

[\[Insiders\] Toxic Attraction: Chapter 20 Alpha Draft](#)

Hello my friends. I hope your weekend is off to a great start and hopefully this little post can make it just a little bit better. I cannot believe we are at chapter 20 of this tale, its a little wild to think about. I really need to go back and read the total word count so far and see just how many words are on this bad boy.

There is a lot happening in this chapter. I feel like things are clicking into place with a lot of the plot threads that we've had dangling. The noose feels like its getting tighter in many places and our characters are left in some interesting places.

I had hoped to get this out a couple days ago but I wanted to add more to it and life has a way of getting in the way of writing lately. But its done and its hear, at least the Insider draft.

I'm looking forward to hearing what you think, your suggestions and feedback so I can create a stellar final draft of this chapter. I already have a couple of ideas but I didn't want to keep polishing and not get it out.

As always this is an alpha draft free off the press. I just finished it two minutes ago; there are lots of issues, spelling, and grammar, that I will fix up alongside Grandeman before the final draft is complete.

Here you go:

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The warm water felt so good on her skin. She felt dirty, dirty with herself and her actions the past couple of days. She wanted to wash herself off, try to rid her skin of Lester's touch but right now all she wanted to do was lay back in the tub and let the warm bubbly water over take her body.

The warmth just felt so good, enveloping her, caressing every nerve in her body. She planned to sit here all night and get a nice buzz from her wine before going to 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 seemed like she couldn't do anything right lately. That no matter what she had put into that hospital that 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 even had 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 throat fucking her 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, not too sweet, not heavy but had a full body. Sarah closed her eyes and settled down 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. This was what she needed right now. A release from all that pent up frustration.

Sarah started playing with herself, letting her hands and body move together. They knew what they were doing. She kept her eyes shut and let them dance together, explore one another, feel out the right way to set her off. Her mind went to Dan.

Gentle love making in their bed. His hands intertwined with hers, his soft lips on her neck. Sweet whispers in her ear. His body pressing down over hers. Pushing her down into the mattress. 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 split her in two. His fat flabby stomach pressing down onto hers. The dirt words he'd make her say. 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 needed right now? To think of Lester to get off.

The swamy 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. 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 breath was growing shallow. Sarah was working her fingers, pressing, dilvuging, caressing her most sensitive areas. The water was only warm 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 hands going to the sides of the tub, pulling herself up into a seated position. Her head whiped around to look for the source of that sound.

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 eyes couldn't help but lock onto his cock. It was already rock hard. Again. So soon after he had just cum. She raised her eyes to his ugly face where that sneer seemed to be permantly afixed. "What...how did you get in here?"

"Forgot my phone," Lester said taking a step closer to her, "You're door was unlocked."

Sarah could have sworn that she had locked the door after Lester had left. But she wasn't sure. When leaving the house, she'd often run back to the door to double check she locked it. And the past few days she felt like she was forgetting and slipping up everywhere. Maybe she hadn't 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 admit it. "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 its not here 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 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 was 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 at 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...”

“Almost done,” Lester’s hand breached the water below the bubbles, Sarah could feel the ripples touching 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 feel Lester’s ugly smirk on his face. Lester’s finger tips 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, tell him to 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.

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 just wanting to say his name. Part of her wanted him to do more, 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 of 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 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.

“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 bathrub harder. "Ah fuck," Sarah groaned as her hips writhed around Lester's fingers.

Sarah rested her head against the bathrub 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.

"Touch yourself," Lester growled, "Touch your breast, 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 her face was surrounded by bubbles. Her hands ran over her breasts, caressing them. Making love to them, nipples slid between her finger tips as she applied pressure. Sarah arched her back, feeling crazy. She couldn't help herself.

Lester slid another fat finger inside of her.

"Ohmyfuck," Sarah groaned.

Sarah writhed 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 him breathing. Her bath, her sanctuary had been broken by Lester and she was loving every minute of it. "Don't stop. So close 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 edge of the tub, 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 inside 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 meat 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 around her. Part of her brain screamed about the water on the tile, the need to clean it. 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, mhmhm, ahh, gaadd, mhmhmhm, 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.

“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, “LLLLLEEEESSSTTTERR.”

“Mhm I love when you moan my name,” Lester said as he picked up his pace back up, slamming his cock all the way into her. He didn’t stop. Wasn’t stopping, his fat hands gripped in slender hips as he started to fuck her with 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.

“Cum again for me,” Lester bellowed into the empty room, “Moan my name again.”

“LLLLLEESSSTER,” 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, “Ohhhmhmhmmyyyyylessster.”

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.”

The nerves in her body exploded into a million beautiful directions. Her entire body tingled, going taunt all at once. She dug her heels into the bottom of the tub, her fingers desperately gripping the edge of the tub. Water splashed by her face.

“That’s it,” Lester smiled, “Cum for Daddy.”

“Ughhhhhhhhdaddddy,” 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 felt 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 strongly gripping his cock, milking him. He felt lightheaded like 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 position. His knees kept sliding back and he was worried he might topple over. Water sloshed around him, most of the bubbles had run out onto the floor, 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 impression of his hand.

“No,” Sarah breathed, “Never.”

“Mhmmmm thats 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. 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 as on a thrust back she felt him push his thumb forward and the tip of his thumb stimulated the nerves in 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.

Lester pushed his thumb forward again as Sarah thrust back. More of this thumb entered her. Lester pushed again and Sarah groaned as what felt like Lester entire thumb was inside her ass. Her body quaked as he started to play with her, moving it inside of her 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 like this. While he 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 orgasm.

The young mother wiggled about in front of him, responding to his thumb. Lester grinned at how far he was making this proud mother fall into depravity before him. He wondered if there was any limit in what she would do for him. Not that he cared. Either way he was going to find that limit and push 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.

“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.

“No,” Sarah breathed, “Never.”

“How about his tongue,” Lester stifled a laugh, “Has her 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 your my woman now.”

“Ughhhmmmmmmhmmm, ah, muh, ah, uh, uh, uh, mhmhmmm,” Sarah could only mona in response.

Lester wiped sweat from his forehead, his lower back was getting tight. He wasn’t sure how much long her could keep this up. His breath was getting ragged. Steam had covered the mirror, even it looked 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 delerious. 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 invetiable 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,” Sarah said.

“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,” 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.

“Ohhmmmmmm do it Lester,” Sarah moaned. She curled her toes and gripped the side of tub as her body started to tense up. The orgasm build inside of her like a tidal wave. She held her breath as it slammed down onto her, washing over her, washing away everything. Swalling her up completely. Sarah gritted her teeth and fucked through it, not daring to breath, not wanting to do anything that could take away this feeling, “Mhmmmmhmmhmmh, ahh, muhhhh, uhhhhhh, ah, shiiiiit.”

Lester felt Sarah’s pussy clamp down onto 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 stayed still. She was holding her breath and her body was still tense. Eventually the muscles in her back relaxed and she heard her let out of hoarse breath. He stay connected to her as her body seemed to slump forward. When he took his thumb out 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 going to die. The heat was too much. He tried standing up but his legs protested. His back felt locked. He pushed on the side of the tub and eventually rolled himself out 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 splat. Water covered the bathroom floor, running towards the bedroom. There wasn't anytime to freak out as Lester dragged her to the bedroom, their feet splashing with each step. Lester's long cock hung hard between his legs, bouncing with each step.

He left her over to the bed. Their wet feet marking the carpet as they went. Sarah still felt dazed from her orgasms. The heat of the bathroom and her wine had her starting to spin. 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 back as Sarah laid down on her stomach, "Fuck me like this," she said.

Sarah pushed her 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. Her 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.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, wiggling her hips back, searching for his cock. Lester settling 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 body and loved the sensation. Feeling like there was no way out from under him. He braced his arm against her shoulder blades holding her in place and thrust forward.

His cock hit the bottom of her ass cheek, missing its target. Sarah had her hands under her, already playing with her clit. She reached back and found the tip of his cock and guided it towards her soaking wet entrance.

With a plunge forward, Lester was inside Sarah Williams again. This time he wasn't going to move until he had released his seed deep into her fertile and waiting womb.

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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 and one of the only things in his life that mattered.

It seemed so dumb to fixate so much on work. But he did it for his family. Did it to take care of his family 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, for heading out to Washington without talking it through with her first.

Things just happened so fast and Dan was just reacting. That was the problem. He was just reacting to life instead of being proactive. He was slowly making the changes he needed. Momentum was happening slowly but Dan could feel it at his back, propelling him forward. He just needed a little more time. If only Sarah could understand that. Understand the sacrifices he was making, just see the long term plan....

Dan shook his head and fumbled 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 contents into his mouth. There wasn't any left.

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 wanted to blame Sarah. It was too easy to blame her but in reality she was holding down a lot of responsibility at home 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 flowers sitting down in front of the passenger's 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 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 this late at night.

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.

Dan pushed the button to roll down the rented car's windows. Wind hit his face but drowned out the radio's music. He turned the volume up higher. He 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. It seemed to energize him and help him shake off the lures of sleep that had been plaguing him. He navigated his way into town, driving through familiar streets until he found himself stopping on the side of the road, up the street from his own home.

The time on the car's dashboard read 10:20 p.m. It was late and there was an SUV 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 had gotten too far out of hand. How did this happen?

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 own 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 that he had forgotten that it just didn't stop when he closed his eyes. Sarah was still intertwined in the shit he had let happen and it looked like Lester was all too eager to exploit that.

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 mainfloor were off and 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.

With each step he took, his wife's moans grew louder and louder. It wasn't until he was standing at the threshold to his bedroom that he realized he was still holding onto the flowers. He gripped them tighter as he heard the slapping sounds accompanying Sarah's moans.

He stood there, out of sight, paralyzed by the carnal knowledge of what was happening 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 voice shook him to his core.

There was no denying what was happening 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 his heart beat.

"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 your 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. 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 pushed open the door.

The first thing he saw was Lester's disgusting body. Pale skin matted by thick hair, loose fat skin flailing as he pounded away. His body glistened with sweat his vicious gaze focused down on Sarah's prone body below him.

His wife's tanned toned body was laying on the bed, her ass pushing off the bed to meet Lester's thrust. Her head was turned to the side, away from the door, one arm outstretched gripping on the bed sheet, the other wedged beneath her, liking playing with her clit, "Mhmmmmgod LLLLLeesstter, I can't wait for you to fill me." It sounded like Sarah just came.

They looked wet. Like they were drenched in sweat from fucking for hours. The bedsheets seemed drenched with their bodily fluids.

Dan realized his hand was gently stroking his cock through his pants, staring at the wanton scene 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.

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.

Lester's head turned, catching a glimpse of Dan 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. 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?"

"Ughhhhhh," 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 was slamming back against Lester's crotch.

"What would you tell him, say it like he is here in the room," Lester said.

"Dan," Sarah started her roleplay "I want Lester to knock me up. I need him to put ah baby... mhmmm in me. To fuck me pregnant. Give me that baby boy you never could."

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. He was stroking himself through his pants with abandon.

Lester looked at him with an ugly smile on his face, ecstatic that he was taking such liberties with Sarah right in front of him. Dan felt himself slipping back into that familiar trance of just wanting to watch Sarah behave badly. His vision seemed to narrow, focusing solely on her. 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 but his other hand was balled into a fist. His nails digging 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 or Sarah heard him. His mouth was as dry as a desert and it took effort just 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, thought about all the shit he was in right now, how he needed to handle it in order to move forward. How he planned to take control of everything and get through the shit.

Dan closed his eyes and relaxed his hand. It felt warm, like his nails at 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.

The sight shook him to his core and he felt his cock twitch but he held onto the rage in his chest.

"Pineapple," He said loudly causing Sarah to whip her head around. Her eyes opened like saucers, 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."

Lester words made Dan sway. They made him want to slink back into the hallway.

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned. The words made him just want to watch but instead he stepped forward, willing himself to with every fiber of his being.

"Get the fuck off her Lester," Dan said clenching his fist again. His palm was swore 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 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 anger he had been suppressing for months bubbled to the surface and felt like a inferno in his chest. Dan 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 backwards, “Get. The. Fuck. OFF.”

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. Blood from Dan’s hand smeared on Lester’s neck. He felt the urge to tighten his grip on Lester’s throat, crush his wind pipe.

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, ready to strike Lester between his beedy 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.

Instead of punching him in his stupid nose, Dan grabbed Lester by the nape of his neck and pushed him out of the bedroom. Lester tripped over his own feet, stumbling down the hallway. When they reached the stop 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.”

“You’re neighbors might see,” Lester threw back with venom. 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 nudity.

“I don’t give a shit Lester,” Dan said as Lester fumbled with his keys and unlocked his SUV. Dan pulled open the driveside 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 eyes at having been humiliated and paraded down the driveway naked. The engine started and Lester floored it out of the driveway and peel off down the street.

Dan marched back into his house and flung the door closed behind him, not bothering to lock it. Not bothering to see if it stayed shut. The anger swelled in his chest. Kicking Lester out hadn’t made it subside.

Sarah was standing at the top of the stairs waiting for him, their bedsheet held firming in front of her, “Dan we need to talk about this. I don’t know whats happening—I don’t know how he got in here. I thought it was locked..”

Dan didn’t hear the rest of what Sarah said. He quickly climbed up the stairs and grabbed her by her wrist and pulled her back to the bedroom. Dan trampled over the flowers on the bedroom floor as he pulled Sarah behind him.

“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 pulled 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, “I don’t know how he got it. I thought I locked the door. I didn’t plan for \_”

“Uhhhhh,” Sarah moaned as Dan pushed his cock inside of her. He had thrown Lester off too soon for her to have cum again. Her body craved that third orgam and didn’t care who was going to deliver it.

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. Lonliness. 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.

"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 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 in to 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 inside of her.

Dan collapsed onto his wife and they lay there intertwined 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 was becoming overwhelming. Dan felt a throbbing in his hand, where his nails had drawn blood earlier. There was probably some stained on the sheets.

Dan rolled off his wife and sat up in the bed, looking down at her. She reached a hand out to caress his 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 pillow case out of the hallway closet.

He couldn't sleep in that bed tonight. And he needed a drink before he went to sleep.

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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 looked at himself in the rearview mirror and saw blood on his neck. He wiped it, worried that Dan had cut him open but couldn't find any wound.

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 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, “Arghhh.”

He needed to get back to his command centre. Reluctantly, he got dressed and drove back to his hotel room to spend the night alone, stewing in his impotent rage.

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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. Holding her bed sheets against herself, Sarah went to the window and looked out at the driveway. Dan's car was still there. He was home.

Excitement filled her heart at the prospect of having Dan home but it quickly became muddled with the frustration she felt towards his recent choices and the guilt that stained hers. She checked the time on her phone. It was early. Earlier than usual. She had set multiple alarms so that 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 rised up inside her. But Dan was here and he was 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? It seemed like the last few weeks had been a whirlwind of bad decisions. As much as she wanted to go into 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 and 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 door knob he appeared to be working on, “Replacing the locks. 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 hadn't been sure how he got in while she was in the shower. She couldn't remember whether she locked the door or not after she blew him in the living room.

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 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 should be.

Dan's coffee was cold by the time he finally finished with the front door. 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 went back to 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 your fucking Lester behind my back?"

"It's not like that Dan," Sarah stood up, "Not at all."

“Then tell me what its 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 were you with Left Hm? Tell me what happened that I don’t know about.”

“Dan,” Sarah said, “We’ve never hid things from each before but these last few weeks things have gone off the rails. With the whole Eugene then 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, mimicing 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 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 his condescending tone but 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 omission. Whatever I get it. It upset me and I couldn’t stop stewing about it. It still upsets me. You know I don’t like lying, especially in our relationship but things have been going on at work. Things we haven’t had time to talk about that compounded things 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 out 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.

“Then Lester cornered me in my office and he pushed the right buttons and I don’t know Dan. I don’t know why and I don’t know whats wrong with me but like I said before its 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. Sarah and him had talked about that being a fantasy of his. One she never entertained because of the serious implication it could have for her professionally.

“Yes,” Sarah whispered, “I wanted to just 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? How casually she just mentioned blowing Lester. Where in the office? How did it happen? How did she just give in like that? 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 it went on as long as it 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 behavior 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 hair 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 got 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 and 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, "But 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 put his coffee 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, after last time I said was off limits to him. You invited him to our home, 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 before he somehow got back in the house and fucked you again in our bed. Is that right? I got it all now?"

"Yeah Dan, thats 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 needed her husband, he wasn't 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, "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Dan, thats 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.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Dan challenged.

"Me fucking Lester in my office is the single most 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 Minnessota 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 contnued "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 support then," she gestured to the room around her, "What about your job huh? What about all the shit you've been doing in Chicago? Going on trips without even telling me, none of it has gotten us much money yet but somehow my job choices is the one putting us in jeporady."

"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 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 was 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. 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 has spun out far more than I wanted it to okay? I know recently I have been choosing work over you and the girls? But I've been trying to build a better future for us."

Sarah opened her mouth to reply but Dan held up his hand silencing her, "Just 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 working 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 it and I came home to you. Literally with flowers in my hand and then I walked in on that."

Sarah stayed silent thinking over what Dan said. She hadn't told him about Lester. Not that they had much a chance to talk with the Eugene stuff and then him going to Washington. Be calm Sarah. Dan was here, he was trying. He listened to her and pushed everything aside for her. The Lester stuff blindsided him and she got that. And she shouldn't have let herself go so far with him either. She knew that she was spinning at work. Maybe Lester too advantage or maybe she just wanted a convenient distraction.

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 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 have nothing to anchor me down and Lester. I don't know Dan. Lester was just there and I think to me he kind of blurs the lines on things because

we 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. And when I wanted that out, that distraction, he was just there. I know that doesn't excuse it and its 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 it. I knew something like this might happen or just that you might be affected but I always told myself I can pull us back, I just need to get a handle on it first but I should have paid more attention to what was going on with you."

"No, you shouldn't have to Dan, I should have been able to keep my shit together," Sarah said.

"Yeah you should have but I should have too," Dan stepped closer to his wife, "Even look at the whole Eugene at the peephole thing. Its like my body just had a mind of it's own and I stepped 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. Lie 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 car that one night when that stranger watched us. Trying and failing I guess to detox my brain from this and seperate Lester from the fantasy before he takes it 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 its 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 different apartments."

“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 to 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 filled. She desperately needed that time with him.

He was her rock that kept her grounded and being without him, made her feel untethered. Things were good between them. Not great but she felt that there were in a good spot. Both of them still felt the bruises from their recent fights and certain subjects were still very tender.

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 had completely disconnecte from work. They both had. She had no idea what she was about to walk into but knew that whatever it was she could handle it.

Talking over her recent work issues with Dan gave her some perspective. She was still smart and capable, even if she wasn’t feeling that way lately. Dan believed it so she could to. 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 had gone to bed on Friday, Sarah and Dan drank a couple 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 felted just as intertwined in this weird fantasy life they had created with Lester, even though he was taking stride to free himself of it. Sarah knew she should do the same but part of her still just wanted to revel in it for a little longer.

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 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 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 looks like he had gotten a haircut and a new suit since Sarah had seen him last. He looked more respectable but Sarah still got a sloppy impression from him.

"Nice of you to join us," Richard said. John was no where 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 to the new CEO. His eyes were roaming 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 so 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 your not early, your 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 lets all try to get here ten minutes early so that we can start on schedule."

He started to flip through the paper in front of him before sighing and settling back in 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 jug 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 has 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's 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 themselves but none of them would aptly explain how different things tie in 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 jugs 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 talking in an animated fashion.

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. His eyes met hers and he said, “Thanks for the coffee honey,” before continuing on. 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 meeting without taking on any other humiliating tasks. Back in her office she was stewing at the way Richard had asked her to get coffee. He hadn’t asked any of the men to go and do it. Her impression of him was sourling, 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.

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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 sent, she hadn’t responded.

Fucking Dan. Things were going so well, why did that mother fucker have to come back and ruin everything. Everything had been going to plan, had been going so well. Sarah had been his, begging for his seed. It has been glorious.

It was glorious. No need for past tense. Who the fuck did Dan think he was interrupting them. Even having the nerve to put his hands on Lester's throat.

If Sarah hadn't been there, Lester would have crushed Dan. Beat him to a pulp but then she would have cowered over him. He wished he could go back change how things had happened.

Lester pushed himself up from his desk, sending his chair flying back hitting hit bed. He couldn't just sit there anymore being ignored. 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 t-shirt from the floor.

Collecting his cellphone 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.

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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 energy, the momentum of the place. It was such a stark contrast coming from his office and its dower mood.

Walt had given him shit about taking Friday off. Dan handled it but he wasn't fond of the extra pressure. Still 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 knowing, 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 shoulder a bit as a group of people tried to get on the elevator before he got off. He shouldered his way through them and scanned the office he had stepped out onto.

The office was busy. People seemed to flow across the reception area into waiting offices beyond glass walls. Polished marble covered the floor and a very attractive brunette sat behind a large, imposing wood desk. Dan could help but feel immense envy at Jessie for landing this position. It seemed like the little shit at somehow leapfrogged Dan.

As impressive as this office was, Dan didn't want to be here. It felt humiliating to walk into a place like this and sit across the desk from Jesse. Dan had so much other shit to do for Sentniel Security and Elevate Engagement plus his other clients, he really didn't have time for this.

Dan squared his shoulders 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 lead Dan to Jessie's office. Interns and other young professionals were seated at cubicles while intimating men and women sat in their offices and conference rooms. Dan started to guess at each person's salary, slowly calculating what this company's human resource costs were.

The receptionist lead Dan to a corner office where Jesse was seated behind a wide desk, looking at something intently on his laptop screen. His eyes flashed up at Dan and a wicked smile spread across his face.

"Thanks Trisha," he said dismissing the receptionist. "Dan, how are you? Looking better than the last time I saw you."

Dan quietted his rage at the memory of getting thrown out of that club. And the memory of Jesse pressing 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 for a second 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 lower than Jesse's.

With a roll of his eyes, Dan sat down and waited for this humiliating experience to be over.

With a stupid smile, Jesse walked behind his desk and sat down, "How's Sarah?"

He was trying to get a rise out of him but Dan wasn't about to take the bait. "She's fine. Can we get down to business now Jesse?"

"Hey I'm just being polite," Jesse said holding his hands up defensively. Jesse was different. Odd. Pretending to be more confident. Dan wouldn't have minded the delay tactics but he wasn't getting paid extra to sit here. While Walt's firm could charge hourly, Dan still made the same reduced salary.

"So how are things back at the old stomping ground?" Jesse leaned back in his chair, clearly eager to drag things out. "I hear things have gotten a little rough over there. It was funny, after firing me, Walt seemed to desperate on the phone 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’re going to have to treat me with respect now Dan. I’m your client. Understand?” Jesse gestured to his office. “I’m here while your still stuck at the dump under Walt.”

“Jessie,” Dan said looking around at the impressive office, “You have a knack for stating the obvious. Now tell me about this project and this client you are out of your depths 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. 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 its located but our client wants help ensuring its sustainable and self sufficient.”

“A sub division?” 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 help?” Dan asked flatly, wanting to be done with this conversation and done with Jessie.

“Well,” Jesse said fidgeting with his computer, “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. There on the screen was man’s face, sitting on zoom.

Dan felt himself falter. He recognized the face.

“Hey there Danny boy,” Byron said grinning, “Long time no talk.”

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.

“That’s it? That’s all I get? Here I thought after all those drinks we’d shared that 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 towards and now this. Lester was enough of a distraction and now he’d have to deal with this shit too?

“Nice to see again Byron,” Dan lied through his teeth.

“That’s more like it.” Byron said leaning forward towards the camera. “Now lets get down to brass tacts. We’re working on a subdivision but beyond that I can’t tell you much. Don’t ask where it is because thats above your pay grade. We need your help to make sure its sustainable. As in efficent and self sustaining. We want to run it off the grid, treat our own waste water, make sure the buildings are energy efficent, the whole she-bang. Our own little slice of paradise away from prying eyes. You got me?”

“Sounds interesting,” Dan said. It definetely sounded more interesting than a simple sub-division. If they were building this from the ground up, it would be an opporunity in not just constructing a building but getting a say in how an entire community operated. A self-sustaining community. That was interesting but Dan it sound 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, where are things at?”

“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 plan here. That’s where you come in. I need you to come out here to Minnesota and look over our plans, see th gaps with where we are versus what we want and make 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 getting 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 screw 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 was wagging 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 put in a complaint with Walt about his behaviour and insist he get taken off 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.”

Dan felt himself stewing. His face going red. Now it was him who had a throbbing vein in his forehead.

“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, your 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 little bonus that will get me a promotion. So keep your mouth shut.”

Dan felt numb as he left Jesse’s office and rode the elevator down. The throngs of bodies jostling about the elevator pressed him into the back corner, his mind still trying to process what was happening.

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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 had completely blindsided him and he wasn’t sure what to do.

He felt like a trapped animal. Dan wanted to call Sarah and talk it through but he felt like he needed to come up with some kind of plan first. Working with Jessie had been bad enough but this, Byron coming back into the picture. That guy was bad news. And he liked to keep grudges, according to that Peter guy that had propositioned him at starbucks a few weeks back.

Dan’s thoughts were dashed by the plodding of footsteps. Lester’s fat feet were smaking against the hardwood floor. Dan hoped that Lester was just going to the bathroom but his stomach dropped when the footstep 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 prying his eyes Lester's naked body. He had seem that man naked way more 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 coming up with a plan to deal with Byron. There were a few apartments that looked good but rent had gone way up since the last time he looked. It seemed like every landlord and just decided to get greedy. Dan didn't like the monthly rents he was looking at but he needed to get out of here, 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 he had gotten from Sentiel Securities, the only one he was supposed to use for their work or communicating with them. Dan had been doing some work 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, its 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, "Looking. This isn't working Lester. You crossed a line. Too many lines lately. I, we, Sarah and I think its time for a change. We've had some fun and all but its probably best if we move on."

Rage seemed to flash on 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 hitting the hardwood floor and Dan could see Lester's mass move 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 a small win today after what 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. 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 extracate himself from this mess. That would be awesome, get a new place and a new job. A 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.

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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.

They thought they were just playing a game. That they could use him for their own fantasies and cast him aside but they didn't know. 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 centre and exited his game. Several pings came through his speaker, the familiar sound of a discord notification. Probably Ned and the others wondering 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 was a part of that kept a database of problem tenants.

It was a familiar tactic that Lester had employed 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 was Dan doing with that?

Dan wasn't technical. He could barely navigate his phone. How the hell did he get a laptop like that? Lester pulled up the camera feeds from earlier in the living room and got a better look at the laptop. 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 seeing what was on there.

Dan hadn't gotten a new job and as far as Lester knew, his current employer wasn't doing to well. What was Dan up to?

The laptop is just a distraction. Focus. Lester reached out for his phone and dialled 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 underbelly of the internet. "I need you to contact Dan Williams, my roommate."

“What for sir?” Frank even sounded like he was sweating from this conversation.

“Put him on notice for a rent increase. Market correct or something. Leave a note in the mail box or give him a call, I don’t care. Just do it.” Lester snapped as his eyes searched the screen for the right board.

“But Lester...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,” Lester rolled his eyes, “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 something in their place like that. Now he just needed to do the same to Dan. Lester scrolled through the listings looking for someone that might be able to 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 shuffle 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 made of the other night at the William’s home. With his headphones on he started the video and shuffled out of his sweatpants. Lester started stroking his fat cock, listening and watching as Sarah Williams begged him to cum in 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 corruption.

Both videos played together until Lester finally blew his load all over himself.