

[Toxic Attraction: Chapter 20](#)

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:

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, "LLLLLEEEESSSTTTERR."

“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.”

“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, “Ohhhmhmmyyyyylessster.”

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, mmmm, 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.”

“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 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 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 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, mhmmhmm,” 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.

“Ohhmmmmmm 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, “Mhmmmmhmmhmmh, 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.

"Mhmmmmmm," 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 LLLLLeesstter, 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?"

"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 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. “Mhmmmmmmmm,” 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 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 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.

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, 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.

“Gaaahmhm,” 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.

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.

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.

"Mhmmmm," 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, gagrrr, garrgg, mhmmm gggmmmm, gmmmm gmmmm."

"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.

“Mhmmmmhmmm,” 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, “Aaagghhck, ggmhmmmm, ghughhck, ghmmmm, hhh, gaaaggckggmgmm, oogghhgagmhmgmm, 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.