. Pulling at her pajama bottoms. He tugged them down, which was impressive given his bulk, which was pushing them flat. She felt her bare legs meet the air conditioning in the car. Lester’s tongue rolled around her mouth. Her chest arched off the seat, pressing into him, her nipples grated against his chest, sending a thrill of electricity through her.

Renee needed more. She was out of control. And she loved how it felt.

Her panties were next, bunched with her pajamas around her ankles. Lester didn’t wait. He broke the kiss, bucking back and dropping his sweatpants. This was her moment. The moment when Renee could stop all of this. Stop it before IT came out. Before she did something she regretted, again.

The door was right there, along with a million possibilities. She stayed still while Lester dropped his pants. She caught a glimpse of old, stained underwear before they were lost on the floor amongst the takeout containers and old Coke bottles. But her eyes were locked on the hard, girthy cock staring back at her. Pre-cum dribbled out of it. Something inside Renee quaked.

Grubby sausage-like fingers gripped her knees and spread them open. Renee swallowed, and Lester rested his weight on top of her. It felt like taking a punch to the gut when his stomach’s weight pressed into her. But she felt his dick rising up her leg and bit her lip. Lester didn’t try to kiss her. He just stared at her face. She furrowed her brow, wondering what he was doing, why was he —

The tip of his cock pressed against the pussy. She was already soaking wet. So wet. So desperately wet for him. She cringed inside at how easily she readied herself for him, even at her age. James always needed lots of foreplay before she was ready for him. But here she was, dripping wet for this ugly man.

Lester's grin widened, and she finally realized what he was smirking at. He edged his hips forward, and his cock parted her lips and sat at her entrance. He wanted to watch her face as he entered her. Watch the conflicted arousal and desire on her face give way to pure, undiluted pleasure. And that's exactly what he did.

Lester pushed his cock forward, and he entered her. Slowly. Agonizingly slow. Renee's body quivered, and she felt the mask of her face slip as Lester slowly pushed into her. He was teasing her, tormenting her. Dragging it out to break her will to his. Her hips bucked off the seat, desperately trying to take more of him into her. Lester's ugly grin widened.

"That a girl," Lester said in a low, throaty voice. It sent shivers through Renee.

"You're a bastard," Renee said, but it came out hot and flirty. She didn't want to look up at his ugly, sneering face anymore. She grabbed both sides of his watermelon-fat head and pulled him down into another kiss. She closed her eyes and pretended it was anyone else, but all she saw was that lecherous smirk. She needed this.

Her fingernails clawed at his flabby back. She urged him on. Lester obliged, dipping his hips and sending his entire length into her.

"Ohhmhmm," Renee groaned out the side of her mouth as Lester's fat tongue danced into it. His cock was hot and thick inside of her. Renee's hips pushed back on his, meeting him as he pulled his cock out before deliberately ramming it back in.

Renee's brain scrambled. All it could process was the feeling of his large cock inside of her. In and out. In and out. Their bodies moved in unison, tongues colliding. Their bodies coiled together. She was vaguely aware that the windows had, at some point, fogged up.

Renee's head lolled, and she opened her eyes. Lester was staring down at her, panting. Sweat ran down his face before beading down his chest or dripping onto hers. Renee licked her lips and tasted his salty sweat. His hands were on her shoulders, tugging her down as he thrust up into her.

Lord… Renee thought as Lester's expansive cock touched in places so deep that her nerve endings craved attention. Deeper than James had ever explored. Part of her cried inside at that thought. That she was sharing a part of herself so deeply with some disgusting pig instead of her husband. But it wasn't something she could ever share with James.

Lester leered down at her with his beady eyes. He looked like he was getting off on every subtle movement of her body. Her hitched breathing. The rising and falling of her breasts under her shirt. The quiver of her bottom lip.

Lester grunted and thrust forward. She felt massive, hairy balls slapping against her ass. His stomach burst forward, pushing her knees further and further apart. Renee's legs kicked, trying and failing to wrap around Lester's massive bulk. His jowls jiggled as he fucked her. Renee's stomach turned, but she gripped him with her pussy, milking him. Pulling him deeper. Not letting him go.

That's when she felt it. The undeniable orgasm was quickly rushing up towards her. Her hips slammed up to meet Lester's thrusts. His cock greedily plunged into her.

"Uhhmmhmmm," Renee purred, her eyes closing. She licked her lips. "God…help me."

The only sound that followed was Lester's labored breathing. Renee's soft, little, increasingly desperate moans. Their bodies moved together, back and forth in a dance leading to its inevitable climax. Renee's body was done waiting. She clawed at him, pulling him to her. Her body pushed back against him, gripped him, pulled on his cock, desperate not to let it go.

And Lester smirked. That disgusting shit-eating grin.

Renee lost control a moment later. Like a teenager in the back of an older student's car.

"Ohgod, Oh. God. Please…" Reene begged, "Oh GOD!"

The car seemed to shudder as an explosive orgasm tore through Renee, sending her eyes rolling back and her mind flashing white. Everything was warm and on fire. Pleasure burned through her, lighting up everything it touched. Her mind melted.

Lester's thrusts grew more urgent. She knew what was coming. Her pussy gripped his cock on instinct. Pulling him deeper, not letting him go. The words rolled out of her mouth before her mind could stop to process them, "God. Lester. Cum…."

The words seemed to snap an awareness into place. Her lazy eyes opened in time to Lester's face contort in satisfaction. She felt him expand inside her and, with a sobering realization, remembered he wasn't wearing a condom.

Lester grunted, and his cum blasted into her. It hit the inside of her walls, rope after sticky warm rope flooding into her. Each jolt sent aftershocks of pleasure coursing through her. She felt lost in the moment, her pussy squeezing him. Intent on not wasting a drop of him.

Her mind was on fire, but little thoughts of doubt raced inside of it but utterly drowned out by the overwhelming sensations coursing through her, radiating out from deep inside her pussy. Lester let out one last triumphant grunt and collapsed on top of her. His sweat-stained skin pressed against her.

She felt full. Not just because of his cock. But because every inch of her was flooded with his cum. She brushed away her blonde hair clinging to her face.

"Get off me," she whispered. Lester groaned in protest, but pushed himself to his knees. His cock plopped out of her with a pop, and she felt a rush of sticky liquid rush out from between her thighs. She clamped her hand down to block it, then felt foolish and let it drip onto the already sticky seat.

Lester languished back against the window, catching his breath, eyes roaming over her with glee. She covered her eyes and tried not to think about the last ten minutes. Without a word, Lester eventually got himself dressed and moved back into the driver's seat. Renee pulled her pajamas back up and waited for him to take her home.

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Dan had had it with Lester. He'd gone too far this time. Too far. But he'd shown how far-reaching that hand could be. He showed he could get to their family. And he had the videos to destroy them.

Sarah had sent a dozen furious texts to Lester that had gone unanswered. The not knowing was the worst part. Silence. She'd even debated having Dan drive her up to the apartment in Chicago and confronting him, but he'd talked her down.

Dan racked his brain searching for a way out of this. He felt trapped. Like an animal in a cage with no way out. He spun in his office chair. But no matter which way he looked at it, Lester had them. He didn't know what videos he had. Probably dozens of Sarah in compromising positions. Probably just as many of him, doing something equally shameful, like not intervening as another man took his wife. Or worse, Dan jerking off at the peephole in the wall.

He didn't know what Lester had. When he'd used them against them, or how far his reach could be. It wouldn't be out of the realm of possibility for Lester to reach Gordon or his new work colleagues.

He tried not to focus on Lester. Instead, he tried to focus on things he could control. But then the threat of a civil lawsuit clawed out from the depths of his mind. He needed a lawyer, an expense he couldn't swing at the moment. Not when he was just getting back on his feet. The timing sucked. He knew Jesse had been too quiet, but he'd just hoped things would get better.

Hope. the word tasted bitter. Hope was for fools. He couldn't hope his way out of the situation with Lester. He needed to take action. Dan thrummed his fingers across his desk and reached into his work bag, pulled out his laptop. He booted up the company's VPN and

logged in to the limited area of the employee directory he could access remotely. He found his target. The tip line. The company's bounty system was used to draw attention to matters they could sell to their three-letter-agency clients.

Dan began typing a dossier on Lester. Assembling all he knew about the man, his habits and his practices. And his suspicions. And every possible issue he thought federal law enforcement might have against someone like Lester. Most of it he couldn't verify without going on the record as a firsthand witness. But he hoped it might be enough to get someone to look into Lester Marshall.

A knock came at the office door. Sarah was there, standing in her pajamas. "I got the girls down. Took a while, but they are out."

"Why do you look like you want to hurl?" Dan asked.

"Lester finally just responded to me," she said hesitantly. "He's here. In Middleton. He wants to talk."

"Motherfucker," Dan snapped. "What? Are we just supposed to rearrange our whole lives around his every whim?"

"I know. He's…god I can't believe he sent that fucking video to my parents. I want to strangle him, but…"

"But?" Dan pressed, anger simmering.

"I don't want anyone to see me like that," Sarah gulped, "raw like that. If he hadn't put that stupid emoji on my face, my parents would know all about…us…what we've been doing. I couldn't take that, Dan. Just the constant, incessant badgering and questions about me. About our marriage. The girls would pick up on it and…fuck I'm spinning."

"I know. I get it." Dan said.

"I'm sorry, but I don't think you do. It's not you in these videos," Sarah said.

"It might be. He said he had things on both of us. What if…."

"There are no videos of you getting fucked and acting like a slut," Sarah said. That strung more than it should. Lester might have videos of Dan and Sarah together, but they were just a footnote to the events that happened in that apartment.

Dan changed the subject. "What does he want?"

"I don't know. I haven't responded," Sarah said warily.

"Ask him. Then we can deal with it." Dan said. He thought about how much better life might be if Lester just happened to have a heart attack. Maybe there was something at the hospital they could slip him that would do the trick. He'd be doing the world a favor.

"He wants to come over. To 'talk'," she said, making air quotes around the word talk.

Dan steeled himself. He was going to confront Lester about everything. The footage, the Vasectomy. Lizzie. All of it.

"Set it up," Dan rose to his feet. "Let's get this over with. Rip the band-aid off and see what we're dealing with."

"The girls…" Sarah said breathlessly.

"We'll figure it out. Keep it downstairs or something." Dan said.

Sarah's fingers hesitated over the phone. "I don't like this. Part of me likes giving control over to him. Losing control. But not like this. Not when it feels like a guillotine is hovering over our heads."

"We'll figure something out," Dan said.

“You know he’s going to try and fuck me tonight, right?” Sarah asked.

“Yeah,” Dan replied firmly. Sarah held his gaze for a few seconds before turning away and tapping on her phone.

“It’s done,” she said without looking at him. Dan settled back into his chair and felt like a bullet train was speeding towards him. Lester was coming. He had a limited amount of time to figure out how to confront him and try to get out from under his thumb.

“Okay. Well, I guess we'd better get ready,” Dan said, turning to his computer and pressing the send button on the report. He mentally crossed his fingers, hoping it would result in something happening to Lester. Sarah stayed in the doorway, arms crossed over her chest.

“You okay?” Dan asked.

“Yes…no…I don’t know, Dan. I never thought we’d be in this position,” Sarah said. Dan thought of all the positions he’d seen Sarah in while with Lester and wasn’t at all surprised at this one they found themselves in.

“We’ll figure something out,” Dan said, rising and pulling Sarah into his arms. She rested her head on his chest and let him hold her. Dan’s mind started to turn with possibilities. In movies, assassins cut the brake lines on cars. Was that something he could do? His key to the apartment still worked. Maybe he could grease the shower or put something in one of Lester’s Coke cans. He pictured Lester, with a smile on his face, choking on a handful of Cheetos.

“What will we do?” Sarah asked quietly, “It's like he owns us now.”

Dan didn’t hear the weight that her words should carry. It almost felt like she was already resigned to her fate, but just saying the words for him. That nagged at him. She still wanted Lester. Had Dan ever held that much of a hold over her? The thought made something in him twist and break.

“We’ll figure something out,” Dan repeated. He held her like that for a while until she broke away and said, “I need a drink. Do you want one?”

It wasn’t a good idea. They should be sharp for this. He should be. But a drink sounded like the thing he needed. They headed downstairs to the kitchen. Dan waited for Sarah to pour a glass of wine, but she poured a shot of vodka and slammed it. She slid one to Dan, who eyed it. She slammed another. Dan followed suit.

“We should slow down,” Dan said.

“I don’t want to do this without this,” Sarah said. You’ve done it lots of times without it, Dan thought, but kept it to himself. This time did feel different, but he took another shot anyway. It burned going down, and his chest grew warm. It felt nice after it settled. They didn’t talk, just made eye contact with the counter. Eventually, Sarah did pour a glass of wine for each of them. By the time he’d finished his first glass, he felt that comfortable buzz settle on him.

Sarah was outpacing him, and he knew she was heading towards a different inevitable conclusion than he was. Still, he tried to think through the problem. He’d done the tip line. He’d done what he could. Short of killing Lester, there wasn’t anything left for him to do. Was there?

His thoughts screeched to a halt when the doorbell rang. Sarah shared a long look with him. He didn’t move. With one last long gulp that emptied her glass, Sarah breezed across the kitchen floor and answered the door. Dan didn’t get up. He stared down at his glass as the voices drifted to him.

“Why, long time no see sexy lady,” Lester’s overbearing voice said. Dan finished the last of his wine. “You got a kiss for Daddy?”

He heard the sound of wet lips smacking together. The door shut hard, but the sound of lips still persisted. It lasted longer than it should have. It gutted him how swiftly things had gone from a united front to this. But maybe he was being overly dramatic. Dan pushed himself up to his full height and strode into the living room. His living room.

Lester had Sarah pinned against the back of the couch. Her back leaned over it as they frantically kissed. Lester was already grinding away at her. Her white robe had fallen open, revealing her bra and panties underneath, a stark contrast to Lester's grungy sweatpants and stained shirt.

Dan just froze, staring as he was ignored. He was like a ghost in his own house, a spectator watching events unfold. He cleared his throat. Sarah froze for a second, but Lester's assaulting tongue and hips continued.

He cleared his throat again. Louder this time, and stepped forward. He put his hand on Lester's shoulder and forcibly pulled him off, Sarah. Lester stumbled back, eyes wide. Dan clenched his fist and, for a second, almost punched him in his fat, pudgy head. Lester righted himself, and his trademark grin appeared on his face, "Oh, Daniel, I didn't know you were home. Lately, you've learned to leave Sarah and me alone. Which I appreciate."

"Yeah, that's not happening. You crossed a line this time, Lester. There's no going back from it," Dan said. Lester eyed Sarah, who was still leaning against the couch, panting. At least she had the common sense to pull her robe closed around her.

"I've barely even crossed the line so far tonight," Leser said, "Believe me, bud, you'll fucking know it when I do."

"I'm not talking about this," Dan gestured to Sarah and, unfortunately, to Lester, whose pants were sprouting a tent. "You sent a video to Sarah's parents and us."

"Oh yeah," Lester scratched his chin. "That. Well, I did put the emojis over the faces. You're welcome. I didn't have to do that, you know."

"Shut the fuck up, Lester," Dan snapped. "Just shut up. For once in your pathetic life, shut up. We aren't doing this anymore. I don't care. Okay? I told you we're done. You're going to delete everything you have, understand?"

Something dark passed over Lester's face but disappeared an instant later. Then he broke out laughing. And kept laughing. He laughed so hard that he had to put his hand on his stomach, and he doubled over in pain from laughing so much. Eventually, he stopped, standing up and wiping a tear from his eyes. "Did you…did you honestly think that was going to work? That you just demand something and I do it? What are you, a fucking toddler?"

Dan's gaze hardened. Lester checked his watch.

"You know, if nothing else, Dan, you are predictable. Lovingly predictable. You always act with anger, but that flame always dies out into an ember before I snuff it out," Lester chided. His eyes drank in Sarah's bare legs.

Sarah and Dan's phones dinged. Lester pointed at the air, "You might want to go check that."

Dan's eyes burned with fury. He didn't move. Sarah gripped her robe's belt tightly and stumbled away into the kitchen to check her phone. She gasped.

"Lester, you piece of shit," Sarah said. Her chest was still rising and falling as she returned to the living room, but Dan wasn't sure if that was anger or arousal from earlier with Lester. Maybe both.

"What is it?" Dan asked. He hadn't left his spot. Sarah held her phone out in front of Dan. On the screen, Sarah was on her knees in the apartment. Lester lowered the strap on her bra as he stood over her. Dan sitting on the couch, touching himself, watching. It had happened so long ago that Dan barely remembered it. That meant Lester had months and months worth of footage.

“Ta-Da!” Lester chuckled to himself. “Now you're going to stand there and process what this means. Yes, I have more. Yes, there is a lot. No, I’m not going to be nice and delete it all. Yes, I plan to leverage this. And yes, I can keep doing this as long as I want. And yes, I have a long reach. Who do you think would most like to see this? Someone at Sentinel? Maybe the teachers at school? What about your family, Dan? We haven’t really explored things there. You have a sister, don’t you? I think you should introduce us. I have some things I’d like too..”

“Enough,” Dan sighed and winced at how defeated his voice sounded. The only option he could think of here was to punch Lester in the face and never stop hitting him.

“You notice that I didn’t send that right now, right? It’s on a delay. Like the other messages to the other recipients,” Lester nodded and stepped around him. He took Sarah’s phone and tossed it on the couch. Then he spooned Sarah from behind. She shivered, but Dan couldn’t help but notice the small sway of her hips as she pressed back into him. Was Sarah just faking being upset earlier? It was like all her resistance melted before his eyes. Once Lester got a hold of her, her resolve crumbled, if it was real to begin with. Dan, not for the first time, felt like an outsider. A bystander. Witnessing something he shouldn’t be privy to. It made him sick. The idea that his wife would just lie to him over something so serious like this. Was she even his anymore? The thoughts kept swirling, adding to his paralysis.

“So yeah, like, checkmate,” Lester wiggled his eyebrows. His hands moved to Sarah’s shoulders and pulled the robe from them, revealing her angelically smooth skin. Lester planted kisses along her shoulder, and she sucked in a breath. “Intoxicating, isn’t she?”

Dan’s hands balled into fists, seething. The familiar paralyzing erotic tension washed over him, threatening to douse his anger, just like Lester said. Lester eagerly watched him as Sarah’s robe fell to the floor. His kisses on her skin intensified as he cupped her bra-clad breasts. His tongue lolled out as he kissed her skin.

With a hand, he held her waist, encouraging and directing her to grind against him. She gave Dan one last apologetic look before closing her eyes and leaning her head back against Lester. They swayed together, Lester’s pudgy fingers running down the front of her body until they were buried in her panties. Sarah quivered, and the urgency of her swaying increased until she was actively grinding against Lester’s cock. He shuffled out of his sweatpants and pressed hard into her.

He peered up at Dan over Sarah’s back as he licked the sensitive spot on the back of her neck, “You’ve failed to account for how smart I am. And how much Sarah has fallen for me.”

Dan wanted to punch the smug, monologuing little man. He’d seen too many movies and was trying to emulate a cool villain. But the hero in this story didn’t have some trick up his sleeve to stop him. At least not yet.

Dan had to just watch as Lester ravaged Sarah. She didn’t even spare a glance his way like she used to in these scenarios. Back when it was them doing this for their fantasy. His fantasy. Lester watched him tauntingly as he pushed Sarah over the couch and ground into her backside. Her throaty moans escaped her lips, and Lester seemed to revel in it.

“You should really just stay in Washington,” Lester chuckled, “It would be better for everyone.”

“You never got a vasectomy, did you?” Dan blurted out. Lester cocked his head.

“You took me to the appointment,” Lester said, “How dense are you?”

“I went to see Lizzie,” Dan said.

That got Lester’s attention. He narrowed his eyes, “Oh?”

Dan just let it hang there for a second, waiting to see how Lester would react. Lester shrugged and continued humping into Sarah. He pulled back and yanked her panties down to

her ankles, making her gasp. Lester licked up her legs until he began tonguing her ass cheeks. Then he plowed forward, his face disappearing between her cheeks.

Sarah's head arched up, her fingers slamming to grip the couch as her hips thrust back on Lester. She wiggled her pretty bubble butt against his face as Lester's tongue swirled around her asshole. Dan watched in horrified fascination as Sarah came undone at Lester's expert manipulations.

"Lizzie's pregnant," Dan said flatly.

Lester ignored him, continuing to tongue Sarah's asshole and making her go wild. One of his hands held her hip, the other was in front of her, playing with her clit. Sarah ground herself back on him, soft little moans emanating from her.

Lester stood up and wiped saliva from his stubble-covered face. He looked at Dan and shrugged, "So? Nice job, Sherlock, you saw a woman with a pregnant stomach and made the logical deduction. Congratulations."

"Is it yours?" Dan said, ignoring the barb.

"I don't see how that's possible," Lester shrugged, then checked his watch. "The next video drops soon."

Ice ran through Dan's veins, his mind losing the script on his interrogation plot.

"What video?" Dan demanded.

"One you really, really don't want anyone seeing," Lester said, "it's too bad it's not just the two of you on that distribution list."

"You…fucking…bastard," Sarah panted, but as she did, her ass still stuck out, looking for more of Lester. A sheen of sweat ran down her back.

"Your turn, lover boy," Lester said. He pushed Sarah flat onto the couch. "On your back."

She listened to his command so easily, flipping over.

"Prep her for me," Lester said and pointed at Sarah. Her body was already wriggling there in anticipation of more of Lester.

"What?" Dan demanded.

"How fucking dense are you?" Lester snapped, "Go eat her out, and I'll pause the next drop."

Dan hesitated. Lester just stood back, looking at his watch.

"I.." Dan started, but Lester cut him off.

"Tick-Tock," Lester said.

"Please," Sarah whined, looking at Lester. Then back to Dan. "I need it."

Dan felt a punch to the gut at how easily Sarah had fallen for this. Was there no coming back?

"Fuck," Sarah said, hands going to her breasts as she slowly convulsed on the couch, touching herself, thighs running together. Lester wiggled his eyebrows at him. Dan frowned, but thoughts swirled through his head. What was in that video? Who could Lester reach? He couldn't find a way out of it.

"Fuck you," Dan spat at Lester, then moved between Sarah's legs on the couch. She moaned at the contact, pushing her pussy up to meet Dan's swirling tongue. She put her hand on the back of his head, guiding him as he licked up and down her slit. He found her clit and began to suck on it, alternating between licking it up and down, swirling it in a circle.

Sarah’s elated moans started to flood into his mind. He felt himself get hard, in spite of the murderous thoughts swirling in his head. Sarah’s nails scraped over his scalp, sending a shiver down his spine. He knew how fucked up this was. It was all too fucked up. His buzzed brain struggled to find a way out of this. He knew his confrontation and questioning had been clumsy. He’d fucked up, and now he was eating Sarah out while Lester watched. What the fuck had happened?

But Sarah’s erotic moans lulled him deeper into what he was doing. His hands grabbed her waist, eliciting another moan from her. He dug in, swirling his tongue around slowly. Deliberate. Her hips pushed off the couch into his face. Her juices spread over his lips and onto his cheeks. She was loving this. And Dan was happily obliging as all other thoughts melted away.

Dan went to town, getting lost in Sarah’s body responding to his actions. He ground himself against the couch, his hard dick pressing against the leather as he humped forward with every lick and nod of his head.

Then something tapped the back of his head. Hard. Then again.

Dan pulled his face from Sarah’s pussy. She was looking up past him. Dan turned to see Lester about to flick him on the head. Instead, he put his meaty hand on Dan’s shoulder and pulled him back. Dan lost his balance and fell to the ground. Lester was already in his place, cock in hand as he lined himself up with Sarah’s pussy, pushing her legs wider so Dan could get a view of what he was about to do to his wife.

“This is what you’ve been waiting for, huh?” Lester asked. Sarah licked her lips and nodded her head. Lester stroked the head of his cock up and down her pussy lips, her ass rising up seeking more of him. Pleading for him to slide it into her.

“Dan seems to think I was lying about my vasectomy. Some grand conspiracy about me knocking up Lizzie, what do you think about that?” Lester asked as he teased Sarah.

“I…I don’t know…I think…Ahhmhmm,” Sarah was cut off as Lester started to feed his cock into Sarah. Her body revelled in the sensation, cutting off all speech. Her fingers dug into his biceps as he towered over her, his flabby gut seemingly dripping off and melting over her skin. He watched her responses eagerly. Drinking them in.

“I mean, even if I did lie about that, you wouldn’t stop this, would you?” Lester continued, pushing his hips forward. Sarah didn’t respond, but her body coiled around Lester, pulling him deeper. Desperately needing more of him. Dan just gulped from the floor, watching. He was close. The wet smacking sounds of their coupling echoed in his ears.

Lester cast one glance at Dan, “I guess that's a no.”

The fucking fat bastard smirked, took Sarah by the chin and turned her face towards Dan. She didn’t open her eyes. Her face was a mask of needy pleasure. Lester let his tongue coil out like a snake and possessively licked her lips. She let them open with a moan, her own tongue lolling out to meet his. They collided, wrapping around each other, sucking. Lester forced his tongue into her mouth, eliciting a deep, pleasurable moan from Dan’s wife. Then he turned her away from him, Lester’s massive, hairy body blocking Sarah from view.

Lester began rutting into her with full abandon. Dan was used to Lester slowly working her up, controlling himself, but he was thrusting like there was no tomorrow. Some small part of Dan told him that he’d already worked her up himself by eating her out. And now Lester was taking full advantage of that.

The balls of his feet dug into the couch as he pushed forward, driving his cock deep into Sarah. Her own body shuddering with each thrust. Her legs were splayed wide around him, heels eagerly digging into his ass, trying to will him deeper and deeper. Dan couldn’t see his wife’s face, but he could hear her. Wet smacking sounds of lips. And the unmistakable sound of her moans getting louder and louder.

Sweat covered Lester's skin with just a few minutes of exertion. He broke the kiss and continued his fucked up diatribe, "Do you want me to pull out?"

"No…noooo," Sarah moaned, her head thrashing to the side. Dan gulped. She never made those sounds with him.

"I can put a condom on, if you want," Lester continued.

"Fuck….noo…just fuck me…please Lester," Sarah whined. It was needy and desperate, making Dan's stomach turn to knots. He tried to push himself to his feet. To get away from all of this, but found that the paralyzing arousal had returned. He couldn't move.

"What do you want? Where do you want me to cum?" Lester continued.

"In me…In me…." Sarah seemed to beg. Her fingers clawed at his shoulders, trying to pull him back down onto her. "I want it in me, Lester….."

"But Dan thinks I'm not fixed…." Lester let the words hang there, waiting for her to pick them up.

Sarah didn't respond, so he continued.

"You know what that means, right? What's he implying?" Lester asked.

In a whisper, Sarah said, "Yes."

A smile crept over Lester's ugly face, "Good girl. Tell me."

"It means…ah…it means…uhmmhmm," Sarah licked her lips, "It means your cum wants to fucking knock me up. That's what it means. That you never got fixed. That your sperm is just…going to fill me."

"Mhmmm, that's it. Going to fill you. Flood into you. Find that egg and put a baby in you," Lester growled. Sarah bucked off the couch, fucking him back earnestly. Her breaths were coming in heavy. She was going wild under him. Dan could tell the idea was turning her on. And all he could do was watch. He kept telling himself over and over that she was still on birth control. If Dan's wild theory was right, they were still okay.

"Beg me for it. Right here in front of your fucking husband. Beg me to do it," Lester said.

"Fuck! Lester!" Sarah shouted, "I want it…I don't care anymore…I just want to feel your cum in me…Jesus…god I need it…I need it all…fill me, Lester…god make me pregnant, you fucking bastard."

"Atta girl," Lester licked his lips, "Gonna pump you full until your tummy swells, Sarah."

"God, just fucking do it, Lester," Sarah's head lolled, and her thrusts off the couch became more urgent. Dan could tell she was getting close. He knew the signs, but this was something else entirely.

"Make me pregnant," Sarah cried.

"You hear that, Dan?" Lester chuckled, "Your wife wants me to breed her. And a gentleman obliges a lady," Lester grunted as he pumped his cock into Sarah. "God, she feels so fucking tight. But I bet you already knew that, didn't you, Mr. Detective? You think you're so clever, don't you? Trying to figure stuff out."

"But," Lester hammered into Sarah.

"It. Doesn't." He punctuated the word with another hard thrust into her. Her breasts jiggled, and her body began to tense up.

"God…Lester…I'm gonna.."

“Matters,” Lester spat. Spittle flew out of his mouth and landed on Sarah’s face. Her eyes were tightly closed and her mouth was turned into an ‘O’.

‘Cum…oh…fuckk…” Sarah moaned as her face contorted. Her entire body went rigid as Lester plowed into her. He power fucked her with several rapid thrusts.

He threw his head back and shouted, “Here is cums, Sarah. Your husband is about to watch you get bred and isn’t doing a thing to stop me.”

“Fuck…give it to meeee!” Sarah whined, her nails digging into Lester’s arms as her body spasmed under him as she came.

Lester roared and tensed. And Dan knew he was unloading his cum into his wife. Sarah’s face reacted in surprised pleasure with each rope of cum. Dan could see her expression change over and over as Lester poured his seed into her.

Dan’s mind picked up on something else. Footsteps. Upstairs. His paralysis lessened, and he threw himself to his feet and scrambled up the stairs as the sound of rutting and wet smacking of lips and desperate moans continued behind him.

He got to the top of the stairs just in time before Ava, wiping sleep from her eye, was about to come around the corner.

“Dad? What's that noise?” she asked. Dan bit his lip, trying to calm his beating heart. “It's…just a movie, honey. Now go back to bed.”

“Can you stay with me? That movie…it’s scary sounding.”

‘Yeah,” Dan sighed, rubbing his eyes, “It is. It's a really scary one.

“Does it have a happy ending?” she asked quietly.

“I don’t know,” Dan sighed, ‘I haven’t watched it before. It's not looking good, though.”

Dan realized what he’d said and gave his daughter a comforting pat on the back, “I’m sure it will. Most movies do right?”

“Yes,” Ava said.

Dan needed to get her back down to bed. He didn’t want her wandering downstairs and discovering what was happening. But he didn’t want to leave Sarah in Lester’s hands. He was torn, but let his daughter lead him back to her room, where he put her in bed and settled into the chair next to her, waiting for her to fall asleep.

He had to steady his breath as the walls threatened to close in on him. What the fuck had happened to his life? We was here, in his daughter's bedroom, while his wife got railed downstairs by his piece of shit roommate. Worse, Sarah was enjoying every second of it. The lines were blurred more now than they’d ever been. Not only could the kids easily discover what was going on, but Dan had completely overlooked Lester just sauntering into their house for everyone on the street to see. He was so worried about the pictures and video of Lester’s but he was letting something like this happen?

He’d let it happen. He’d just….stood there passively again like some curse had claimed him. He felt weak and pathetic. And that thought made him cringe, but his heart quickened at the taboo nature of it all. It sent a thrill through him that he wished he could quit.

He closed his eyes and tried to think of anything else. He didn’t want to think like this, not right now. He was sure he could hear sounds coming from downstairs, but this was the last place he wanted to think about then. He closed his eyes tight and let the flashes of images of Lester and Sarah drift by, trying to will anything else to take their place.

The sounds downstairs persisted as the alcohol and images claimed Dan, and he dozed off trying to imagine what was happening.

Well, this chapter is pretty wild. I don't want to say much more than that but I'm looking forward to your responses to it. Let me know if you think things went too far here but suffice to say things get pretty toxic.

Before the chatper, just a heads up that I'm almost done the Insider draft of something new, and working on the next chapter of neighborhood encounters! Also chipping away at Double Cross so I can wrap that one up for you all.

Alright, lets get into the twisted tale of Lester, Dan, and our lovely wife Sarah.

Sarah lay on the couch with her body still trembling in repeating waves. Lester's weight pressed down on her, heavy and hot, his immense gut spreading over her taut stomach. She could feel the thick load of cum he'd just emptied inside her, warm and heavy, making her feel stretched out and overly full. Some of his seed had already started to leak out around his still engorged cock, the slimy cream sliding down between her ass cheeks and onto their couch. Any miniscule movement made more of it shift inside her, threatening to spill out.

His distinct odor was thick in her nose. That sour, musky scent that clung to his skin and hair. It mixed with the animal smells of sex and sweat. She breathed through the cloud of it, too tired to turn her head away.

Dan had gone upstairs at some point. She knew that much. The knowledge sat somewhere in the back of her mind, dulling some of the panic about the girls having heard her. At least they were safe from hearing that for now. Her guilt was still there, but it felt quieter while Lester was still in her.

Lester shifted his hips. His incredible cock was still rock hard. Sarah felt it drag against her pussy walls, through the mess he'd left behind as he gave a slow, testing thrust of his hips. She let out a shaky breath. He was still really hard. The realization made her stomach seize up, readying herself for what usually followed.

He lifted his head and looked down at her. His face was flushed, sweat shining on his forehead and upper lip. His dark eyes stayed locked on hers as he started to move again, slow and deep, "You liked that a lot, didn't you?"

Sarah blinked up at him, slightly puzzled, still trying to catch her breath, "What?"

"The baby-making talk," Lester said, voice low and rough. "About me breeding you."

Her stomach twisted. The words hit her in a way that made her thighs twitch and press against his sides. She felt another thick trickle of his cum slip out of her as he kept moving.

"I… yes… no… I don't know, Lester," she said quietly. Her voice sounded exhausted and uncertain even to her own ears.

Lester's mouth curved into that shit-eating grin she knew all too well. He kept fucking her with those same slow, deliberate strokes, studying her face the whole time.

"Oh, but I do know," he said. "I can tell by the way your body responded to my words. That look on your face. Even the way your pussy's clenching around me now."

Sarah felt it then, felt him. The way her body was using all its energy to grip him without her permission. The realization made heat rush to her face. She could feel how slick everything had become between her legs, how easily he glided inside her even after he'd already finished.

"God… Lester…" Her voice came out strained. "It's so fucked up but… fuck…"

Lester's grin widened. He pushed in deeper and held himself there for a moment, grinding against her. "The idea of breeding you right in front of Dan… you fucking loved that, didn't you?"

Sarah's breath caught. She shook her head, but the movement was slight. "Fuck, don't say that… it's so fucking… God, I don't even know."

Her hands had come up to rest against his flabby sides. She could feel the damp hair on his skin under her palms, the way his obese body moved on top of her with every thrust. The mix of disgust and something much hotter twisted together in her chest until she couldn't separate the two responses.

Lester kept up his steady, dominating pace. His searching eyes never left hers, "You're, hhuhh, you're on the pill, right?"

The question landed heavier in her mind than she'd expected. Sarah stared up at him, suddenly very aware of how full of him she still felt. Her legs shifted restlessly for a few moments before she decisively hooked them around his thick waist. Her heels wantonly pressed into the backs of his thighs.

Lester didn't wait for an answer. He immediately started fucking her harder, the slow grind shifting up into something more intense. The slick, wet sound of his huge cock sluicing through the reservoir of his own cum within her filled the space between them. Sarah's breath broke into a moan she couldn't hold back, "Ughhmmmmmm."

She pulled him down into a kiss before she could think too hard about anything of consequence. Their joined lips were sloppy and wet from the start. Their mouths slid together, tongues pushing past each other with no real coordination. Sarah could taste the acrid salt on his skin and the sour edge to his breath. She didn't pull away from it, sucking eagerly on her lover's tongue.

Lester kissed her back just as coarsely, his jolting hips never stopping. He fucked her with deep, heavy strokes that made the family couch creak ominously beneath them. Sarah's legs tightened around him, locking him firmly in place. Her hands moved up to the back of his neck, fingers sliding through his damp greasy hair as she held him close and kissed him deeply.

When she broke the kiss, her breathing was ragged. Lester's face stayed close to hers. She could see his open pores as sweat dripped from his chin onto her flushed cheek.

"Doesn't matter if you're on the pill or not," he muttered against her mouth. "Not for long."

Sarah's stomach anxiously flipped again.

What did he mean by that?

She could feel how soaked she'd gotten, how much of his cum had already leaked out and was now being pushed back deep inside her with every thrust. The idea of him knowing about her birth control made something dark stir awake within her. She told herself she hated how much it affected her.

Lester's hand slid down and grabbed one of her quivering thighs, uncaringly pushing it higher so he could drive into her at a deeper angle. Sarah moaned again. Her head leaned back against the couch cushion as he kept viciously fucking her.

"Gonna keep filling you up," Lester said, voice rough against her ear. "Gonna keep putting loads of my cum in this pussy until you can't think straight. You're already leaking all over this couch and I'm still not done with you."

Sarah's fingers tightened in his hair. Her body kept responding even as her mind spun out. The thought of flushing the pills, of letting him fuck her with nothing between them anymore kept flashing through her head in sharp, unwanted bursts of images. It made her feel slightly ill and overheated with passion at the same time.

Lester pulled back just enough to look at her again. His cruel eyes were dark and intense.

"Tell me you want it," he said. "Tell, hhh, tell me you want me to breed you for real."

Sarah's mouth opened, but no words came out at first. Another of his deep thrusts knocked a moan out of her instead. Her unblemished legs stayed locked behind him, pulling him in every time he pushed forward.

"I don't know," she breathed, voice shaking. "I don't… fuck…Lester…"

He leaned down and kissed her again, swallowing whatever else she might've said. Sarah kissed him back hard, almost desperate, their faces pressed together while he kept fucking her with those heavy, relentless thrusts. The wet smacking sounds between them grew louder. She could feel how messy everything had become, how much of him was still inside her and was now leaking out around his cock between her legs.

Her thoughts kept slipping to Dan upstairs. The girls both asleep. Her pills in the bathroom cabinet. Lester's cum already sitting heavy inside her with more on the way. The idea of getting rid of every last bit of protection and letting him do whatever he wanted.

It was too much. She pulled him closer and moaned into his mouth as he kept moving, her body giving in even while her mind stayed tangled up in everything she knew she shouldn't want. Her legs stayed locked rigidly behind Lester's back as he pulled away from the chaotic kiss.

He hovered over her ominously, breathing hard. Sweat dripped from his face onto hers in fat salty drops. His double chin trembled glutinously with every thrust. He looked bloated and flushed, like some animal that had been at a feeding trough too long. His thinning hair was plastered to his scalp and his eyes were glassy with that same intense look that always appeared when he was hard and deep inside her.

She stared up at him and felt the familiar twist in her stomach. He was objectively ugly. There was no arguing, no getting around it. His loose, blemished skin was shiny and his body was soft and heavy in all the wrong places. The thick clumps of hair on his chest and stomach were matted with sweat. And still her overstuffed pussy kept squeezing around him like it didn't care what he looked like. Milking him like it had for no other. The smell coming off him was stronger now, and it was doing something to her that made her face burn with shame.

Lester's hips snapped forward somehow even harder. The slow pace from before was gone. He started fucking her with quick, heavy strokes that made her lithe body jolt violently beneath him. The wet sound of their colliding filled the room. Sarah's breath broke into a loud moan she couldn't hold back, "MHMMHMMMmmmmmmm."

"Where are your pills?" Lester asked, voice rough and tired.

Sarah's eyes fluttered. She could barely think with the way he was energetically pounding into her. "Fuck… upstairs… why… god… mhmm…."

Lester grinned down at her, that shit-eating expression spreading across his face. He kept driving into her without slowing down. "We should flush them."

The words hit her more profoundly than she expected. Her stomach flipped again. The idea spun out in her head so fast it made her dizzy. Actually doing it. Flushing the pills. Getting rid of every last bit of protection. Letting him fuck her with nothing between them. Her body reacted before her mind could catch up. She felt herself clench around his cock again, gripping tighter this time.

"Fuck……" Her voice came out shaky. "Jesus…. I don't….."

She could feel how full she still was from the load he'd already given her. Every time he pushed in, more of it leaked out around him, hot and messy between her ass and the couch. The thought of flushing her pulls made something dark and scalding twist inside her. Part of her mind was screaming that this was insane. She'd never wanted another kid. Two was enough. They'd agreed on that years ago. But here, right now, with Lester's heavy body pressing her down and his mammoth cock still moving inside her, this new idea was doing something to her she couldn't stop.

Her hands slid slowly up his sides, feeling the damp hair and the soft give of his misshapen body. “Fuck…. Lester….. kiss me.”

Lester didn’t lean down. Instead his eyes narrowed and his grin sharpened. He kept fucking her intently, the couch creaking loudly under them.

“We should make Dan flush them,” he said. “Flush all of them…”

Sarah’s breath hitched. Her eyes widened even as another moan slipped out of her. “God Lester… that’s so fucked up.”

“Shut up,” Lester grunted, pounding into her faster. “You know you fucking love it. It’s just you and me here. Dan’s upstairs. You don’t have to pretend to be the good wife anymore. God knows you didn’t care a second ago when he was kneeling beside us. You were asking me to breed you. Begging for it.”

Sarah’s head thrashed against the cushion. Her moans were coming out louder now, wholly uncontrolled. She could hear herself and it only made everything feel more intense. “That…. that was just… sex talk……”

Lester let out a short, nasty bark of a laugh. He shifted his weight and drove into her even harder. “We both know it wasn’t….”

Sarah’s hands moved up to his shoulders, gripping hold of the sweaty skin there. Her legs stayed tight around his waist, pulling him in every time he thrust forward. “You’re fixed… you….”

Lester’s eyes stayed locked on hers. He didn’t slow down and his tone became darker. “What if I’m not?”

The question hit her like a splash of cold water. Her mind flashed back to what Dan had said earlier, the suspicions he’d brought up after seeing Lizzie. For a second everything felt too sharp. Could Dan have been right? Was it possible Lester had lied about his vasectomy? The thought made her stomach twist hard, but her body didn’t stop moving with him. If anything, the uncertainty only made the heat between her legs worse.

“Fuck Lester,” she moaned, voice breaking.

Lester leaned down closer, his gut pressing heavily into her stomach. His thrusts turned rougher, almost frantic. “Think about it. Just you and me, nothing else between us. Just raw animal fucking. I really want to pump a baby into that tight little body of yours.”

Sarah’s back arched. A loud, broken moan tore out of her throat. She could feel every inch of him moving inside her, the large vein running down the top of his huge shaft, stirring up the mess he’d already left there. His profane words kept sinking into her, filthy and relentless. The idea of flushing the pills herself, or worse, making Dan do it, kept sparking through her head in sharp bursts. It was disgusting. It was dangerous. And her body was responding to it like she had no control left.

Lester’s hand slid down and grabbed her thigh, pushing it even higher so he could fuck her even deeper. Sarah’s moans turned into something closer to sobs. She could feel how wet everything was between them, how much of his cum had already leaked out and was now being pushed back inside her with every thrust. She felt the slickness of sweat and other fluids from her neck to her knees. The smell of him was all over her skin. She could taste the salt of his sweat on her lips from the kiss earlier.

Her thoughts kept fracturing. Dan upstairs. The girls asleep. The pills in the bathroom cabinet. Lester’s heavy, hairy body on top of her. The possibility that he had never been fixed at all. It was too much. She pulled him down again, trying to kiss him, but he stayed just out of reach, still grinning that same ugly grin while he fucked her like he was trying to ruin her.

Sarah’s legs started to shake. Her moans grew louder and more desperate. She could feel another orgasm building fast, heavier than the last one. Her hands clawed at his back as he kept pounding into her without a hint of mercy.

Lester's voice stayed right in her ear, low and taunting. "That's it. Let it happen. You're already so fucking close. Gonna fill you up again while you think about flushing those pills. While you think about what Dan would say if he knew what you were really doing down here."

"Uhmmmm……fucckkkkk," Sarah's eyes squeezed shut. Her whole body tightened around him as the orgasm hit her. It crashed through her hard, making her cry out loud enough that she was glad Dan had gone upstairs. Her pussy pulsed around Lester's cock in long, violent waves while he kept fucking her straight through it, his heavy body never letting up. "Mhmh…ahhh…,mhmmm."

She couldn't think anymore. There was only the weight of him, the wet mess spreading between her legs, and the low, filthy things he kept muttering against her skin while she completely came apart underneath him.

Sarah could feel it building again, faster than it should have. Her body was still shaking from the last one, but the pressure was already coiling tight in her stomach. She knew exactly what would push her over. She knew the words that would break her. And she knew Lester knew it too.

He was watching her face with that same shit-eating grin, never slowing down. His heavy body moved over hers in rough, steady strokes. Sweat dripped from his chest onto her breasts.

Lester leaned down slowly, taking his time. His gut pressed into her stomach as he brought his mouth close to her ear. His breath was hot and uneven. "Let me breed you."

The words hit her like a switch being flipped. Sarah's back arched hard off the couch. Her vision went white at the edges. A broken, strangled sound tore out of her throat as the orgasm she knew would come crashed into her. It wasn't like any of the ones before it. This one hit her like a wave that kept coming and coming. Her eyes rolled back. She held her breath without meaning to. Her whole body locked up and then shook violently underneath him. Her legs clamped down around his waist so hard it almost hurt them both. She could feel herself pulsing around his giant cock in long, violent spasms while he kept moving himself through it.

Lester groaned his lust against her ear but didn't stop. If anything, he picked up his thumping pace. He started fucking her like something had snapped loose inside him. The couch creaked and shifted under them. His heavy body slapped against hers with wet, filthy, echoing sounds. Sarah was still coming down from the first orgasm when she felt the next one already charge to life. It shouldn't have been possible. Her body felt raw and overstimulated, but it didn't matter. She was already chasing another huge wave again.

She could feel every part of him now. The way his fat gut dragged across her stomach with every thrust. The thick hair on his chest and stomach sticking to her sweaty skin. His sour, musky, primal smell was all over her, in her nose, on her tongue, and instead of turning her stomach it was doing the opposite. It was making her hotter. Hotter for him. She hated how much she liked it. She hated how her body kept opening for this man she wasn't married to like it had learned something her mind still couldn't accept.

Lester's voice came out rough and low between thrusts, "I'm not fixed, Sarah."

Sarah moaned loudly, the sound breaking on every hard stroke. Her hands gripped his sides, fingers sinking into the damp, hairy flesh there.

Lester kept going, voice tight. "Say it."

She could barely get the words out between the moans that kept spilling from her. "You.. you're… you're not fixed…"

"What does that mean?" he growled, pounding into her harder.

Sarah's head thrashed against the cushion. Her voice came out half moan, half desperate breathless gasp. "It means… your cum, god there's so much…it…. can….can…. knock me up…."

Lester made a low, satisfied sound and seemed to find a new source of energy. His movement modulated and he improbably fucked her even faster. The wet slap of his body against hers was loud and obscene. Sarah could feel how soaked the couch was beneath her. She could feel his cum leaking and squirting out of her with every thrust, running down her supple ass cheeks in warm slow trails.

“Yup,” Lester said, breathing hard. “And, fffhh, and your pills….”

Sarah’s breath hitched. Her body was already tightening again. She could feel the next orgasm rushing toward her faster than she could prepare for it. “My… pills…..?”

Lester’s voice dropped lower, his lips right against her ear again. “You’re gonna flush ‘em right?”

The words hit her at the same time as the orgasm. Sarah’s mouth opened but no sound came out at first. Her whole body seized up. Her mind and soul felt tied to the feeling of the cock inside her. Her vision went white again as the second supernova climax tore through her, even harder than the first. It felt like it was blowing something open inside her. Her legs shook violently around Lester’s waist. Her painted nails dug into his back hard enough to leave long red marks. A broken, sobbing moan finally tore out of her open mouth as her body convulsed repeatedly underneath him. “Uuuhmmmm.”

Lester didn’t slow down. He kept fucking her through it dutifully, rough and relentless, like he was trying to push her even further away from what she knew. Sarah could barely think. Her mind was a mess of white noise and the overwhelming reality challenging sensation of him moving inside her. She could feel how full of his issue she still was, how much of him was still pouring out of her while he kept going at her.

Her body kept moving with his even as she came down. She was matching his rhythm now, hips lifting to meet every brutal mind blowing thrust. There was no more hesitation left in the way she moved. She wanted it. She wanted the way he felt. She wanted the heavy, obscene weight of his disgusting body on top of her. She wanted the sour smell of his skin and the way his uniquely thick cock stretched her open wide. She wanted all of the filthy things he kept spitting into her ears.

Lester’s hand slid up and grabbed her jaw, forcing her to look at him while he kept monstrously fucking her. His face was red and shiny with sweat. His eyes were dark and wild.

“Say it again,” he demanded.

Sarah’s voice came out hoarse and shaky. “You are not...hhh...hhh... fixed…”

Lester’s hips snapped forward harder expressing his ownership. “And what are you gonna do about those pills?”

Sarah’s eyes were glassy. Another broken moan slipped out of her as he bounced off something deep inside her that made her whole body quiver. She could feel the answer sitting right on the tip of her tongue, even though part of her was still terrified of exactly what it meant to say it.

“I’m gonna…” Her voice cracked. She swallowed hard, then forced the words out between gasps. “I’m gonna flush them.”

Lester’s grin was sharp and satisfied. He made a show of leaning down and sticking his tongue out. Sarah saw the fat grayish-pink surface of his tongue and pushed her mouth to suck on it, like she’d been denied it for weeks. Lester kissed her hard, messy and rough, while he kept driving his cock into her without mercy or pause. Sarah kissed him back just as desperately, her legs locked tight around his body like she was afraid he might stop without finishing.

She didn’t know what was going to happen after this. She didn’t know how she was supposed to look at her husband later, or what any of this meant for the life she used to have. But right now, with Lester’s heavy, hairy body moving on top of her and his gouts of cum still leaking out of her, none of that felt as immediate as the way her body kept responding to him.

She pulled him closer and moaned into his mouth as he kept boisterously fucking her, lost in the heat and the mess and the commanding sound of his voice telling her exactly the things that he was going to do to her. He pushed himself deep into her mouth, his tongue thick and insistent as it slid against her own. She could taste the stale, artificial tang of old Cheetos on him, that sharp, cheesy bitterness mixed with the sour edge of his breath. It should've made her pull away. Instead her own tongue met his expectantly, desperate and hungry, even as her stomach turned. The revulsion and the want twisted together until she couldn't tell which was stronger. But her body knew.

Lester fucked her while they kissed hungrily, his violent thrusts deep and powerful. Sarah could feel how wet everything had become between them, how easily he moved through the excess of his own cum. Her hands slid up his back, fingers digging into the damp, hairy, mottled skin. She could feel the way his odd shaped body shifted and pressed down on her with every intense stroke, the soft give of his gut against her stomach, the thick hair on his chest sticking to the slope of her sweat-slicked breasts.

When he finally pulled back from the kiss, thin strands of spit stretched between their mouths before they broke. Sarah let out a desperate, needy whine, her hips lifting on their own to chase his. Lester stared down at her, eyes dark and focused. He didn't give her a moment of time to catch her breath. He restarted fucking her with hard, fast, powerful jabbing thrusts that made her body jolt beneath him. The couch creaked loudly with every pounding slap.

Sarah's hands clawed at his sides, gripping his flabby, sweaty flesh. She could feel how hot his skin was, how profusely he was sweating. Their bodies were slick against each other now, their sweat and fluids mixing until it was impossible to tell where one ended and the other began. His smell was all over her, the aroma thick in her nose and on her tongue, and the odor only made her pull him closer.

Lester's voice came out rough between thrusts, "Beg. Beg me for it."

Sarah's answer came out broken and immediate, "Fffuck Lester I want it so bad, g-give it to me baby."

He kept pounding into her, never looking away from her face, "Tell me you want me to cum."

Her moans were getting louder now, spilling out of her without control, "God… fuck.. mhmmm.. mmhmmm.. Lester… fuck cum. I want your cum…."

Lester's hips snapped forward, somehow even harder. Sarah could feel the words rising up before she could stop them. They tumbled out of her mouth on their own, raw and desperate.

"Fuck Lester cum in me…. give it to me… fuck me pregnant you ugly fucking bastard… god…. just don't stop… mhmmmmm. Mhmmmm. Godfuck."

Lester's eyes narrowed with satisfaction. "And my cock….."

Sarah's hands tightened on his sides, nails digging in. Her voice was hoarse. "It's not fixed… you're fucking a liar…. an amazing fucking liar… I love your cock…. cum in me."

"Even with the risk?"

Sarah's mind was spinning. Dan's suspicions kept flashing through her scattered thoughts, the way he'd looked at her when he brought up Lizzie, the doubt in his voice. But Lester's conquering cock was still driving into her, thick and relentless, and her body didn't care about anything else. The words came out before she could think.

"Fucking give it to me Lester. Put your goddamn bastard in me."

Lester's mouth curved into a dark grin. "That's my good girl."

Sarah's legs were wrapped tight around his waist, heels dug into the fat, hairy flesh of his ass as she tried to pull him in deeper. Her mind was a mess. This is too much. Dan

thinks he's lying. What if he's right? What if he's not fixed at all? The thought should have terrified her. Instead it made her pussy clamp down around him even harder.

"God… fuck…. Lester… I want it….. please…"

Lester's voice stayed low and rough. "I know you do…. Make sure Dan knows too…."

Sarah's voice rose without her meaning for it to. She knew the girls were asleep upstairs. She knew she should be quiet. But the words kept coming anyway, louder and louder as they spilled out.

"God Lester…. fuck… make me pregnant you bastard.. Dan I'm sorry… I'm so, sooo sorry but god I need him to fucking cum in me again.."

Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes. She could feel another orgasm building fast, heavier and more overwhelming than any of the last ones. Her whole body was shaking frenziedly. Lester stared down at her, eyes darkly intent and focused.

"I'm going to cum," he said, voice tight but authoritative. "Get ready for it Sarah. Squeeze me. Milk it all from me. Take my seed."

Sarah's mouth opened but no sound came out at first. She felt his cock suddenly pulse and thicken inside her. The sensation of his heavy balls pressed against her ass further aroused her as they drew up. Then, as if a valve had been released, he was cumming.

Thick ropes of cum shooting deep inside her, so many and so far up inside her that it felt impossible. She could feel every hot pulse of his cum, the way it flooded her, filling her even more than ever before. Rope after rope of his hot sticky cum flooding her.

Her own orgasm hit at the same time. It tore through her like something breaking through walls. Her eyes rolled back hard to their whites. Her toned back arched off the couch as her body convulsed around him. She could feel her pussy milking him, clenching and pulsing in long, greedy waves, pulling more and more of his cum out of him. It felt endless. Every time she squeezed, another thick spurt filled her, hot and heavy and so deep she swore she could feel its warmth in her stomach.

Lester kept moving through it, grinding into her as he emptied himself. Sarah's vision had gone pearly white at the edges. Her whole body was shaking uncontrollably. She could feel how impossibly full she was now, stuffed with his cum on top of what he'd already given her earlier. It was warm and thick and absurdly wrong, and the sensation of being that full of him sent another wave of pleasure crashing through her very being. Her pussy kept fluttering around him, like it was trying to hold onto every last treasured drop.

She could feel it leaking out around his immersed cock anyway, hot and messy, running down her ass in slow, thick trails. The smell of him was everywhere. His heavy, hairy body was still pressed down on her, pinning her to the couch while he finished inside her. Sarah's mind felt scrambled. This is too much. I can feel all of it. I can feel him filling me up. God, what if he really isn't fixed? What if this is real?

Lester finally slowed, breathing hard against her neck. Sarah's legs were still locked around him, trembling. She could feel his cum continuing to leak out of her in warm pulses every time her body gave another weak clench or moved at all. She felt completely used. Completely full. And she loved it, all of it.

Lester lifted his head just enough to look at her. His face was red and shiny, his breathing still rough. He didn't say anything at first. He just stared down at her while his cock gave one last lazy twitch inside her.

Sarah stared back up at him, eyes glassy and wet. Her chest was still heaving. Lester's hand came up and brushed some of the damp hair off her forehead. The gesture was almost gentle. It made something in her chest ache.

Sarah closed her eyes and let her head fall back against the cushion. She could still feel him inside her. Could still feel how full she was. And she didn't know exactly what the fuck she was supposed to do now.

She gasped as Lester's full weight came crushing down on top of her. His body was hot and heavy, slick with sweat. His gut spread across her stomach, pinning her into the couch cushions. She could feel the thick hair on his chest and stomach sticking to her skin. Every breath she tried to take felt shallow and unfinished. His chest pressed against hers, making her lungs burn. She turned her head to the side, trying to find more air, but his face stayed buried against her neck. His breath was hot and damp against her skin.

Jesus Christ, he's so heavy.

She could feel the mess between her legs, his cum still leaking out of her in slow pulses. It was warm and thick, running down the crack of her ass and soaking into the couch. Lester didn't move. He just lay there, breathing hard, his full weight keeping her trapped beneath him. For a moment she felt strangely safe under him, like nothing could reach her while his body was pressing her down and covering her. Then a thought made her stomach twist.

Dan's upstairs. The girls are upstairs. I was so fucking loud.

Her face burned. She could still hear echoes of the way she'd sounded, the things she had said. The memory made her close her eyes. She nudged Lester's side with her hand, trying to get him to shift. He only grunted against her neck and stayed mostly where he was. The pressure of his weight was starting to make her ribs ache.

"Lester," she whispered, voice hoarse. She nudged him again, harder this time.

He let out a low groan but didn't lift himself. Sarah pushed at his shoulder with both hands now, her palms sliding over his sweaty skin. After a few more seconds he finally stirred. He pushed himself up on his arms, and the sudden relief of being able to take a full breath caused her to suddenly inhale. Cool air rushed into her lungs. She sucked in another deep breath, her chest rising sharply.

Lester stayed above her for a moment, looking down at her with half-lidded eyes, watching her sweat covered tits heave. Then he slowly pulled his hips back. Sarah felt his cock slide out of her, and immediately a thick gush of cum poured out after it. It was hot and heavy, spilling out of her in a steady stream that she couldn't stop. She could feel it running down her ass and onto the living room couch.

"Fuck," she breathed, reaching blindly for the box of Kleenex on the side table. Her hand found it and she pulled out a handful of tissues. She pressed them between her legs, trying to catch the mess before it got everywhere. The tissues were soaked through almost instantly. She grabbed more and wiped herself as best she could, excess cum covering her to the wrist, the paper sticking to her tender skin. Lester watched her without saying anything, his breathing rough but returning to normal.

When she was done, she dropped the used tissues on the floor and looked up at him. She didn't have it in her to tell him to leave. Not after everything that had just happened. Not when her body still felt shaky and open and full of him.

She reached for his hand instead. Lester let her take it. Sarah pulled herself up and tugged him to come with her. They stood there for a second, both naked and sticky with sweat and cum and everything else. She could feel more of his egregious load leaking out of her every time she moved. She didn't bother cleaning up again. She just kept hold of his hand and led him toward the stairs, a trail of him dappling on the floor.

The house was quiet. Too quiet by half. Every step they took felt loud and obvious in the silence. Sarah's heart was beating hard as they climbed the stairs together naked. She could feel Lester's cum still sliding down the inside of her thighs. When they reached the bedroom she pushed the door open and pulled him inside with her. She turned and locked the door behind them, the click of the lock sounded deafening.

Lester stood there watching her. Sarah didn't turn on the light. She just moved toward the bed and climbed onto it, pulling him with her. The sheets felt cool against her overheated skin. She lay down on her back and Lester followed.

Dan’s probably still awake. He probably heard everything.

The thought sat heavy in her chest. She didn’t know what she was supposed to do about it. She didn’t know what she was supposed to do about any of this. The house was quiet. For now, at least, no one was coming to the door.

She let herself breathe with him, slow and careful, until the exhaustion finally started to pull her under.

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Dan stirred in the chair beside Ava’s bed, his neck stiff from the awkward angle. For a few seconds he didn’t know what had woken him. Then a sound came again from downstairs. A low, rhythmic creaking and just above that something wetter. His stomach dropped before his brain had fully caught up.

He sat up straighter, heart already beating hard. The sound was unmistakable. Sarah’s voice carried up the stairs, loud and broken, moaning things that made Dan’s throat dry up and tighten painfully. He could hear the wet slap of skin on skin and the low, rough grunts that could only belong to Lester.

She’s being so fucking loud.

Ava shifted in her bed and mumbled something in her sleep. Sophia stirred in the other bed across the room. Dan’s chest went as tight as his throat. He leaned forward quickly and rested a hand on Ava’s back, rubbing slow circles the way he used to when she was smaller.

“It’s okay, baby,” he whispered, voice low. “Just a dream. Go back to sleep.”

Ava settled after a moment, her breathing evening out again. Sophia rolled over but didn’t wake. Dan stayed perfectly still, listening. Sarah’s moans were getting louder now. He could hear the couch creaking steadily beneath them. Every sound made his face burn hotter.

She doesn’t even care that they’re right upstairs.

His mind felt scattered. He was supposed to be focused on work, on the new job that was supposed to be their way out of this mess. Instead he kept thinking about Lester. About the way Sarah looked at him now. About how easily she went to him. Dan had tried to tell himself it was just sex, just the fantasy they had both agreed to explore months ago. But it didn’t feel like that anymore. It felt like something was being taken from him piece by piece and he was just sitting here letting it happen.

He heard Sarah cry out again, sharper this time. The sound went straight through him. His hands curled into fists on his knees. He could picture it all too clearly. Lester on top of her, that heavy gut pressing her down into the couch, Sarah’s legs wrapped securely around him while she begged for things Dan didn’t want to hear.

She’s slipping. Or maybe she’s already gone.

The thought sat heavy in his chest. He didn’t know how to pull her back. Every time he tried to talk to her lately the conversation felt weak and almost… noncommittal. And every time Lester showed up, she went to him without any hesitation. Dan had seen the look on her face when Lester fucked her. It wasn’t just lust anymore. It was something deeper. Something he hadn’t seen before. Something that scared him.

Footsteps on the stairs made him freeze.

Dan held his breath, listening. Two sets of feet moved slowly down the hallway. He could hear Sarah’s lighter steps and the heavier, plodding ones that presumedly belonged to Lester. They were right outside the room for a moment. Dan’s heart pounded so hard he was sure the kids would hear it. He imagined Sarah pausing, maybe reaching for the doorknob to check in on the girls. He imagined Lester standing right behind her, that smug look on his face while he loomed over Dan’s daughters’ doorway in a state of undress.

If he comes in here I'll fucking lose it.

But the footsteps kept moving. A few seconds later Dan heard the bedroom door at the end of the hall click shut. The sound was quiet, but it landed like a punch to the gut.

She locked the door.

He sat there for a long minute, staring at the wall. His own bedroom. The bed he was supposed to sleep in. Instead Lester was in there with his wife, and Dan was stuck here in his daughter's room like some kind of stranger in his own house. The unfairness of it burned in his chest.

He checked on the girls one more time, making sure they were both still asleep, then slowly stood up. His legs felt stiff with pins and needles. He made his way over and eased the door open, stepping into the hallway, closing it gently behind him. The house was quiet again. Oppressively silent. Dan walked slowly toward the stairs, glancing at the closed bedroom door at the end of the hall. He could hear faint movement inside but nothing distinct. He told himself that he didn't want to hear anything distinct.

Downstairs, the living room smelled like sex and rancid sweat.

Dan stood in the doorway for a second, taking the scene in. The couch cushions were crooked and stained darkly. There were wadded-up tissues on the floor near the coffee table. A damp spot darkened one of the cushions. He could see where someone had tried to wipe it up but hadn't done a very good job. A trail of liquid led from the rug to the stairs. The whole room felt used.

She just left it like this.

Irritation flared hot in his chest. He wanted to leave it. Let her deal with the mess she'd made. Let her explain it to the girls if they came down in the morning and saw the state of the couch and the rest of the room. But the thought of Ava or Sophia sitting on it made his stomach turn. With a quiet sigh, he turned and walked into the kitchen. He grabbed a roll of paper towels, a spray bottle of cleaner, and a garbage bag from under the sink.

Then he went back into the living room and started cleaning. The cushions were worse than he thought. He sprayed them down and wiped them in steady circles, trying not to think too hard about what it was that he was cleaning up. The used tissues went into the garbage bag. Through the whole ordeal his jaw stayed tight.

When he was almost finished, something caught his eye near the front door.

Lester's wallet.

It was lying on the floor, it must've fallen out of his pants when they came inside. Dan stared at it for a long moment. His first instinct was to just leave it there.But something pulled him forward anyway.

He picked it up. Dan turned it over in his hands like it was a talisman. He knew he shouldn't open it. He told himself to just put it on the counter and go back upstairs.

But where? My office?

He stood stock still in the silent living room for a long moment with Lester's wallet in his hand.

He listened carefully, straining to hear anything coming from the second floor. Nothing. Just the low hum of the refrigerator in the kitchen.

He walked into the kitchen and set the wallet on the counter. His phone was still sitting there from earlier. Dan stared at the wallet for a few seconds, then glanced toward the stairs. He could feel his heartbeat in his ears. This is fucked. I shouldn't be doing this. But he didn't stop himself.

He picked up the wallet again and flipped it open. He took a photo of the wallet with all of the cards in it to ensure he put everything back in the same order. He pulled out Lester's driver's license next. Lester looked bloated and greasy even in the Illinois DMV lighting. Dan's eyes moved down to the date of birth.

He placed the license on the counter and picked up his phone. The screen lit up as he opened the camera app. He took a clear photo of the front, then flipped it over and took one of the back. The shutter sound was loud in the quiet kitchen. Dan winced and quickly turned the volume down on his phone before continuing.

Next came the credit cards. There were two. A Visa and a MasterCard. He pulled them out one at a time, photographing the front and back of each. The numbers were right there on the screen. He didn't let himself think too hard about what he was doing. He just kept going.

He found the health insurance card next. It was from the hospital's own provider. Dan turned it over in his fingers for a second before taking pictures of both sides. Then came the car insurance card. Another photo. Then a debit card from PNC Bank. He documented that one too, front and back, before setting it down with the others.

The wallet felt lighter now. Dan flipped through the remaining slots. There were a few old receipts but nothing else of real interest. He was about to slide everything back into place except for the cash.

Dan stared at the money for a long moment. His hand hovered over it. He knew it was wrong. He also knew he didn't care enough to stop. He pulled the bills out and folded them before slipping them into his own pocket.

He gathered the cards and slid them back into the wallet one by one, making sure everything was in the same order it had been before according to the first photo. When he was finished, he picked up the wallet and walked back into the living room. Dan crouched down and placed the wallet exactly where it had been.

Then he stood up and looked around the room again. The couch was clean now. The tissues were gone. The only evidence left was the faint smell that still hung in the air. Dan ran a hand over his face, pinching the bridge of his nose. His eyes felt gritty. He was tired, but he knew he wouldn't be able to sleep.

He turned off the kitchen light and made his way back upstairs, moving slowly so the steps wouldn't creak. When he reached the top, he paused in the hallway. The door to his and Sarah's bedroom was still closed. Dan stared at it for a few seconds before turning and walking quietly back into his girls' room.

He closed the door behind him and sat down in the chair again. The room was dark and still. Both girls were breathing evenly. Dan leaned back and closed his eyes, but sleep didn't come. His mind kept circling back to the wallet. To the photos on his phone. To the sound of Sarah's voice downstairs. His tired, rattled mind tried to put something together that resembled a plan.

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Renee pushed the vacuum across the living room carpet with more force than necessary. The low hum filled the house, but it didn't do anything to quiet the noise in her head. She had been cleaning for almost an hour now, moving from room to room as if she could scrub the memory out of existence if she just worked hard enough.

She could still feel him. The way his heavy body had pressed her into the seat of that filthy SUV. The smell of old food wrappers and the stale stench that clung to the stained fabric. She had gone out there in nothing but her thin satin pajamas because he told her to. Just walked out of her own house like some desperate woman and let him… fuck her while James was at the golf course.

And she had cum. Hard. Harder than she had with James in years. Maybe harder than ever.

Renee's stomach twisted at the memory. She gripped the vacuum handle tighter and shoved it forward again, trying to focus on the pattern she was making in the carpet. It didn't

help. Every time she blinked she could see Lester's flushed face above her, that ugly, satisfied grin while he pumped his thing into her. She could still hear the wet sounds their bodies made in that cramped space. She could still feel how thick he had felt inside her. How full she'd felt.

God, what the heck is wrong with me?

The vacuum suddenly sounded too loud. Renee turned it off and stood there in the silence, breathing harder than she should've. She wiped her forehead with the back of her hand and glanced toward the kitchen window. James was still outside in the garage with his friend, their voices drifting in every now and then. He hadn't even noticed she was cleaning like a madwoman. He hadn't noticed much of anything lately.

Her phone buzzed on the kitchen counter.

Renee froze. For a few seconds she just stared at it from across the room, her heart already climbing into her throat. She didn't want to look. She already knew who it was texting her. She walked over slowly, like she was approaching something dangerous. When she picked up the phone, her fingers were already trembling.

The message was short and direct.

L: I want to fuck you again.

Renee's breath caught. A sharp shiver ran straight down her spine. She stared at the words like they might change if she focused long enough. Then she dropped the phone onto the counter like it had burned her hand.

No. Absolutely not.

She turned away from it and went back to the vacuum, yanking it across the floor with quick, angry strokes. Twenty minutes passed. She cleaned the already clean kitchen counters. She wiped down the already spotless stove. She reorganized the junk drawer that didn't need reorganizing. None of it seemed to help. Every few minutes her eyes would drift back toward the phone sitting on the counter like it was watching her. Judging her.

She hated how fast her body had reacted to those meager few words. Hated that some part of her had immediately pictured what they said. Lester pulling her into his disgusting SUV again, or maybe somewhere even worse next time. Loathing that she could already feel the low, shameful throb between her legs just from reading a single sentence.

Renee stopped moving and braced both her hands on the counter. She stared down at the flecks in the granite, breathing through her nose. You're not going to answer him. You're just not. She repeated it like a mantra, but even as she thought the words repeatedly, she knew they weren't true.

She was going to respond.

The message wasn't asking if she wanted to see him again. It was telling her what he wanted.

Renee closed her eyes and pressed her palms harder into the counter. She could still feel the memory of Lester's hands on her hips from the last time. Could still hear the low, rough way he had talked to her while he fucked her. Things James had never said. Things no one had ever said to her before.

She hated how much she wanted to hear more.

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Dan pulled into the drop off line and put the car in park. Ava and Sophia were already unbuckling in the backseat. He forced a smile onto his face, the same one he'd used at work when Gordon asked how things were going at home. Ava looked at him through the rearview mirror.

"Dad, what's wrong?"

“Nothing, baby. Don’t worry about it.” His voice came out flatter than he’d intended. He cleared his throat and tried again. “Have a good day at school, okay? Both of you.”

“Are you sure Dad?” Ava pressed.

“Yeah, I just didn’t get a lot of sleep last night. Don’t worry about it. Okay?” Dan put a reassuring smile on his face that he didn’t feel. Ava stared at him for a moment, not believing him.

Sophia leaned forward and kissed his cheek. Ava followed a second later. They climbed out with their backpacks and joined the stream of kids walking toward the building. Ava looked back a couple of times and Dan just waved. He watched until they disappeared through the double doors. Only then did he let the air out of his lungs. The smile fell from his face.

The lost father pulled away from the curb and drove without thinking about the direction. His mind went straight back to last night. The locked bedroom door. The silence after the noises downstairs finally stopped. He had gotten the girls up and dressed and fed on his own while Sarah stayed behind that door. She never once came out. Not even to say good morning or goodbye to the girls.

When Ava asked where Mom was, Dan had said she wasn’t feeling well. The lie sat in his mouth the whole time they were getting ready. He kept waiting for the sound of her voice upstairs, or worse, the sound of her moaning again. It never came, thankfully.

She didn’t even try to hide it this time.

Dan’s hands tightened on the steering wheel. He didn’t want to go home quite yet. The thought of walking through the front door and seeing Lester, or Sarah’s hair still messy from the night before, made his stomach turn. He took the next left and swung into a Starbucks drive-thru. When the total came up he pulled out some of the money he had taken from Lester’s wallet and paid.

He parked in the far corner of the lot with his coffee. The first sip was exactly the wake up shot to his system he needed. He held the scalding hot liquid in his mouth for a second before swallowing, letting the warmth settle in his chest. His phone sat on the passenger seat, already lighting up with emails from Sentinel Securities. He ignored most of them and opened a message from Tricia. She needed an urgent reply on the project they were working on together. He typed a short reply and hit send.

A minute later her response came in: Why aren’t you in the office today?

Dan stared at the screen. He absolutely should be there. He knew that. Gordon had already given him the side-eye when he’d left early the last time he’d been in DC. Every day he stayed away made it worse. He put the phone face-down on the seat and rubbed his eyes.

I’m needed here. To protect them.

The thought sounded hollow even inside his own head. Protect them from what? He hadn’t protected Sarah last night. Hell, he’d cleaned up after her. He’d sat in his daughter’s room while Lester repeatedly filled his wife and talked about putting a baby inside her. Sarah hadn’t looked like she needed protecting. Even after hearing what Dan had to say she’d looked like she was exactly where she wanted to be.

Down was up. Up was down. Nothing made sense anymore.

But if he hadn’t been here, the girls would be knocking on the door to the bedroom asking for breakfast. They’d have found a sticky mess on the couch and a trashed living room. Or maybe Sarah would have been more of a mother and wouldn’t have had Lester over. That didn’t ring true either. But maybe she would’ve gotten up and actually taken care of them.

Dan picked the phone back up and ignored Tricia’s message and the rest of the emails. He opened his photo gallery instead. The pictures he’d taken last night were still there.

Lester's cards. He scrolled through them slowly, zooming in on the name and the date of birth and the address. His thumb hovered over the license photo for a long time.

He opened google maps and spent a few minutes finding the location where he thought he'd dropped Lester off for his vasectomy appointment all those months ago. Sure enough, he found a urology clinic close to where that was. He was almost positive this was the one. Urology Partners. The number came up right away. Dan's heart was already beating harder when he pressed call and put the phone to his ear.

"Good morning, Urology Partners, this is Melissa speaking. How can I help you?"

Dan cleared his throat and forced his voice lower. "Hi, this is Lester Marshall. I had my vasectomy a few months ago and I've been having some swelling on, uh, the right… side. I wanted to check in with someone about it."

There was the sound of typing on the other end. "Okay, let me pull up your chart. What was your name again? Can you verify your date of birth for me?"

Dan gave the date from the license. He said the name again, careful and clear. Lester Marshall.

"Thank you. Hmmm. Okay….do you have the address on file and phone number?"

He rattled both of them off. There was a short pause while she searched. Dan stared through the windshield at a woman blithely walking her dog across the parking lot. His free hand was clenched tight on his thigh.

"Hmm… I'm not finding anyone by that name in our system. Are you sure you had your procedure with us? Do you remember which doctor you saw?"

Dan's mouth went dry. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure. Maybe my name is misspelled in the system."

"Let me try a couple variations…" More typing. A longer silence. "Still nothing coming up. We don't have any record of a Lester Marshall having a procedure here. Are you certain this is the right clinic? Sometimes people get us mixed up with a clinic across town."

"Really? Can you check again for me please?"

"Sure, one second."

Dan waited. The cooling coffee in the cup holder forgotten for now. He could hear his own pulse thrumming in his ears. When the receptionist came back her voice was polite but firm, "I'm sorry, but I don't have any record of you as a patient. If you had the procedure somewhere else, you'd need to contact that office. Would you like the number for the clinic across town just in case?"

"No… that's okay. Thanks anyway."

"No problem. Have a good day."

Dan hung up and let the phone sit in his lap. He sat there staring out at the parking lot without seeing any of it. The pieces were starting to line up in a way that made his stomach feel hollow. He opened his browser again and searched for another clinic. Then another. He started making a list. One by one he began dialing.

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Dan's phone lit up again on the passenger seat. More emails from Sentinel. Subject lines about deadlines and client updates and a meeting he was already late for. He scanned them quickly and felt the pressure climb in his chest. How the hell was he supposed to balance any of this? Work. Home. Lester. Sarah. The girls. It was all piling up and he couldn't see a way through it.

His mind drifted back to his old job at Walt's place. That contract with the Lincoln Group. Byron had been such a bastard about everything. Always looking down his nose at

Dan. Dan remembered the way the guy talked to people like they were only a means to an end. And then there were the copious amounts of alcohol. He remembered the one time someone had even approached him about spying on Byron. Offered him a little device. Said it was simple. Just plug it into Byron's computer and leave it there. It was supposed to record his keystrokes. But Byron's office hadn't had a desktop or laptop to plug it into. Not like the one in Lester's room…

I still have that thing. Don't I?

It was in his old work bag at home. The USB keylogger… Martin, that was his name, had given him. If he could get it onto Lester's computer somehow. Without the cameras catching him. That might be something. A way to fight back for once instead of just sitting there while everything fell apart around him.

Dan started the car and pulled out of the Starbucks lot with a new kind of focus. The drive home felt shorter than usual. When he pulled into the driveway the house looked quiet from the outside. He went inside and set his phone on the kitchen counter. For a second there was only silence. Then he heard stirring from upstairs. Footsteps. The bedroom door opening.

Sarah came down the stairs looking exhausted. Her hair was a mess, stuck to one side of her head. She had on one of his old t-shirts and nothing else that he could see. Her eyes were still half closed.

"Where are the girls?"

"At school. It's almost noon Sarah."

She stopped halfway down the steps. "Shit…god…I didn't..I wouldn't…fuck."

Dan stayed quiet. He watched her face as the realization hit. She looked genuinely upset.

"I'm sorry…I didn't mean to sleep in. I'm sorry. And last night…things got kind of out of hand."

"Again."

"Again. Yeah. Maybe after Lester leaves we can just talk for a bit. Try to figure out…us…I guess. I mean, I know it's us and that we're going to be okay but…I don't know, we - we just need to get back in each other's orbit better. We keep getting interrupted."

Before Dan could say anything Lester trudged down the stairs behind her. He was in his usual outfit of dirty sweatpants and stained shirt. He put his arm around Sarah's shoulders like he owned her. Sarah's body went stiff under it. She was clearly uncomfortable with the display right in front of Dan yet she didn't pull away.

"Where'd you scamper off to last night?" Lester asked, grinning. "Was it too much for ya?"

Dan looked at him. "More importantly, when are you going to scamper off and get the fuck out of my house?"

Lester looked around the living room like he was considering the question. "Isn't it me who's paying your mortgage? This is my house as much as it is yours."

"Not anymore. That's done now."

"Why? Because you got a new little job? Question, why aren't you there right now?"

Sarah stepped between them a little. "Okay boys let's dial down the testosterone a bit, okay? Let's all just calm…"

"I'm not interested," Dan cut her off. "I'll be back in a few minutes. By then, Lester, I expect you out."

Lester’s grin faded into something much colder. “You should be a little more respectful to the guy who can tank your career and ruin your life with what I have.”

“Yeah maybe I should,” Dan waved back dismissively. He didn’t feel as confident as he sounded. But he was tired of looking weak in front of Lester.

Dan turned and walked out of the room before either of them could say anything else. He took the stairs two at a time. The bedroom door was still open. Inside it smelled like old sweat and sex.

The sheets were twisted. One of the pillows was on the floor. His stomach turned but he kept moving.

He went straight to the closet and pulled his old work bag out from the back. The zipper stuck for a second. He yanked it open and dug through the mess of old notebooks and orphaned chargers. Near the bottom his fingers closed around the shape of the small black USB stick. The keylogger. Martin had handed it to him in a parking garage months ago and told him it was simple... leave it and come back later.

Dan slipped it into his pocket and stood there for a second in the closet, listening. No footsteps on the stairs yet. He thought about the cameras Lester had installed in the apartment. The outlets, wherever else. There had to be a way to get the device onto Lester’s computer without being recorded. He didn’t know yet. But for the first time in weeks he had something solid in his pocket and a plan that didn’t involve sitting around and watching his life get taken from him piece by piece.

He closed the bag and pushed it back into the corner of the closet. Then he turned and faced the messy bed again. He could almost hear Sarah’s voice from last night still hanging in the air. Begging. Dan’s jaw tightened. He left the room and started back down the hall, the little USB stick pressing against his leg with every step.

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Sarah stood at the kitchen counter, her hands gripping the edge a little too tightly as she stared out the window at the empty driveway. She couldn’t believe she’d forgotten to get the girls up and drive them to school. She always did that. This was just as bad as the time she’d forgotten to pick them up.

The guilt sat heavily in her chest, mixing with the lingering ache from last night and the way her body still felt sore and used in the best worst way. She glanced over at Lester leaning against the fridge, his short frame and that gut of his making him look even more out of place in her otherwise tidy kitchen. It was all because of him. This short creepy little disgusting man that had wrapped her around his finger.

Her eyes flicked down to the bulge in his sweatpants without her meaning to and the memory hit her hard. The breeding talk from last night, the way he had growled about flushing her pills down the toilet, about not being fixed at all. How amazing it had felt when he said those things, how the idea of him pumping her full and knocking her up had sent her over the edge harder than anything else ever had. It was like the culmination of everything the two of them had been building toward, that ultimate conclusion where Dan just... watches and she gives in completely. God it was so wrong but it had felt so right in the moment.

She was still lost in that thought when Lester moved in behind her without warning. His heavy body pressed close, that thick cock of his grinding right against her now presented ass through her thin pajama shorts. She could feel the heat of it, the way it twitched as he rubbed agonizingly slowly and deliberately. His hot breath, still smelling like last night’s cheetos, nuzzled into the side of her neck. He hadn’t brushed his teeth yet. She could tell. Neither had she, but it didn’t matter. He knew exactly what he was doing, working her up again just like he always did. He wants another round. she could feel it. He wants to be especially cruel now that Dan is back in the house, wants to make sure she remembered who she belonged to while her husband was right upstairs.

Lester’s hands slid around her waist, one slipping under her shirt to cup her breast roughly while the other pressed her hips back harder against him. She bit her lip, trying

not to moan out loud as the friction built. The granite counter was cool under her palms but everything else felt hot.

The sudden ring of a phone cut through the moment. Dan's phone on the counter started vibrating.. Lester pulled back just enough to grab it, holding it up dismissively like it was nothing. His eyes scanned the screen.

"Tricia? Who's that?"

The name didn't register to her at first. An unknown spike of jealousy hit Sarah right in the chest.

Who the hell is Tricia?

Before she could even open her mouth to say anything, Lester answered the call with that smug tone of his.

"Mhmm Tricia huh? That's a sexy name."

A woman's voice came through, clear enough that Sarah could hear it faintly. "Who's this? I'm calling for Dan Williams."

Lester chuckled low. "Well, little Danny's not available at the moment. I'd be happy to keep you company, though."

Another pang of jealousy washed over Sarah, stronger this time because of the way Lester said it.

What the fuck is he doing? She felt a whiff of betrayal but shoved it down fast. He's just fucking with Dan. That's all it is. He likes getting under my husband's skin and I know that. Lester's fucking with her too. It's not like he actually wants her or anything.

The woman on the other end sounded pissed now, "Who the fuck is this?"

"I'm Lester. Say, Tricia, what are you wearing right now?"

There was a beat of silence before she said, "You sound like a pig. Where's Dan?"

"You dense? He's not here. Now what kind of panties do you have on? Are they wet yet?"

"Fuck you."

The line immediately went dead. Lester chuckled and dropped the phone back onto the counter like it was all just a game. Sarah didn't know how to feel. Part of her was still stinging from the jealousy, another part was oddly relieved it was over, but the grinding had never stopped. Lester was still pressed against her from behind the whole time, his cock rubbing unhurried and insistent against her ass, his greedy hands still roaming under her shirt. She could feel herself getting wet again despite everything, her body responding to him like it always did now.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs. Dan stepped into the kitchen and froze when he saw them. Lester still had his arm around Sarah, one hand blatantly groping her breast while the other rested low on her hip. Something looked off about Dan, like he was carrying some extra weight or tension she couldn't quite place, but she chalked it up to him walking in on this scene.

He must be pissed. Or hurt. Probably both.

"Dan…who's…"

Lester cut in before she could finish, his voice dripping with that fake casual tone. "...Tricia. She sounded sexy. You keeping a little side piece and didn't tell us? Good for you. I honestly didn't think you had it in you. She blonde too? Sexy…?"

Dan just stared for a second, like a deer caught in headlights. He quickly righted himself, straightening up and trying to look composed, but Sarah had already seen the telltale flash of panic.

“She’s a coworker. Did you answer my phone?”

Lester’s hands kept moving lecherously, possessive and slow, squeezing one of her breasts and then sliding down to grab a handful of her asscheek while he ran his tongue lovingly up the side of her neck. That was his only response at first. Sarah felt her face heat up but she didn’t pull away.

“Why didn’t you tell me about her before?” Sarah asked.

Dan looked frazzled now, gulping but tried not let it show. “We haven’t exactly had any privacy to talk about anything. And you’ve been… preoccupied. This isn’t a big deal. She probably just had a question about work, she was already emailing me this morning. Some of us do need to do some work, y’know.”

Lester chuckled against the skin. “Probably the same reason he hasn’t told you about Jesse suing him.”

Sarah’s heart dropped straight into her stomach. Her eyes went wide as her stunned face turned to Dan. “What?”

Dan’s face tightened, his jaw clenching hard, “Lester, you were supposed to be leaving.”

Lester just shrugged, his gut pressing firmer into her side as he shifted his weight. “Was I? I don’t remember agreeing to that. Besides….” He ground himself harder against her backside, achingly slow and deliberate, his thick cock dragging along the curves of her ass. She bit the inside of her cheek to keep from making a sound. “I’m, ah, preoccupied, isn’t that right Sarah?”

She tried to ignore the way his hips rolled expertly, the way his unbelievable cock felt so big and insistent even through the layers of clothing. Her mind was spinning too fast. Tricia? Who the fuck is Tricia? And now Jessie’s suing him? “Jessie’s suing you? Why? What happened?”

Before Dan could get a word out Lester cut in, his voice low and amused right against her ear. “Because Dan hit him and embarrassed him. It’s actually pretty funny.” He nuzzled closer, his hot breath fanning over her neck, and she could feel exactly how fully hard he was now, that overheated thick length throbbing against her. She remembered Dan saying all that had happened. Back when he worked for Walt. Jesse had come in trying to confront him. And Walt was old friends with Jessie’s dad.

Dan’s eyes narrowed, “How in the fuck do you know that?”

Lester shrugged again but didn’t answer. Instead he started actively dry humping her backside, short insistent thrusts that made her breath catch. She could feel every inch of him, the way his heavy balls pressed against her ass too.

She swallowed hard, trying to focus. “What are we going to do?”

Dan was seething, his glare locked on Lester like he wanted to rip the other man apart. “I don’t know. I’ll figure something out.”

“When Dan? We can’t afford a lawyer.”

“I’m working on it. I just found out he sued us. I’ve been a little preoccupied.”

Lester’s voice dropped to a whisper right in her ear, his lips brushing the lobe of it, “ I can help.”

Dan’s head snapped toward him, “What?”

Lester said it louder this time, still consistently grinding against her like he had all the time in the world. “I bet I can help.”

Sarah's stomach twisted, "Help? Help how?"

Dan's voice was sharp. "No. We don't need your help. Right Sarah?"

Lester didn't even look at him. His hands slid lower on her hips, pulling her back harder against his growing cock. "How long have you been fucking Tricia, Dan?"

Dan's eyes burned like steel. Sarah saw something behind them she didn't like. Guilt, maybe, and anger. The jealousy hit her, even though she knew she had no right. Not after everything she'd done with Lester. But still, it did.

"Mind your own fucking business Lester. Let go of my wife," Dan snapped.

Lester's lips brushed her ear again, voice low enough only she could hear., That wasn't a no, was it?"

Sarah's chest felt tight. She turned her head just enough to look at Dan. "Dan? Are you sleeping with her?"

Dan's face went through about five different expressions in two seconds. He looked like he was at war with himself, words fighting to get out. Lester was still grinding on her more urgently now, his cock a thick insistent pressure against her ass, and she could feel herself getting wet despite the tension in the room, despite everything.

Dan finally blurted it out, voice rough. "I slept in our daughter's room last night because you were screaming about being impregnated by this ugly fucking creep behind you."

Sarah felt the words like a slap. He heard that. Of course he heard that. She was loud. She'd wanted to be loud. But she pushed past it, "Answer the question Dan."

He wavered, eyes flicking between her and Lester's. Lester's grinding got faster, more deliberate, the heat of him seeping through her shorts. Dan's mouth opened and closed once before the words tumbled out. "None of the urologists in Chicago have heard of you Lester. You're not in any of their systems."

Lester paused. His grinding stopped completely. He went still behind her, and for a second the only sounds were the faint hum of the fridge and the blood rushing in his ears. Dan pressed on, voice gaining strength. "You never got a vasectomy did you?"

Lester backed up from her a step, his face twisting into something angry and bewildered. "Are you dense? You drove me to the fucking appointment."

Dan didn't back down. "Yeah, sure. But I called the office of that place. You're not in their system. They've never even heard of you."

Lester's hands dropped away from her awaiting hips. He looked genuinely shocked now, eyes wide. "What kind of psycho would call my, my doctor? And other doctors, as, what, posing as me?" His expression shifted, shock mixing with something darker. "I didn't make a stink when you started creeping around my ex-girlfriend but this is crossing the line. Are you just making this shit up because I talked to your mistress?"

Sarah's mind raced. Was Dan cheating with Tricia? Did Lester lie about the vasectomy? Dan really crossed a line calling those doctors, didn't he? But Lester's been recording them for months. Recording everything. A quiet part of her tried to remind herself of that, but the louder part was the jealousy and the hurt twisting in her gut. She settled on the one question that felt like it might break her either way. "Dan, did you sleep with Tricia?"

He didn't answer. She could see it written all over his face. The guilty conflicted expression, the way his shoulders hunched like he wanted to entirely disappear. He did it. He'd actually done it. She knew she was a hypocrite, knew she had no grounds to stand on after everything she'd begged Lester to do to her last night, but the tears still welled up hot in her eyes anyway. How could he?

Her voice came out small and shaky. “Lester, I want to leave.”

She pushed past Dan before he could reach for her, ignoring the way his hand brushed her arm. She rushed upstairs, heart pounding, and slammed the bedroom door behind her.

Tears blurred her vision as she pulled on her clothes. Downstairs she could hear voices still going but she didn’t care. She just needed space. I’m such a mess. I don’t even know who I am anymore.

Back downstairs Dan tried to talk to her, touch but she pulled away. Lester was waiting for her in his SUV and she got in and they drove off.

***

Lester stood outside his SUV in the fading light of dusk, the parking lot half-empty and quiet except for the distant hum of traffic. He held the phone to his ear, but his mind was elsewhere, turning over the last twenty-four hours like a man who’d just been handed a winning lottery ticket he hadn’t even bought. God must love me. Really fucking love me. All these pieces falling into place without me even trying. Tricia wasn’t part of any plan.

He hadn’t seen Dan’s little detective act coming. Lester had figured just getting dropped off at the appointment would be enough. Let Dan see him walk in, maybe even wait in the car like a good little cuck. That should’ve sealed it. But apparently the man had more brains than Lester gave him credit for. Annoying, sure. But impressive too, in a pathetic sort of way.

It didn’t matter now though. Not with how Sarah was looking at Dan like he was the one who’d fucked everything up. She wasn’t even asking about the vasectomy. She was flailing about over Tricia, whoever she was. Lester imagined that maybe someday he’d turn that slut too.

Lester glanced over his shoulder at the SUV. Sarah was in the passenger seat, the half full bottle of whisky cradled in her lap like it was the only thing keeping her together. She took a swig, winced hard at the burn, then tipped it back again for another hearty gulp. Her blonde hair was still messy from earlier, and even from here he could see the way her hands shook just a little.

She was drinking like she was trying to drown the whole mess. Good girl. Let it sink in. Let her focus on Dan and that little coworker of his instead of wondering whether or not Lester actually got snipped. He touched his pants pocket where the empty baggy sat. She was in for quite the night.

He turned his back to the car again, grinning to himself as he scrolled to Jesse’s number and hit call. The line rang twice before the other man picked up, “Hello?”

“Jesse, it worked completely. Thank you for your assistance.”

Jesse’s voice came through low and rough. “He fucking d-deserved it. Does Sarah know? What did she say? Is she pissed at–”

Lester cut the rambling lovesick idiot off, “Yes, she does.”

There was a pause, then Jesse’s breathing got heavier on the other end. “So do I get to see her now?”

Lester let the silence stretch just long enough to make the other man squirm a little. Love made people so willingly pliable “Perhaps. Though you understand she’s mine, correct?”

Jesse didn’t answer right away. Just breathed into the phone, slow and deliberate. Lester pressed, his voice deep, “Jesse.”

“I understand,” Jesse said. It sounded like someone was pulling out his teeth as he said it.

“If I let you see her, you can’t touch her like last time,” Lester warned. He didn’t want anyone else knocking her up before he could.

“You’re a fucking monster, you know that?” Jesse said, a strain in his voice like he was holding back tears.

Lester chuckled, low and warm. “Yeah whatever. How long until you can get to Middleton?”

“What the fuck is Middelton?”

“It’s a town you idiot. Google it. I’ll drop you an address and details. Leave now,” Lester hung up without waiting for a reply, then opened his messages. A new one from Renee sat at the top.

R: Okay. When?

Lester smirked knowing this was his day and then glanced back at Sarah through the window. She was still drinking, her head tipping back against the seat. When she turned her face toward him he let the smirk vanish, replacing it with something softer, to almost seem concerned. His thumbs moved over the screen, typing out a short reply before he hit send and then slipped the phone into his pocket.

The sun was almost set now, the sky streaked with orange and purple. Lester turned and headed back to the SUV.

He climbed back into the driver’s seat, the door shutting with a solid thud that echoed in the quiet lot. Sarah turned her head toward him, her eyes glassy from the whisky she’d been sipping. She looked smaller somehow in the passenger seat, curled up with the bottle resting against her thigh.

“Was that Jesse?” she asked, her voice soft and a little rough.

Lester glanced at her as he shifted the car into drive. “Yeah. I took care of the lawsuit. He’s going to drop it.”

A weak smile flickered across Sarah’s face, barely there before it faded into something tired. She took another slow drink from the bottle, wincing again at the burn but swallowing it down anyway. “I don’t know how I can thank you. What did you say to him?”

“It doesn’t matter. It’s done. You don’t need to thank me.” he said, reaching over with one hand while the other stayed on the wheel. His palm slid up her thigh, fingers pressing into the soft skin just under the hem of her shorts. He squeezed once, feeling the warmth of her leg through the thin fabric.

“I have an idea for tonight. Something I’ve wanted to try for a long time,” Lester said, letting the words hang in the air.

Sarah didn’t pull away. She just took another drink, her throat working as she swallowed. The phone on the center console started ringing, Dan’s name lighting up the screen. She stared at it for a second, then reached over and silenced it without answering.

She turned back to Lester, her eyes meeting his in the dim light. There was something sultry there now, a growing heat that hadn’t been there a minute ago before Dan called, “I’ll do whatever you want.”

Lester felt a slow grin spread across his face. His fingers tightened on her thigh, digging in just enough to make her shift anxiously in the seat.

Sarah was already leaning into it, the whisky loosening her up, the mess with Dan pushing her further toward him. He reached back with one hand, fumbling for a second before his fingers closed around the soft fabric part of what he’d left in the backseat. He pulled it forward and held it out to her without giving her his attention.

Sarah took the blindfold. It was bigger than a normal one, soft black material with padded cups on the inside that looked almost like headphones. She turned it over in her hands, her fingers brushing along the inner lining. “it has cups over the ears.”

“That’s so you can focus on how your body feels,” Lester said, glancing over at her before he turned on the engine and began to drive. “You can still hear but it’ll be harder to make out. Everything gets quieter to help you focus.”

Sarah kept running her thumb along the edge of one cup. “okay....that’s....I’m intrigued.”

Lester smiled, “I knew you would be.”

Sarah didn’t respond right away. She was still turning the blindfold over, studying it. Then her eyes flicked to the backseat, where the second identical one was still sitting on the floor mat, half-hidden under a jacket. She stared at it for a second before looking back at him. She couldn’t help but notice that the bulge in Lester’s pants had doubled in size since he’d handed it to her.

“Wait. Why is there another one?”

***

Renee pulled her car into the dirty motel lot on the wrong side of town, the “T” on the neon sign flickering like it was about to give out for good. She looked at the place and felt her stomach turn. The building wasn’t far from the hospital where her daughter worked and sh’d driven past it plenty of times before always thinking the same quiet things about the kind of people who came here.

It disgusted her. She parked in the furthest spot from the road and closed her eyes for a second saying a silent prayer of forgiveness. James was out with his friends again. She’d made some half assed excuse about meeting an old coworker for a drink and he’d just nodded along without really listening to her lie.

She checked her phone again and stared at Lester’s message. The address and room number staring back at her from the screen. A shudder ran through her whole body and a wave of shame washed over her so fiercely it made her cheeks burn.

She knew this was wrong on every level but she couldn’t stop herself from being here. What in the hell am I doing?

She took one last look at the room number then breathed out slowly and pulled her coat tighter around herself before getting out of the car.

She scurried across the parking lot keeping her head down not wanting to talk to any of the lowlifes hanging around or let anyone get a good look at her face. The air smelled like cigarettes and old grease from the Chinese takeout place nearby. Her heels clicked too loudly for her comfort on the cracked pavement. When she reached the door she knocked and waited for what felt like forever before Lester finally answered. He cracked it open just enough to look her up and down with that same smirk he always seemed to have.

“Why the heck are we meeting here?” she demanded.

Lester looked amused, “Show me some skin.”

Renee tried to push the door open but he kept it from moving more than a few inches. “Lester please. Let me in.”

“Skin first. Let me see it.”

She glanced left and right. There were a couple people standing outside their rooms in the distance smoking. Her heart pounded as she opened her jacket while blushing hard and let him see what she thought of as her sexiest dress underneath and her long exposed legs. That shit eating grin spread across Lester’s face right away.

“Come in,” He opened the door wider and she rushed inside fast. Lester closed it behind her with a click.

The room smelled exactly like she had imagined; musty and cheap with the stale cigarette odor from outside clinging to everything within. She noticed right away there was a closed door that led to an adjoining room. On the crappy little table sat a bottle of wine and some other booze bottles. Lester poured her a glass without asking and handed it over.

The room was just as disgusting as she had pictured in her head. She took the glass and downed the whole thing in one go. It tasted a little funny but she didn't think too much of it and motioned for another as she already felt the warmth starting to spread. She wasn't even concerned with how she was going to drive home later. He handed her a second glass.

Lester then walked over to his bag propped against the wall and started rummaging through it. The alcohol hit her fast but it felt different this time. Warmer and heavier like it was moving through her whole body at once. It felt good. Almost too good - like the best buzz she had ever experienced and it made her skin tingle in a way that was completely unlike anything she'd felt before.

Her thoughts were getting fuzzy around the edges but not in a bad way. Everything felt softer and lighter yet more intense at the same time.

Lester pulled a blindfold out of his bag and moved toward her. She bit her lip when she saw what he was holding.

"What's that for?" Renee said. She felt her heart beating faster and a thrill of fear ran through her. But she felt it pulse between her legs.

"For tonight. I'm going to fuck you with this on. You're gonna love it." Lester said.

Renee looked around the disgusting room. Maybe if she didn't have to look at where she actually was, she could pretend she was somewhere else. She gave a small nod without saying anything. He stepped close and tied it over her eyes. The fabric was soft against her skin and the cups over her ears made every sound muffled right away. She could still hear him moving around but it was distantly faint and hard to make out. Her heart was racing now, she could hear the blood pulsing in her ears, and she felt exposed standing there in the middle of this awful room with her coat still half open and that strange warmth spreading lower down in her body.

Her breath caught in her throat as Lester's hands came up to her jacket and peeled it off of her. His hot breath was on the back of her neck. She felt him press his hard cock against her ass and his thumbs looped under the straps of her dress. Then he peeled that off too.

***

Jesse sat in the chair handcuffed to the radiator in this dirty motel room in some shitty small town. He'd been an idiot letting Lester handcuff him but they both knew he would do anything to be close to Sarah. Even so, now he was regretting going along with the weird man's plan. This was how horror movies started. The metal cuffs dug into his wrists every time he moved.

Anxiety sat heavy in his chest right next to a ball of anger that never really went away these days. He couldn't look away from Sarah on the bed. She was already stark naked aside from the blindfold still covering her eyes and she was touching herself like she was starving for contact. Her hands had moved slowly at first over her breasts then faster pinching her nipples until she let out this soft broken sound that made his cock twitch hard in his jeans.

Sarah's hands slid down her stomach and stopped between her legs. She spread her thighs wider on the sheets and started rubbing herself in these steady purposeful circles. Her breathing got heavier right away, little pants escaping her mouth as her hips started rocking up into the feeling of her own touch. Jesse could see how wet she was already, her fingers glistening every time they caught the light. He was rock hard and straining against his tented jeans, the sight of her like this making everything about his predicament worse. The cuffs rattled when he shifted in his seat, trying to get any kind of relief but there was none to be had.

Her free hand kept moving too, squeezing one breast then the other while her fingers worked faster between her legs. Sarah was moaning louder now her back arching off the bed as she fucked herself on her own hand. The wet sounds filled the quiet room and Jesse felt his cock leak steadily, a wet spot on the front of his jeans getting darker.

The door to the adjoining room opened. Lester walked in naked. His dick already out; hard and glistening at the tip. Jesse felt that same flash of intimidation he always got when he saw the older man's cock. It was cartoonishly thick and heavy hanging there like it belonged to someone twice Lesters size.

Lester didn't say anything at first, just stood there getting even harder looking at Sarah on the bed with that same grin he always wore when he knew he had all the power.

A nude woman walked in right behind him. She had long blonde hair that fell past her shoulders and she looked enough like Sarah that Jesse thought she might be her sister. But she was wearing a blindfold too, the same kind with the ear cups that Sarah had on. The new woman's breathing was heavy. Jesse could see a light sheen of sweat on her skin. Jesse realized that Lester had already fucked her in the other room. She stood close to Lester and her knees looked shaky and weak. Her head moved about as if she were waiting for instructions in this new place.

Who's that? She looks so much like Sarah that it's fucking with my head. Why is she fucking blindfolded too? What the hell is Lester playing at now?

Jesse cleared his throat the sound loud in the quiet room, "Who's that?"

Lester didn't answer. He just kept looking down at Sarah on the bed, his hand moving to stroke himself slow and lazily like he had all the time in the world. The woman beside him shifted her weight and her breathing got a little louder but she stayed quiet too; her hands flexing at her sides like she wanted to touch something. Jesse felt his anger spike even hotter. He hated being ignored like this especially when he'd been chained up and forced to watch.

Sarah was still lost in what she was doing - her fingers moving faster now, sliding in and out of herself with the distinct wet sounds that made Jesse grit his teeth. Her free hand roamed over her body squeezing her breasts then sliding down to rub at her clit in tight circles. She was panting harder now, little moans breaking out every few seconds and her hips were rolling up off the bed chasing after her own touch. Jesse could see how close she was getting. Her thighs now trembling and her stomach tightening with every stroke.

Lester finally moved closer to the bed reaching down to run his hand along Sarah's toned inner thigh. She arched up hard into his touch with a desperate little whine, her own fingers never slowing at all. Jesse pulled at the cuffs again, the metal biting into his skin, clinking against the armrests. His anger and arousal were all tangled up together until he couldn't tell which one was greater.

Sarah's breathing was getting ragged now, her moans coming faster as she worked herself closer to the edge of ecstasy. The hand she'd placed between her legs moved in these quickly desperate strokes while her other hand pinched at her nipple hard enough to make her cry out in lust. Jesse couldn't look away even though every second of it was driving him animal crazy.

Lester glanced over at Jesse for just a second with that same smug grin on his face but he still didn't say a word about the other woman. He turned his attention back to Sarah instead running his fingers higher up her thigh until they were brushing against her own moving hand. Sarah gasped at the new contact, her whole body jerking sharply like the extra touch was too much and yet not enough all at once. Jesse felt his cock twitch hard again watching it happen, the frustration building until it was almost unhelpfully painful.

Lester took the other blindfolded woman by the hand and led her over to the bed. She moved carefully but willingly, letting Lester guide her until she was climbing onto the mattress beside Sarah.

Lester climbed up on the bed between them, his heavy body settling right in the middle. He was still completely naked, his thick cock resting against his thigh glistening with slickness from his earlier fun. Jesse felt that same shameful flash of intimidation hit him again at the sight of it so much bigger than his own organ. He'd always considered himself above average at the very least. Lester's size always made him doubt that. The two women both shuddered identically the second Lester touched them. Sarah's hand left her own body to run over his chest leisurely and almost reverently while the other woman did the same from his other side. Their fingers traced over his skin like every little brush they made was sending waves of pleasure straight through their entire bodies.

Lester reached up and pulled Sarah closer to him by the back of her neck. He did the same to the other woman with his free hand guiding them toward each other until their mouths met. The kiss started messily right away. Tongues sliding sloppily against each other while wet sounds filled the otherwise quiet room. Sarah moaned into the contact, her hand still roaming over Lester's chest while the other woman's fingers traced down his distended stomach. The two lookalike women kept kissing. Hungry hands moving over each other's bodies like they couldn't get enough. Jesse could see Sarah's nipples harden and noted the way the other woman's back arched when Sarah's hand slid down to cup her impressively large breast.

Lester let them kiss and tongue each other a little longer before he gently pushed their heads lower down his body. Sarah went first without hesitation, her mouth opening as she took the oversized head of his cock between her lips. The other woman followed right after her tongue sliding along the massive shaft while Sarah sucked on the bulbous head. They worked together without using any words. Their mouths moving in sync up and down his substantial length in a slow but messy rhythm. Streams of saliva dripped down Lester's cock as they took turns sucking and licking at him, sometimes both of them in the same spot at once, their tongues brushing against each other around him.

Jesse shifted uncomfortably in the chair and the cuffs pulled tight again. He could hear every single wet sound of their activities. The way Sarah moaned around Lester's cock and the soft eager sighing noises coming from the other woman too. Lester leaned back against the pillows, one hand resting languidly on each of their heads guiding them but not forcing anything. His thick shaft glistened even more now covered in their combined spit as they kept their cock worship going. Sarah took him deeper, her open throat working while the other woman licked along the thick base and went down to address his hairy balls, sucking one into her mouth with a passionate soft hum that made Jesse's dick throb in his jeans.

The three of them kept at it for what felt like forever switching positions back and forth on the pale man's steel hard pole. Sarah would suck him deep while the other woman licked and kissed along the shaft then they would trade places, their eager lips brushing against each other sometimes in these accidental messy kisses around the head of his leaking cock. Lester groaned low in his throat, his hips lifting off the bed just a little to push deeper into one or the other of their mouths. The sounds were obscenely wet and filthy. The women's saliva mixed and dripped down onto the off-white sheets. Jesse could see every detail from where he was confined; the way Sarah's cheeks hollowed when she sucked him. The taste buds on the other woman's tongue as it flicked out to taste him between strokes.

Sarah pulled off for a second lustily gasping for air, her perfect lips shiny and swollen. The other woman took over immediately, jealously sucking him down her throat with this eager pleading sound. Sarah leaned in to lick along the exposed side of his shaft, her hand reaching down to stroke what couldn't fit in her mouth. They moved together like they had done this before even though Jesse was reasonably sure they hadn't. Their hands kept roaming over Lester's body too. Touching his beach ball like stomach, his oddly misshapen thighs, anywhere they could reach as if they both needed the connection.

Lester let them keep going, his breathing getting heavier. He still didn't say a word. The two women kept enthusiastically working his cock together. Tongues and lips and hands moving in this filthy perfect rhythm. Sarah moaned willingly around his hardness again, the vibration making Lester's slovenly hips twitch. The other woman sucked even harder, taking him as deep as she could while Sarah licked and kissed the expanse of what was left exposed. Spit ran down his voluminous balls and onto the sheets, the whole scene

messy and raw and so hot Jesse felt like he was going to lose his mind if he kept watching it.

He sat there chained up, forced to see every second of this bizarre pornographic performance. Sarah and the other woman completely focused on Lester like nothing else in the world existed. Their bodies moved together, hands sliding over skin and each other's bodies while their mouths stayed busy at his ridiculously huge cock. Jesse could feel his pulse pounding in his ears, his own cock so hard it was almost painful, aroused, trapped and ignored. The anger was still there burning low in his chest but the arousal was a raging fire right now.

Lester finally let out a low groan, his hand tightening in Sarah's hair for a second before relaxing again. The two women didn't stop. They just kept going about their thorough work. Sloppy tongues sliding over each other and over him like they were lost in the taste and the feel of his pleasure. The room was filled with the wet sounds of their mouths and the soft eager noises they made and Jesse felt like he was burning up from the inside watching it all happen.

Sarah and the woman had their mouths on Lester's cock now, both of them focused on the apple-sized head. They were making out around it tongues sliding against each other with the swollen head of his dick caught right between both sets of their lips. It was messy, wet gushes of saliva dripping down the expanding shaft while they kissed together sloppily over him. Jesse could hear every sound, the soft wet smacks of their mouths working together and the low groans coming from Lester.

They kept at it for a long time, not rushing, just worshipping him. Sarah would suck the head into her mouth and the other woman licked along the shaft and then they switched places. Their tongues brushing against each other every time they traded positions. Their hands were stroking him furiously now, both of them gripping his thick cock in different places and pumping it in these fast desperate motions. Lester's dick glistened more with every stroke covered in their spit and his flowing precum. Jesse could see how hard he was the way it twitched between their mouths every time one of them sucked a little deeper.

The woman with the long blonde hair moaned around the head of his cock, the sound vibrating through the column of flesh while Sarah kept stroking the broad base with both hands. They were completely lost in it. Their bodies pressed close together on the bed, hands roaming possessively over each other even while they both focused on Lester. Sarah's fingers slid over the other woman's breast squeezing softly before moving lower to touch her between her legs. The other woman did the same, reaching over to rub slow circles over Sarah's exposed swollen clit while they kept eagerly kissing and licking around Lester's giant cock. Their bodies both grinding against him desperately.

Jesse shifted in the chair, his own cock throbbing painfully in his jeans. He was so hard it hurt, badly. The cuffs kept him from doing anything about it. He couldn't stop watching the way their tongues worked together over the swollen head and the way their hands moved faster on the older man's shaft, stroking him in these urgently deft strokes that made Lester's hips involuntarily lift off the bed.

It went on for a very long time. Sarah and her look alike trading off sucking him deep while the other licked and kissed whatever couldn't fit in their mouths. Their hands never stopped moving, stroking him furiously from base to tip sometimes both gripping him at once and pumping in this filthy sustained rhythm. Jesse felt his own breathing getting rougher the longer he watched, his cock leaking steadily and trapped with no relief.

Eventually Lester let out a low groan and managed to sit up. He gently pushed both women back just enough to slide out from between them. Sarah and the other woman stayed on the bed still touching each other even without him there. Their mouths found each other again kissing deep and hungrily, hands sliding over unclothed skin like they couldn't stop. Sarah's fingers were between the other woman's legs now rubbing slowly then faster while the blonde woman did the same back to her. They were moaning into each other's mouths, their bodies moving together on the sheets completely focused on each other now that Lester's cock had moved away.

Lester stood up and walked over to Jesse, his heavy cock still unwaveringly hard and wet, swinging dramatically with every step. Jesse felt that same submissive intimidation hit

him again at how big the thing looked up close. Lester didn't say anything, just reached down and unlocked the cuffs with a quiet clicking sound. The metal fell away from Jesse's wrists leaving red marks on his skin. He flexed his hands feeling the blood rush back into his fingers but he didn't move right away still staring at the two women writhing on the bed.

Sarah and the woman were still going at it, kissing sloppily. Their hands wandering all over each other's bodies. Sarah had two fingers inside the other woman now pumping them slowly and deep while the blonde woman rubbed tight calculated circles over Sarah's soaked, swelling clit. Their bodies moved together in this slow grinding rhythm, both women breathing hard and making these soft desperate murmuring sounds. Jesse sat there, free now but still frozen in the chair. His cock ached and his mind spun from the scene he couldn't quite process as he watched.

"Follow my lead," Lester grunted, "Don't do anything without my permission. Got it?"

Lester stepped back toward the bed without a word leaving Jesse sitting there unchained but unsure of what was to come next. The two women were too wrapped up in each other kissing and touching like nothing else mattered for him to easily jump in. Jesse could still see Lester's cock glistening from their mouths as he stood over them watching with that same satisfied look on his fugly face.

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Sarah lay on the bed with the blindfold still tight over her eyes, the world reduced to touch and sound and that warm heavy buzz moving through her veins. Whatever had been upsetting her earlier felt so far away now, like it was a problem that belonged to someone else. The fight with Dan, the things Lester had said about Tricia, all of it was drifting off somewhere distant while this thick sweet feeling took her over instead. Her skin felt too sensitive, every little brush of air making her shiver, and she could feel the other woman right there beside her, her hands on Sarah's body.

God this feels so good, so great. I don't even care about anything else right now. Just this. Just how warm everything is and how badly I need touch.

The woman's hand was on her stomach, sliding slowly and carefully; she was learning the shape of her. Sarah let out a soft sound and reached over without thinking, her own fingers finding smooth skin and the curve of an ample breast. The woman was warm and soft in all the same places she was, and it made something low in Sarah's belly tighten. She traced her fingers over the woman's nipple and felt it harden under her touch, could feel the quiet intake of breath that followed. It was strange and hot at the same time, not knowing who this was but feeling how much she wanted this too. It felt so right.

Their mouths found each other a moment later, the kiss starting slowly before turning deeper and more chaotic. Sarah could taste the wine on the woman's tongue and something sweeter underneath it. The woman kissed like she was starving for it, one hand sliding up to cup Sarah's breast while the other stayed between her legs, fingers brushing lightly over her clit in these teasing strokes that made Sarah's hips lift anxiously off the bed. She moaned into the kiss and kissed her back harder, her own hand moving between the woman's thighs to begin to return the favor. They touched each other like that for an unmeasured amount of time, fingers exploring and stroking between their legs while their mouths stayed locked together, soft wet sounds filling the space between them.

This is so wrong but it feels too good to stop. I don't even know who she is but I want her to keep touching me. I want more.

She felt the mattress dip and then Lester's weight settle on top of her. His heavy body pressed her down into the sheets, the thick heat of his unmistakable cock sliding against her inner thigh. Sarah gasped into the woman's mouth when she felt him there, already hard and ready, the massive head of him nudging against her slick folds. The woman didn't pull away from them. She kept kissing Sarah, slower now, almost soothing, while Lester pushed forward and started to sink himself inside her welcoming folds.

The stretch of him made Sarah's back arch. He filled her in that familiar thick way that always made her feel completely taken over, and the warm buzz in her body only made the fill even better. Every slow thrust sent sparks shooting through her entire being, and

she moaned louder against the woman's lips, her hands gripping the sheets and then finding the woman's waist again like she needed something to hold onto. Lester fucked her steadily and deep, his breathing rough above her, one hand braced beside her head while the other pinned her hip down.

The woman kept kissing her through it all, her tongue sliding against Sarah's in these lazy hungry movements. Sarah could feel the woman's body shifting closer, her breasts brushing against Sarah's extended arm, and then she felt the woman's hand move down between them again, fingers finding Sarah's clit while Lester kept thrusting into her. The added touch made Sarah cry out, her whole body tightening around Lester's cock as the pleasurable fluttering was quickly working up inside of her.

He feels so good. They both feel so good. I don't want this to stop. Not ever. I don't want to think about anything else.

She was vaguely aware of the woman reacting beside her, the way her breathing changed and her body moved in these little jerks that didn't match what Sarah was doing. The woman's mouth left Sarah's for a second, a soft broken sound escaping her before she came back to kiss her again, deeper this time. Sarah could feel the woman's hips rocking now, like something was moving inside her too, someone else taking her at the same time Lester was taking Sarah. The realization hit through the ecstatic haze in slow pieces. Someone was fucking the woman. She could tell by the way the woman's body kept jolting forward, by the way her moans changed pitch every few seconds.

Lester himself kept expertly fucking her through it all, his thrusts getting a little rougher, the sound of skin meeting skin mixing with the wet sounds coming from between her legs and those of the other woman. The custom blindfold muffled the sound so Sarah assumed it must have been really loud. Sarah reached up blindly, one hand finding Lester's thick arm and the other sliding over the woman's side, needing to touch both of them while this was happening. The woman kissed her harder, almost frantic now, and Sarah kissed back just as passionately, lost in the feeling of being filled and touched and kissed all at once.

Lesters' hand moved into the back of Sarah's hair, pulling her from the kiss with the other woman. His fat disgusting tongue melded with hers, exchanging copious amounts of saliva. The woman's tongue joined with them and they all sloppily kissed each other all at once. Tongues, wet lips all crashing together as the woman panted hard while she was fucked by someone else.

The buzz was still moving through Sarah, making everything feel bigger and slower and hotter. She could feel the familiar shape of Lester's heavy body pressing her down, the way his unchecked gut brushed against her stomach with every rigid thrust, the way his oversized cock dragged against that perfect spot inside her over and over. Every time the woman made one of those sharp little sounds Sarah knew someone else was fucking her and that the woman was enjoying every second of it.

Sarah felt her body getting close. She couldn't hold it back.

It's all too much but I don't want it to end. I want to stay right here like this forever.

Sarah's orgasm crashed over her all at once, her body locking up around Lester's driving cock as she came hard. She moaned into the woman's mouth, her hands clutching at whatever she could reach while the pleasure rolled through her in long heavy impossible waves. The woman was right there with her, shaking and gasping against Sarah's lips as whoever was behind her kept moving, the rhythm of it making the woman's body press harder into Sarah's with every thrust. Sarah sucked on the woman's tongue as her body quivered and shook. Pleasure rolling through Sarah in obscene waves.

Lester didn't slow down. He fucked her straight through it, his breathing rough and his cock still thick and hard inside her, drawing it out until Sarah was trembling and oversensitive and still somehow wanting more. The woman's mouth stayed on hers the whole time, kissing her through the aftershocks, their bodies pressed together while the two men kept taking them. Sarah could feel everything so clearly even with the blindfold on. The heat of Lester's skin, the way the woman's nipples brushed against her own, the wet

slide of Lester’s cock moving in and out of her, the soft desperate sounds the woman kept making every time she herself was filled with cock again.

She didn’t know how long this foursome went on. Time felt strange and stretched out under the deafening blindfold and the heavy warmth still moved through her. All she knew was the feeling of being repeatedly touched and fucked and kissed, the way her body kept responding even when she thought she couldnt take anymore stimulation. Lester’s hand found her breast and squeezed, his thumb brushing over her pebble hard nipple in time with his thrusts, and the woman’s thumb on her other breast, rubbing her through every wave until Sarah was whimpering into her mouth and coming again, smaller this time but just as intense as the last one.

The woman was incredibly close to cumming too. Sarah could feel it in the way her body tensed up and shook wildly, in the way her kisses became more filled with tongue and turned sloppy and desperate. Whoever was fucking her must have been hitting some amazing placebecause the woman kept making these soft broken gasps against Sarah’s lips, her hips rolling back to meet every wonderful thrust. Sarah reached between them and found the woman’s engorged clit with her own fingers, rubbing her in these quick tight circles while Lester kept fucking her from above. The woman came with a sharp cry muffled against Sarah’s mouth, her whole body going tight and then shaking hard as the orgasm raged through her.

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Sarah felt the woman collapse beside her, breathing hard and trembling through the delicious aftershocks. Something shifted on the bed next to her, the mattress dipping as Lester pulled out of her with a wet sound that made her whimper at the sudden emptiness. Before she could catch her breath his hands were on her hips, strong and rough as he flipped her over onto her stomach and then pulled her up onto her hands and knees. She barely had time to process the change before he was behind her again, gripping her waist and sliding his thick cock back into her ready opening in one smooth practiced thrust.

The new angle made her gasp in shock. He felt even deeper like this, stretching her open in that thick familiar way while his heavy body pressed up against her ass. Lester started fucking her in steady, deep strokes, his hips slapping against her with every intense thrust. The globes of his giant hairy balls, swinging between his legs. Sarah’s arms shook as she tried to hold herself up, the blindfold keeping everything dark and her body hyper aware of every titillating sensation. The warm buzz was still rolling through her, making the pleasure sharper and heavier at the same time.

God yes. Just like this. I need it like this. Hard and deep so I don’t have to think about anything else.

She felt movement in front of her. Someone sat down on the bed, their thighs brushing against her arms as they settled close. A hand came to rest on the back of her head, fingers threading into her hair before gently but firmly pushing her down. Her lips met the head of a cock, already slick and warm, and she opened her mouth without thinking. The hand guided her lower until she took it all in, the length sliding over her tongue as whoever it was let out a low sound above her.

Lester kept fucking her from behind, his pace never slowing even as she started to suck the cock in front of her. There was a second man here. But who? The question drifted from her mind as the hand on her head stayed there, not forcing but controlling the rhythm as she bobbed up and down on the cock in front of her. She could taste the salt of precum and something else underneath it, something sweet that made her moan around the length in her mouth. Did she know this cock? The shape and size told her it wasn’t her husband, but the feel and smell wasn’t completely new. Her body rocked between the two of them, Lester’s thrusts pushing her forward onto the cock while the hand in her hair pulled her back just enough to keep her moving fluidly.

It’s so much. Both of them at once. I don’t even know who this is but I can’t stop. I don’t want to stop.

The woman was still somewhere on the bed beside her, breathing hard but quiet now. Sarah could feel the occasional brush of skin when the woman shifted, but most of her focus was split between the thick cock stretching her from behind and the one sliding in and out of

her sucking mouth. Lester's grip on her hips tightened as he fucked her even harder. She could hear the muffled, wet noises she was making around the cock in front of her. Whoever was in front of her was breathing heavier now too, their thighs tensing under her hands every time she took the man deeper. She tried to grip the shaft of his cock but there wasn't as much to grab as Lester's.

She lost track of time like that, caught between the two of them. Lester's thrusts were deep and relentless, his heavyset balls slapping against her thighs with every stroke while his hands held her steady for his penetration. The person in front of her let her set some of the pace but carefully kept that guiding hand on the back of her head, fingers tightening in her hair whenever she tried to pull off too far. She sucked harder without meaning to, her tongue working along the underside of his cock as she took them as deep as she could. Spit ran down her chin and dripped onto the sheets, mixing with everything else that had pooled there.

Lester leaned over her suddenly, his chest pressing tightly against her back as he reached around to rub her clit in tight circles. The added masterful touches made her moan loudly around the cock in her mouth, her whole body jerking between them. The person in front of her groaned and pushed her head down a little further, hips lifting to meet her. Sarah took it, eyes watering behind the blindfold as she tried to focus on both amazing sensations at once.

This is what I needed. To be used like this. To not have to think or choose or feel guilty. Just this.

They kept going like that for a while, time blurred and Lester fucking her from behind while she sucked the other person in front of her. Every time Lester thrust deep it pushed her forward, forcing more of the cock into her mouth, and every time she pulled back the hand in her hair guided her right back down on the stiff rod. The woman beside them had gone quiet but Sarah could still feel her presence, the occasional shift of the mattress when she moved. It only made everything feel more intense, knowing someone else was right there listening while she was being taken from both ends.

Lester's breathing was getting rougher behind her, his thrusts losing some of their rhythm as he got closer. He kept rubbing her clit the whole time, fingers moving fast until Sarah felt another orgasm building within her.

Sarah's orgasm rose up from the depths inside of her and rushed out, rippling through her body like a massive out of control tsunami. She quaked dangerously under the massive pleasure swelling inside of her. Her body clamped down forcefully on Lester's constrained cock, steadily milking him in place. Her bared toes curling in the dirty sheets.

She tried to pull off the cock in front of her to breathe but the man's hand held her there, not letting her go far enough. She moaned around it instead, as the explosive orgasm washed through her repeatedly. The sound vibrated through her as Lester fucked her to the edge of consciousness and straight into another smaller burst of an orgasm that left her shaking and clenching her pussy around him.

The person in front of her pulled her head back just enough for her to gasp in air before pushing her down on his driving cock again. Sarah sucked him eagerly now, her body still twitching from the aftershocks while Lester kept moving himself behind her. Her fist stroked the cock's exposed length of shaft as she zealously devoured him. She could feel how close he was by the way his rough grip tightened and his thrusts got shorter and harder. The cock in her mouth was throbbing too, whoever it belonged to was getting close as well from the way their hips were pistoning and the uninhibited sounds they were making.

The idea spun through her brain. Having two men at once with an audience of some kind. Two unknown people were seeing this. Had used her. It was too much. Her body was on fire like it never had been before, the dark warmth burning through every inch of her. It was too much.

Sarah felt it building fast and unstoppable, the pressure coiling tight in her belly as Lester fucked her harder than ever from behind. His thick cock dragged against every sensitive spot inside her with each pointed thrust, and the man in front of her was still pushing all of himself into her mouth, his hand tight in her hair. She was shaking all

over, her arms barely holding her body up when the singular orgasm of her life hit her like a wave crashing through her entire body. Her pussy clamped down hard around Lester's titanic cock, pulsing and squeezing him tight as the unbelievable pleasure tore through her. It was explosive, mind shattering, her whole body locking up and then shaking uncontrollably while she moaned loudly and thoroughly broken around the plunging cock in her mouth. Her eyes rolled back into her skull.

Oh fuck its too much its too good I cant stop cumming

The man in front of her tensed suddenly, his thighs going rigid under her splayed hands. She felt him swell against her tongue right before he came, thick spurts hitting the back of her throat in hot pulses. The taste of him flooded her mouth and it pushed her straight into another orgasm, even stronger than the first. It felt like fireworks exploding inside her, bright and overwhelming, her mind going white as her body convulsed between the two men. She swallowed without thinking, her throat working around him while her pussy kept fluttering and clenching on Lester's cock like it was trying to pull him even deeper. She kept swallowing, spurt after warm bitter spurt of an unknown man's cum.

Lester's grip on her hips tightened to the point of bruising. She heard him let out a deep, guttural grunt above her, his heavy body pressing down ever harder against her back. His gut was hot against her skin, the weight of him pinning her in place as he buried himself to the hilt and started to release another flood of his cum. Thick ropes of it pumped into her, one after another, filling her up with that familiar wet heat. She could feel every bulging pulse of his cock inside her, the way it twitched and throbbed as he emptied himself of his seed. Load after load of cum shot into her. She swallowed more of Jesse's load as Lester unleashed a multiple torrents of cum into her pussy.

He's filling me up again. All of it. God what if he actually knocks me up….

The thought sent her spiraling into another chain lightning orgasm, these hitting even harder than the last. Her pussy squeezed down around him again, milking every last drop as she came again and again with broken sobs. Her whole body was shaking, her thighs trembling so hard she almost collapsed forward. Lester's weight kept her pinned, his heavy frame draped over her back while he finished inside her, his breathing rough and ragged against her shoulder. She could feel the mess of it already starting to jet and leak out around his cock, hot and thick as it dripped down her thighs.

The man who she now thought was Jesse in front of her finally pulled out of her mouth, his cock slipping free with a wet sound. Sarah gasped for air, her lips swollen and slick, strings of spit and cum still connecting her to him for a second before they broke. She stayed there on her hands and knees, Lester's cock still buried deep inside her as the aftershocks rolled through her in decreasing smaller waves. Her body felt used and full and completely wrecked in the best way, the warm buzz from earlier still humming through her veins and making everything feel soft around the edges. She fell forward, face resting against the cock in front of her. It pressed against her cheek and she unconsciously gave it little soft, murmuring kisses.

Lester didn't pull out right away. He stayed pressed against her, his heavy gut resting on her lower back and his thick thighs bracketing her own. She could feel the sweat on his skin where it touched hers. The woman was still somewhere on the bed beside them, but Sarah barely registered her. All she could focus on was the feeling of Lester still inside her.

She stayed there, trembling and panting, as Lester finally started to ease out of her. His cock dragged slowly and felt thick against her sensitive walls. Sarah's arms gave out and she lowered herself onto her elbows, her face pressed into the unclean sheets while she tried to catch her breath. The blindfold was still on, keeping her in the dark, but she could feel everything so clearly. The ache between her legs, the sticky mess on her skin, the way her body still pulsed with aftershocks. Lester said something, she didn't know what. The man in front of her moved away.

Lester's hand stayed on her hip for a moment, squeezing once before he finally moved back. She heard him shifting on the bed behind her, but she didn't have the energy to turn and look even if she could've seen through the blindfold. Her mind was still floating somewhere soft and hazy, the orgasms having wiped away every last bit of tension

she'd carried into the room. All she could think about was how full she felt and how good it had been to have both of them using her like that.

The woman beside her shifted too, her breathing still uneven. Sarah could feel the warmth of her body close by, but she didn't reach for her. She was too wrung out, too satisfied in that deep, aching way that made her want to stay exactly where she was. Lester's deposit of cum was still leaking out of her in slow pulses, and she clenched without meaning to, trying to keep as much of it inside as she could. The thought of it taking root sent another small shiver through her.

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Lester stood naked at the foot of the bed, looking down at the mess he'd made. Sarah and Renee were laid out together, both of them still trembling, their bodies shiny with sweat and cum leaking slowly from between both their legs. Sarah's blindfold was still on, her blonde hair a tangled mess splayed across the pillow. Renee was breathing hard beside her, one arm thrown over her stomach. The room stank of sex and sour sweat. Lester felt a slow, satisfied grin pull at his mouth.

Look at them. Perfect. I've done it.

Over in the chair by the radiator, Jesse was sitting there naked and panting like a dog that had been run too hard. His spent cock was soft and pathetic between his legs, his wrists red from where the cuffs had been. He looked small and broken, all that angry energy from before drained right out of him. Lester felt a flicker of disgust curl in his gut just looking at him. Pathetic.

"Leave now," Lester said, his voice low and calm. "And drop the lawsuit like we discussed."

Jesse lifted his head, his face still flushed and dazed. "I didn't get Sarah. You said…"

"Fuck off," Lester cut him off, taking a slow step closer. "You went along with the plan. Now leave. If I hear you haven't dropped the suit, well…" He gestured around the room with one hand, at the rumpled sheets and the two women still catching their breaths on the bed. "I got footage of you now."

Jesse looked around the room, eyes going wide looking for a camera. He wouldn't find any of them. His throat bobbed as he swallowed hard. Without another word he started pulling his clothes back on with shaky hands, fumbling with his jeans and shirt like he couldn't get them on fast enough. Lester watched him carefully the whole time, arms crossed over his chest, his thick bat of a cock still hanging heavily between his legs. He didn't move an inch until Jesse was dressed and heading for the door. Then he followed.

"You're a bastard you know…" Jesse started to say before Lester shut the door right in the younger man's face.

The click of the lock echoed in the quiet room. Lester turned back to the bed and let his eyes drag over the two women again.

My two sleeping beauties. Sarah all fucked out and full of me, and Renee right there beside her doing the same. Couldn't have planned it better if I tried.

His cock gave a lazy twitch against his thigh at the sight. He could still see the mess he had left in both of them, the way it was starting to drip down their thighs and onto the sheets.

He strolled over to the bed without a hint of hurry, his heavy steps making the floor creak. Renee was still lying on her side, breathing slow and deep like she was half asleep. Lester reached down and grabbed her hips, pulling her up onto her knees without any warning. She made a soft, sleepy sound but didn't fight him, her body his possession under his proficient hands. He lined himself up behind her and pushed his entire length back inside in one smooth thrust, her pussy still slick and warm from before. Renee moaned, low and drawn out, her back arching as she pushed back against him without thinking.

Lester gripped her hips tight, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh there as he started to fuck her again in slow, deep strokes. The wet sound of their coupling filled the room, mixing with her quiet moans. He could feel his own cum from earlier being pushed out around his cock with every thrust.

He glanced over at Sarah still lying beside them, blindfold in place, her body twitching every now and then like she could still feel him moving inside her even though he had pulled out. The sight of both of them like this, wrecked and leaking and completely under his control, sent another slow pulse of satisfaction through him. His cock thickened inside Sarah’s mother in response.

He kept fucking Renee steadily and deep, his heavy gut pressing against her ass with every thrust, his balls slapping against her with wet sounds. She was moaning louder now, pushing back to meet him like she couldn’t help herself. Lester let one hand slide up her back and into her hair, gripping tight as he picked up the pace just a little. The bed creaked under them. Sarah stirred beside them but didn’t wake, her breathing still soft and even. Lester grinned down at the mess he’d made of both of them and kept his hips moving, his cock sliding in and out of Renee’s slick heat while the room filled with the sound of their skin meeting and her quiet, desperate moans.

Sarah floated in a warm, heavy haze. The blindfold was still tight over her eyes and the soft cups pressed against her ears, turning every sound into something distant and muffled. She didnt care. A slow current of heat moved through her whole body, making her skin tingle and her thoughts soft around the edges. She felt like she was lying on a cloud, or maybe drifting just above one. Everything felt good. The sheets under her knees, the air on her bare back, even the ache between her legs. She was completely naked and she didnt care where she was or how she got here.

Lester was behind her. She could feel the heavy, soft weight of his gut resting on the top of her ass, warm and moving every time he thrust. It jiggled against her skin in a way that should have been gross but only made her push back harder. His hands were locked on her hips, thick fingers digging in as he fucked her doggy style. He felt enormous inside her, stretching her open so wide it made her mouth fall open against the soft skin in front of her face. Every stroke dragged along places that made her toes curl and her breath ragged.

God he feels so big. So fucking deep. I dont even know where I am and I dont care. Just keep going.

Her face was pressed against something soft and warm. Another woman's breasts. The other woman from earlier was lying under her or beside her, not really moving, just there. Sarah could feel the soft give of them against her cheek and the side of her mouth every time Lester's thrusts rocked her forward. She nuzzled into them without thinking, letting the warm skin drag against her lips. The other woman smelled faintly of sweat and something floral that was almost gone now. Sarah didnt try to figure out who it was. She just breathed her in and kept pushing her hips back to meet Lester's thick cock.

The bed was shaking hard. She could feel every movement of his body, the way his gut slapped against her ass, the way his heavy balls brushed her with each stroke. His musky smell filled the little air she could get between the other woman's skin and her own breathing.

She was lost in it. Time had stopped meaning anything. All that existed was the stretch of him inside her, the heat of his body covering her from behind, and the soft press of the other woman's breasts against her face. Sarah moaned into that soft skin and thrust back harder, trying to take every inch he would give her. Her arms felt weak so she let more of her weight drop forward, burying her face deeper against the other woman. A nipple brushed her lips and she opened her mouth around it without thinking, sucking gently while Lester kept fucking her.

Lester's grip tightened on her hips and he started moving faster. The bed protested under the force of it. Sarah could feel the soft fat of his stomach rolling against her with every hard thrust, the way it stuck to her sweaty skin for a second before peeling away again. His cock was so thick it felt like it was rearranging her from the inside. She clenched around him and heard him make a low sound behind her, muffled by the ear cups but still clear enough to send another pulse of heat through her.

She kept her mouth on the other woman's breast, tongue moving lazily over the nipple while her body rocked forward and back. The other woman still wasnt moving much, just lying there, but Sarah could feel the rise and fall of her breathing, under her cheek. It made the whole thing feel even more dreamlike. Like none of it was fully real. Everything was soft and glowing around the edges. Every nerve ending felt switched on. Even the ache between her legs from how hard he was taking her throbbed.

Lester leaned over her more, his weight pressing her down until her chest was almost flat against the other woman. His gut was fully draped over her lower back and ass now, heavy and hot. He kept thrusting in short, powerful strokes that made the whole mattress shake. Sarah moaned around the nipple in her mouth and pushed back as hard as she could, wanting him deeper. She could feel how wet she was, some of it was already running down the insides of her thighs.

Her arms gave out a little more and she sank fully against the soft body beneath her. The other woman's breasts were warm pillows under her face. Sarah turned her head slightly so she could press her open mouth against the soft underside of one, breathing hard while Lester pounded into her from behind. His hands slid up from her hips to her waist, then higher, until he was gripping her just under her breasts and using the hold to pull her back onto his cock with every thrust. The force of it made her whole body jolt.

She was getting close again. The pleasure built in a thick, rolling wave that started deep in her belly and spread outward. Every time his heavy balls slapped against her it sent another spark through her. She could feel the way his heavy gut shook with the effort of fucking her. It should have been disgusting. Instead it only made her push back harder. She sucked on the breast under her mouth and reached one hand back blindly, finding the soft side of his stomach and digging her fingers into it.

Lester made another low sound and fucked her even harder. The bed was really moving now, the headboard knocking against the wall in a muffled rhythm. Sarah's moans were getting louder,. Vaugely she was aware of how loud she must be as her moans spilled out around the soft skin of the other woman's breast. She could feel the other woman's

heartbeat under her cheek.. It grounded her even while the rest of her was floating away on the heat and the stretch and the thick slide of Lester's cock.

She felt her own orgasming floating besides he like its own living thing. Pulsating. Inside of her and outside floating with her. She reached for it. Behidn the blindfold her eyes clamped shut and the pleasure of her orgasm began to grow larger and larger until she couldn't holdi tb ack any longer.

She came hard, her whole body locking up and then shaking as the orgasm tore through her. Fireworks of explosive pleasure tore trough every sense she had. Her pussy clamped down around him in tight, pulsing waves and she cried out against the other woman's skin. Lester didnt stop. His wonderful awinspiring cock kept thrusting into her even as she tried to clench around him.

He kept thrusting through it, dragging the pleasure out until Sarah was whimpering and trembling and barely able to hold herself up. The other woman still lay quiet beneath her, soft and warm, the only solid thing Sarah could hold onto while the rest of the world dissolved into heat and pressure and the thick, relentless movement of Lester's body behind her.

When the worst of the shaking passed she was still pushing back against him, still trying to take every inchof him. The warmth in her blood made the aftershocks feel almost as good as the orgasm itself. Every small movement of his cock inside her sent another soft pulse of pleasure through her. She stayed there on her hands and knees, face buried against the other woman's breasts, letting Lester use her however he wanted while the bed kept shaking under them and the electric heat kept moving through her body.

She had no idea how long it had been. She had no idea where the other man had gone. She didnt care about any of it. All that existed was the heavy gut pressing against her ass, the massive stretch of Lester inside her, and the soft warm skin of the woman beneath her. Sarah moaned again and pushed back harder, completely lost in the feeling of being taken.

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Lester had a giant grin stretched across his face as he fucked Sarah raw. An hour ago he had just finished pumping another load into Renee, and now Sarah's tight warm pussy was clenching around his cock like she was trying to keep him inside forever. He loved every second of it. Her back was slick with sweat, her perfect ass pushing back to meet every thrust, and the soft fat of his gut kept slapping against her with a wet, heavy sound. He rolled his eyes back in pleasure as her pussy gripped his cock, milking him. He licked his fat lips

and ground into her, savoring the sensations. No body fucked like Sarah. She was on another level. Her body built for sarah.

And to top it off, she was making all kinds of noise. Loud, uninhibited, completely gone.

“Ahh…fuck…ohhh god…”

“Mmmph…yes…yes...”

“Nngh….don’t stop…please…”

She couldn’t hear him. The blindfold cups over her ears and the way she was moaning so loud made sure of that. From somewhere in the motel a fist banged hard against the wall and a muffled voice yelled for them to shut the fuck up. Lester didnt even glance that way. He just kept driving into her, grinning wider.

“You know, Dan is right,” he said, voice low between thrusts. “I never got fixed. All this time. All this fucking time. Maybe you should have listened to your husband. You’ve been getting my sweet baby batte. Begging for it..”

Sarah only answered with another broken moan, thrusting back harder. One of her hands was pressed against Renee’s chest, fingers digging into the soft flesh there. The other was clenched tight in the sheets, knuckles white.

“Oh yeah and your pills don’t work anymore,” Lester continued, breathing heavier now. “They don’t do shit. Placebo or wahtever. Sooner or later… and I’m hoping sooner… I’m gonna be leaving you with Lester junior. Fuck I love this.”

He watched her body move under him, the way her back arched and her hips rolled to take him deeper. She was completely lost in it, fucking herself back onto his cock like an animal. The bed was shaking hard. Renee lay quiet beneath Sarah, still half out of it, while Sarah used her for leverage and sound.

“You feel that?” Lester grunted, slamming in harder. “That’s pure fucking seed, Sarah. No protection. Just me about to fill up that fertile little body of yours. Dan can call every clinic in the state, won’t change a thing. You’re already full of me from earlier and I’m about to give you more.”

Sarah’s moans got wilder, higher, almost frantic.

“Ahhh…fuck…Lester…oh my god…”

“That’s it,” he growled. “Take it. Fucking take every inch. I’m gonna breed this pussy so good you’ll be walking around with my kid and still coming back for more.”

He could feel her getting close again. The way she clenched and fluttered around him, the desperate way she was shoving her ass back, the broken sounds spilling out of her. Her hand on Renee's chest squeezed harder. The fist in the sheets twisted the fabric.

"I'm gonna cum," Lester announced, voice thick. "Gonna fill this fertile pussy right now. Take it, Sarah. Take all of it."

Even though she couldn't hear him, she answered back almost in sync, her voice brokean and desperate. "God, Lester…mhmmmfuck…give ti to me. Oh god…uhmmhmmyes…Lester…"

He slammed in deep and stayed there as the first thick rope of cum shot into her. Sarah let out an unhinged, loud moan that turned into a near-scream, her whole body almost convulsing under him. Her pussy locked down around his cock in hard, milking pulses, squeezing every drop out of him as he kept pumping rope after rope of thick cum into her. He could feel it flooding her, the wet heat of it already starting to leak out around his shaft with every small twitch of his hips.

"Mmmhmmm….Gaaamhmmmm…ffuc…Lester…..yess," she kept cumming on him, body shaking, milking him clean until her arms finally gave out and she collapsed forward, going completely limp over Renee. Her face was buried against her breasts, still blindfolded, still making soft little aftershock sounds.

Lester didnt pull out right away. He stayed buried deep, grinding into her in slow circles, trying to push his cum even deeper. His hands stayed locked on her hips, holding her ass up while her upper body draped lifelessly over Renee. He squeezed his cock inside her, working out the last few dribbles, watching the thick white mess start to leak out around him and run down her thighs.

Finally he slid out with a wet sound. A thick string of cum followed, connecting them for a second before breaking. He stood there at the edge of the bed, breathing hard, looking down at the two sweaty, naked blondes curled up together. Sarah was out cold. Renee was still mostly gone. Both of them marked and leaking him.

Lester smirked, chest still rising and falling. He felt like a god.

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Lester stood at the edge of the bed in the dark, the only light coming from the thin crack under the bathroom door. It was the early hours, still a long way from sunup. The motel room was quiet except for the soft, even breathing of the two women on the bed. He had a thick

fist wrapped around his cock, stroking slow and steady, eyes blazing as he stared down at them.

Sarah and Renee were facing each other, both completely naked, both still asleep. Their blonde hair was tangled across the pillows, almost entertwined. Their bodies were shiny with dried sweat. And between their legs, thick white cum was still leaking out of both of them in slow, lazy trails that had already left wet spots on the sheets. Lester licked his lips and kept stroking, savoring every second of the view. He knew he had to move renee but he just could'nt bring himself to ruin their perfect tableau. His masterpiece.

Look at that. Both of them full of me.

He moved his hand a little faster, the wet sound of his fist on his cock soft in the quiet room. He spit into his palm to add a little more lubrication. His heavy gut hung over the base of his shaft as he worked himself. The sight of them like this, soft, spent, marked by him, made his cock throb hard in his grip. He could still smell the sex in the air, thick and musky.

Lester stepped closer until his knees almost touched the mattress. He stared at Sarah's face first, peaceful and asleep, lips slightly parted. Then at Renee's, so similar it still made something dark and satisfied twist in his gut. He kept stroking, thumb sliding over the wet head of his cock on every upstroke, spreading the precum that was already beading there.

I own both of them.

He climbed onto the bed carefully, the old springs creaking under his weight. Neither woman stirred. He knelt between them, close enough that he could feel the heat coming off their bodies. His cock was fully hard now, thick and heavy in his hand, the head purple and anfgry. He leaned forward and dragged it slowly across Sarah's cheek, leaving a wet trail. Then he moved it to Renee's face and did the same, rubbing the tip along her soft skin, over the corner of her mouth, then back again.

He alternated between them, slow and deliberate. Sarah's lips. Renee's lips. The side of Sarah's nose. The soft skin under Renee's eye. Every time the head of his cock touched one of their mouths he felt another thick pulse of precum leak out. He stroked himself the whole time, fist moving in long, steady pulls while he painted their faces with the wet tip. He moved it in lazy circles, dragging across their skin.

He pressed the head of his cock against Sarah's slightly open lips and rubbed it back and forth, smearing the wetness across them. Then he switched to Renee and did the same, pushing just enough that her soft lips parted a little around the tip before he pulled back. His breathing was getting heavier. The bed shifted under his weight as he leaned further over

them, one hand braced on the mattress while the other kept working his cock in tight, focused strokes.

The two women stayed asleep, faces turned toward each other, completely unaware that he was using them like this. Lester could see the dried streaks of earlier cum on their inner thighs, the way their breasts rose and fell with each soft breath. He dragged his cock from one face to the other again, slower this time, leaving shiny trails across both of their cheeks and mouths. His gut hung down as he leaned over, the soft weight of it brushing against Sarah's shoulder.

He was getting close. The sight of them, the feel of their warm skin against the sensitive head of his cock, the knowledge of what he had already done to both of them, it all stacked up until his fist was moving faster. Thick drops of precum kept leaking out, some of it stringing between the tip of his cock and their lips when he pulled away.

Lester kept alternating, rubbing the swollen head over Sarah's mouth, then Renee's, then back again, stroking himself harder the whole time. His breathing had turned into low, rough pants. The quiet room filled with the soft wet sound of his fist and the faint creak of the mattress under his knees. He stared down at the two blonde women with that same blazing look, savoring every second of the power and the mess and the complete ownership of the moment.

He was right on the edge now, cock throbbing hard in his hand, the head shiny and wet as he dragged it one more time across both of their lips. Then he released hismelf in a torrent of cum.

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Renee woke up slowly. Her head felt thick, like her brain was wrapped in cotton. Everything felt heavy. Her limbs, her thoughts, even her eyelids. She tried to sit up and the room tilted for a second before settling. A dull ache sat low between her legs and a pleasant sort of soreness pulsed through her hips and thighs. For a few blurry seconds she just laid there, staring at a stained ceiling she didnt recognize, trying to piece together where she was.

Memories started drifting back in pieces. Lester. His hands. The way he had talked to her. The heat of his body. Then other things that felt less solid. Another set of hands, softer ones, a woman's mouth maybe, someone else in the room. It all blurred together into something that felt more like a fever dream than real life. She could still feel the ghost of pleasure moving under her skin, a leftover warmth that made her shift against the sheets even as shame started to rise hard and fast in her chest.

What the hell did I do.

She sat up all the way and the room swam again. Dirty walls. Cheap furniture. The smell of old smoke and sex still hanging in the air. A door that led to an adjoining room. Recognition hit her like a slap. The motel. The same one from last night. She had met Lester here. She remembered that much clearly. Everything after that got hazy, like someone had wiped half the night away and left only the physical feelings behind.

Light was coming through the thin curtains, bright enough to make her squint. Morning. It was morning. Panic cut through the fog. She hadnt meant to stay out all night. James would be wondering where she was. He might already be calling. She swung her legs over he side of the bed and stood up too fast. The floor tilted. She grabbed the edge of the nightstand until it stopped.

Her phone and keys were on the small table near the door. She grabbed them with shaking hands and caught sight of herself in the mirror over the dresser. The woman looking back was a mess. Hair tangled. Makeup smeared. There was something dry and white on her cheek and near the corner of her mouth. Her neck had faint marks. She looked exactly like what she was , a woman who had been thoroughly fucked and left in a cheap motel.

Mortification flooded her. She rushed into the tiny bathroom, turned on the faucet, and scrubbed at her face with cold water and the rough paper towels until her skin felt raw. It helped a little but not enough. She still looked wrecked. Anger at Lester flared hot under her shame. He had just left her here like this. No note. No nothing. Just used her and walked out while she was still unconscious. But he'd never promised romance. Was human deceny too much to ask?

She pulled her clothes on as best she could. Everything felt wrinkled and wrong against her skin. The residual ache between her legs made her move carefully. When she opened the motel door the morning light hit her full in the face and made her eyes water. She kept her head down and walked fast toward her car.

Two men were standing near a beat-up truck a few spaces over. One of them looked her up and down, "Fuck somene had good night. Hey sweartheart come here. I got something to show ya. Where ya going?"

The other one laughed and said, "Was that you we heard last night? Fuck get over her baby and show us how you work."

Her stomach turned. She ignored them and kept walking, but the comments still sent an unwanted little thrill through her that only made the shame worse. She hated that her body reacted at all.

Inside the car she sat for a long moment with her hands on the wheel, trying to steady herself. Her head still felt foggy and her coordination was off. Driving didnt feel entirely safe, but staying here felt worse. Smoehow more dangerous.

She started the engine and pulled out of the lot, focusing hard on the road. Every stoplight felt like it lasted too long. The leftover warmth in her body kept reminding her of things she didnt want to think about. Lester's weight, the stretch of him, the confusing sense that someone else had been there too.

By the time she turned onto her street the sky was fully light. The clock on the dash said 7:42. Early enough that the neighbors might not be watching yet. She pulled into the driveway as quietly as she could and killed the engine. Her plan was simple: slip inside, get to the shower, figure out a story later. Her mind was blanking trying to conjure one. She opened the front door carefully and stepped into the entryway.

James was standing right there in the hall.

He looked like he hadnt slept. His eyes were bloodshot and fixed on her. The silence between them stretched for several long seconds while Renee's heart hammered in her chest and the full weight of the night settled over her like a stone.

***

Sarah sat in the passenger seat of Lester's SUV with her head tipped against the window. Everything felt slow and thick. Her thoughts kept slipping away before she could finish them. Her body was heavy. She told herself it was just the alcohol from last night, but it felt off. A low, pleasant ache still pulsed between her legs and every time the car hit a small bump it sent a soft reminder through her.

Lester's heavy hand was on her thigh, his fingers moving in slow circles. She didnt push it away. Part of her wanted to. Another part of her just sat there and let it happen while fragmented images from the night before kept flickering behind her eyes. A woman's soft body under her. Someone else's hands. Lester's weight. The feeling of him finishing inside her more than once. It all felt half-dream, half-real, and the more she tried to grab onto any single memory the more it slid away.

I cant believe any of that happened. It doesnt even feel like it was me.

She turned her head a little and looked at him. In the morning light he looked even worse than usual. His thinning hair, ugly jowls that shook as he drove., His large gut straining against the sttering wheel. This was th same man who had blackmailed them, who had recorded them, who had turned her life upside down. And still her body remembered how he had felt inside her and gave a small, traitorous pulse of heat.

“Lester, what… what happened last night?”

He kept his eyes on the road, hand still stroking her thigh. “I’m not really sure. The details are kind of hazy. I don’t usually drink like that. You know that. But I remember you cumming a lot. The sex was crazy, wasn’t it?.”

Sarah swallowed. “Yeah… I… think so. It felt good. Really good. Like amazing… who were… there were other people right? I think? A man and a woman? Who were they? Is that why you blindfolded me?”

“I just wanted to heighten your senses,” Lester looked at her, concern on his face. “Especially after the rough day you had with Dan… I wanted to give you something special. You didn’t like it?”

“No, thats not what I meant… I just its a lot. When I think about it now. I’ve never… with a woman, before you know.”

Lester glanced over, testing. “Did you like it? Like her?”

Sarah was quiet for a few seconds. The memory of soft skin and a mouth on hers surfaced and then sank again. “I… I don’t know… in the moment yeah it was intense and everything felt good. I just never thought it was something I’d do.”

“We’ve done a lot together you probably never expected,” Lester grinned. The irriating shit, eating grin of his.

She stayed silent but gave a small nod. He was right and she hated how right he was. The hand on her thigh squeezed once and then kept moving higher, slow enough that she could have stopped him. She didnt.

The rest of the drive passed in a fog of half-formed thoughts and the steady pressure of his fingers. Shame sat in her ches, but underneath there was the leftover warmth in her body that refused to fully die. She kept seeing flashes in ehr mind. Lester above her, the feeling of being filled, the confusing sense of another woman close , touching her, beind touch. Another man there, hands interlaced in her hair, his cock filing her mout. Every time the images came she felt both sick and a little turned on at the same time.

When Lester finally turned into her driveway the house looked the same as it always had. From the outside, no one would know the turmouil they were expericing or the sexual highs she'd reached. It was just another suburban boring looking house. He put the car in park but didnt take his hand off her leg.

"Do you want me to stay?" he asked, carefully. "You need support when you confront him about Tricia."

The name hit her like cold water. Suddenly she was back in the kitchen the day before, watching Lester answer Dan's phone, hearing that woman's voice, seeing the guilty look on Dan's face when she asked if he had slept with her. The memory cut through some of the fog and left her feeling raw.

She breathed out slowly. "No.. I'll be okay. Thank you though Lester."

She didnt plan the next part. Her body just moved. She leaned across the center console and kissed him. It was soft but lingered, a goodbye that felt too familiar, too intimate. When she pulled back she saw his face clearly in the morning light. His beady eyes, the gross mouth, the way his expression shifted into something pleased and possessive. Sarah'sr stomach turned. This was the man who had wrecked her marriage, who still had videos of her, who had filled her with his cum only hours ago. And she had just kissed him like it was the most natural thing in the world. She hated herself in that moment.

Why did I do that. What is wrong with me.

She opened the door and got out on unsteady legs. As she straightened herlcothes she glanced toward the house next door and froze for half a second. Ted was standing at his living room window, not even trying to hide. He had seen the kiss. Their eyes met for a brief, awful moment before Sarah looked down at the ground and started walking toward her front door. She could feel his stare on her back the whole way, as she did the quiet walk of shame up the path and into the house.

***

Sarah stepped into the house and closed the door quietly behind her. The place felt too still. No cartoons, no little voices, no sound of the girls getting ready. She walked into the kitchen on autopilot and glanced at the microwave.

It was mid-morning. The girls were already at school. Dan must have taken them. Guilt washed over her again at that. At missing seeing the girls off. She relished being able to do that, remembering the first ay of school for them. And now she'd missed another day and Dan probably had to lie and over for her so they would'nt notice anything was wtong.

Her head still felt thick and slow. Every thought took an extra second to form. Her body was heavy, like she hadnt slept in days even though she knew she had passed out hard at some point. She kept telling herself it was just the alcohol from last night, but the way the world felt slightly tilted and distant didnt match any hangover she remembered.

Footsteps sounded above her fom Dan's office. She braced herself against the counter, fingers curling around the edge. Anger and something sharper mixed together in her chest while she waited. The shame from the motel, from the kiss in the driveway, from the foggy memories of a woman's body under hers, all of it sat together the fury she felt about Dan and the woman from his work Tricia. She couldnt separate any of it cleanly, it was all tangled together.

The stairs creaked. Dan came down slowly, like he wasnt sure what he was walking into. He stepped into the kitchen and stopped a few feet away. He looked exhausted. His eyes were red-rimmed and his shoulders were hunched the way they always got when things were bad. "You're home."

"Yeah," she said flatly. It sounded worse than she meant it but she didn't correct it. He looked away and she got a small bit of satifcation from it.

He rubbed the back of his neck. "I was worried about you. You just left in a flurry. We didn't get a chance to talk. With him here. I…"

Sarah felt the anger rise fast and hot, cutting through some of the fog beofre should could get a hold of it. "What? You were worried I would do something stupid? Because you cheated on me with some whore from work? I'd be justified doing whatever I wanted Dan."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a long breath. "Thats not… I really don't want to fight Sarah… I'm exhausted from fighting. From all of this."

"Is that why you've been going to Washington so much?" Her voice came out sharper than she meant. "So your mistress can soothe you from me? From the kids? From your life? So you can just run away from your problems and be with her?"

Dan opened his mouth like he was going to answer, then he closed it. His face had gone tight. He looked like he was weighing every word.

"What did you want to say?" Sarah pushed, the angry roiling through her. She felt herself shaking.. The fog in her head made it hard to keep her thoughts in a straight line, but the hurt was clear enough. "Say it Dan. Don't chicken out, tell me what you want to say. Be a man, for once."

Something finally snapped behind his eyes. Anger flooded his face. She didn't reconigze that look. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

She started to answer but he cut her off, his voice rising.

"Are you fucking kidding me? Are you seriously this fucking mad about it? Yes. I cheated on you. Yes I fucked Tricia a couple of times. I'm not proud of it. I never wanted to break our marriage vows…"

The words landed harder than she expected. It felt like a knife sliding in deep and then twisting. She had known. She had seen the guilt on his face yesterday. But hearing him say it out loud still knocked the air out of her. For a second the residual heat in her body and the shame of her own night and the image of Lester's hand on her thigh in the car all crashed together and left her feeling sick.

"But you did," she said, and her voice came out quieter than she wanted. "A couple times. You were probably waiting since the moment you saw her that you wanted to fuck her."

Dan stared at her hard. The kitchen felt too small. Sarah's head throbbed. She could still feel the ghost of Lester's cum inside her from hours ago. The hypocrisy of her own anger sat heavy in her stomach, but she couldnt stop the words from coming. The fog made everything louder and meaner than it needed to be.

She kept her hands on the counter because she wasnt sure her legs would hold her if she let go. The house was so quiet around them. No kids, just the two of them and the wreckage of everything they had done to each other.

Dan's face had gone hard.

"Fuck off. No. We're not doing that. She hit on me from the jump and I turned her down. It was only because of you and Lester that I finally gave in to her."

Sarah felt the words like a slap. "Oh so its my fault now? That you couldn't keep your dick in your pants? That's rich."

"You are fucking kidding me?" Dan's voice rose. "Do you know how big of a fucking hypocrite you are? You've been fucking Lester all the fucking time, barely making time for us. For you and me. He's taken over our marriage Sarah and you've let him cut me out completely."

"Don't. Just don't Dan. This was your fantasy, remember? I did this for you."

"It stopped being that a long fucking time ago and you know it. Lie to yourself but you can't lie to me. How many times did you go off with Lester without me? Without even telling me? Doing things without telling me? Huh? You can't say that was for me Sarah. It was for you. You've been cheating on me for fucking months."

“It’s not the same at all, don’t pretend to—”

He cut her off, his words coming faster now. “You’re right. Its not the same at all. I gave in because I was hurt and alone. You left me alone to fuck him. And who else have you fucked? Your old boss at the hospital? I wasn’t part of that. That wasn’t for me. I don’t even know what else or who else you’ve done. You’ve been on a tear. None of that is for me. Do you even see yourself anymore? Fucking Lester in the house while the kids are still here? What the fuck? You know I had to soothe Ava back to sleep because your fucking woke her up? What the fuck are you doing Sarah? You’re out of control.”

The kitchen went quiet for a second after he finished. Sarah stood there with her hands still on the counter, the fog in her head making everything feel thic.

Dan’s words started to land in a way she couldn’t push away. She had gone off with Lester without telling him. She had done things in this house while the girls were asleep. She had let another woman touch her and another man use her mouth and she still didn’t even know who they were. The residual ache between her legs felt like evidence now instead of just leftover pleasure.

She couldn’t stand anymore. Her legs felt weak. She slid into one of the kitchen chairs and stared at the table isntead of looking at Dan. Everything felt upside down. She didn’t know who she was supposed to be angry at first. Dan, Tricia, Lester, or herself.

The guilt came in heavy waves. While Dan had been alone in some office across the country trying to keep their finances from collapsing and their family from falling apart, she had been in a motel letting Lester do whatever he wanted. She had kissed him in the driveway this morning like it was nothing. She had walked into her own house still leaking another man’s cum and then turned around and screamed at Dan for cheating. The hypocrisy of it sat on her chest like a weight. Rage at Tricia for taking advantage of Dan’s loneliness mixed with a deeper rage at herself for creating the loneliness in the first place. She had betrayed him over and over and then acted shocked when he finally did the same.

Tears started sliding down her face before she even realized she was crying. She kept her eyes on the table.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered. “I…”

The rest of the words caught in her throat. Guilt coiled tight around her ribs. She had been a bad wife. A selfish one. A mother who had woken her own daughter up with the sounds of sex and then left the house without a second thought.

Her whole way of seeing herself started to crack. She sagged forward in the chair and the sobs came out ugly and uncontrolled. She couldn't catch her breath between them. Snot and tears ran down her face and she didn't even try to wipe them away.

A warm hand settled on her back. Dan's. He was sitting in the chair next to her now, rubbing slow circles between her shoulder blades while she cried into her hands.

He exhaled, the sound tired and rough.

"Everything is so fucked up. I… I don't know how we got here. I hate this. I just want things back the way they were… before…"

Sarah's voice came out weak and rough from crying, "Lester…"

Dan kept his hand on her back, rubbing slow circles. "Yeah. At first things were okay. Exciting almost but somewhere along the lines… I don't know… we both got kind of lost in the forest and came out on different sides."

She sniffed hard and wiped at her face with the back of her hand, "I'm sorry. For everything. I'm a total hypocrite… I… just the idea of you with her… with someone… I… I can't… It feels like. God I'm such a hypocrite after everything I've done. It just.. the idea of losing you…"

"I've been feeling like I've been losing you for months too Sarah. I don't know how to process it. You keep edging further and further away from me. Me and the girls."

"Thats not what I want…" Her voice was quiet now. "I don't want that. Fuck, I can't believe you fucked someone else Dan."

"I know. I'm not proud of it. It was a mistake. I'm not doing it again," he sighed, his shoulders slumped. "Fuck…I'm sorry, it's just…."

Sarah's heart started hammering. The thought of him getting on another plane to Washington made her stomach twist. She suddenly hated the job even though she knew they needed it. Without it they were still under Lester's thumb. And Lester could keep them afloat too if she just kept giving him what he wanted. Every option felt like a different kind of trap. The anxiety rose so fast it made her start sobbing again, body shaking in the chair.

Dan guided her up and over to the couch. She melted into it, bloodshot eyes still leaking, sniffling hard.

"Is she pretty?" she asked after a minute.

"Shes no you. Sarah, I don't care about her. I care about you. You me and the girls. We need to fix this."

“How? How do we fix it? If I stop with Lester he’ll ruin our lives, we won’t have a life to go back to. Maybe he won’t do what he says….” Sarah said but didn’t believe it for an instant. She knew how much lester liked fucking with people.

“Its just peoples opinions. We can leave Middleton behind. Start fresh somewhere new,” Dan offered.

“We don’t have any money to start somewhere new Dan. Our parents are here. Our families. If he tells them about us, shares those videos I’ll fucking break. If the girls find out one day. God how is this out life,” Sarah cried.

“I know. I don’t want that either,” Dan stared down at his hands.

“What do we do then? Even if your new job…” She hesitated, the image of Tricia flashing unwanted through her mind. “…can support us, he still has his foot on the back of our necks.”

“Listen, I’ll figure out the work stuff. You don’t need to worry about that. Tricia and I. There is not tricia and I. Okay?”

“It will kill me everytime you go to work. Get on the plane, knowing you are out there with her,” Sarah shook.

“I know. Believe me Sarah I know. Thats how I felt when you worked with Lester and every fucking time you went out or were alone with him. Whether I was there or not. I know the fucking feeling. So trust me on this, okay?” Dan said firmly. She could tell he had more anger and more to say but he was being controlled and patient.

She tried to check her fresh spike of anger. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean… Its just…fresh. I hate that I pushed you to that. I don’t know if I can forgive myself. I still can’t even… fuck… I’m apologising for my husband fucking someone else. When did I get so pathetic?”

“Your not pathetic. We’re just really fucked up right now. Like really fucking messed up Sarah. Even the girls are starting to catch on I think.”

“God,” Sarah cried putting her face in her hands.

Dan was quiet for a few seconds. Then he said, “I have an idea. Maybe a way to get out of this, but…”

He took her hand and pulled her to her feet. She followed on unsteady legs as he led her upstairs.

“What? Where are we going? Dan…” she didn’t know what was happening, where he was taking her. Were they going ot th bedroom? Was he going to fuck her?

He pulled her into the master bathroom and turned on the faucet and the shower full blast. The water roared against the tile. He didn't turn the fan on and after aboout a minute the mirror started to fog up. He tugged her into the far corner and leaned close, voice barely above a whisper.

"I have a plan… no maybe an idea of how we can get free of Lester. For good," he said.

"How? Why are we in here whispering?" She whispered back.

"Lester has cameras all over the apartment. I put some up here…" Dan said.

"What!?" Sarah hissed.

He grimaced and held his hand out for her to calm down, "I know just… I know, okay. Its not important right now. I wanted to watch and make sure everything… not important right now. I just don't know if he got into them or if hes listening to us here too. We can't be too careful."

Sarah nodded slowly. The fog in her head made it hard to process everything at once. Part of her still didnt know if she actually wanted to cut Lester out. The way he made her body feel, the things he did to her, the way she anticipated it even when she hated herself for it.. But she also knew he was a cancer. Something that had to be cut out if they were ever going to have a real life again.

"Whats your idea?" she whispered.

"Through work I already submitted an anonymous tip about Lester. It might get him in trouble with authorities. But I need more proof. Something more concrete I can give them," he watched her eyes like he was waiting for something. Watching her. Like he was waiting for her to shut down his idea.

She swallowed, "Dan.. you told your coworkers about us? About all the stuff…. I've… we've done?"

He shook his head. "No, not like that. Its anonymous. I just tipped them off about Lester and some of his online personas and stuff like that. Things I suspected you know?"

"Okay…" she said slowly. It was a relief but still felt too close. Like vultures circling them. He should have talked to her about this first. But on the other hand, she couldn't blame him. She'd been a shitty wife.

"Remember when I got that offer to spy on the Lincoln group? The guy gave me that usb keylogger we tried to put in Byron's office? You tried but he didn't have a computer tower?" Dan's voice was racing now.

“Yeah vaguely I think so,” Sarah kind of remembered something about it but it was so long ago.

“What if I put it on Lester’s computer. Find out whatever hes been doing. Get more evidence,” Dan was excited about the idea. He’d clearly thought a lot about this. She didn’t want to shut him down like she’d done in the past.

“You still think he’s doing something illegal?” Sarah asked.

“Besides blackmailing us? Yeah. For sure. I know it. Come on Sarah, wake up and smell the fucking coffee. I don’t think we’re the first people he’s done this to. I don’t think Lizzie was ever his girlfriend. She looked like a deer in the headlights when I showed up there. Like I was about to blow up her life. She was afraid. I think Lester did the same thing to her. I think there’s more people too. I know there’s more. Things just don’t add up,” Dan was staring at her, his words spilling out angirly.

Sarah stared at the rising from the shower. “It sounds crazy Dan but I don’t know what to believe about him anymore. Part of me. I admit a big part wants to believe you are wrong. But I can’t trust myself anymore. I can’t…”

“Sarah, your drunk on his dick. You need to trust me on this. You arne’t seeing it because yours too close to it. He’s a manipulative piece of shit. He probaly is the oen that hacked into the hospital too. And look at how that ended up. I just need to know you’re with me. I think we’re in the shit right now and everything is fucked up but together we can get ourselves out of this. I jsut you need you with me. But either way I’m doing this,” Dan ahd made up his mind. He was doing this with or without her. But he was asking her to do it with him. If she refused, she knew it would drive a forever wedge between them.

She nodded silently. Inside, the war kept going. The deep, wordless pull toward Lester. The way her body still remembered him, the way part of her already missed the heat and the loss of control fought against the desperate want to be the woman she used to be. A good mom. A wife who didn’t wake her kids up with sex noises or come home leaking another man’s cum. Both feelings sat in her at the same time and neither one was willing to leave.

“Okay,” she whispered. “How do you get that thing on Lester’s computer? What do I do?”

Dan steadied himself against the wall. “I have to fly out to work. I know. I know you don’t like that. Nothing is going to happen with her, okay? Just trust me. But before I fly out I’ll stop by the apartment and put it on his computer. I just… fuck… throwing you into the lions den. Can you keep him busy?”

Ideas started swirling immediately. Ways to distract Lester, ways to keep his attention on her body instead of his screens. The fact that her mind went there so easily made her feel sick and shudder with anticipation.

“I… yes. I think so. But won’t his cameras see you?” She asked, trying not to poke a hole in her husband’s plan.

Dan’s jaw tightened, “I’m working on that…”

***

Sarah sat alone on the couch with the television on low. Some terrible dating show was playing, people yelling at each other about who slept with who, but she wasnt really watching. The house felt too quiet without the girls. Dan had left an hour ago for the airport.. Every time she thought about him in Washington with Tricia her stomach tightened, but she kept trying to push it down. She needed to stay composed. For the kis. For whatever was left of her marriage.

She still felt a little off from last night. Not as foggy as this morning, but her body was tired in a deep way and her thoughts kept drifting. She told herself it was just the leftover alcohol and the stress from her confronation with Dan. The day had taken a lot out f her. . She needed to get a grip. She had spiraled so far she barely recognized the woman she had become. Her phone buzzed on the cushion beside her. She expected Dan. It was Lester.

L: I’m horny

Sarah stared at the message. She didnt want to answer. The smart thing would be to block him, go completely cold, protect what was left of her family. But she was still so wrapped up in him it made her sick. And Dan had asked her to keep him busy tonight. Maybe tonight could be the last time. One more distraction so Dan could plant that little device. Then maybe they could finally get free.

She typed back anyway.

S: You have two hands, go get some lotion.

L: Why? That pretty mom mouth of yours would be so much better.

S: You got enough last night. I still can’t remember everything. I’m exhausted and sore Lester. I need a break.

L: you get a break when I say you get a break

S: don’t be a dick

She put the phone face down on the cushion and tried to ignore it. She was irratated at him. But couldn't deny that his persistance and pursuit sparked something in her. That made her even more irritated at herself. Her mind was a mess. She hadnt been lying when she said she couldnt remember everything from the night before. She put her head in her hands and tried to pull the pieces together. Some woman who Sarah had touched. A lot. And been touched by in way she'd never expected. Another man and his cock in her mouth, his hands on her. And Lester. Lester using her and fucking her so well she had cried from pleasure.

How fucked up would it be if the other people had been someone she knew. Richard and Mary from the hospital or something equally humiliating. Or maybe just two randoms Lester had pulled in somehow. The not knowing made her stomach turn.

The doorbell rang and pulled her out of the spiral.

She sat frozen for a second, dreading who it might be. Ted, after watching her walk of shame this morning. Or Lester himself, already pushing for another round. The thought of Lester at the door made her knees feel a little weak and sent a small pulse of heat between her legs. Shame flooded her cheeks at her own reaction.

She opened the door and stopped short.

Her mom stood there looking completely disheveled. Her usual polished, motherly look was gone. Her hair was a messy, her clothes wrinkled. Even ehr eyes were red. She looked nothing like the prim and proper mother Sarah had grown up with.

"Sarah. I'm sorry to… put you in this position but lord, I'm sorry. Can I come in?" her mom took a half step foward but stopped and looked around nervously.

Sarah felt a small rush of relief at the distraction. "Sure mom, of course, come in."

She opened the door wider. Renee stepped inside and Sarah closed it behind her, "I'll make us some tea. Is everything okay?"

In the kitchen Sarah filled the kettle while Renee stood near the counter with her arms wrapped around herself. "No. its not okay. I.. I made a mistake and now I am paying for it."

"Mistake? What do you mean?" Sarah pushed Lester out of her mind and tried to focus on her mother. She waas clearly hurting and needed her.

Renee swallowed hard. "I… I gave in to temptation Sarah. With someone who wasn't your father." She paused. "Your father found out. I'm so sorry Sarah. I never expected this to happen. I didn't…plan on it…it just happened."

Sarah's anger flared. It came in hot with Tricia still fresh on her mind, ""What the fuck mom? You cheated on Dad!?"

Renee's face crumpled. She put her face in her hands and started crying. "I know. I know. I'm sorry. I never wanted to do this. Cheat… be with someone else. We are..were…are mostly happy. It just kind of happened."

"How does it it just happen mom?" Sarah demanded, "Who? Someone from work? Mom what the hell did you do?"

"You don't… you don't know him. Its not important. He's not important. I messed up Sarah. Really messed up. Your father kicked me out…I don't know what we're going to do." Renee sobbed.

Sarah's fury jarred with a sudden, sick recognition of her own hypocrisy. Another emotional punch she wasnt ready for. She closed her eyes for a second and forced her voice lower, "Is dad okay?"

"No. I don't know. He's angry at me. Rightly so. He was so mad. Called me names I didn't even realize he knew. Never heard him talk like that in all our years together. I was hoping I could stay here for a little while until we figure out what we are going to do," Renee said cautiously, waiting for rejectiin.

Sarah was still furious, but the hypocrisy made it hard to keep the pure anger going. This was still her mother, standing in her kitchen looking broken and asking for help. In some ways, this felt like the path intended for Sarah.

"Mom, I'm not happy with this at all. Its too fucked up. I'm mad. I can't… " She sighed. "I can't even wrap my head around it. I'm pissed at you for doing this. Hurting dad. But of course you can stay with us. For as long as you need."

The alarm on Sarah's phone went off. Time to pick up the girls.

"I have to go pick up the girls."

"Okay. I'll.. umm. Tidy up around here until you get home. Maybe after the girls go to bed we can have a long chat about everything."

"That sounds good mom I…" Sarah remembered Dan's plan and the texts from Lester still sitting unanswered on her phone. She really wanted to dig more into this with her mom. FIgure out who she had cheated with and why. And more importantly how her dad was taking all of this. But she had to put Dan first. For once. "I actually have something I need to do tonight. Maybe you could watch the girls for me."

Renee looked like she wanted to ask more questions. The same way she used to dig for details about Sarah and Dan's sex life.But she kept her mouth shut.

“Okay. yes. I can watch them. I think thats exactly what I need right now,” Renee put on a fake smile and wiped her eyes, “they’d be a nice distraction.”

Sarah felt the conflict twist harder as she grabbed her keys and headed for the driveway. Angry at her mom. Angry at herself. Everything so fucked up she could barely think straight. She wanted to be with Lester tonight and she also didnt. She wanted to stay home and be there for her mother, her oldest friend, but she had promised Dan she would keep Lester busy so he could plant that device. If they were ever going to have a future she had to follow through. She felt a sharp pang for her dad, left alone and furious.

She got in the car and backed out of the driveway without looking at Ted’s house. The last thing she needed was another pair of eyes on her. She pulled onto the street and headed toward the school.

***

Dan drove the dark highway into Chicago with both hands tight on the wheel. The city lights were starting to show on the horizon but the road still felt endless. He was exhausted in a way that went past regular tired. The fight with Sarah that morning had drained whatever he had left. Everything had drained him. He just wanted it over. He was’nt sure how much more of thing he coul dmentally takel. He just wanted saay from all of it,

He still couldnt believe Tricia’s name had come out like that. He had never planned on Sarah finding out. He was ashamed of it but it felt like his little act of rebellion in the face of everything she’d done with Lester. He knew he wouldn’t keep it a secret forever. At some point he’d probably have told her but nit right not when things were so fucked up.

And he hadnt even asked what she did last night. He knew she left with Lester and came home with him. He knew Lester had probably used her anger and turned it into something else. But after the blow-up in the kitchen, after they had somehow ended up tentatively on the same side again, Dan hadnt had the courage to push. Not yet. He would ask later. Part of him didn’t want to ask, didn’t want to know whatever happened. Right now he had a different problem to solve.

The USB keylogger sat in his jacket pocket. He could feel it there, heavier than it should be. He needed to get it onto Lester’s computer without being seen. The cameras in the apartment ran off the electrical outlets. At least, he hoped they all did.

If the power went out, the cameras would go with it. Hopefullt long enough for him to get in, plug the thing in, and get out. The idea of finding the maintenance room and flipping the breaker felt risky and a little crazy, but he was out of gppd options.

He pulled into the familiar parking lot and sat for a minute with the engine off. The building looked the same as always. Ordinary. He pulled out his phone and texted Sarah.

D: Can you distract him right now?

The reply came fast.

S: Yes.

Dan got out of the car and headed inside. Instead of going to the elevators he found the stairwell that led down to the basement. The air got cooler and damper the further he went. He found the maintenance room door and tried the handle. It opened. He stepped inside.

A voice behind him nearly made him jump out of his skin.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

Dan spun around. An older man stood in the doorway. He was somewhere between fifty and sixty-five, slim with a small potbelly, wispy salt-and-pepper beard, and a jittery kind of energy. Dan vaguely recognized him as someone who worked for the building.

“Who are you?” Dan asked.

“Who am I? Who the fuck are you? This room is off limits to anyone, residents included. You need to get the fuck out of here before I call the cops,” the man said, not taking a step into the room.

Dan’s mouth went dry. “I’m… Dan. I used to… I live here. I’m Lester Marshall’s roommate.”

The man froze for a second. His eyes flicked around the room like he expected someone else to appear. “I’m Frank. I’m the building’s super. I don’t recognize you but then again. Lester goes through roommates.”

“I bet. He’s a piece of shit,” Dan said without thinking.

Frank just nodded. Something in his expression made Dan push further. He decided to gamble. “I’m actually down here because of Lester. I want to switch the power off to the building.”

Frank’s eyebrows went up. “Why? Whats that got to do with him?”

“Because that little creep has cameras all over the apartment. He’s filmed me and my wife. He’s blackmailing us. And I got this,” Dan pulled the small USB keylogger out of his pocket and held it up. He was gambling on the man’s expression. It wasn’t much to go on but he thought the guy didn’t like Lester either. There was something there. Dan knew it. Just like he knew Lester hadn’t gotten fixed and that there was more there with Lizzie.

“I want the power off so I can get in without him catching me and put this on his computer. So I can get all his details and information and fuck him over,” Dan said. Frank looked around the small room again, clearly nervous. Dan pressed, “You hate him too don’t you?”

Frank’s jaw tightened.,“I’m not a fan. Lets just say I’d like to see him gone too.”

“He has something on you too, doesn’t he?” Dad said.

“Thats none of your business,” Frank frowned.

“I don’t need to know what it is. I don’t care. I just want to screw him over and I think I can do it,” Dan said, waiting, hoping the old man would give him something.

Frank was quiet for a long moment. Then the words came out low and tense. “He’s been blackmailing me for over five years. Caught me doing…. something. I’ve been cooking the books to let him live here rent free. Just waiting until I get caught.”

Rent free.

The words hit Dan like a physical blow. Lester lived here rent free. The entire time Dan had been paying him rent and later trading access to Sarah when the money ran out, Lester hadnt been paying a single dollar to the building. Dan had been pimping his own wife out to his roommate for nothing. The realization made his stomach drop and his vision narrow for a second. All those months. All that humiliation. And Lester had been laughing at himthe whole time.

Frank was still talking. “Go upstairs. I’ll flip the switch here and turn the power off and the backup. I’ll give you fifteen minutes then I’m flipping them back on, going upstairs to my kids and never thinking about this again. Got it?”

Dan forced himself to focus. “Got it.”

He moved toward the door. Frank’s voice followed him into the hallway, “Just get him, okay? Wipe that smug shit eating grin off the fat fuck’s face.”

Dan walked to the elevators on legs that felt unsteady. He punched the button for their floor and stepped inside when the doors opened. The car started to rise.

His hands were shaking. The rent-free revelation kept looping in his head, mixing with the exhaustion and the leftover adrenaline from the fight with Sarah and the knowledge that she was somewhere right now keeping Lester busy so he could do this. The elevator climbed. Dan stared at the floor numbers and tried to steady his breathing. This had to work. It was the only real shot they had left.

The second the doors opened on their floor he stepped out and walked straight to the apartment. He stopped in front of the door and just stood there, key already in his hand, waiting.

The hallway lights flickered once and then died. The whole building went dark.

Dan shoved the key into the lock and turned it. The door opened and he slipped inside and shut it quietly behind him. The apartment was pitch black. He didnt know if the cameras had fully shut down with the power or if some of them had battery backups, but he couldnt afford to stand there and wonder. He moved fast down the hallway toward Lester's room, one hand on the wall to keep from walking into anything.

The door to Lester's room was half open. The smell hit him first. It waw thick and sour, Dan immedialy though of dried cum mixed with the sharp artificial cheese of old Cheetos but he knew that was stupid. He stepped inside and almost tripped over a pile of clothes and empty bags on the floor. He took out his phone ad turned on the flashlight, keeping it low, sweeping the beam across the mess until it landed on the desk.

The PC tower sat on the floor underneath Lester's deks. Dan dropped to the disgusting ground and crawled under the desk. He felt along the back of the tower until his fingers found an open USB port. The little keylogger went in with a soft click. He held his breath for a second, half expecting something to happen. When nothing did, he gout of there.

Dan didnt wait. He stepped out into the hall, pulled the door shut behind him as quietly as he could, and headed straight for the stairwell instead of the elevators. Ashe hopendth door, the lights in the hallway flickered and came back on. He took the stairs two at a time, heart slamming against his ribs.

Outside the air felt cooler. He walked to his car without looking back, unlocked it, and slid into the driver's seat. For a moment he just sat there with his hands on the wheel, breathing. He looked up at the builings that had once been his homebase in chicago but not was a monument to al lthe strife in his life. Frank had come through. The device was in. Now it was just a matter of time.

Thank you, Frank.

Dan started the engine and pulled out of the lot. The highway toward the airport was mostly clear at this hour. He drove with the windows cracked, trying to get the leftover smell of Lester's room out of his nose. The rent-free revelation made hinm grip the wheel tighter. He fucking hated Lester..

All those months of paying the man, of trading pieces of his marriage, and Lester had been living there for free the whole time. The keylogger was a small thing in comparison, but it was something. A start.

He kept one eye on the road and the other on the clock. Sarah was supposed to be keeping Lester busy right now. Dan tried not to picture what that looked like. He focused on the airport signs instead, not wanting to picutre what Sarah might be doing. What he sent his wife to do, and how willing she was to do it.

***

Ted had been parked in the same spot by the living room window for most of the day, blinds cracked just enough to see the Williams house without making it obvious. His hand kept drifting down to adjust himself. His erection was constant, stubborn and aching, ever since he watched Sarah climb out of that fat fuck's car and lock eyes with him for half a second. The walk of shame. The kiss she'd given the short greasy bastard right there in the driveway like she didn't care who saw. Ted had almost finished right then just from the way she looked at him. He felt like a teenager again. *That body. Those legs. That ass.*

He had watched Dan leave earlier and almost gone over then. Should have. Sarah had been alone for a while. He could have knocked, said something about the other morning, maybe pushed a little. But he waited too long and then the mother showed up and then Sarah left and came back with the two girls and the window closed. All afternoon he sat there half-hard and frustrated, shifting in the chair, dirty thoughts looping the same way they always did. Sarah on her knees. Sarah bent over the back of his couch. Sarah looking at him the way she had looked at that fatfuck that morning.

He checked the window one more time, just to be sure.

Sarah was on the doorstep.

She stood close to her mother, talking in a low tense voice Ted couldn't make out. She looked good even from here. A black jaket over what looked like a dress, no doubt showing the shape of her body. The mother looked rough, not her usual put-together self. They finished whatever they were saying. Sarah turned and walked to her car. The mother went back inside and shut the door.

Sarah sat in the driver's seat for a few seconds looking at her phone. Then the reverse lights came on and she started backing out of the driveway.

Ted's heart jumped. He shoved up from the chair too fast and his knee barked in protest. Old and slow. He grabbed his keys off the side table and hurried. At the front door he paused just

long enough to confirm her car was already turning onto the street. Then he was outside, into his own car, engine turning over with a rough cough.

He backed out fast and swung into the road. Sarah's taillights were already gone around the bend. Ted accelerated harder than he should have, eyes scanning ahead, hunting for the familiar shape of her car. His pulse was up and the old ache in his groin was back, sharper now that she was moving and he was moving after her.

Don't lose her. Not tonight. She's going somewhere without the kids and without the husband. This might be mychance.

He leaned forward over the wheel, squinting into the gathering dusk, and kept driving.

***

Sarah pulled into the cracked parking lot of the dirty motel and killed the engine. The place looked vaguely familiar through the windshield, like something half-remembered from a bad dream. Her mind still felt fuzzy around the edges from last night. She knew this was the same motel. The same one where Richard had fucked her months ago. Shame and guilt sat heavy in her chest as she stared at the row of doors. The same place Lester had taken her least night with…whoever those epople wher.e

It was getting dark. Through the car windows she could see the usual lowlife types hanging around. Shady looking men smoking near the ice machine, a couple more leaning on a beat-up truck. The sight sent a small shiver through her. She checked her phone. No text from Dan yet.

She switched apps and opened LinkedIn, scrolling until she found Tricia's profile. The woman looking back was beautiful. Professional. Sexy. Blonde. Sarah could see exactly why Dan had been attracted to her. And she could see why a woman like that would be attracted to Dan. He was still a good looking guy when he cleaned up, and he was sharp in the workplace.

Guilt, anger, and shame all mixed together inside her. Her mom was home watching the girls right now. More guilt stacked on top of the rest. Leaving them again for another night, not being there for her mother or her father when they needed her. Instead she was sitting in a grimy motel parking lot about to go inside and cheat on her husband one more time. Sarah the hypocrite.

She checked the phone again. Still nothing from Dan. She couldnt sit out here forever. Some creep would notice the blonde in the car eventually. She got out. The shady men's eyes moved over to her immediately, running up and down her body. Catcalls started. Her

stomach fluttered in a way she hated. She ignored them and walked straight to Lester's door and knocked.

He opened it a crack and looked at her.

"Lester, let me in," she said hearing a slight panic in her voice.

"Show me some skin first," Lester smirked, eyeing her up and down.

Sarah rolled her eyes, shrugged off the black jacket. Underneath was a skin-tight black dress that left very little to the imagination. The catcalls from the parking lot got louder and more frenzied.

"Let me in now," she said, voice flat, "or you can stand at the window while I let all of them fuck me on the hood of my car."

Lester's eyes went wide. For some reason that seemed to land. Like he actually believed she might do it. Sarah wasnt sure herself anymore. He opened the door the rest of the way and pulled her inside fast, locking it behind her. He set her jacket on the table. Sarah looked around the room and felt her face twist.

"This is the same room where you fucked me last night?" she asked.

"Yep," Lester shrugged.

"Its disgusting Lester," Sarah's eyes looked over the disgusting bed, the empty cheeto bags on the nightstand and the general lack of care from the motel staff.

"Only the best for my princess," Lester licked his lips.

"God I hate you," Sarah said looking at a large water stain on the ceiling.

"Whatever. I know you don't mean that. Deep down you love what I do to you. Thats why your here after all. One text and here you are like that," Lester snapped his fingers.

Her phone vibrated in her hand. She glanced down. A message from Dan. Finally.

D: Can you distract him right now?

Her fingers moved fast.

S: Yes.

Lester leaned in, "Whose that? Mr. Cuck?"

"No," She swiped the message away quick and LinkedIn filled the screen again. She turned the phone so he could see Tricia's profile. "Just checking out the competition."

Lester leaned closer, inspecting the photo. "Tricia…. she is sexy. Knew it."

"Pig," Sarah rolled her eyes and moved away from him.

“Call it like I see it. Still surprised honestly that Dan bagged her,” Lester chuckled following her.

“Whats that supposed to mean? You think she’s sexier than me?” Sarah asked, turning back to him.

“Eh. Dan locked you down early. Probably before you knew how hot you really were,” Lester shrugged, “Just saying, surprised he had the skills to take her down like that.

Lester reached for his own phone. Sarah’s heart skipped. She needed to keep him off it. “What are you doing?”

“Looking up Tricia’s profile,” Lester said absently.

“Get on the bed. Now,” Sarah snapped. She had to distract him, give Dan the best chance he could.

Lester raised an eyebrow. The shit-eating grin spread across his face. He set the phone down and sat on the edge of the bed. Sarah reached behind herself and unzipped the dress. She peeled the straps down her shoulders and let it fall, revealing the black lace bra, matching panties, stockings, and garter belt underneath. She moved toward him slow, letting every step carry weight. She stopped between his thick, hairy thighs. When he reached for her she slapped his hands down hard.

Her mind was still a conflcited mess mess. The mission for Dan, the leftover pull toward Lester, the shame, the jealousy over Tricia. But she forced herself to lean into what she knew would get to him.

“Why do you think you can touch me?” her voice came out sultry.

“Because your mine.” He looked her up and down with his beady eyes.

“Yours? Aren’t you the same sad man whose been saying he’s gonna breed me?” She rubbed a hand over her still-flat stomach. “My tummy’s still flat Lester. You haven’t done it yet. Maybe those big balls of yours just aren’t up to the task. I should ask one of those lowlifes outside to come in here and get the job done that you can’t.”

Lester’s smirk vanished. Anger flooded his face. He grabbed her hard, yanked her down onto the bed, and flipped her onto her back. His hands went straight to the front clasp of her bra and the thin straps of her panties, starting to tear at the lace.

Lester’s fingers hooked into the waistband of her panties and yanked. The lace tore with a sharp sound. Sarah twisted hard, squirming out from under his weight before he could finish the job. She was quicker than he expected. In one smooth movement she shoved him onto

his back and swung a leg over, straddling his thick stomach. Her hands planted on his chest and pushed him down into the mattress.

“Not like that,” she said, voice low. “Not this time.”

Lester blinked up at her, surprised, the anger on his face but already mixing with desire. Sarah kept him pinned with her weight and ran her hands slowly up the front of his stained shirt. The fabric was soft from wear and smelled like him. His musk and old sweat and the faint artifical smell of Cheetos. She gathered the bottom hem in her fingers and started lifting it, inch by inch.

I hate how he looks. And I still want him so bad it makes me sick.

She peeled the shirt higher, exposing the pale, hairy skin of his lrage gut. She leaned down and pressed her mouth to it, planting slow open kisses along the softest part of him. His stomach jumped under her lips. She kept going, kissing higher, dragging her tongue in a lazy stripe through the hair that covered him. The shirt came up further. She helped him shrug it the rest of the way off and tossed it aside without looking.

“You’ve been talking about breeding me for weeks,” she murmured against his skin. “Filling me up. Making my stomach swell. And look at you. Yous still haven’t done it.” She kissed lower again, right above the waistband of his sweatpants. “Maybe you need me to help you along. Maybe those big heavy balls of yours need a little encouragement.”

Lester made a rough sound in his throat. His hands came up to grab her hips but she caught his wrists and pushed them back down to the mattress.

“Stay,” She went back to his body, mouth moving over the soft flesh, tongue tracing the deep line where his gut met his hip. She could feel him getting harder underneath her. The thick length of him pressed against the inside of her thigh through the thin fabric of the sweatpants. She rolled her hips once, slow, just to feel it, and the friction sent a hot pulse straight through her. The conflict in her chest twisted tighter. She was supposed to be distracting him for Dan. She was supposed to hate this. Instead her mouth kept moving, kissing and licking across the softest, hairiest parts of him like she couldn’t stop.

He’s disgusting…

She worked her way lower, kissing along the waistband, then hooked her fingers into the sweatpants and started dragging them down. The hair on his lower stomach thickened. She followed it with her mouth, slow and deliberate, until the waistband cleared his hips and his cock sprang free, heavy, massive, thick, ugly veins running up it and already leaking at the

tip. Sarah sat back just enough to look at it, then leaned down and ran the flat of her tongue from the base all the way to the head in one long, wet stroke.

Lester's hips jerked. "Fuck…"

She did it again, slower, tasting him. Then she wrapped one hand around the thick shaft and stroked while she kept kissing and licking the soft skin of his lower belly, the tops of his thighs, anywhere her mouth could reach.

Sarah shifted lower, bringing her face level with the heavy cock in her hand. It was thick and flushed dark, the head already shiny. She leaned in and spoke to it like it could answer.

"You supposed to be the one that knocks me up…" she asked, voice low. She dragged the flat of her tongue up the underside in a long, wet stripe. "All that talk about filling me. About making my stomach swell. You cerraintly seem up for the job….i know how deep you can go…."

She planted an open-mouthed kiss right on the head, then another a little lower, leaving shiny marks along the shaft. Her hand kept stroking in slow, twisting pulls.

"Look at you," she murmured against the hot skin. "So big. So heavy. Fuck…so beautiful. And intimateing…you look like you'd have no problem getting a girl pregnant" She licked a slow circle around the head, then took just the tip into her mouth and sucked gently before pulling off with a wet sound. " But maybe you're all talk. Maybe these—" she cupped his balls with her free hand, rolling them gently "—are just for show."

Lester made a rough noise above her. Sarah ignored it and went back to work. She opened her mouth wider and sank down, taking more of him this time, letting saliva spill out around her lips so everything got wet and messy. The taste of him coated her tongue. She bobbed slowly, cheeks hollowing, then pulled off again to keep talking.

"These ball….fuck their huge….full of cum…you gonna do it tonight?" she asked the thick cock in front of her, kissing along the side. "You gonna pump me full while I beg for it?"

She licked from the base all the way to the tip again, slower, then focused on his balls. She took one into her mouth and sucked gently, tongue moving against the soft skin while her hand kept stroking the shaft in long, steady pulls. The musky smell of him was stronger here. She switched to the other side, kissing, licking, sucking, making everything wet.

She went back to the head, taking him deeper this time, lettng him hit the back of her throat for a second before she had to pull off and breathe. Strings of spit connected her lips to his cock. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and immediately went back for morre,

kissing down the shaft, licking the thick vein on the underside, then burying her face against his balls again to mouth at them while she stroked him faster.

“So full of cum,” she whispered against the soft skin. “All this cum you’re supposed to give me to knock me up. But you still haven’t done it yet. Maybe your all talk.”

She sucked one ball into her mouth again, humming around it, then released it and dragged her tongue up the entire length of him in one long, sloppy stroke. Her hand twisted under the head on every upstroke. She could feel him throbbing. The knowledge that she was the reason made heat pool low in her belly even while the rest of her mind kept trying to remind her why she was really here.

Sarah took him into her mouth again, deeper, and started a steady rhythm, wet and loud. She kept one hand wrapped around the base and the other massaging his balls, rolling them, squeezing gently, never letting up. Every few strokes she pulled off just long enough to speak against the shiny head.

“You want to breed me so bad?” Kiss. Lick. “Then you better give me it to me tonight” Another long, wet suck. “I want it deep. I want it dripping out of me when I walk out of here.” She licked a slow circle around the head. “You think you can manage that? Or should I go find someone else who can actually finish the job?”

Lester’s hips twitched. Sarah pinned them down with one forearm and kept going, mouth working him in long, messy strokes, spit running down to her fist and over his balls. She kissed the head again, soft and almost tender, then took him back in and hollowed her cheeks, sucking harder. Her tongue never stopped moving. Her hand on his balls never stopped either, messaging them.

The conflict inside her was still there but it was getting quieter under the steady heat of what she was doing. She liked the weight of him on her tongue. She liked the way he twitched when she talked to him like this. She liked knowing she could reduce him to this with nothing but her mouth and a few filthy sentences.

She pulled off one more time, breathing hard, lips swollen and shiny, and looked at the thick cock in her hand like it had personally offended her.

“Last chance,” she said, voice rough. She leaned in and gave the head a slow, filthy kiss, tongue flicking the slit. “You gonna breed me tonight. Give me that filthy seed or….am I going to have to get one of those dirybags from outside to do it”

Then she sank back down and took as much of him as she could, settling into a deep, steady rhythm, determined to keep him right on the edge for as long as she needed.

“Tell me you’re gonna do it,” she whispered. “Tell me you’re gonna fill me with all that thick, nasty cum. Flood me. Breed me. I want to hear you say it while I have you in my mouth.”

She sank back down and took him deep again, cheeks hollowing, tongue working the underside. Spit ran down the shaft and over her fist.

Lester’s voice came out rough above her. “Oh I’m gonna do it. You already know I am. Been thinking about flooding that tight little pussy fall fucking day.”

Sarah pulled off just enough to speak against the wet head, still stroking him.

“Then say it. Say you’re gonna breed me.”

“I’m gonna breed you,” he answered, no hesitation. “Gonna pump you so full you’ll feel it in your stomach. Every fucking drop.”

She made a small broken sound and took him back into her mouth, sucking harder. Her free hand kept massaging his balls, rolling them, feeling how heavy they were. The words hit her harder than she wanted them to. Heat twisted in her belly even while the rest of her mind tried to remember why she was really here.

She pulled off again, lips shiny, breathing uneven. “You promise?” she swirled her tongue playigfully around the headof his cock while staring up into his beady eyes. “You gonna knuck me up Lester?”

Lester looked down at her, eyes dark. “I promise. I’m gonna fill you until it’s leaking out of you. Until you can’t walk straight. That’s what you came here for, isn’t it? Not just to tease me. You want it. You want me to fuck you pregnant.”

Sarah’s throat tightened. She hated how true it felt. She hated that hearing him say it out loud made her clench. She licked a slow stripe up the underside of his cock and kissed the head.

“Maybe I do,” she admitted, voice quiet. “Maybe I hate that I do.”

“Doesn’t matter if you hate it.” His hand came down and rested heavy on the back of her head, not pushing, just holding. “We’re doing this. Makes it even better if you do hate it.”

She closed her eyes and sank down again, taking him as deep as she could. The wet sounds of her mouth filled the small room. She kept one hand wrapped around the base and the other on his balls, stroking and sucking in a steady, messy rhythm while his words kept turning over in her head.

I’m supposed to be distracting him. I’m supposed to be helping Dan. And instead I’m on my knees begging him to say he’ll breed me.

She pulled off with a gasp, “Say it again.”

Lester’s voice was lower now, thicker. “I’m gonna breed you, Sarah. Gonna flood that pussy until you can’t take any more. And you’re gonna come back for it again tomorrow. And the day after that. Because you can’t stop.”

She whimpered against the side of his cock and went back to work, sucking him in long, wet strokes, spit running down her chin. Her free hand squeezed his balls a little tighter, almost desperate.

Sarah stayed down there, mouth working him in long, wet strokes, spit running freely down the shaft and over her fist. She pulled off just enough to speak against the shiny head.

“What about Dan?” she asked, voice rough. “You don’t care that I’m his wife?”

Lester’s hand rested heavy on the back of her head. “I don’t care. He’s not the one with his cock in your mouth right now. I am.”

She made a small broken sound and licked a slow circle around the tip. “He’s trying to fix things. Wtih his new job. He’s trying really hard..”

“And you’re still here on your knees for me.” His voice was low and certain. “Sucking me like you need it. Asking me to breed you. Just you and me. Dan is a non-facotor in our equation.”

Sarah shudderd at his words and closed her eyes and sank back down, taking him deeper. The wet sounds got louder. She kept one hand stroking the base and let the other slide lower, cupping his balls, rolling them, then slipping further back. Her fingers brushed the sensitive skin behind them. She pulled off again, breathing hard.

“You really don’t care?” she whispered. “Not even a little?”

“Not even a little.” He watched her with those dark eyes. “I’d fuck you in front of him if he was sitting in that chair. I’d make you thank me for every drop while he watched. You’d do it too. We both know you would. You’d beg be to put a baby in you and Dan wouldn’t lift a finger to stop it. He’d just watch it fucking happen.”

The words hit her harder than she wanted.She leaned in and licked under his balls, tongue dragging over the soft skin and further back to his taint. Lester’s hips jerked. She did it again, longer this time, tasting salt and musk, while her hand kept stroking his cock in steady pulls.

“Fuck…” he muttered. “Such a good little slut sarah.”

She kissed the spot, then licked it again, messy and thorough, before moving back up to suck one ball into her mouth. She hummed around it, still stroking him, then switched to the

other side. When she finally returned to the head she was even wetter, spit shining all the way down to his base.

“Your such a disgusting bastard.” she said against the tip, voice almost pleading now. “I hate you Lester. Fuck…I hate you….but you make me feel so fucking good. So fucking good. You should be ashamed how your treating me while Dan is trying to save us. You really going to pump me full of your dirty cum while he tries so hard?”

“Yes.” No hesitation. “I’m gonna fill you until it’s running down your thighs.. Dan can’t give you this. He never could. You know it. I know it. You need this.”

Sarah whimpered and took him into her mouth again, deeper than before. She bobbed in long, sloppy strokes, letting him push against the back of her throat, tears pricking at the corners of her eyes from the effort. Her free hand stayed busy under his balls, fingers pressing and rubbing the sensitive skin while she sucked. The room filled with the wet, filthy sounds of it.

She pulled off with a gasp, strings of spit connecting her lips to his cock.

“Say it again,” she demanded, almost angry at herself. “Say you’re gonna breed me.”

“I’m gonna breed you.” His voice was thicker now. “Gonna pump load after load into that married pussy. And you’re gonna love it. You’re gonna hate how much you love it.”

She went back down, sucking harder, stroking faster, licking under his balls and over his taint between every few strokes like she couldn’t get enough of the taste of him. The conflict inside her burned but it was drowning under the steady heat of Lester’s voice and the heavy weight of his filrthy cock.

Sarah stayed down there, mouth working him in long, wet strokes, spit running freely. She pulled off just enough to speak against the head of his cock, voice rough.

“Do it while he’s at work,” she said. “Cum in me while he’s sitting in some office in Washington. Fill me up so I’m still leaking when he calls tonight.”

Lester’s hand tightened in her hair. “Greedy little thing. You want me to breed you while your husband’s off with his coworker?”

Somet hot rose in her chest. The anger she felt the night beofrhe. The jealousy. That bitch Tricia. She licked a slow stripe up the underside of him and kissed the tip. “Yes.”

He watched her for a second, that familiar mean little smile starting to show. “Speaking of his coworker. That Tricia girl. You looked her up. She’s pretty. Professional. Blonde like you.”

Sarah's stomach tightened. She kept stroking him, mouth hovering close, but she didn't answer right away.

Lester's voice dropped lower. "You want me to take that bitch down a peg for you? That why you showed me her profile? You want me to ruin her a little? Make sure she knows she can't just take what's yours?"

Sarah's hand slowed on his cock. The question sat heavy in the air between them. Guilt rose fast and sharp. She thought of Dan's face when he admitted what he'd done. She thought of the way Tricia had looked on that LinkedIn page. Polished, confident, everything Sarah was supposed to be before all this started. Part of her wanted to say no. The bigger, uglier part of her didn't.

She hesitated, eyes closed, mouth still close enough that her lips brushed him when she finally answered. Then she nodded. Once. Small and guilty.

Lester let out a low, pleased sound. "That's what I thought."

Sarah made a broken little noise and took him back into her mouth, sucking harder than before, like she could hide from the nod she had just given him. Her free hand went back under his balls, rubbing and pressing while she worked him in deep, messy strokes. Spit ran down her chin. She kept her eyes shut tight, focusing on the weight of him on her tongue and the way he throbbed every time she took him deeper, trying not to think too hard about what she had just agreed to.

She couldn't wait any longer. Her mouth was still wet from him, her jaw ached, but the need between her legs had turned d impossible to ignore. She was still sore from the night before. a deep, lingering tenderness that should have made her stop, yet the memory of how full she had felt only made her want it more.

She climbed up his soft, hairy body, knees settling on either side of his thick waist. His stained shirt was already gone. She could feel the heat of his skin and the way his gut shifted under her as she reached between them. Her fingers wrapped around his cock. It felt even bigger in her hand now, heavy and hot and still slick from her mouth. She rose up on her knees, positioned the thick head against her entrance, and started to lower herself.

The stretch was immediate and intense. The head alone forced her open, a slow burning pressure that made her mouth fall open. She sank down another inch, then another, feeling every ridge and vein as he filled her. Her thighs trembled. She had to pause halfway, breathing hard, before she could take the rest. When she finally sat fully on him the sensation punched the air from her lungs. He was so deep it felt like he was pressing against

her stomach. The soreness from last night flared bright and then melted into pure heat. The fight she'd just felt evaporated. "Fuck…"

Lester's hands settled on her hips, thick fingers digging in. Sarah stayed still for a long moment, just feeling the way he stretched her, the way her body had to make room for him. Then she started to move.

She rose up slowly until only the head remained inside, then dropped back down in a smooth, controlled slide. The wet sound of it filled the room. She did it again, and again, finding a rhythm. Her hands braced on his flabby chest for balance. Every downward stroke made her clench around him automatically, trying to hold him as deep as possible. The friction against her sore walls was almost too much and not enough at the same time.

Lester's grip tightened on her hips. He helped lift her and pull her back down, adding force to every bounce. Sarah's large breasts moved with the motion. He reached up and filled his hands with them, squeezing, thumbs brushing over her nipples until they hardened under his touch. She moaned and rode him harder, rolling her hips at the bottom of every stroke so the head of him rubbed against the most sensitive place inside her.

"You looked so fucking hot last night," Lester said, voice rough. His hands stayed on her breasts, kneading them while she bounced. "Blindfolded. Moaning. Letting me do whatever I wanted."

Sarah kept moving, rising and falling in steady, hungry strokes. The soreness made every thrust feel bigger. Sweat was starting to slick the place where her thighs met hisstomach. She could hear how wet she was. She clenched around him on purpose, milking him on every upstroke, and watched his face tighten with pleasure. She was such a slut, his slut. Shame coursed through that only fueled how shet was.

"Uhh… what about the other woman?" she asked between breaths. "Fffuck... nnnh..I keep…getting flashes of her, feelings, who was she real?"

Lester grinned up at her, hands still working her breasts. "Oh wouldn't you like to know. It was so hot watching the two of you together. Watching you touch each other. The way you kissed her. The way you rubbed against her while I was inside you."

The words sent a confused pulse of heat through her. Sarah's rhythm faltered for half a second, then she ground down harder, taking him as deep as she could. Her hands slid up to his shoulders for better leverage. She started bouncing faster, the wet slap of her body meeting his filling the small room. Her clit rubbed against the soft flesh of his lower stomach with every downward motion. The dual sensation made her thighs shake.

“Was…there another guy?” she managed. The memory was still fuzzy but persistent. “Mmm..you were in me… and he was in her… and then he was in my mouth. …fuck..ahh... mmm...”

Lester’s eyes lit with amusement. His hands dropped back to her hips so he could help drive her down onto him. “Yeah. That’s right.”

Surprise cut through the building pleasure. She stared down at him while she continued to ride, never stopping the steady rise and fall of her body.

“Don’t stop… ahh…you brought another guy in?” Her voice came out thinner than she wanted. “Wh…what if he knocked me up instead of you?”

The grin vanished. Lester’s fingers dug hard into her flesh. A low growl rumbled out of his chest.

“I’d never let that happen. You’re mine to breed. No one else’s.”

The possessive edge in his voice sent another rush of heat through her. Sarah leaned forward, hands braced on his chest, and rolled her hips in tight circles, keeping him buried to the hilt. She could feel every throb of him inside her. She clenched and released in deliberate pulses, trying to pull him even deeper.

“Nnnh….ah…fuck…you can’t watch me twenty-four seven, Lester,” she said, almost sweetly, still grinding. “Ohh… ohh… ohhh…who knows what I get up to while you’re gone. Who I might let touch me. Who I might let finish inside me when you’re not looking...rght there… nnnh…”

Anger flashed across his face. His grip turned bruising. Then he thrust up hard , once, brutal and deep, and the force of it punched the air straight out of her lungs. It felt like a direct hit to the softest part of her, overwhelming and perfect. Before she could recover he flipped them in one strong movement, rolling her onto her back and driving back into her in the same motion. His heavy body settled over her, fat gut pressing her down into the mattress as he started fucking her in earnest.

Lester pinned both of her wrists to the mattress above her head with one thick hand and kept driving into her. The other hand braced beside her shoulder so he could put his full weight behind every thrust. The cheap bed slammed against the wall in a hard, steady rhythm. His heavy gut smacked into her lower belly with wet, meaty impacts that forced the air out of her lungs each time. Spittle flew from his mouth when he spoke, landing warm across her cheek and the side of her lips.

“You’re mine to breed,” he growled between strokes. “No other man gets to finish inside you. Not last night. Not ever. You understand me?”

Sarah’s back arched hard. The stretch of him was brutal on top of the lingering soreness from the night before, but the thick friction against that swollen place deep inside her made her vision blur at the edges. She tugged against the hand holding her wrists and only managed to dig her nails into the back of it, leaving half-moons in his skin.

“Then do it,” she shot back, voice breaking on every impact. “Stop talking and fill me. Breed me. Or are you just gonna keep slamming me into this mattress until I pass out?”

Lester answered with a sharper thrust that punched a raw cry out of her throat. He leaned closer, face flushed dark, eyes locked on hers. More spit hit her mouth when he spoke again.

“I’ll fill you when I’m ready. You’re gonna take every single stroke until then. You’re gonna feel me in your fucking stomach tomorrow when you’re walking around with your kids.”

She clenched around him on purpose, trying to milk him, trying to drag him over the edge with her. The wet, filthy sounds of their bodies grew louder. His balls slapped against her with every downward drive. Sweat from his chest dripped onto her breasts and rolled down her sides. The pressure low in her belly was already coiling tighter and faster than she expected, fed by the relentless angle and the sheer force of him.

“You liked watching me with her,” she gasped between hard breaths. “You liked watching another man use my mouth while you were still inside me.”

His grip on her wrists tightened until her fingers started to tingle. He shifted his hips and started fucking her in shorter, meaner strokes that kept the head of his cock grinding directly against the most sensitive spot inside her. The new rhythm made her thighs jump. She could feel every ridge of him dragging through her sore, swollen walls.

“I decide,” he snarled, spittle flying again. “I decided last night and I’m deciding right now. This pussy belongs to me. That womb belongs to me. You’re gonna walk out of here leaking my cum its gonna take deep inside of you and swell that fucking stomach.”

Sarah’s eyes started to lose focus. Her breathing turned ragged and uneven. She could feel her own pulse throbbing around him, the way her walls kept fluttering and trying to pull him even deeper even while the rest of her felt like it was being split open in the best possible way.

“Lester…fuck,...I’m close…I’m…dont…stop…yes…”

He didn’t slow down. If anything he fucked her harder, pinning her arms, crushing her into the mattress with his weight, dirty promises still spilling out of him between grunts and the

wet slap of skin. The pressure inside her climbed past the point of no return. Her mouth fell open. Her eyes rolled back. The first sharp edge of the orgasm started to crest.

It hit like fireworks detonating behind her eyes.

Her whole body locked rigid for a split second, then convulsed hard. She clenched down on his cock so tightly her vision went pure white. A raw, broken scream tore out of her throat as the pleasure ripped through her in long, violent waves.

“Fuck…Lester…I’m coming…don’t stop…don’t you fucking stop…ahh….god….mmmhmmm”

Her nails raked down the back of the hand that held her wrists, leaving red lines. Her legs kicked uselessly against the sheets. The orgasm kept rolling, one peak crashing straight into the next, her pussy pulsing and milking him in desperate, rhythmic squeezes while he continued to drive into her without mercy. Spit and sweat mixed on her skin. She could hear herself making high, animal sounds between each fresh spike of sensation. The pleasure was so sharp it bordered on pain, and still it wouldn’t let her go. Her body kept shaking and clenching around him like it was trying to pull every drop out of him even though he hadn’t started to cum yet.

Lester kept fucking her straight through it, heavy and relentless, holding her down while she came apart underneath him. He kept her wrists pinned to the mattress and never stopped moving. Even while the last waves of her orgasm were still rolling through her he just kept driving into her, like her cumming only made him want to fuck her harder. His gut slapped against her flat stomach with every thrust. Sweat dripped from his chest onto her breasts and rolled down her sides. The wet, filthy sound of him moving in and out of her filled the small room.

Sarah’s body was still shaking. The first orgasm had left her oversensitive and the continued pounding turned that sensitivity into something almost unbearable.. She tugged at the hand holding her wrists but he only tightened his grip and leaned more of his weight onto her.

“Still so tight,” he muttered, spittle flying from his mouth and landing on her cheek. “Even after last night. Even after you just came all over me. Afrer all this time…so fucking tight…This pussy knows who it belongs to.”

She tried to answer and only managed a broken sound. Her head tipped back against the thin pillow. She could feel the head of his cock punching deep, the way her walls had to give around him again and again. “Lester…slow down…I just…”

“No.” He cut her off with another hard slam that forced the air out of her lungs. “You don’t get to slow down. After all that shit you talked. Now you take it.”

She clenched around him without meaning to and the extra tightness only made him groan and fuck her harder. The bed frame kept knocking against the wall in a steady violent rhythm. She could hear how wet she was, the slick, filthy noise of his cock moving through her was almost as loud as her own ragged breathing.

Another orgasm was already building. It surprised her how fast it came on. The first one had barely finished and already the pressure was low in her belly again, fed by the relentless angle and the heavy weight of him crushing her into the mattress. Her eyes started to lose focus.

“I can feel you getting close again,” Lester chuckled. “Your whole body gives it away. That little flutter around my cock. The way you stop breathing right before it hits. You’re gonna cum for me again. Your body wants me to cum deep”

Sarah’s back arched. The second orgasm rose harder and meaner than the first. It felt like it started deep in her core and then exploded outward in every direction at once. Her mouth opened in a silent scream for half a second before the sound finally tore out of her. “Fuck me…fuc…ohhh god!” she cried out.

Her pussy clamped down on him in hard, rhythmic pulses, milking him while her legs shook and her nails dug fresh crescents into the back of his hand.

“Fuck…Lester…I’m cumming…oh god…don’t stop…nnnghhh”

He didn’t stop. He fucked her straight through it, heavy body pinning her down, thick cock dragging through her pulsing walls without mercy. The pleasure was so intense it bordered on pain. Spots danced at the edges of her vision. She could feel herself gushing around him, making everything wetter. Her wrists stayed trapped above her head. All she could do was take it and shake and try to remember how to breathe. She knew she cshouldnt be enjoying this that much, that whtere wa something else she ws supposed to do here tonight but her mind lost its grasp on it.

When the worst of the shaking finally started to ease he still didn’t let up. He just adjusted his grip, shifted his knees for better leverage, and kept slamming into her. The overstimulation made her whimper. Her body felt used and open and hungry for more. The conflict that usually lived in the back of her mind felt distant and small under the sheer physical reality of Lester’s cock and the way he was using her.

After a long stretch of hard, punishing thrusts he suddenly pulled all the way out. The sudden emptiness made her cry out in protest. Before she could push herself up he grabbed her hips and flipped her onto her stomach in one rough movement. Her face pressed into the

thin motel pillow. He yanked her hips up just enough, shoved her knees apart with his own, and drove back into her from behind in a single deep stroke that punched another broken sound out of her throat.

The new angle was even deeper. His gut rested heavily against her ass. His hands clamped around her waist hard enough to bruise as he started fucking her in long, powerful strokes that rocked her whole body forward on the bed. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the room again, louder than before. Sarah's fingers twisted in the sheets. Her mouth hung open against the pillow while he took her

Every thrust forced the thick length of him through her sore, swollen walls and punched against something that made her see stars.

It hurt. It hurt in the exact way she had started craving.

"Beg for it," he said, voice rough. His hands stayed locked on her waist, pulling her back onto him with every stroke. "I want to hear you ask for it."

Sarah's fingers clawed at the thin motel sheets,, twisting the fabric until her kuckles went white. Her face stayed pressed into the pillow. Another hard thrust dragged a broken sound out of her throat.

"Please..."

"Not good enough." He slammed in harder, the wet slap of his gut against her ass filling the room. "Beg me to impregnate you. Say the words."

The size of his cock was overwhelming. She could feel every ridge, every thick inch forcing her open again and again. The soreness from last night and from the orgasms he had already wrung out of her made everything feel bigger, tighter, almost too much. She body danced ewith electricity while teetering on the brink of collapse. She pushed back against him anyway, chasing the burn.

"Please impregnate me," she gasped. The words came out cracked and desperate. "Please fill me up. I need your cum….please…"

Lester made a low, satisfied sound and fucked her harder. The bed frame knocked against the wall in a relentless rhythm. His heavy body covered hers, pinning her upper half down while he kept her hips angled exactly where he wanted them. Sweat dripped from his chest onto her back. The smell of sex and his skin filled every short breath she managed to take.

"Again. Louder."

Sarah's nails scraped across the sheets. The thick head of his cock kept hitting that deep, sensitive place with brutal accuracy. her thighs shake. She could feel herself clenching

around him helplessly on every stroke, trying to hold him inside even while he pulled back and drove in again.

“Ahhh… ahhh… fuck… yes… ahhh…please….. impregnate me,” she cried out, voice higher now. “Please pump me full…I want it…I need your cum inside me…fuck... fuck... nnnh...please Lester, fill me…”

He growled and shifted his grip, one hand sliding up to press between her shoulder blades so she stayed flat against the mattress while the other stayed locked on her hip. The new leverage let him thrust even deeper. The stretch bordered on too much. It hurt in that perfect, addictive way that made her push back for more instead of trying to get away.

“That’s it. Keep begging. Tell me exactly what you want.”

Sarah’s mind felt scrambled. The part of her that still remembered Dan and the keylogger and the reason she was supposed to be here felt small and far away under the sheer physical reality of Lester’s cock splitting her open. She clawed at the sheets hard enough to pull them loose from the corner of the mattress. Her mouth hung open against the pillow as the words kept spilling out of her between broken moans.

“Mmm… ohh… yes…I want you to impregnate me…please….flood me with your cum…I want to feel it dripping out of me…please don’t stop….breed me….please…”

Lester’s rhythm turned punishing. Every thrust forced a raw sound out of her. The thick length of him dragged through her oversensitive walls and bottomed out so deep it knocked the air from her lungs. She was so wet, how easily he moved through the slick mess of her previous orgasms, and still the size of him made every stroke feel like the first one all over again.

“Louder. I want the whole fucking motel to hear you.”

Sarah’s voice broke completely. “Please impregnate me! Fuck Lester…mhmm…god…fill me with youf fucking nasty cum….IIneed it…I’ll do anything…just breed me…please Lester….please…Uhh... yesss... ahh…”

Lester leaned down over her until his chest pressed against her back and his hot, damp breath washed across the side of her face. The smell of him,m sweat and sex and old chettos, filled her nose with every exhale. He kept thrusting in long, heavy strokes while he spoke right against her ear.

“I’m gonna fill you up,” he muttered. “Fuck Dan. I’m the one breeding his pretty little wife tonight. You’re gonna take every drop and then some. It’s gonna spill out of you just like last

night — thick and messy down your thighs. You'll still be leaking when I pump load after load of cum deep into the darkest places inside of you and tht little pussy is gonna lap it all up."

Sarah's fingers stayed twisted in the sheets. The thick length of him kept stretching her open on every stroke,. Her mind flickered for a second to the things Dan had said about Lester's procedure but the thought slid away almost as fast as it came. Her own pills were fine. She knew that for a fact. She had been careful. The only thing that mattered right now was the way his cock dragged through her and the filthy promises he kept pouring into her ear.

"Clench for me," Lester whispered. His breath was hot against her cheek. "If you really want me to knock you up, squeeze that pussy around my cock. Show me."

Sarah obeyed without thinking. She clenched down hard around the thick shaft inside her. The extra tightness made both of them groan. She did it again, and again, pulsing around him in desperate little squeezes while he kept driving into her.

"Hah… hah… mmm…Lester…make me pregnant…" The words came out half moan, half wail, broken by the force of his thrusts. "Please…"

He shifted his weight and pressed even closer, his gut heavy on her lower back. "Whose baby do you want?"

The question hit her like a slap. Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes. She kept clenching around him in helpless rhythm while the answer tore out of her between broken breaths.

"Mmm… fuck… mmm…yours…Lester…fuck…not Dan's…no…" Her voice cracked. A real sob mixed with the next moan. "No…yours…god Lester just do it…"

Lester let out a low, sneering sound right against her ear. "You really want it, don't you?"

Sarah didn't answer with words. She just kept squeezing around his cock, over and over, tight rhythmic pulses that said yes more clearly than anything she could have spoken. Her whole body shook with the effort . The sheets were bunched in her fists. Her face stayed pressed into the pillow, mouth open, tears and spit mixing on the cheap fabric.

Lester's hands slid down and spread her ass cheeks wide, opening her even further for him. He drove in harder, deeper, the new angle making her cry out. The head of his cock punched against the farthest point inside her with every thrust.

"Get ready," he growled against her ear, breath hot and gross and intimate. "I'm gonna give you exactly what you've been begging for."

He kept fucking her without mercy, thick cock splitting her open, hands holding her spread while she clenched and sobbed and pushed back for more. The pressure low in her pussy was gorwing again, fed by the relentless depth and the filthy certainty in his voice. Sarah's

mind had gone quiet except for the single, overwhelming need to feel him empty everything he had inside her. She kept squeezing around him in steady, desperate pulses, wordlessly asking for it, while the bed slammed against the wall and his heavy body pinned her down.

Lester's grip on her ass stayed brutal as he drove into her without any let-up. The thick length of him kept stretching her open on every stroke, the deep punch of it forcing broken sounds out of her throat. Sarah's fingers were locked in the sheets so hard her nails had started to tear the fabric. She kept clenching around him in desperate little pulses, still wordlessly asking for what he had promised.

The pressure low in her belly that had been building finally snapped.

"Ohhh fuck…unngh…yes…" the orgasm tore through her like something violent with am ind of its own. It started deep and then exploded outward in every direction at once, a mind-melting rush of white-hot pleasure that wiped every thought clean. Her mouth opened in a silent scream for half a second beforethe sound finally ripped out of her, raw, high, and completely uncontrolled, "AHH….FUCK..Nnngh!"

Her whole body locked rigid and then started convulsing. She couldn't catch her breath. Her eyes rolled back in her skul. Every attempt at air turned into another broken cry as the waves kept slamming through her without pause. Her vision blurred. For a terrifying, perfect second she genuinely thought she might pass out from how hard she was coming.

Lester's rhythm never faltered. He fucked her straight through it, heavy body pinning her down, thick cock dragging through her pulsing walls like he was trying to carve himself deeper.

Then his voice growled right against her ear, hot and wet and full of dark satisfaction, "I'm about to cum."

The words hit her like a second detonation. The orgasm that was already tearing her apart suddenly kicked into overdrive, sharper and meaner than before. Her pussy clamped down on him in frantic, rhythmic squeezes. She could feel every detail with horrifying clarity. The way his cock started to swell even thicker inside her, the first heavy pulse that ran up the shaft, the wet slap of his hairy balls against her on every remaining thrust.

Then he buried himself to the hilt and exploded.

Thick, hot cum blasted into her in heavy ropes. She felt every single one of them.Tthe first powerful surge that painted her insides, then another, and another, and another, drenching her so thoroughly it already started to leak out around his cock even while he was still

pumping more into her. The heat of it, the sheer volume, the knowledge of what he was doing, his intent to impregnant her, drove her completely insane.

Her eyes rolled back. A second orgasm, harder and more devastating than the first, ripped through her without warning. Her body seized so violently the only sound she could make was a choked, broken wail. The overstimulated pleasure was too much. It kept climbing past the point where she could process it. Her mind went white and empty. For a second or two the whole world simply dropped away and she blacked out, floating in pure sensation while Lester's cock kept pulsing deep inside her, emptying everything he had into the trembling, clenching heat of her body.

Sarah came back to herself slowly.

The first thing she registered was the weight of Lester still on top of her, still buried deep. His breathing was loud and ragged right against her ear, almost a continuous low roar as his chest heaved. Every small shift of his body sent another warm trickle of his cum leaking out around his cock. The sensation dominated everything. Tthe thick, liquid heat of it coating her insides, the way it had already started to spill down onto the sheets beneath her. Her pussy felt swollen and oversensitive and completely full. His large, hot cock molten amd buried in her.

She didn't move. She just lay there under him, cheek pressed into the damp pillow, and let the reality of what had just happened settle over her in pieces.

After a while Lester finally pushed himself up. He pulled out of her with a slow, sick wet sound that made her flinch. A heavier rush of cum followed, warm and thick, running down the inside of her thigh. He rolled onto his back beside her with a heavy exhale, one arm thrown over his forehead, still breathing hard.

In the low light she could see Lester sprawled on his back beside her. The heavy rise and fall of his pale, hairy gut, the flushed soft face, the thinning hair stuck to his forehead with sweat. He looked grotesque like this, spent and careless, and the sight of him made stomach churnb. Between her legs she felt swollen and raw, every small shift sending another warm trickle of his cum leaking out of her sore pussy and down onto the already-wet sheets.

Sarah stayed on her stomach for another few seconds before her eyes drifted shut again. The room was quiet except for the sound of both of them trying to catch their breath. Her body felt used and heavy and strangely peaceful in the aftermath.

Thoughts of her family started filtering back in at the edges.

The girls. Her mother at the house. Dan.

She hoped he had done what he needed to do.

The thought was the last clear thing that crossed her mind before exhaustion pulled her under again and she drifted off to sleep with Lester's cum still leaking out of he.

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Dan sat in the narrow airplane seat with his phone in both hands, thumb refreshing the messaging app every few seconds. The last text from Sarah was still the same one she had sent hours earlier. A short confirmation that she was with Lester and would keep him busy. Nothing after that. No update. No "it's done." No "I'm heading home."

He stared at the screen until the flight attendant's voice came over the speakers telling everyone to switch their devices to airplane mode. Dan hesitated a second longer, then locked the phone and slid it into the inner pocket of his jacket. The absence of a new message gnawed at him.

His mind went immediately to the places he didn't want it to go.

Maybe Lester had kept her longer than planned. Maybe the sex had turned into one of those nights that stretched until morning. Maybe she was still in that motel room right now, underneath him, or on top of him, or on her knees again. The images came whether he wanted them or not . Sarah's face the way it looked when she was too far gone to care who was watching, the sounds she made, the way she had started asking Lester to do things she used to only let *him* do. Dan's stomach turned.

He pressed his forehead against the cool plastic of the window. The plane began to push back from the gate. He tried to focus on the keylogger instead, on the small chance that the device was already quietly doing its job on Lester's computer. That was the point of all this. That was why he had asked her to go in the first place. But the rational part of the plan felt thin against the heavier knowledge of what "keeping him busy" actually meant.

The engines rumbled. The cabin lights dimmed. Dan closed his eyes as the plane gathered speed down the runway and then lifted, the ground falling away beneath them. Somewhere below, in a different town, his wife was still with the man who had taken apart their life piece by piece. And Dan had no idea what state she would be in when she finally came home.