

## Toxic Attraction: Chapter 21

Hello, my friends. Summer is about to close but I couldn't let August end without another chapter of Toxic Attraction.

This is a hefty chapter, so carve out some time to read it. Things are changing for our couple in Chicago, and much more is on the horizon.

I want to give a big shoutout to Grandeman for his help punching up the chapter and all the feedback I've received so far. There are lots of different ideas being put forward, I'm going to spend some time over the weekend digesting them and seeing how I might be able to incorporate them going forward.

I'll also be editing Tainted Conception 4 over the weekend to get that out to you all before diving into more Toxic and Neighborhood Encounters.

One outfit attached - but in this story it is purple.

Anyways, here it is. Enjoy!

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Sarah exhaled and looked around the board room. After her rough first impression with her new boss, Richard Thornhill, a few weeks ago, Sarah had made it her mission to rectify things. She was determined to put her best foot forward and show him and everyone else at the hospital how much of an asset she could be.

She had arrived early to every group meeting since that last week when Lester had visited, and today was no exception. Dan had given her the wake-up call she needed, reminding her how capable and driven she was. Having him back in her corner helped ground her and put her back on the right path. She still felt embarrassed and somewhat disgusted about how she had just fallen to pieces and run into Lester's arms. The things she'd done with him at the hospital and in their home mortified her.

Sarah realized her thighs were pressing together at the thought. It wasn't that she regretted what happened with Lester. She'd enjoyed it all immensely. She just didn't like or recognize the person she became around him. Like some buried part of herself had been unearthed and had taken control. But now she had to put that part of herself away again, at least for a while. Work demanded her focus, especially given how difficult things were going for Dan.

Her colleagues started to filter into the room, taking their respective seats. Sarah smiled and greeted them while rearranging her laptop, pen, and notepad in front of her. She tried to place everything just right, demonstrating her professionalism and readiness to dig in and get to work.

The best strategy she could think of was to put her thoughts of Lester and her fantasy play with her husband on hold for the time being, at least until she left the hospital. She needed to focus on the here and now and get back to dominating the work day like she used to.

Most of her colleagues had taken their places around the table. All, like her, were early as Richard had demanded punctuality. A lesson she'd awkwardly learned after he'd criticized her in front of her colleagues.

Sarah let out a breath. She hadn't realized she had been holding it in, so she relaxed her legs. They'd been clamped together since her mind had drifted to Lester.

She moved the touchpad on her computer to wake it up and checked the time. The meeting should have started already. So much for Mr. Punctual. Hypocrite.

Everyone else in the room was busy doing work on their laptops or checking their phones, though Sarah had caught a few glancing around, likely to see if anyone else noticed their boss's lateness. Usually, Sarah had a five-minute rule. She would wait five minutes for a meeting, and if the other person didn't show up within that time, she'd leave.

Easier said than done at the moment, though. She couldn't leave in front of all her peers and the new boss, who seemed extra critical of her. She'd stay planted in this seat until someone else made the call. Besides, she had her laptop, and she needed to catch up on dozens of emails.

After ten minutes of striving towards inbox zero, the door to the room flung open, and Richard sauntered in. He didn't seem to care that he was late. Sarah had done the math and roughly calculated how much his delay had cost the company in lost productivity.

"Hello everyone," Richard said, taking his seat, "How's everyone doing, anyone watch the game last night?"

Sarah smiled but wanted to roll her eyes. For the last few meetings, the first twenty minutes always seemed to be occupied by a subject that didn't matter to the running of the hospital. It irked her to no end, whether it was sports or some movie that he had just seen. Much of her anger was still directed at the board, who hadn't even interviewed her for the role.

Sarah looked around the room to see if anyone had an expression of disdain on their face. That's when she noticed two of her colleagues were missing. Marcie from HR and Jerry from IT. Both were usually just as punctual as she was, if not more so.

"Alright," Richard said, holding his hands up after a lengthy discussion about the Chicago Blackhawks. Let's get down to business. We need to go over some housekeeping. This morning, we made some personnel changes." He gestured towards the table.

"As you all know, we had that embarrassing IT breach before I came on board. Terrible and really preventable if you ask me," Richard said. Sarah felt a tingling feeling at the base of her neck. "We rely on our IT team to prevent such things. It should never have happened. That's why this morning we let Jerry go. I have someone in mind that could fill the role. We'd be lucky to have him join us."

Sarah felt her stomach drop. Jerry was one of her closest allies and he was not at all responsible for what had happened. That had been the old CEO, Drew who had made some corrupt deal with Swan Systems. Jerry had been shut out of that decision entirely.

Her colleagues shifted nervously in their chairs. They all knew the truth, but they were keeping quiet. No one was going to stand up for

Jerry now that he was gone, and no one wanted to be in Richard's crosshairs.

"So we're going to replace Jerry and overhaul the IT team, get a new head who's going to rebuild the department from the ground up and bring it into this century," Richard said. "Another strategic move is looking at our HR department. We need to be more nimble, hire faster, fire faster, and be willing to examine old, outdated policies to make this hospital run like a tech company. Marcie wasn't cut out for that and was unwilling to make these hard changes, so we decided to part ways."

His use of the word 'we' made Sarah's stomach twist into knots. As if the rest of the group had any kind of input on the decision. Like they were also responsible for the dismissal. That was the heads of two departments gone. Both Jerry and Marcie had worked at the hospital for years. She was witnessing a paradigm shift happening right before her eyes.

Richard stood up and walked around the table. Like a lion stalking a group of zebras, trying to figure out which one would be his next prey. His next victim.

"I expect," he said as he moved behind Sarah's colleagues on the other side of the table, "That we won't need to make any more personnel changes at this level. Sure, we're going to figure out where the fat is in each department and trim it. That's just good business, ensuring each role gives this place a positive ROI. We can't let leeches suck off our teats anymore."

He rounded the table in Sarah's direction, "But we also need to transform the hospital and how we do business. We need to look at slashing down how long we keep patients in our beds, look for better alignment with our drug partners to see new paths of revenue and honestly, really examine what sort of things we admit patients for."

"But that's going to start at the top," He was just a few chairs away from her. Sarah steeled herself for him to disappear from her peripheral vision. "So we need new eyes and blood to help guide us there. That's why we are going to have a new IT leader, who will be a direct report to me. And for the time being, we're going to streamline the HR team. We won't have a head of HR but more of a managerial role who also reports to my team. It'll just streamline things and ensure I have a much better idea of everything that goes on in this hospital."

So he was consolidating power and eliminating any potential challengers. Sarah was impressed and horrified at how easily and quickly he'd done it. Richard disappeared from her view and she held her breath as he walked behind her.

"By this time next year, you won't even recognize this hospital," Richard said. Sarah slowly exhaled, realizing that Richard had stopped behind her. Her chair swiveled as she felt his hands come to rest on the top of her chair.

"We're going to make this place into an extremely profitable business and erase the memories of the IT nightmare you've all just endured." His hands dropped down her chair until they came to rest on Sarah's shoulders. His fingers started to push into the material of her blouse.

"Why so tense, Sarah?" Richard chuckled from behind her, eliciting similar nervous chuckles from around the room, "I swear I can feel the knots in your shoulders. You need to relax. This is all good news."

Richard's fingers started massaging her shoulders through her blouse. His unwanted fingers exploring her shoulders as he feigned kneading them. Sarah had never felt so uncomfortable in front of her peers. And she had no one to turn to. Normally she would have gone to Marcie in HR but she was gone and it seemed like Richard was getting ready to stack the hospital with yes men who reported only to him.

"You're so tense, Sarah," Richard said, his hands leaving her shoulders as he continued walking around the table. "You don't need to worry about anything anymore. All of our problems are in the past, and we're on a bright new course here. I'm sure you'll enjoy it just as much as I will."

"Now, let's dig into this week's priorities," Richard said, taking his chair at the head of the table. Hmmm, let's start with cardiology. Go."

The head of cardiology began to speak, but Sarah didn't listen. All she wanted to do was get out of there. She couldn't wait to go back to Chicago and visit Dan.

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Dan couldn't help but admire Jesse's office's well-put-together appearance. His company clearly didn't pull any punches when decorating its offices. He loved the wood desk and small couch, along with a tasteful coffee table and wall art. But it was the view from the windows that made the office. The sprawling view of downtown Chicago was impressive.

It was everything Dan had wanted when he moved to the city, but now it was beginning to feel like a pipedream.

"Are we boring you, Dan?" Byron's voice said from the computer monitor. Dan turned his attention back to the screen. Jesse sat beside him, looking at the monitor.

"Just admiring Jesse's office," Dan shrugged, "Sorry, what did I miss?"

Byron rolled his eyes, "You know how I threatened to get you fired and burn you with my network if you refused to help? Well, I'll do the same thing if you just phone this in Dan. Got it?"

"Understood," Dan said, "It won't happen again."

"Sir," Byron grinned, "Say 'it won't happen again, sir.'"

"It won't happen again...sir," Dan clenched his fist.

"Good," Byron said, "I've sent over some specs for you to look at. Nothing sensitive, more of a laundry list of things we'll need. Get on sourcing them at competitive bids."

Dan opened up Byron's email on his phone and looked over the list, "This is great and all Byron but it's like pieces of the puzzle without seeing the entire picture. I won't know how everything works together unless I get the full context."

"Later," Byron said, "For now, this is what I need you to do. When you come to Minneapolis, we'll go over things in more detail."

"Let me ask one question," Dan said.

"Shoot," Byron said, checking his watch. He grabbed a glass from off-screen containing a dark liquid and took a savoring sip. It wasn't even lunch yet.

"So this suburb that you have planned. You want self-generating power, its own water reclamation, and for it to be self sustaining? Is it going to be near a water source or hooked up to a municipal line? Do you want some kind of redundant backup power or will you have it switch over to the grid in case something goes wrong? Besides building it, what about things like waste collection and -"

"That wasn't one question, Dan," Byron held up a hand, "Just do your job."

"This is me doing my job," Dan said, "These are things you are going to need to think through and figure out before you can build this new subdivision."

"Obviously. What I'm telling you is to focus on the work I give you. Right now, it's to look over the specs. Save the questions for later. I have to run to another meeting," Byron said.

Dan felt his face flush with anger. He didn't like the way Byron was talking to him, and he sure as hell didn't like being kept in the dark. An amused look spread across Byron's face.

"Dan," he started, "Clearly, you're upset. And I get it. You're boxed in and trapped. You got outplayed. I would hate to be you right now. But that's just it, isn't it? I'm not you. I'm on the other side of this mess you've found yourself in. So, a word of advice."

Byron took another long drink from his glass, making Dan wait.

"Ah, that's good," He said, looking at the glass before putting it down, "Now here's the thing. And I've seen it a hundred times before with people shit out of luck like yourself. This is the part where you're going to try to find a way out of this arrangement and do something stupid. Maybe it's that you quit your job and try to move back home. Maybe this is where you try to change industries and start over. I'm sure there are plenty of dumb ideas cooking in, your busy brain, but here's the advice."

"Don't," Byron said, "Just sit back and take it. It'll be easier that way. You don't want to try to get out of this and fuck with us."

Byron leaned back in his chair, "For example, this next meeting I'm going to. We're there to discuss a hostile takeover of a leading accounting software company. They have a better product, better team and are all around better than what this arm of our business offers. But we've been attacking them and dismembering them for months, slowly bleeding them dry. My colleague found a really interesting opportunity and took full advantage of it. Now we're going to take them over, integrate their operations, fire some of their employees and the ones we want to keep, and they won't be going anywhere anytime soon."

"Sounds pretty cutthroat," Dan said.

"We are," Byron said, "Which is why you should be careful. Get on our bad side again, and you may just find that the real estate division here buys up all the homes around yours, and we'll rent them out to crackheads. We'll tank your neighborhood and then buy out the rest of the homes for pennies on the dollar. It wouldn't be the first time."

"But," Bryon said, "I'm sure it won't come to that. You're a smart guy. You'll do what's best for your family. Ta-ta."

Byron pressed a button, and the video call ended.

"You can see yourself out, right?" Jesse moved around the desk and took his normal seat.

Dan left Jesse's office and made a beeline for the elevator. It was time to do something that Byron would consider dumb. Dan wasn't sure how much of what Byron said was true and how much of it was just him trying to be intimidating. Either way, Dan wasn't just about to roll over and take it. Not when this asshole threatened his family and already had alluded to his interest in Sarah.

As the elevator doors opened in the building's lobby, Dan checked his watch. He was still early.

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"Hello Dan," a non-descript man wearing a sharp suit took the seat across from Dan. The Starbucks was busy and no one looked in their direction. Even though there were plenty of business types sitting around them or getting their orders, he couldn't help but think that the man across from him looked out of place. It wasn't the way he dressed but rather his mannerisms and the way he carried himself.

"Peter," Dan extended his hand, and the man shook it. Peter had been the man who approached Dan with an offer to spy on Byron and the Lincoln Group. An offer that Dan had turned down at the time, thinking that the Lincoln Group was behind him. But now that Byron had re-entered his life, Dan needed to see what options Peter might present.

"So, you said something had changed in your email?" Peter said, getting right down to business. He hadn't even ordered a coffee.

"I'm back in with the Lincoln Group," Dan said, "Working with Byron. Just talked to him less than an hour ago. Working on a secret project of theirs."

"Secret project, huh?" Peter leaned back, looking disinterested, "Sounds interesting."

"It is," Dan looked at him. Peter was looking around the coffee shop, seemingly uninterested in Dan.

"What's going on, Peter?" Dan said, "Last time, you seemed quite eager to get me to work with you, but now you're acting like you aren't interested. What gives?"

Peter chuckled. Dan guessed that most people didn't talk to him so bluntly. Either the guy wasn't interested, or he was putting on a ruse. The fact that he even took the meeting meant he was interested.

"Well, after our last chat, I was disappointed that you couldn't see your way to work with me," Peter said, "So I found someone else who could help me accomplish my goal with the Lincoln Group. Quite frankly, I don't need you anymore, Dan."

Dan felt his plan falling apart below him. He thought that this Peter guy might be able to offer him the lifeline he needed to get out of this mess with Byron. But if Peter had already found somebody else, that meant he wasn't needed at all. He was alone and stuck doing whatever Byron and Jesse wanted...

Dan could feel himself smiling. Peter noticed and shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Then Dan laughed hard. Peter looked around, clearly not happy that Dan was attracting the attention of others around him.

"You recruited Jesse, didn't you?" Dan said as he tried to stifle his laughter. "You have Jesse as your spy."

"Quiet," Peter hushed, "When you said no, I had to look at other options."

"Alright," Dan calmed himself, "Well, I want back in on the deal we discussed last time."

"Like I said, Dan, I don't need you anymore," Peter leaned in and said quietly.

Dan leaned in and said, "I think you do. I think you have started to realize just how unintellectual Jesse is. And you wouldn't have even taken this meeting if you weren't looking for other options."

Peter's shoulders slumped before he recomposed himself and spread his hands open on the table, "I'm always open to taking meetings, Dan."

"Well, how about this then?" Dan said, "I don't think you give a shit that you have Jesse in play. The only thing you care about is results. If I get you what you're looking for, you pay me. Simple as that."

"And why do you think you'll get results over Jesse?" Peter said.

"Because Jesse doesn't know his ass from his nose. You need someone to understand what they are building over there." Dan said.

"Actually, I don't," Peter said. "I have much greater ambitions than just one project of theirs."

"So what is it you want then?" Dan asked.

"I need you to plant something in Byron's office. That's all." Peter said.

"Plant what?" Dan asked.

"That depends," Peter said, "Are you committing to this path?"

"For two hundred thousand dollars, I am," Dan said.

"Two hundred thousand?" Peter said.

"Yes, I thought corporate espionage was supposed to pay well. Besides, I know that two hundred K is a drop in the bucket of the Lincoln Group's operation. I heard a little about all the verticals they are in today. If you're going up against them, your backers must have some serious cash, too."

"Fine," Peter said, sighing, "Well played."

The man reached into the breast pocket of his jacket and pulled out a small envelope. He slid it across the table to Dan.

"Don't open it here," Peter said. "Just put it away."

Dan put the envelope in his briefcase, "What is it?"

"It's a simple keylogger. Looks like a normal USB with Lincoln Group branding. I need you to stick it in Byron's computer in his office. The back of his computer so that he doesn't see it. I'll get someone else to retrieve it after a few weeks."

"So this keylogger," Dan said, "It'll record Byron's passwords and stuff? I would've thought it was a virus or something."

"It'll record everything he types. So I'll know not only his passwords but everything he writes. All those secret projects and beyond will be ours. The Lincoln Group's IT team would likely catch a virus like that. We've tried in the past. This USB is much less nefarious and shouldn't raise any alarms."

"Besides," Peter continued, "As much fun as it would be to cripple them with a virus, it will be just as much fun doing the other things we have planned for them."

"Like what?" Dan asked.

"That's not for you to know, Dan," Peter said, standing up, "Just do your job and get it installed."

"You know," Dan said, "That's the second time someone has said that to me today, and I'm getting tired of it."

"Oh well," Peter said, turning to leave.

"Just one more thing," Dan said. Peter, looking tired of the conversation, turned around.

"What do you have Jesse doing? Is he supposed to do the same thing?" Dan asked.

Peter let out a long breath. "Yes, that was what Jesse was supposed to do, as well as report on Byron. Unfortunately, your colleague has yet to visit Byron's offices despite his pleading to do so. I hope you have better results."

With that, Peter turned and walked out of the coffee shop, leaving Dan to mull over his next course of action. As much as he hated the idea, he may

have to travel back to Minnesota and meet with Bryon sooner rather than later.

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Dan slung his backpack over his shoulder and locked his bedroom door behind him. He didn't want Lester looking through his things while he was gone. He hadn't seen Lester since his roommate had caught him looking at apartments. But he still heard him shuffling around in his bedroom and noted that the dishes were steadily piling up in the sink.

Dan was heading home for a few days before returning to Chicago with Sarah. He still wasn't sure what to expect having her back in the apartment. Lester had been suspiciously quiet since their last interaction. Sarah had even said that Lester had stopped messaging her.

Still, parts of Dan's mind stirred at the possibilities. While he had forced Lester off Sarah and threatened him, he couldn't help but still picture them together. This fantasy felt like a drug that Dan's body still wanted, even though he was trying to cold-turkey his way out of it. He wondered how hard Lester would try to fuck Sarah after Dan had put him in his place. If he were Lester, that would make it all the more rewarding to get with her. He shook his head, trying to dislodge the thoughts of them moving together as he went to open the apartment door.

A knock from the other side stopped him in his tracks. Dan gripped the doorknob and opened the door, "Hello?"

"Hey there, is Lester around?" An older man was standing at the door. Dan couldn't place his age but ballparked it at somewhere above fifty and somewhere below sixty five. He had a slim build with a small pouch of a gut. His wispy salt and pepper beard connected with slim sideburns into his hair of the same shade. Dark glasses covered his brown eyes and he was a head shorter than Dan. There was a nervous energy about the man.

"Uh, I don't know," Dan said, "Can I help you?"

"I'm Frank, the building manager. Just here to deliver this," Frank held out an envelope. His hand was shaking slightly. Maybe nerves or some kind of condition. Dan eyed him suspiciously but took the envelope.

"I'll make sure it gets to him," Dan said.

"Good. Rent's going up a bit. Not my fault. Building owners said it's a market correction," Frank turned, seemingly in a hurry to depart. Dan noticed that he wasn't carrying any other envelopes and wondered why he hadn't just left them in the mailbox.

Dan shut the door behind him and opened the envelope. His eyes bulged when he saw the rent increase. It went up by much more than he had expected. Even though he only paid half the rent, it was still a steep surprise. Then he remembered Lester was still covering his portion of the rent. They hadn't discussed whether the deal was fully off or not. After their last encounter, it seemed kind of up in the air.

This letter will likely prompt Lester to broach the conversation. Dan left the letter open on the kitchen table before leaving the apartment and heading home to Middleton.

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Lester scoffed from his command center, watching on the camera as Dan shut the door on their building manager. An evil grin spread across his face as he watched Dan's eyes bulge at the letter's contents.

He reached out and grabbed a new bag of Cheetos and pulled it open. With a look of lust, he lowered his nose into the bag and inhaled. The artificial cheese scent filled his nostrils. Lester leaned back and exhaled, sticking his fingers into the bag, retrieving a handful of the delicious snack, and shoveling it into his waiting mouth.

Lester groaned as his teeth munched the Cheetos, and their heavenly cheesy flavor danced over his taste buds. From a video feed on his screen, Dan left the apartment. He was on his way back home to his nice little family. From the calls Lester had overheard, Dan would return in a couple of days with Sarah in tow. It had been too long since Lester had taken her in his bed.

He itched his hardening cock through his basketball shorts, spreading Cheeto dust onto them. Dan was becoming an increasing pain in the ass. Lester thought back to the way that Dan had grabbed him by the throat and thrown him out of the house. The disrespect of it. Lester shoveled another handful of Cheetos into his mouth as his mind went back to the pathetic way that he had acted afterward in his car.

He didn't want to think about that. He leaned forward, grabbed the mouse, and navigated to his browser. He had reacted like a child. The same way he did back when he was in school. How could he come so far only to regress to that state? To that weakling, he'd left behind? No. That wasn't who he was anymore. And he would show Dan just what he was capable of.

Lester navigated to the fake email account he had set up. After months of searching, he finally found someone who checked all the boxes he was looking for: pliable, motivated by money, in a desperate position, easily manipulated, rough around the edges, and not as well endowed as Lester.

Initially, Lester had considered bringing in one of the members of his DND guild to assist him. Ultimately, the others lacked what he was looking for. They would all crumble under Sarah. The only one that might work was Eugene, but he wasn't about to let him near his prize. He had already beaten the man and put him in his place—no need to give him false confidence or anything else, for that matter.

If Dan was still going to put up a fight, it was time for Lester to advance his plans. Sarah and Dan both had their pressure points, and Lester planned to exploit them—Sarah's weakness about being exposed to others and Dan's desire to see his wife exposed. While Sarah seemed under his thumb, Dan appeared to have grown acclimated to Lester's presence. It was time to change the variables.

Lester smiled when he saw that his new friend had answered his email. He clicked on Vernon's unread email.

It read: Hell yeah, I'm in. I want half up front. She looks sexy as fuck. When?

Lester suppressed a smile. It was almost too easy. Having attached a few pictures of Sarah sealed the deal. Nothing too risqué, just a couple of pictures Sarah had left behind for Dan when he moved into the apartment.

The ones that Lester rightfully made copies of. The juicier ones were for him alone. But Dan wouldn't have approved, which made it all the better for Lester. He typed a response.

You'll get paid when the job is done. She'll be back in the next few days. I want to meet tomorrow and go over a few things. And just remember. No touching. Your job is just to watch.

He fired off the response. The pawns were moving into place. They would collide upon Sarah's return to the apartment.

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"Anything?" Dan asked as he sat on the couch looking at his laptop.

"Not in your price range," Sarah said from the loveseat, scrolling through her phone, "Everything is so much more expensive than it was the last time we looked for apartments."

"I know," Dan said, scrolling through more listings. "I'm just so tired of looking through these same places, hoping for a unicorn apartment to pop up."

"There are some that fit the price range, but they aren't in the city center like you are now. They are out far and look a little sketchy." Sarah said.

Dan looked over at his wife. Even in her sweatpants and a hoodie, she looked sexy as hell. The loose-fitted clothing didn't do anything to hide the tantalizing curves of her body. His eyes trailed up her legs, which were propped up on the arm of the couch. He looked at her fingers scrolling on the phone and then her lips. It had been some time since he had relieved himself, and he was having difficulty concentrating on anything but his wife.

The kids were tucked into bed after a fantastic dinner Sarah had put together. Tomorrow, they'd be dropped off at their grandparents' house before Sarah joined him on a drive back up to Chicago.

"What?" Sarah asked, catching him looking at her.

"Just appreciating how sexy of a wife I have," Dan smiled.

"Pshhh I'm in sweatpants and my hair is a mess," Sarah said.

"Sexy is sexy," Dan replied.

"Well, maybe if you play your cards right, we can go upstairs for some alone time after we find you a place." Sarah smiled mischievously at him before returning her attention to her phone.

"It's pointless," Dan said, "I've been looking for days. There just isn't anything available. We should just give up and go upstairs I think."

"Nice try, Romeo," Sarah said, "Give me a few more minutes. If we can't find anything, maybe we can at least reach out and try a lower offer. You never know."

"Doubt it," Dan replied, "I think a lot of these landlords are just bumping up their rates to match everyone else. Market correction."

"That's what your building manager said, right?" Sarah asked, "The bastard."

"He's just doing his job," Dan said, "But it was weird. He seemed to have a jittery kind of energy."

"Maybe he just hates delivering bad news or he's bad with people. Who knows?" Sarah continued focusing on her phone.

That could be the case. Just a socially anxious guy. But Dan couldn't help shake the feeling the timing seemed too convenient. He'd never met the building manager before. Sure, maybe they never crossed paths and Lester usually dealt with him. But having him just come by like that so soon after Dan had spoken to Lester about moving. It could be a coincidence or could be something else.

It didn't make sense that Lester would try to get rent increased would it?

"Sarah, what about Lester? Do you think he could have had anything to do with the rent increase?" Dan asked.

"Lester?" Sarah said, "I don't think so. I mean, he's paying all the rent now. Why would he want to pay more? He's definitely manipulative but I don't see what he gains from it. Why?"

"The timing seems awfully convenient," Dan said.

"Well, maybe he is trying to get rid of you so some hot young blonde could move in instead." Sarah suppressed a smile from behind her phone.

"Oh yeah?" Dan laughed, "And where would he find one of those? If only he knew one."

"Dick," Sarah said, finally looking up from her phone.

"I win," Dan pumped a fist into the air. "If only I could win at finding an apartment. Maybe we should think about a different approach."

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked.

"I'm tired," Dan said, "Tired of hustling at work for peanuts. Tired of this new bullshit with Jesse and Byron. Just tired of living in Chicago and being away from you guys. What if we just forget about Chicago, and I move back home? See if I can find something else here or a remote job."

Sarah set down her phone, "Dan, you know that is all I want, right? To have you back? Me and the girls would love that. It's just that... I don't know about right now. Things at work feel so, delicate right now for me I don't know, I'd be worried about you moving back and trying to find something only for me to get fired."

"It's that bad right now?" Dan asked.

"It's looking pretty bleak," Sarah said, "Not only did they fire Jerry and Marcie but they've been releasing lower-level people across all departments. Asking every department head to find deeper cost savings. I'm worried administrative staff will be next. I haven't really been able to show my value to the new CEO."

"You will though," Dan said, "I know you will. That place wouldn't run without you."

"I'm just worried I won't have time to show that. I'm just trying to keep my head down right now," Sarah sighed and put her phone down.

"Are you that worried?" Dan asked.

"I am. I don't know. I don't know what's going to happen." Sarah said.

"Well maybe it's time you start looking around. At least see what's out there." Dan said, "Maybe we both should be."

"You may be right." Sarah said, "As much as I want one of us to have a secure job, it is kind of nice knowing I'm not in this alone - you know?" A slight grin lit up her face.

"I get it," Dan said, "No matter what, we're both in this together. That goes for everything we face. Whether it's shitty bosses or shitty roommates like Lester, we'll figure it out together."

"You seem to keep working Lester into the conversation," Sarah was staring at him intensely.

"Not on purpose. Just some of the frustrations and stress that keeps rolling around in my mind." Dan said.

"Mhmmmm really?" Sarah put her phone on the couch and swung her legs onto the floor. She stood up and slowly walked towards Dan until she stood just before him. "Tell me what's frustrating you."

She took his laptop and placed it on the table next to her. Then she moved onto the couch with him, straddling his legs. She pushed herself down onto his crotch and her sweatshirt-clad breasts were dangerously close to Dan's face, "What's stressing you out?"

"God," Dan said, his hands running up to her ass, kneading it, "You feel so good on me."

Sarah grabbed his hands and removed them from her ass, "Not yet. Tell me what it is that has you so stressed out."

Dan sighed, and he rested his head back on the couch. Sarah's body started to move back and forth over his crotch slowly. He could feel himself getting hard, "Work."

"Mhmm, come on Dan, tell me," Sarah leaned forward and whispered in his ear. Her hot breath caused goosebumps to raise across his neck, "What about work is stressing you out? Or should I say, who is causing my baby stress?"

God, she felt good, and he loved when she teased him like this. Her voice sounded so sultry and dripping with sex. He mumbled, "Jesse and Byron, I need to figure a way out of that."

"Mhmmmm, yes, you do," Sarah said, "Do you remember what you said a second ago?"

"No, what?" Dan asked, his eyes closed.

"That we're in this together. No matter what. We'll tackle our problems together?" Sarah asked.

"Yesss," Dan breathed. He had an idea of where Sarah's mind was going.

"Mhmmm, well, what if I help you with your work problem? Maybe I'll fly to Minnesota and help pacify them for you? Do you think that would work? Do you think there is anything I could do to make them back off?" Sarah asked and then glanced down at her own body, her suggestion clear.

"Uhhhhhh," Dan's mind wasn't working correctly.

She leaned forward and licked his ear, "I've seen how they look at me, Dan. I know what they want. And I know you do, too. Do you want me to solve your problems for you?" She let her weight fully press down on her husband, grinding herself against him.

"Fuck," Dan moaned as his cock grew rock hard, pressing against Sarah.

"I can feel your dick under me, I'll take that as a 'yes.'" Sarah said, "What else is stressing my baby out? What else can I help you take care of?"

"Lester..." Dan breathed, "We need to figure out the Lester situation."

"Mhmmm, I'm surprised you brought him up. Especially after how things went last time. I didn't think you'd want me playing with him again." Sarah breathed and gave him a light peck on the cheek.

"I don't. I - don't," Dan leaned back, trying to push his hardening cock against his wife. "Fuck Sarah, I've been trying to be good with this, but you're not making it easy."

Sarah smiled mischievously, "I'm sorry it's so hard. I know, I'm being a bad girl."

"I don't like losing control. The way I do when you're with Lester. It's like I just freeze up and watch you getting..." Dan groaned, feeling his wife grind herself on his cock. His mind was reeling with memories, unable to focus on a specific moment of his wife and roommate enjoying each other.

"Is that just with Lester, or do you think it would be that way with someone else?" Sarah asked.

"I don't know," Dan said, "I want to explore other things besides stuff with Lester. I feel like our fantasy is starting to center only around him."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned, her eyes closed. She seemed lost in the feeling of rubbing herself up against Dan's dick. "Well, he has been the only one you've let me play with. And he has done a very good job at it. A very thorough job."

Dan groaned at her admission. The way she talked about this fantasy and toyed with him always got his heart beating faster as more and more blood needed to be directed to his dick. "Well, what should we do about Lester?"

Dan pushed his hips up again, his dick pressing against his wife's sweatpant-covered pussy. She drew in a sharp breath in response.

"Mhmmm, no," Sarah purred, "You tell me, what does my husband want me to do? I'll do whatever you want."

Dan just sat there staring at his wife. Unsure how to respond. He didn't know what he wanted. His brain was a mixture of guilt, arousal, anger, and a deep desire to see his wife with someone else. Someone so below her, like Lester. Someone he couldn't stand. That combination made it all the sweeter.

"I can't move home yet. Your job is precarious," Dan breathed.

"Uh-huh," Sarah said, reaching down to grab the bottom of her sweatshirt and peeling it off over her head. Dan sucked in a breath. A lacy purple bra came into view. He hadn't realized that was all she was wearing under it. His eyes danced over her exposed skin, watching her magnificent breasts rise and fall in time with her breathing.

"I can't find a new place. Rent anywhere else is too high, and my rent is about to go up. I'm stuck with Lester," Dan said. "And we have our deal."

"What deal is that?" Sarah breathed, staring down at her husband. The way her lips were slightly parted as she waited for Dan's response was incredibly sexy. He didn't know how she did it. How she made her face look so sexy. Her 'fuck me' eyes bore into his soul, lust painted across her features.

"You know the deal," Dan breathed.

"Tell me," Sarah said.

"Lester pays my half of the rent," Dan finally managed to say, "And, uh, fuck." Sarah had increased the pace of her grinding on his lap.

"And what?" Sarah said.

"In return," Dan said, "He gets to take you out on dates."

"Is that all?" Sarah said, "Just dates?"

"That's all we agreed to," Dan said. "But it usually ends up with him between your legs."

"Mhmm, he does manage to find a way to get me every time," Sarah bit her lip, "And for all his faults, he does a really, really good job."

Sarah abruptly got off her husband. Her hands found the waistband of his pants and yanked them down to his ankles. His cock was making a tent in his boxers. Sarah pulled off her pants and panties in one swift motion. Dan awkwardly pulled off his boxers just in time for Sarah to climb on top of him.

She grabbed his cock and positioned it at her opening as she slowly lowered herself down on it.

"Ahhhhhh mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as Dan's cock disappeared inside of her. When his cock was fully embedded inside of her, she said, "What do you

want, Dan? Do you want to keep going with Lester's deal? Do you think he'll still honor it after how you treated him last time?"

"Fuck, I don't know what I want," Dan breathed, "But I know he'd still honor it."

"Why? Why should he after the way my husband manhandled him and threw him out on his ass?" Sarah breathed, staring deep into Dan's eyes.

"Because," Dan said, bucking his hips up in time to meet Sarah's, "Any man would be an idiot to turn down a woman like you."

"Damn right," Sarah's hands felt herself up, moving over her stomach, grabbing her breasts until she found her head. Her manicured nails pushed into her hair, cradling the back of her head. She pushed her breasts forward towards Dan. He leaned forward and licked at her exposed skin, his tongue dancing over the swell of her breasts. Whatever wasn't covered by her bra.

"So what's your final decision? Do we keep going with Lester?" Sarah said. "Maybe now that you threw him on his ass, he'll know who's in charge."

"Fuck," Dan breathed, "Maybe."

"Maybe?" Sarah said as she moved up and down Dan's cock. Her pussy was gripping his cock hard.

"I..I...fuck Sarah, you feel good," Dan's hand grabbed her hips and pulled her down onto his cock.

"Mhmmaahhhhh Dan!" Sarah moaned.

"Fucking Lester," Dan said, "I don't know what I want. Fuck. I hate seeing his stupid face, but I feel addicted to seeing you with him. I don't know if it would be different with someone else. Maybe it would be the same. Maybe it isn't about him. I don't know."

"Even when I saw you in our bedroom. And what you told me from before. All those times I didn't know about. Fuck, it's dirty to say, but all of that still got to me, as much as I'm still pissed over it." Dan said as he started to fuck Sarah faster.

"Mhmm fuck baby, don't stop. Keep going. Punish me for being a bad wife." Sarah said, "I deserve it. I've been so bad."

"God," Dan said, "I love it when you're bad."

"Mhmm I don't want to be bad without you. Not again," Sarah said, "This is all for you. For us. Lester is just a toy."

"Fuck that's hot," Dan moved his hands to her ass and gripped both of her ass cheeks, pulling her towards him. Sarah fell forward, dropping her hands onto the top of the couch on either side of Dan's head. Her hair fell forward onto him. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at her husband.

"I love you so much," Sarah said.

"I love you too," Dan breathed, "Fuck Sarah, I'm getting close."

"God Dan," Sarah moaned as she started to buck her hips, faster and faster, "Cum for me baby. I want to feel it. Cum for me, Dan."

"Are you close?" Dan said breathlessly.

"Just don't stop. I'm almost there," Sarah was bucking her hips wildly on Dan's cock. He thought his hips might be bruised tomorrow because of how hard she was slamming down onto him, "Mhmmm, Dan, fuck me. Fuck you feel so good. Almost there. So close. Don't stop."

"Say it again," Dan said, "What is Lester to you?"

"Just a toy. A stupid fucking toy." Sarah said, "He's my fuck toy."

"Ah fuck," Dan felt his balls tighten, "I'm gonna cum."

"Cum for me, daddy!" Sarah roared as her nails dug into the couch.

"FUCK DAN!" Sarah wailed as her body tensed on top of him. Her pussy had his dick in an iron grip as he felt himself explode inside of her.

"MHMM FUCK," Sarah moaned as Dan emptied his balls inside of her. Her legs had his body in a vise grip as she came on top of him. Dan closed his eyes and disconnected from all his senses, except for the feeling of his cock buried deep inside of his wife, feeling her body tense up as she came with him.

They didn't move for a long time. Finally, Sarah rolled off of him, cupping her pussy so that his cum wouldn't spill out. She grabbed a handful of Kleenex from the living room table and held it to herself, hoping to prevent his cum from staining the rug.

"Jesus," Dan muttered to himself.

"I've missed you too," Sarah said, leaning back down to kiss him. Dan pulled her back down to the couch and kissed her gently for a few minutes, both enjoying being in each other's arms.

Sarah broke the kiss and nestled against his chest. They stayed like that for some time. Just listening to the other breathe, feeling each other's body against their own. Finally, Dan broke the silence.

"I think," he started, "For right now, we still need Lester. Just for a short time."

"Are you saying we should continue with him?" Sarah asked, "Even after everything that happened here and at the hospital?"

"I'm still not happy about that, even though it did turn me on," Dan said, "I think Lester got a wake-up call when I threw him out. And you and I are in a better place. I'll be there to stop you from spinning, whether it's work or other stuff. I know you won't play with the fantasy without me."

"I won't," Sarah said. "You know I won't. Not after everything we've been through."

"We need to stay in control of what's happening," Dan said, "We call the shots. I know you enjoy what Lester does to you. I love watching you go wild with it too. But like you said, he's just a toy."

"We should keep working," Sarah said, "On looking for a new apartment for you and figuring out your work situation. Fixing it. Lester should only be a temporary thing until we get the rest of our life back in order."

"Yeah," Dan said, "He'll keep paying the rent in exchange for dates, which fuels our fantasy, and we will control. Then we figure out the next steps to get out of there and put this all behind us."

"And get you back home." Sarah said, "Or me and the girls come and live with you. Either way, I just want us all to be together."

"That's all I want, too," Dan said.

Sarah turned her head to Dan and kissed him again, "I love you, Dan Williams."

"I love you too, baby," Dan said, closing his eyes. He felt himself starting to drift off.

"We're in this together," Sarah said, "You'll help me figure out my work stuff, and I'll help you figure out yours."

"Yeah," Dan said, trying to stay awake, "We just need to buy some time."

Part of Dan's brain tickled him awake, "Did you call me Daddy?"

"Maybe," Sarah snorted, "I think so. Did you like it?"

"I did," Dan said as he started to drift off to sleep.

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"I mean, it sounds like something from a spy movie, Dan," Sarah said as she stretched her arms and legs in the passenger seat. "Who does this Peter guy work for?"

Sarah curled up in the passenger seat of their car as Dan drove them up the 80 into Chicago. The kids were staying with her parents again. Sarah was nervous. Her nerves weren't a result of their conversation but of what might lie ahead for them in Chicago. She felt like she was walking into the lion's den, but she couldn't figure out whether that excited her or not.

"I have no idea. He's been pretty cagey about it. But it doesn't seem too difficult. Just need to plug something into the back of Byron's computer."

"And he's gonna pay you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for that?" Sarah said, "It seems almost too good to be true."

"I don't want to put all my eggs in one basket here," Dan said, "But we should at least consider it."

"Is corporate espionage illegal?" Sarah asked, "Can you get in real trouble for this?"

"That's...", Dan started, "Probably a smart thing for us to look into."

"Okay well let's at least explore it a bit," Sarah said, "Have you ever been in Byron's office before?"

"Never," Dan said.

"Okay so if you don't get invited in, you need to do some kind of spy moves or something to get in there unnoticed and plant the bug. It sounds risky." Sarah said.

"It might be," Dan said, "I just haven't been able to think of another way out of this. I keep applying to new jobs but I'm not hearing anything back."

"How are your freelance clients?" Sarah asked.

"All of them are doing good, actually," Dan said, "I'm just so fricking exhausted. I wake up early and work on freelance stuff, then head to work and put in a few more hours each night for the freelance clients. I try to get some time during the day, too, but I don't like to do it at the office."

"That makes sense. Probably good not to," Sarah looked over at her husband. He looked incredibly sexy, the way the muscles in his arms were tight as he gripped the steering wheel. "Do you think you're getting to a point with that work where you can quit working for Walt?"

"Maybe," Dan said, "Sentinel is paying well. I think I would be more comfortable making that leap if I had a couple more like that."

"Well, let's see if we can get you some more clients. Maybe this weekend I can look on LinkedIn and find companies that might be a good fit?" Sarah asked, watching the traffic stream into the city ahead of them.

"I'd like that," Dan said, turning his head to look at her. It's nice not being in this alone, having you watching my back, helping me out."

"I like being part of it too," Sarah said, "Just seeing another industry and how other companies operate."

"What about you then?" Dan asked, "What will we do about your creepy boss?"

"Pfft," Sarah laughed, "Don't pretend that him creeping on me doesn't turn you on. But thank you. I don't know. I really don't. I underestimated him at first, but he quickly took power and pushed out people who might possibly be obstacles to him. No one can question him now"

"Hey, it's one thing to creep on my wife with my permission. It's an entirely different thing if he tries to do it on his own," Dan said. Sarah laughed and shook her head.

"But seriously," Dan's tone became somber, "We'll figure out how to fix it. Even if that means looking elsewhere."

"I know," Sarah said, "I just put so much of myself into that place. I'd hate to leave it. But it is changing into something else."

They drove in silence for the next few minutes, both of them staring out the windshield. The busy highway was filled with vehicles and healthy

traffic in both directions. It was a warm day, and it seemed like plenty of tourists were heading into the city, while the urban dwellers were heading in the opposite direction.

"When do you think you'll have to go to Minnesota?" Sarah asked.

"Not sure. Probably soonish," Dan said.

"Want me to come with you?" Sarah asked.

Dan sighed, "Well, your presence has been requested."

"Oh yeah," Sarah said, "Speaking of creeps. Well maybe while you're busy dazzling them with your business stuff I'll sneak in and plant the bug."

"Just don't let Byron catch you," Dan said, looking at the road.

"Oh, don't worry," Sarah's voice grew mischievous, "If he does, I'm sure I can handle him."

Dan turned his head to look at his wife and saw her staring at him. She looked like she was ready to pounce on him and straddle him while he was driving.

"I'm sure you could," he finally said.

He looked back at her one more time before turning his attention back to the road. "We're almost there," he said.

Dan turned on his blinker and took an exit off the highway. The couple drew closer to Dan's apartment building with every passing second.

"What do you think Lester will say when we get there?" Sarah said quietly, "Do you think he's still going to push to continue the deal?"

"100%," Dan said, "You're smoking hot, and you're the best thing that ever happened to his sad little life. I wouldn't be surprised if he pushes for a date tonight."

Sarah squeezed her thighs together, hoping Dan wouldn't notice—the thought of Lester taking her tonight. The thought had crossed her mind many times today, but hearing Dan say it out loud made it feel much more real.

"We'll figure this out too, Dan," Sarah said, "It's just temporary."

"I know," Dan said as he turned into the apartment's parking lot. He found an empty spot and turned off the engine, "I'll grab our bags."

The elevator doors opened, and they walked out into the hallway, heading toward Dan's apartment. Sarah felt her breath grow short and her heart felt like it was beating out of her chest. They both knew what they were walking into when they crossed the threshold of that apartment.

Dan pulled the carry-on suitcases behind him, trailing slightly behind Sarah. He couldn't help but stare at her gorgeous ass as it swayed back and forth, pushing against the material of her tight jeans as she moved. There was no way Lester wouldn't try to pounce on her the second they got into the apartment. And Dan wasn't entirely sure how he felt about that.

He talked through a lot of things with Sarah. He felt that they were in a good, secure place to move forward confidently with their fantasies, but part of him still felt uneasy about everything. It was a constant tug of war inside himself. The last time, he felt like he had finally slain the dragon by taking control. Was he just deluding himself into thinking he still had control if it happened again?

Sarah unlocked the door to the apartment and stepped through, holding the door open for Dan. Once more unto the breach. Dan stepped into the dimly lit apartment. He switched on the light, and the familiar furniture and decor came into view.

"Let's get unpacked," Sarah said, taking her carry-on suitcase from Dan and heading towards his bedroom.

After the couple finished settling in, they both took seats on the living room couch. Both had their phones out while talking, and they looked up different restaurants and activities they could do while Sarah was visiting.

As much as the apartment represented her wanton fantasies coming to life, Sarah was more interested in just getting away from her job for a bit. A different location with new things to keep her busy was just what she needed.

"What about Chinese?" Dan said.

"We always pick that same place," Sarah said, "I want to try something new that I can't get back home."

"Alright," Dan said, "Let's keep looking."

"Have you had a Chicago deep-dish pizza yet?" A male voice said from behind them.

Sarah and Dan's heads turned around towards the hallway where Lester was standing. He was wearing his oversized basketball shorts with orange stains on them. He had no socks, but his oversized shirt hung off his body, tightening around his stomach. There was a picture of a vintage joystick from the 80s with text that read 'Come play with my joystick.'

The rest of Lester didn't look much better. His face was unshaven and mangy. Coarse pube-like hair covered his neck and face. It met his thinning, greasy hair. Dan could only guess how many days it had been since he washed it. His beady eyes looked over the couple.

"Lester," Dan said flatly, then shifted his attention to his wife. You know, I don't know if Sarah ever had that."

"I can't remember ever having it," Sarah said, "It always sounded kind of gross, to be honest. Way too much dough."

"Don't knock it 'til you've tried it," Lester said with a wry smile, "There's plenty of things I'm sure you didn't think twice about, but once you had a taste, you couldn't stop."

Dan rolled his eyes, and Sarah blushed. Sarah turned back to Lester, "Is there something specific you're referring to?"

"I think you both know what I'm talking about," Lester said.

"Well, then say it," Sarah challenged.

Lester narrowed his eyes at Sarah and walked into the room. He moved around the side of the couch, past Sarah, until he stood before them.

"This," he said gesturing to the three of them, "I'll admit, at first even I wasn't sure about it. I was happy to bed you Sarah but I was worried Dan was going to try some of that gay shit."

"What the fuck," Dan scoffed. "At no point did I ever say anything about that."

"Well, when I read online about it, that's what I thought it was about." Lester said, "But I think we've all gotten something out of this that we enjoy. Me getting to fuck a beauty like Sarah. Bonus points that it's your wife, Dan."

"And you like seeing her have sex," he said, looking at Dan, "Seeing her pleased beyond anything you could possibly give her."

"That's a little much buddy," Dan stood up to meet Lester's eyes, "Don't push your luck. The only reason you're involved in this at all is because we allow you to be. After the shit you pulled last time, you're lucky I didn't push you out of the house harder."

"I may have gotten carried away, but can you blame me," Lester said, gesturing to Sarah, "How could I pass up the opportunity to crawl up between those legs."

"That's enough," Sarah said, standing up to join the posturing men, "I'm right here, okay? I don't need you talking about me like I'm some kind of object. Lester, I wasn't in the best headspace the last few times, okay? What we did shouldn't have happened. Those times were a mistake."

"Were they?" Lester said, "You had a need and I was there to fulfill it. Simple as that. You can dress it up however you want but that's what happened."

"It was a mistake," Dan said, "Leave it alone. We're moving past it. I suggest you do, too."

Lester chuckled, "It'll be hard to forget. But I'll try my best."

The three of them stood there awkwardly, not knowing what to say to one another. Dan could feel the sexual tension in the air. Sarah tried not to look directly at Lester, but it was hard not to. She felt her nipples pressing against the material of her bra, her body responding to just being in his presence. Once, he was just Dan's awkward roommate, but somehow, now she just associated him with sex.

"So," Lester finally broke the silence, "I saw the letter from the landlord. Rent's going up. You find a new place to live yet?"

"Not yet," Dan said, "And yeah, that rent's going up by a bit."

"More than a bit," Lester's eyes looked Sarah over.

"Are you still good with the deal, Lester?" Sarah asked.

Lester raised an eyebrow and looked at both of them, "Maybe. I'm surprised you're still interested."

"For now," Dan said, "It'll still work for now."

"I don't know," Lester said, "I was worried you would change your mind," Lester said, looking at Dan. He added, "That you would get upset at seeing me tangled up with your wife and get violent. You just did that the last time. I don't want it happening again."

"That's because you went behind my back," Dan said, "If we continue down this road I need to be there and be in control."

"I don't know," Lester looked at Sarah, "I'm always going to be waiting for a punch to the back of the head. I'm not sure I'll be able to give you what you need if Dan's always hovering over our shoulders."

"This is what we want," Sarah said, "We need to be in control of this. It isn't negotiable."

"Everything is negotiable," Lester said, "You're also forgetting the fact that rent has gone up. The deal has changed. I need to pay more out of my pocket now. You're getting a free place to live in exchange for a few dates. I don't think it's fair anymore."

"What are you getting at Lester?" Sarah asked.

"I want us to drop the illusion," Lester said, "Let's put our cards out on the table and call it like it is. It's not just dates. It's sex. Mind-blowing orgasms for Sarah and you want to watch it. So where I'm sitting, you're getting a bonus from the deal."

"Have you seen Sarah?" Dan said, "The fact that you're even negotiating terms is absurd."

"Sarah doesn't help my bank account," Lester said. Not yet at least.

"If we keep going with this deal, I want to spice things up a bit," Lester said.

"What do you mean by spice things up?" Sarah asked. She could already feel herself growing wet at the idea of an unknown element Lester was talking about.

"I haven't thought it all through," Lester lied, "But I want to make suggestions about how the 'date' nights could go. Maybe you agree to do a dare while we are out."

"I can't promise I'll agree to everything," Sarah said. She looked at Dan, "But we can at least consider them. What do you think?"

"Sure," Dan said, "But we still get veto rights to anything we don't like."

"Fine," Lester said, holding out his palm to Dan. Dan looked at it with disgust but reluctantly reached out and shook it. Lester's palm felt sweaty and Dan winced in disgust. Lester let go of Dan's hand and turned to Sarah. He extended his hand out to her.

Sarah's manicured hand reached out and met his. She felt an electric jolt run through her body as their skin touched. Lester gave her hand a couple of pumps before a grin spread over his face. He pulled her arm forward. Sarah stumbled as her body crashed into his. While she was still getting her bearings, Lester's mouth pressed against hers, his tongue sliding in.

Sarah felt her body melt against his, and she opened her mouth up wider, accepting his tongue as it danced with hers. It was only when she heard herself moaning into his mouth that her brain seemed to catch up with her body. She pushed herself off of Lester and spun to look at Dan. He was standing there, clearly shocked.

"What the hell?" Dan said.

"Didn't I make that clear?" Lester said, "That we drop all the pretense. We all know this is about sex. From now on, I'm not going to rein myself in."

"That's not what we agreed to," Sarah said, "We said more spice, that's what we said."

"Well nobody told me to stop," Lester grinned, "So is tonight or tomorrow going to be our date night? I could really go for some pizza after all of this. I'll order it."

Dan and Sarah exchanged a look.

"Tonight," Dan said, "Let's get this over with."

"Alrighty," Lester smiled wide, "I'll order a pizza in a bit. One thing, though, is that I do have a friend stopping over later on. We can continue our date night after he leaves, okay?"

"I didn't think you had any friends," Dan said.

"I do," Lester, "Don't you remember? You let one of them watch me fuck your wife."

"Okay," Sarah interrupted, "There's enough testosterone in here. Sure Lester. Whatever. Later works."

"Great, what do you want on your pizza?" Lester said.

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Sarah resisted touching her lips where Lester had kissed her. Lester had left them alone, retreating back to his bedroom. She wondered what he did by himself in there all the time. She knew he played video games, but there must be more. She thought of his bed and shook her head, trying not to let her mind go down that path.

"Did we just make a big mistake?" Dan said looking at where she was sitting on the couch. He was across from her in one of the large comfy, leather side chairs. "I still can't believe we're doing this. With him. I don't like how vague that word 'spice' is."

"We can handle him," Sarah said. She wasn't sure if she believed it, but it felt right to say. "Whatever the spice is, we'll figure it out."

She licked her lips, tasting where Lester's lips had been, "Besides..." Sarah started, her eyes shifting to give her husband that sexual expression she knew drove him wild, "We might just have fun with whatever this spice is."

Dan shifted uncomfortably in his seat, clearly struggling with a growing erection. Sarah scooted down the couch until she was close to him. She leaned forward and looked at him, "Didn't you say you wanted us to keep exploring this together?"

"I do," Dan breathed, "I just don't want Lester trying to push us towards our limits."

Sarah eyed him mischievously, "Who said I have any limits?"

"Fuck," Dan said, "Stop, you're too bad. I can't handle it."

Sarah laughed and leaned back, clasping her hands together, "You're too easy!"

"I know," Dan said.

"We're in this together, honey," Sarah said, "We're in control, remember? We can always stop things from happening."

"You're right," Dan said, "I guess we should figure out what we're going to be doing tomorrow. I don't want to think about what's going to happen the rest of tonight."

"Mhmm, I do," Sarah smiled, leaving Dan breathing hard.

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"I don't want to lose control again," Dan said to Sarah as he poured himself a coffee. Sarah was leaning against the counter next to him. "I just don't want to feel that way."

"I know. I get it," Sarah said, "But that doesn't mean you should stop yourself from enjoying this part of yourself. You just need to get a better handle on it."

"Maybe..." Dan started before he trailed off, hearing Lester's door close. His fat, unkempt roommate's plodding feet smacked against the wood floor. Dan peeked out into the living room, and sure enough, Lester was heading in their direction.

"Ordered the pizza a while ago," Lester said, his hungry eyes locking on Sarah's body, "App says it'll be here in fifteen minutes."

"Good," Dan said, "I'm starving."

"Me too," Sarah said.

"I made sure to order you extra sausage," Lester raised his eyebrows at Sarah.

"Smooth," Sarah rolled her eyes. Lester just shrugged his shoulders and walked into the kitchen. He opened the fridge and pulled out a can of Coke.

Cracking the lid open, he took a long sip before turning to the couple, "Time for the spice."

"What do you mean?" Dan put his coffee on the counter and crossed his arms, "You said the date wasn't starting until after your friend leaves."

"Oh, Dan," Lester shook his head, "You have so much to learn about women. This is all part of the foreplay. You should really learn about it sometime if you ever want to satisfy your wife."

"I know what foreplay is," Dan said, turning his body towards Lester.

"Well, clearly you don't - " Lester started before Sarah interrupted them.

"What spice are you talking about for tonight?" Sarah said.

Lester turned his gaze towards her, "I bought you something. I want you to put it on."

"See," he said, looking back at Dan, "Nothing too spicy."

As Dan opened his mouth to speak, Sarah said, "What is it?"

"It's a surprise," Lester said, "I left it for you on my bed. Come on, I'll show you."

He gestured towards the hallway and started walking. Sarah began to follow him before Dan said, "Wait."

Lester and Sarah both turned to look at him. Dan stepped into the living room and sipped his coffee, "Sarah can get changed on her own, Lester. You stay here with me. Let's sit down."

"You really don't trust me?" Lester feigned hurt.

"Nope," Dan said. "I'm sure Sarah can find whatever you left for her."

"Whatever," Lester dismissed as he took a seat on the couch. Sarah turned and headed towards the hallway. As she passed the threshold, Lester added, "Oh, and put on what I left there. Nothing else."

"Nothing else?" Sarah asked, "What about my -"

"Nothing else," Lester looked at Dan, raising an eyebrow, "Take it all off and put on my gift."

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Sarah closed Lester's door behind her. It had been some time since she had been here, and it looked like Lester had been letting himself go. The room smelt musty as she tip-toed in to look around. The room was a mess. Dirty clothes covered the floor, plates piled on Lester's desk, and even an open family-sized bag of Cheetos.

She cast a gaze around the room and shook her head. How could I let someone who lives like this fuck me?

Everything about the room screamed nerd. From the posters about video games to the miniature painted figures that seemed to decorate his desk

and dressers. How someone like this managed to fuck so good, she had no idea.

The more she looked around, the more the room matched Lester's troll-like appearance. Her gaze finally landed on the messy, unmade bed, and Sarah found herself glued in place, staring at it. Lester might have a lot of nerdy hobbies, but there was one hobby he was exceptional at. The one single thing that he and Sarah shared in common.

Her eyes scanned the pillows and sheets, memories flooding into her brain, bending over the side of the bed or Lester crawling over her, putting on a performance for Eugene in front of the peephole.

Sarah's gaze finally settled on the present Lester had left for her. She stepped over a pile of dirty clothes to the bed and ran her hand over the lacy material. Dan was going to lose her mind when he saw her in this.

She shook her head at the lack of resistance she seemed to have to Lester's commands. Before, this would have been something she considered; now, though, she just agreed without a second.

Sarah peeled off her top before unclasping her bra. Her nipples already felt hard, knowing she was doing exactly what Lester had commanded. Sarah let her bra drop onto the floor alongside Lester's dirty clothes. Then, she lowered her pants and panties in one fluid motion, stepping out of them.

Once again, she was naked in Lester's room. Her body heated up at the thought. Sarah held up the clothing Lester had left for her and looked it over. Dan really was going to drop dead when he saw her in this.

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The two men sat in silence, neither looking at the other. Lester sat on the couch, staring at the ceiling impatiently. Dan sat on a nearby chair, scrolling through his phone while sipping coffee. After a few minutes, they both perked up when they heard the door to Lester's bedroom open.

Dan could hear her soft footsteps on the floor as she approached. He first noticed purple when she stepped into the living room. A deep, sexy purple covered her figure. Purple and her tan skin. He felt his heartbeat pick up as he looked over the sexual goddess in front of him.

Sarah was draped in a purple babydoll-style robe. It hung loosely at the wrists, running up her shoulder before dropping into a deep v down between her breasts. Thicker lace trim adorned the edges. The two sides are connected with the flimsiest pieces of purple lace string in a knot. From there, the robe flared out to the sides, running down to her hips and exposing matching purple lace panties that only had thin pieces of material running between the front and back. The rest of the robe ran down to just about her ankles.

But the most captivating part of it was that it was made of sheer lacey purple material. It left nothing to the imagination. Dan could see her skin underneath the robe, and his eyes felt like they were going to pop out of his sockets when he saw her naked breasts on display through the translucent material.

"Jesus Christ," Dan muttered, not taking his eyes off his wife.

"What do you think?" Sarah walked into the room, ignoring Lester, and approached her husband. She turned to the side, flashing him her ass. The panties were more of a thong, and he had a great view of the sides of her breasts. "Too much?"

"Too much?" Dan said, "There's barely anything to it."

"That's the point," Lester said from the other end of the couch, "I knew you'd look great in it."

"It feels sexy," Sarah said, looking at herself in the mirror, "Do you like it, Dan?"

"I do," Dan finally said, "I'm just wondering why Lester had it on hand."

"Oh, I spend a lot of time thinking about your wife," Lester grinned, "I couldn't help but buy it for her."

"It's a little cold in here," Sarah said, crossing her arms over her chest. "I'm gonna go change back into my sweats."

"No, you aren't," Lester said, "You're going to wear that all night."

"No way," Sarah said. "It's too cold, and besides, your friend is coming over."

"Yeah, Lester," Dan added, "Not going to happen. Remember who's in control, right?"

Lester looked at his phone and grinned, "This is the spice I was talking about. That you agreed to."

Dan opened his mouth to say something, but a knock at the door stopped him.

"Pizza's here," Lester smiled, "Sarah, why don't you get it? Here's some cash." He handed her a few bills, "You choose what kind of tip he gets."

A shocked expression passed over Dan and Sarah's faces. Both of them stayed frozen in place, Dan in the chair and Sarah standing there with her arms crossed.

"Don't keep the guy waiting," Lester said.

Sarah and Dan exchanged a look. Another series of impatient knocks hit the door.

"I'll get it," Dan said, pushing on the arms of the chair to stand up.

"No," Sarah said, shooting Lester a look. Like she had accepted his challenge, "I'll get it."

"Are you sure?" Dan said as he was bent over awkwardly, somewhere between getting up and sitting back down.

"I got this," Sarah said to Dan, "You just sit back down and enjoy."

Sarah met Lester's gaze again before turning her attention to the door. She sauntered over to it as the person on the other side knocked again.

She ran her hand up the door frame above her head until she was leaning against it seductively. Then she slowly unlocked the door and opened it.

A man who had to be in his fifties stood on the other side, looking impatient. His expression quickly changed when he caught sight of Sarah. They locked eyes, and then his gaze immediately dropped, slowly scanning over her body. He let out a long, appreciative whistle.

Sarah had never felt so exposed. The sheer material of the robe let this strange man see everything. Any neighbors passing by would get quite the look too. The man looked exactly like someone who would creep her out.

He had a disheveled and dirty appearance. Bags under his eyes immediately said 'heavy drinker' in her mind. His frame was thin, and he had gray shoulder-length greasy hair with bushy eyebrows. His piercing blue eyes were also bloodshot.

"Heya," he said leaning against the same door frame as Sarah, "Name's Vernon. Has anyone ever told you how sexy you look?"

His eyes stayed glued to her breasts like there was some magic spell preventing him from looking anywhere else. He bit his lower lip, raised his eyebrows, and nodded to himself, "Uhmhmmmmmm."

"Where's the pizza?" Sarah asked, confused.

Vernon's gaze finally broke from her breasts, and he looked up at her face, "Pizza?"

Sarah could smell alcohol on his breath, "Aren't you the pizza delivery guy?"

Vernon leaned back and looked over Sarah's body again, his gaze trailing up her legs, to her panty-clad crotch before settling again on her naked breasts under the sheer material, "Honey, I can be whatever you want me to be."

Sarah heard Lester's fat feet on the wood floor behind her, getting closer.

He smiled, "Is this the part where you say you don't have any money and have another way to pay me? Cause I'm ready."

"Vernon," Lester said, looking over her shoulder, "You're early."

Lester stepped up behind Sarah, and she felt his gut pushing into her back. She barely resisted wiggling her ass back onto his crotch.

"Well, you know what they say," Vernon threw up his hands in a shrug. Sarah and Lester both waited for him to finish his thought, but he never did. Lester grabbed the door and opened it wider.

"Come in," Lester gestured towards the open room. Vernon stepped inside and looked the place over. He turned and looked hungrily at Sarah, his eyes feasting on her nudity beneath the robe.

His eyes continued to dart around the room, and he finally noticed Dan sitting in the chair, "Heh, some kind of party going on, huh?" He nodded to Dan in a knowing way.

"We thought you were the pizza guy," Lester said as he closed the door, "He should be here any minute."

"I could eat," Vernon said before beelining into the kitchen, "You got anything to drink?"

"Help yourself," Lester said.

"I thought your friend was coming after!" Sarah said, crossing her arms over her chest and leaning against the wall by the door.

Lester shrugged, "Early, I guess." He rechecked his phone, "The pizza guy should be here any minute now."

Dan stood up and moved into the kitchen to keep an eye on this new guy. Vernon was on his knees looking through one of the lower cupboards. The doors to the upper cabinets were all ajar.

"Ah," Vernon said, "Tequila!"

He stood back up, holding a full bottle of tequila and several shot glasses. He turned around and saw Dan staring at him. Vernon flashed him a smile and walked past him, making himself at home on the couch. He started pouring tequila in all the shot glasses before throwing one back.

Dan turned to look at Lester, "This guy's your friend? He doesn't seem like the guys we met before."

"Vernon and I -" Lester started.

"Oh yeah," Vernon interrupted, "Lester and I go way, way back. Don't we, buddy? Before all of this..." Vernon gestured to the apartment around them before settling in for another drink.

Lester shot Vernon a piercing glare, "Right."

Vernon continued to kick back like he owned the place, quickly downing another shot of tequila. He noticed Dan looking at him. Vernon grinned, leaned forward and poured another shot before sliding it down the coffee table towards Dan.

The shot glass slid right off the table. It clattered to the floor and splattered tequila everywhere. Vernon didn't notice as he grabbed the remote control off the coffee table and turned on the TV. Dan just stared at him before getting up and going into the kitchen to find some paper towels.

"Lester," Sarah said quietly, "I'm not doing anything with your friend here."

Lester turned to her and licked his lips. He stepped up to her, pinning her against the wall as his hand started to play with her panty line, "But you've already started. You answered the door, and he's already seen so much of you. You played nice when my D&D group was here."

"That was different," Sarah said quietly, "I wasn't dressed like this."

"That doesn't matter," Lester said.

"It does," Sarah disagreed. "Don't forget, Dan and I are in control of this. I'm going to my room to change."

Sarah made to move past Lester, but he held her in place, his fingers dipping into her panties. "It's cute that you are pretending to be such a good girl for your husband," Lester whispered, "But we both know it's just an act. I've seen how you looked at me today. I know you've been craving me. You haven't forgotten what we've done together, how we fit together. We both know who's really in charge here. I let Dan think it's him, but you and I both know that your body belongs to me. So I'll play along nicely but when it comes down to it, you'll do what I want."

Nodding slowly, Lester stepped away from Sarah, moving over to the couch.

Sarah stood frozen in place. She felt the wetness between her legs. The way that Lester talked to her. Commanded her. It was like he took her arousal and dialed it up to a level unreached before. She couldn't help how turned on she was and felt herself falling back into the familiar hazy sexual euphoria that came when dealing with Lester. She licked her lips, feeling like the game had started, and she couldn't help but embrace it and play her part.

Dan returned to the room with a beer and a roll of paper towels under his arm. He mouthed "Are you okay?" to Sarah. She nodded languidly and smiled at him reassuringly. Dan gave her a second look, as if to ask "are you sure?" Sarah winked back. Dan nodded, went to the floor, and quickly cleaned up the spilled tequila.

He turned back into the kitchen to throw out the soiled paper towel and Sarah followed him. Dan could see her nipples were erect underneath her sheer robe.

"You okay?" Dan said.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just a little caught off guard." Sarah shook her head. Her breasts swayed under the material as she did. "I didn't expect his friend to see me like this."

"His friend's a fucking loser," Dan said, "Let's call this off. Do it on a different day. Let's go to the bedroom, and you can get changed."

"No," Sarah said, touching Dan's chest. She lowered her voice, and a sultry look appeared on her face, "I thought you liked seeing me exposed. Especially to men who aren't worthy of me." Dan looked down and saw his wife's thighs pressing together.

"You know I do," Dan hissed back, "But this..."

Sarah's hand ran down his chest to his crotch. She rubbed it and could feel her husband's hardening cock beneath. "Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned softly, "I like what I feel, baby. Is that for me?"

"There's no one else here," Dan said.

"Do you like seeing me dressed this way? Letting the other men see everything?" Sarah leaned in and whispered, "I thought you wanted to expand this fantasy beyond Lester. Get around him. That's what we can experiment with tonight. I'll tease Lester and his friend for you. You can show off your sexy wife. This'll be like dipping our a toe into other waters. What do you think?"

"I think you're sexy as hell and I can't believe I'm married to you," Dan breathed, leaning against the table and pushing his cock into his wife's teasing hands. "We're still in control," Dan added.

"Oh, baby, not quite," Sarah whispered, her green eyes meeting his gaze, "I'm in control." She squeezed him for emphasis.

Another knock came from the front door. Sarah went up on her tippy toes and kissed Dan hard before pulling away, her teeth gently biting and pulling his bottom lip before she released it. She turned around and walked out of the kitchen, with an exaggerated sway to her hips.

Dan followed, watching her perfect ass under the purple sheer material of her robe as it moved back and forth. Back and forth. He walked back into the living room as Sarah made a beeline for the door.

Lester was sitting casually in one of the living room chairs, but watching her intently. Even Vernon stopped drinking for a second and turned to watch Sarah move through the room. The wife put a hand on the doorknob and turned to look at her husband. She flashed him a sexy smile before returning to the door and pulling it open.

"Hey there," Sarah said in a sensual voice. She looked the pizza delivery driver up and down, "What do you have for me?"

"Uhhh, your pizza," the perplexed delivery guy said. He was somewhere in his twenties, dark-skinned, and couldn't meet Sarah's eyes. He kept staring down at the pizza box while occasionally darting his eyes to look at Sarah through his peripheral vision.

"Are you sure it's mine?" Sarah asked, "What's on it? Did I order extra sausage?"

The delivery guy gulped. "Uhhh," he fumbled to look at the accompanying piece of paper, "Sausage, green onions, bacon, mushroom."

"That sounds right," Sarah leaned against the door and bit her lip. Seeing how nervous she was making this poor delivery driver excited her. She had always enjoyed the effect she had on men, but lately, she'd grown to like it more. Using the voice she usually reserved for Dan or Lester, putting herself on display like this and seeing him squirm. There was something powerful about it. She was beginning to want to explore it more. The eyes of the three men in the living room were completely focused on her ass, which Sarah pushed out seductively, seemingly aware of the attention.

The pizza delivery guy stood there, clutching the box, trying to keep his gaze from Sarah's body.

"I have a question," Sarah said stepping off the door frame and sliding her hands onto the pizza box to grasp it. As she did the guy's hands retracted to the edge of the box, as if he was afraid of her.

Sarah looked over the man's dark skin. "If I order chicken on my pizza next time," she was staring at his face, while he stared down at the box, "Do you use white meat or dark meat?"

"I, uh, I don't know," the man said.

"That's a shame," Sarah said, "Because I only want dark meat. Do you think that's possible? To deliver me some dark meat?" She kept a questioning look on her face - as if she expected nothing but an answer to her question.

The man's knees seemed to buckle at her comment, and Sarah's smile widened, breaking the ruse. "This is the part where you give me the pizza."

He let go of his grip on the box, and Sarah smiled, turned around with her back to the door, and bent over, placing the pizza down on the floor inside the apartment. The man's eyes feasted on her thong-clad ass through the sheer material. As Sarah stood back up, he averted his gaze, searching for something else to stare at. Without the pizza box in his hand, he didn't know where to look.

Sarah turned around with a predatory smile, "What do I owe you?"

"Thirty-five, seventy-five," he mumbled.

"Okay," Sarah said, counting out the bills Lester had given her. "And how do you want your tip?"

The man stayed silent, paralyzed at speaking out a response. Sarah waited patiently, but the man couldn't respond. Sarah stepped up to him, just inches away from his body. He had been staring down at the ground around the bottom of the door, but Sarah had stepped into his gaze. His eyes had no choice but to look at her body in front of him.

Sarah looked left and right, feeling excitement course through her body. She was standing, exposed in the hallway, wearing nothing but a sheer robe. Any neighbors that poked their heads out would be able to see her practically naked body.

Opening her hand she took out the bills Lester had given her. She slowly counted them, "Ten, twenty, forty, sixty. Sixty. Is that enough?"

The man didn't move, he was staring at her chest through the robe, mesmerized.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah faked a little moan, "I'll take that as a yes."

She folded the bills up neatly and then reached down to the guy's jeans. She found one of his front pockets and slowly tucked the bills into it. The delivery driver shuddered at her touch, and Sarah smiled at the outline of his cock jutting against his pants.

Sarah stepped back and turned to go into the apartment. As she did, she looked over her shoulder at the stunned delivery driver whose eyes were glued to her ass. "Have a great night," she said, "I know I will."

Then she disappeared behind the door, leaving the driver standing there alone with an arching boner, wondering if what had just happened had really occurred.

"I shoulda been a pizza guy," Vernon was staring over the couch at Sarah, who was bending over to grab the pizza. She looked at her husband standing just outside the kitchen, clearly turned on by her flirtation with the delivery driver. But Sarah wasn't done teasing, far from it.

Holding the pizza box, she walked over to the couch area where Vernon and Lester were sitting. "And why's that?" Sarah said to Vernon.

"To fuck hot girls like you who ask what I want for a tip," Vernon said, looking her up and down.

Sarah chuckled, "That's all just part of the game, dear. I wouldn't have touched him. He was cute, though..." She shot Dan a wide-eyed, lustful look. Sarah then strolled around the couch, passing Lester whose eyes were glued to her, and Vernon who, while staring, seemed to adjust himself. She placed the pizza down on the table and opened it up, saying, "Dinner is served, boys."

"Dan," Sarah looked at her husband, "Could you please grab us some plates, honey?" Dan gulped and nodded his head, turning back to the kitchen.

"No need," Vernon said, driving into the pizza with his hands and pulling out a slice. A stream of orange oil dripped from it and landed on his shirt as he took a bite. Lester followed suit, grabbing his own slice. Sarah waited as the two men ate, pretending not to notice their eyes on her.

Dan returned with some plates. Sarah took them and set them down on the table. She put a pizza wedge on one and gave it to Dan before getting one for herself. The four of them ate in silence. Dan felt like the apartment was filled with tension under the sound of Lester and Vernon's chewing. Even though no one spoke, he knew exactly what the men were thinking.

He hadn't expected this. Any of this. When he and Sarah were driving up, he'd expected something might happen with Lester, but the whole thing with the delivery driver and with this random friend of Lester's was not something he'd imagined. The way Vernon was looking at Sarah and that she seemed to be playing into it. Dan really wanted to see what she might do next. It reminded him of the Dungeons and Dragons night when his wife was on display to other men. She seemed to be enjoying herself and Dan couldn't help but get turned on when she acted like this.

He was still in control, he told himself. He could indulge this desire without letting it get out of hand.

"I like your outfit," Vernon said to Sarah, looking her up and down. Sarah pretended to miss a lot of subtext to that comment.

"Oh, thank you," Sarah gestured to her robe, "Lester bought it for me. What do you like about it?"

"I like the color purple," Vernon said, "And I like the way your breasts look under it. They're perfect."

"Why thank you?" Sarah beamed at him and set down her plate, finishing her pizza. She turned and looked at Dan, "What about you, Dan? Do you like the way my breasts look in this robe? Didn't Lester choose well?" She smoothed the garment with both hands and pushed her chest out.

Dan gulped and looked his wife over, "They look great."

Lester was still hungry, but he didn't go back for another slice. He dirtily smeared his hands on his shirt and watched what was unfolding in front of him.

"So Lester did good?" Sarah asked.

"He did," Dan said.

"Maybe he needs to be rewarded," Sarah said, shifting her gaze to Lester. She looked back at her husband for any objection but saw none. Just the silent look of extreme arousal painted on his face. She knew he enjoyed this. They'd had their bumps in the road lately, but she wanted to find a way forward and have everything she wanted.

Sarah slowly stood up, not breaking eye contact with Dan. Then she turned and slowly started to move towards Lester. She wanted to dial up the tension in the room even more and slowly pass by Lester's friend. Then she intended to grab Lester by the hand and take him back to his bedroom where Dan could watch through his peephole.

Sarah made her way past the table with the open pizza box on it. She ignored Vernon and kept her focus on Lester. As she moved past Vernon and was just about to round the corner of the table, she felt rough hands on her hips, pulling her backward.

Sarah landed on Vernon's lap. Her succulent naked ass pressed into the thin, flimsy material of her robe as her weight settled on Vernon's crotch. Sarah was momentarily caught off guard, squirming against the man's calloused hands and lap. Then she felt it.

All of her squirming had awakened something within the man's pants. Sarah stopped moving as she felt his bulge press directly against the opening of her pussy. Vernon quickly capitalized on Sarah staying still, his hands running up her body until he grabbed both of her sizable breasts through the wispy robe. Then he used his right hand to find the edge of the robe's sheer material. His furtive paw dug beneath the see-through screen, snaking around to cup Sarah's bare breast.

Sarah's breath sounded a sharp intake at the unexpected intimate touch. Her hard nipples pressed themselves into the man's calloused hand. She turned her head to look at Dan, a startled and aroused expression on her face. Her husband shot to his feet.

"Vernon," Lester hissed.

"Oops," Vernon said, pulling his hand out of Sarah's robe and holding it up innocently, "Be more careful whose lap you fall into, dear." He patted her shoulders gingerly as if he hadn't just groped the gorgeous young mother.

Sarah watched the arousal spread over Dan's features. She'd momentarily lost her bearings but had now regained them. Dan was still hesitant about all of what was occurring, even though she knew he wanted to keep exploring it. It was her job to walk the tightrope and make sure everyone got what they wanted.

Without breaking eye contact with her husband, Sarah shifted her ass on Vernon's lap and sensually leaned forward, rising up so that her ass was on perfect display for the grungy older man. As he was just about to reach out and grab a handful of her luscious ass, Sarah stood up completely straight and moved around the corner of the table out of his grasp.

She moved behind Lester's chair and put his arms around the fat man's shoulders. She stared at Dan, "HmMMM, now, just how should Lester be rewarded, I wonder," Sarah mused, "This robe is beautiful. And I haven't received a gift like this from my husband in a long time. What do you think Dan? How should I reward your roommate?" She gently rested her chin on Lester's head, betraying her deepening need to be in contact with his ugly body.

Dan just sat still, watching the scene unfold in front of him. His hand was in a fist, trying to stay in control like he had the last time in his bedroom. But he felt his grip on his own control slipping. First seeing Sarah wearing the sheer robe his roommate had gotten her, basically walking around the apartment naked, had gotten his mind thinking in overdrive. Then she'd answered the door for this weird stranger who was now sitting on the couch. And then flirting with the pizza guy. Now she had just toyed with him, sitting on this stranger's lap before moving behind Lester's chair and putting her hands on him. It was like an arousal overload in his brain. He didn't know how he wanted it to play out here but even more enticing was not knowing what his wife was about to do. He needed to see what she did and had no intention of stopping it.

"How about a kiss?" Sarah said, looking intently at Dan. She held his gaze until she lowered her head and kissed Lester on the cheek. Lester, too late, turned his head to kiss her on the lips, but she pulled away, standing back up and staring at Dan. Her hands moved down from Lester's shoulder's to his chest, stroking his coarse hair with a promise of more to come, and then she stood back up, her hands returning to his slumped shoulders.

"I think I know just how to reward you," Sarah said, stepping beside the chair and taking Lester's hand. She kept her eyes locked on Dan's as she spoke to Lester, "Let's go back to your room where I can reward you properly."

Sarah tugged on Lester's arm, expecting him to get up and follow her, but he continued to sit in the chair. Lester looked between Dan and Sarah and then slowly pulled himself up to stand. He grabbed Sarah by the hand and pulled her back towards his girth. Sarah's body crashed into his and Lester held her there against him for several seconds while he looked at Dan, his massive gut pushing into her, her firm breasts pushing into him. Then he turned his attention to Sarah, his hands grabbing the hair on the nape of her neck, causing her to open her mouth in protest.

Lester's tongue rolled out of his mouth and he slowly lowered it towards Sarah's, giving her ample time to not reciprocate it.

Dan watched in fascinated horror as Sarah's taut body was pulled against Lester's. His disgusting tongue slowly plunged towards his wife's face. Sarah seemed to have given up on keeping eye contact with him as Lester firmly tilted her head back. She was breathing hard, judging by how her crushed breasts were rising and falling.

He watched intently as Lester's tongue drew closer and closer to her lips. With a mix of arousal and disgust, Dan watched as his wife's perfect lips parted, letting Lester's large tongue invade her mouth. Immediately, her body seemed to react to the sloppy kiss. Her body came alive and turned more towards Lester, her hands reaching out to caress his upper body. Dan could hear her moan into Lester's mouth, even as his roommate's large mass turned and shielded her from his view.

He could only see his wife's hands on Lester's back as she struggled to stay upright. Then he watched as her leg inched up and curled around Lester's thigh.

"I'm taking my reward," Dan heard Lester's gravelly whisper to Sarah, and then it sounded as if his tongue continued to maul her mouth. Sarah only moaned back in agreement, seemingly capitulating to whatever Lester wanted. Lester's hands assumed free reign to roam all over Sarah's tight body.

Vernon looked entranced at what was happening. Dan swore the man was drooling from the way his mouth hung open. Part of Dan wished that Sarah and Lester would return to his dingy room, away from this guy's prying eyes. But the same part of him that had let Eugene watch through the peephole was excited by the prospect of the new guest seeing his wife on display like this. Becoming a wanton slut for someone like Lester.

Lester turned Sarah around, his lips still hungrily locked onto hers. Sloppy, wet kissing sounds filled the room, and both men could see the wife actively thrusting her tongue back into the short man's mouth. Lester had Sarah's robe undone, his hands squeezing her bared ass and breasts voraciously.

Vernon, eyebrows raised, looked over his shoulder at Dan, "That's your wife?"

Dan showed no hint that he'd heard the man, not wanting to take his eyes off the obscene coupling in front of him. Lester turned Sarah around so that her knees pressed uncomfortably into the comfy leather chair he had been occupying. He kissed the back of her exposed neck, an area Dan knew always got his wife going. He saw it working, and she briefly rubbed a hand across her breasts, showing him her fire again.

Then Lester applied pressure. As his lips descended down her robe-covered body, he pushed her shoulders down until Sarah's hands were pressing into the seat of the couch. Lester kept kissing, and Sarah's breathing got ragged. Dan knew from experience that this meant she badly wanted to be fucked.

Lester hiked up the bottom of her robe over her waist, exposing her naked legs and ass to the room. Everything had been visible under the robe, but seeing her unobstructed skin made Vernon gasp and reach down to touch himself through his pants.

"Lester?" Sarah asked as she felt his thumbs hook into her panties and slowly begin to lower them. This hadn't been her plan at all. Now, she felt her dampened panties sliding down her thighs. She gulped, knowing she was about to be exposed to some complete stranger and her husband, sitting there watching her. She felt so fucking wet. She didn't know what was turning her on more: the fact that Dan was watching and completely aroused by what was happening or that some unknown stranger was in the room with them, watching as Lester stripped her and readied her for whatever he was going to do next.

She couldn't lie to herself. She knew that was turning her on the most. It was these two men about to watch Lester do whatever the fuck he wanted with her. Take her however he pleased.

Sarah felt her breasts heaving as her panties dropped to her ankles. She waited, knowing that Lester was about to shove himself into her and fuck

her right here in front of her husband and a stranger. She felt movement behind her and a hand on her ass but couldn't tell what else Lester was doing.

Dan watched as Lester dropped to his knees, his fat gut spilling out of the bottom of his shirt, his face level with his wife's crotch. The ogre turned to both of them and flashed an ugly, lopsided grin. Then Lester turned back and licked his lips pressing his face in between Sarah's waiting legs, his tongue snaking into the trembling wife, his audible slurping filling the room.

Butterflies filled Sarah's stomach, and her whole body lurched in response. First from shock and then a full push backward towards Lester's tongue. She seemed to ground herself into the couch, knees rubbing raw against the fabric, her hands firmly pressing into the cushion as she suddenly received the full delivery of Lester's tongue.

Something was different, Dan couldn't tell what but he wasn't sure he could ever remember Lester's head ever having been in that particular spot on his wife. His mouth was too high. Higher than where her pussy would be bent over in this position but then....he was licking her asshole. Devouring it, really.

Dan was floored as his wife energetically wiggled her ass back and forth on Lester's tongue. Seemingly enjoying having his troll-like roommate's tongue tickle the place that Dan had never dreamed of touching, much less tasting. It was just... it seemed like such a disgusting thing to do, to want to do. Sarah had said the same thing in the past, agreeing with him, but here she was, her body withering and shaking as Lester's tongue danced around the rim of her asshole.

"Mhmmmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, dropping her head onto the seat of the couch and using the leverage to press herself back. Her ass was still high in the air, bent over the arm of the chair as Lester feasted on her ass. His tongue swirling around her asshole. The taste was driving him mad. He stopped and licked her up and down her crevice, his stubble chafing her buttcheeks.

"Tell Dan what I'm doing," Lester breathed hot air on her ass that cooled against the slickness of his saliva.

"Uhhhhh," Sarah bit her lip while her brain processed what Lester had just said. Finally, Sarah found her voice and said, "Dan, he, he's got his tongue in my assho----"

Lester stuck his full tongue inside of her quivering ass. His fat sinewy tongue pried her asshole open as his tongue darted in, wiggling deeply inside. With an unrelenting fury, he began twirling his tongue around inside of her, alternating to quickly dart in and out like he was fucking her ass with his swollen tongue.

The effect was immediate. Sarah's eyes shot wide open, and she lost the ability to speak for several seconds, writhing and shuddering as if having had an electric current surge through her body. All she could hope to do was moan loudly at Lester's oral manipulation, "Mhmmmmmmmmmgaaaaammmmmmm." Sarah's back arched as her weight pressed down on her hands, trying to force herself back onto Lester's face, trying desperately to take more of his agile tongue inside of her opened ass.

Dan felt shell-shocked. He had never seen Sarah like this, nor anyone else. That she was responding to someone doing something so unspeakably vile to her. His hands were no longer in fists at his side. His right hand was conspicuously touching himself over his pants. It felt like one of the first times he had exposed his wife to Lester. Just rolling the dice and seeing how Sarah responded. He felt himself falling backward, ceding control to the debauchery. A small part of him whispered insistently, trying to get him to regain some semblance of control, but the ecstatic sounds coming from Sarah and the mask of blissful pleasure on her face silenced the inner voice. Nothing about this, his roommate consuming his demure wife's asshole, had ever turned him on before, but seeing her react to something he hadn't done or really even considered... knowing she enjoyed it... and that Lester had done it before he could...

"Ah fuck," Sarah breathed deeply, "God, Lester." It was clear to the room that she'd been holding her breath for some time.

Unwilling to cease his dining, Lester smugly mumbled something behind her, the vibration of his lips on her asshole tickling her and furthering her excitement. She turned her head and saw Dan sitting there in the other chair, staring at her, mouth open, mesmerized by what was happening before him. She saw his hand gingerly touching his crotch over his pants. Her husband's eyes bore into her body, and she knew he was beginning to get lost in this. Losing control. Sarah knew she should do something. She should stop Lester and help keep Dan from losing his grip. Another wave of pleasure buffeted her body as Lester affixed his mouth to her anus and inhaled. Maybe, maybe she would stop him after Lester finished with her ass. Just a bit more of this, and she would stop what was happening.

There was a movement just out of the corner of her eye. Sarah glanced over and saw Vernon on the couch. His pants and ratty boxers were around his ankles, and he was stroking a fat, veiny-looking cock poking from a nest of graying pubic hairs. Sarah gulped at the sight.

Lester's slick fingers pushed themselves into her wet pussy from behind as he continued tonguing her ass. Palm facing down, two of Lester's fat fingers were able to rake across her sensitive g-spot, teasing it as his tongue continued to flick and pound away at her stimulated asshole.

Sarah's head swam in pleasure, forgetting everything else, including any thought of stopping this. Lester's massive fingers were causing her pussy to feel as if it were lit on fire as his tongue swirled and fucked her asshole. His wife-fucking tongue, spreading her tight little hole apart. Her heavy-lidded eyes were still locked on Vernon's vile erect cock as he continued to stroke it. He was watching her. Watching her with Lester and his athletic tongue. Watching her body enjoy something so unthinkably depraved. She licked her lips as she stared at Vernon's thick unkempt cock. Her body was responding to him, knowing that he was hard for her. Getting off to what she was doing.

She shifted her eyes to look up at his face and found him staring back intently at her. With a lazy, knowing smile. Sarah was entranced by his beady brown eyes. The crow's feet at the corners narrowed as he stared back at her. She felt so exposed, some random stranger seeing her for who she truly was, what she really wanted. Beyond the shield of professionalism she usually wore.

"MHMMM FUCK," Sarah groaned as an orgasm hit her body out of nowhere. The usual build-up nowhere to be found, just an explosion of pure pleasure

radiating out from the most intimate part of her body, "YEEEEESS. YESSS. OH, OHHHH, FFFUH, FFFUH, FUUUUCK YEEEESSS."

Sarah's asshole clamped down on Lester's tongue as her pussy did the same on his fingers. Lester championed his way through her clenching, continuing to work his tongue inside of the young mother's imploding asshole while his fingers continued to toy with her sensitive G-spot. Sarah dropped her head and just moaned in response, her trembling body still tense as waves of electric pleasure washed over her senses.

"Uhhmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, "God."

The round man pulled his face from her backside for the first time in a while, smacking and licking his lips, "Heh." Lester chuckled, "God has nothing to do with this."

As Sarah's body came down from her first orgasm of the night, Lester felt her pussy relax and saw her asshole unclench. Grinning, he took the opportunity to pull his fingers out of Sarah's body and quickly removed his unwashed shorts. His large, intimidating cock stretched out before him for a moment as he lined himself up with his target. From across the room, her husband and a stranger watched as her body wantonly moved back again towards the fat man as he effortlessly pushed the head of his cock into Sarah's wet and waiting pussy.

"Ah fuck, fuck," Sarah breathed, her body easing back, trying to take more of Lester's cock, "Mhmmmmmmgrmmmmmm."

"Fuck," she moaned throatily, "Give it to me, Lester."

Lester took off his shirt, his large stomach dropping on Sarah's ass with a thud. The rest of his pasty, white, and hairy body came into view. Dan grimaced, seeing the contrast between his lovely, fit wife and the sloth-like beast behind her, once again driving her into a lust-fueled panic.

"Not so fast," Lester sneered as he directed the head of his cock back and forth inside of her. "Look at Vernon over there and tell him you want him to watch you get fucked." Lester had always punctuated his orders with a deep rattling thrust while fucking her, this time was no different.

Sarah brushed the hair from her face and turned to Vernon, her eyes pleading, "I, I want you to watch me get fucked. I want you to see it." Vernon's mouth hung agape, and he started to pump his cock harder. He kicked off his pants and boxers and put his feet up on the table. He was naked except for white tube socks and his shirt. His right big toe poked through a hole.

"Now look at Dan," Lester said. Sarah's eyes shifted to her husband.

"Ask his permission. Ask if you can fuck the guy who he threw out of his own house," Lester said. Lester repeated his final thrust, training her to know when he'd finished speaking.

"Dan..." Sarah started, "Can I fuck the guy -"

Lester suddenly grabbed her asscheeks and roughly slid his entire length into Sarah.

"OHHMGFUUCK!" Sarah screamed, her fingernails digging into the leather couch, "OHGOD, OHMYFUCKINGGOD!"

Lester didn't give a shit about Dan's permission. In fact, he wanted to demonstrate to his roommate that he had no power here and Lester could simply fuck Dan's wife whenever he wanted to. The dumb, gawking look on Dan's face told Lester his plans were working. Just like foreplay with a woman, he knew that the skimpy robe, the pizza guy, and even having this stranger from the internet here would act as an elixir to overpower his lightweight defenses. Sarah's white knight was no match for Lester, the barbarian tonight.

"Squeeze me," Lester spat, "Show Dan what he missed on his business trip." Sarah flexed the muscles in her pussy, and grabbed hard on the base of Lester's cock where it was widest.

"Mhmmmm that's right," Lester said, taking a deep breath, "Keep it up."

Vernon got to his feet and shuffled towards where Sarah and Lester were coupled together.

"Sit back down, Vernon," Lester said impatiently, gesturing to the couch with his finger. The scraggly looking older man sat back down. Still laser-focused on Sarah's body. Vernon was just a pawn to dial up Dan's fantasy and make him more pliable. He needed Dan to see him take Sarah fully again and have her beg for him to do it. Her husband needed to be put in his place like a good little dog and forget these delusions of grandeur that he seemed to have been having lately.

"Dan," Lester said, "Your wife feels so good around my cock. So tight. I've been missing this."

Lester slapped Sarah's ass cheek leaving a bright red hand-shaped imprint. He slapped the other cheek even harder. Sarah grunted from the force yet kept pushing back onto Lester's cock.

"Uhh, yes, ah, mhmmm, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, yes, yes, fuck me," Sarah said.

"How good does it feel, Sarah?" Lester gripped her hips tightly and started to move his cock within her faster, fucking her harder. "Tell me how my cock feels inside of you."

"GOOD," Sarah moaned loudly, "So, oh, so so fucking good, Lester. Don't stop. Don't."

"Did you like it when I fucked you in your office, and we broke the desk?" Lester said, "What about when we fucked in your living room? Tell me. Tell us."

"Yes," Sarah said, lost in the feeling of Lester between her legs. "I loved it."

"You're my good little slut aren't you?" Lester said, "How about in your tub? That was fun, wasn't it? And the times in your bed? Dan's office. You loved it then, too, right?"

"GOD, YES!" Sarah panted, turning her head and meeting his stare, "I love it whenever you fuck me, Daddy."

Lester smiled, "Good girl." Dan, deep in his lust-induced haze, wasn't entirely sure of what he'd just heard, but he knew it made his cock harder. He was only touching himself every few seconds now, the show before him repeatedly bringing him dangerously close to shooting.

It was then that Lester grabbed Sarah by the back of her hair and pulled her up off the chair as his cock kept sliding in and out of her, fucking her relentlessly, her breasts flopping in time with his vicious thrusts. Sarah gasped, barely able to touch the chair with her hands. The pain in the back of her neck hurt but it was a good hurt. A dominating, necessary kind of hurt.

"Do you regret it?" Lester asked. Each word was punctuated with a rhythmic thrust of his cock. The head bottomed out inside of her, touching places no one else ever had, places that only Lester could reach. "Do you, you regret all the times we've, UNGGG, fucked recently?"

"NO," Sarah said quickly, "No, no. Just keep fucking me, Lester."

"Moan my name for me," Lester said, "I want to hear those sweet lips say my name." He stroked the skin down her back as his other hand clutched her hair in a fist.

"Lester," Sarah moaned, "Oh, Lester, baby. Lester. Fuck. Lester. Lester."

"Keep saying it," Lester said looking at Dan.

Dan just sat there watching the sordid scene unfold before him. It felt like he was drowning. There was a weight on his chest that was pinning him in place. His breath was shallow, and he could hear his own heartbeat. A distant part of him remembered once angrily throwing Lester off his wife but that seemed like a faraway dream of a different person. All he could do now was watch and listen as Sarah moaned for his vile roommate.

"Lester," Sarah moaned, "Oh, fuck. Lester."

"Who fucks you the best?" Lester asked

"Lester," Sarah said, still moaning his name, "Lester."

"Whose cock do you crave?" Lester said.

"Lester," Sarah moaned, "Uhhh, mhhmm, ohhh, ah, ah, ah, Lester!"

"Sit back down, Vernon," Lester said. Without looking back, he removed a hand from Sarah to point at the chair again, having heard the stranger shuffling forward towards them. Without taking his hand off his leaking cock, the older man sat back down on the couch. Lester then turned and glared at him, trying to make the man remember the rules. No touching. He had already violated that rule once today.

"Cum for me, Sarah," Lester encouraged, "Cum again on my cock. I want to feel your body tense up around me. I want to feel you cumming for me. It'll help me cum too."

Like hearing a magic spell, hearing Lester say the word "cum" began a process in her brain, and Sarah's body started to heat up. She could feel herself building to another explosive orgasm, even judged by her Lester standards. Lester's words seemed to unlock something deep within her. A desire to earnestly please him. Do whatever it was he wanted. Submit to him. If Lester wanted her to cum, her body wanted to give it to him. It was a great idea.

"Ah, fuck," Sarah moaned, her head dropping to the couch. "I'm gonna- OH, OH, yeah, I'm gonna cum. Daddy, don't stop. Lester. Please. Don't. FFFFucking. Stop."

Dan was spellbound, watching Sarah moan huskily for Lester, seeing her body thrust back and impact against his roommate's oddly proportioned body. He hated himself for being so aroused at what he was seeing, but he couldn't look away. He had tried to cold turkey quit this, but was that what he really wanted?

Sarah felt like a storm of fireworks started exploding inside her as she came. Her body tensed and pulled everything in, her hands balled into fists and her feet bent curving her arches. Her creaming pussy gripped Lester's cock tightly as he continued to thrust his massive tool wholly inside of her, his cock dragging across all her sensitive areas, continuing to fan the intense fire of her orgasm.

"MHMMMMMMMMM," Sarah's moaned, echoing off the walls of the room, "FUUUUUUUUCCCKKKK!"

Lester gritted his teeth, his hands holding tight onto Sarah's hips as her body squeezed his cock, "Nobody, NNNG, nobody makes you cum like I do." His cock bottomed out inside the writhing wife again, her tight slit squeezing every inch of him.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhhfuuuuuccckkkk," Sarah's intense orgasm continued to wash over her entire body. She needed to breathe but couldn't bring herself to do it. She didn't want to do anything to ruin this feeling. To put an end to this orgasm, this stream of incredible heights. She needed it. As it rippled across her body, it seemed to wash away all the stress that Sarah had been holding on to for days. This was her therapy. "OhFUCKLESTER," Sarah finally breathed as her orgasm started to subside, replaced with the intense feeling of Lester's cock inside of her.

Lester felt a lone bead of sweat drip down the center of his back. He was sweating profusely from the extended exertion of fucking Sarah standing up like this. He felt partway hunched over her. He needed to switch things up.

WHAP.

He slapped her ass hard and grasped her cheek roughly before pulling his cock out of her. Sarah groaned in disappointment.

"Stand up," Lester said.

Sarah's back felt tight, and she noticed that her knees were sore from repeatedly banging them onto the bottom of the couch. She was still reeling from her last orgasm but lazily found her way to her feet, suddenly feeling exhausted. Lester's hands were on her shoulders, abruptly turning her around to face him.

"Look at Vernon," Lester whispered to her, "he's our guest. Take off your robe for him."

A shudder ran through Sarah's body at Lester's commands. Never would she have put herself on display for a man like this but amazingly she felt herself get even wetter, at Lester's words. She hadn't thought she could get any more aroused. She felt so exposed already. It was intoxicating. To this stranger. This older, unkempt man who shouldn't even be in the same room with her. Exposing himself.

Sarah's eyes scanned the room, briefly stopping on Dan. He looked like he had succumbed to his vices and Sarah loved the deranged and aroused look on her husband's face. He looked like a man possessed and ready to fuck her brains out. Sarah's gaze continued around the room until it landed on the ugly, bedraggled face of this stranger, Vernon.

Was he really a friend of Lester's? Besides his Dungeons and Dragons group and Lizzie, she had never seen another one of his friends. She shuddered, seeing the way this man was looking at her. Maybe it didn't matter. The way his eyes roamed over her body as she stroked his thick cock for her. The deviant things he was probably thinking about as he looked at her.

"Take it off," Lester whispered behind her, his hot, fetid breath on her neck. He was breathing hard, and Sarah heard the wheeze in his chest.

Sarah's hands were shaking as she lightly grabbed the edges of her robe near her breasts and pulled them further apart. Vernon's eyes traveled between her naked breasts across her taut midsection to her trimmed exposed sex. Sarah felt herself growing more and more aroused at what was happening, at what Lester told her to do. Letting herself be seen by a man like this. She pulled the robe's opening to her shoulders and let go; it slid silently down her body until it was in a pile by her feet.

"What's he doing, Sarah?" Lester spoke in a low whisper in her ear.

"He's jerking off," Sarah said, feeling Lester's hard breath on her now naked shoulder.

"What's he jerking off to?" Lester said, moving up behind her, his enlarged and hardened cock pressing up against her perfect ass. His fat stomach resting on the top of her buttocks.

"Me," Sarah closed her eyes as Lester's hands came up to her breasts, fondling them hard, groping at them without any love. His lips were again on her neck.

"Have you ever seen a woman like this before," Lester said to Vernon loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Never," he said, not taking his eyes off her body.

"What do you want to do to her?" Lester said.

Vernon went to stand up, but Lester shook his head. The stranger sat back down. "I want those juicy lips wrapped around my cock. I'd fuck those nice tits until I blew all over them. Then I'd fuck her all night and make her moan my name, forgetting about you and her husband. Then I'd turn her over and fuck her ass. Then I'd do it all over again and again and again."

"Do you hear that, Sarah?" Lester whispered, "He wants you. He wants to fuck you."

Dan couldn't hear what Lester was whispering but he watched as Sarah's body was swaying back and forth against his roommate, seemingly responding to whatever it was. She padded her feet in place, eager to do whatever came next. He didn't know what the hell was happening, but he wouldn't just sit by and let this random stranger fuck his wife, would he? Is that where Lester was going with this?

"Remember what you said last time?" Lester whispered. "That you'd fuck anyone I told you to?"

Sarah's body shuddered visibly at Lester's words. She remembered alright. And in the moment that she'd said them, she had meant them. But now it seemed too real like it could actually happen. Right now. But she also didn't want to disappoint Lester. She wanted to please him. She opened her eyes and looked over Vernon again. He wasn't her type at all. Or maybe...he was. In her fucked up beauty and the beast fantasy, he was exactly the kind of guy that would never, should never be able to get with the princess.

"Yes," Sarah whispered back, closing her eyes again.

"You weren't lying, were you?" Lester planted soft kisses on her neck.

After what felt like an eternity, Sarah finally breathed, "No."

Lester's mouth curved into a wicked smile. His plan was working perfectly. Dan was hindered by his feeble weaknesses, and Sarah had just admitted how far she'd fallen, how she would do anything for him. He wasn't going to let Vernon touch Sarah. He was just a tool to engineer results in this situation. Maybe he'd share her with someone else if it benefitted him.

"What are you whispering!?" Vernon stood up, stroking cock in hand as he approached Sarah. Dan watched wide-eyed as it looked like Sarah was about to be sandwiched between the two men. He wanted to intervene, but his body didn't move.

"Shut up and sit back down," Lester said to Vernon. Vernon gave Lester a look of disdain but moved back onto the couch.

Lester held Sarah's hand as he sat down in the comfy leather chair. Sarah stopped a moment, radiant in the afterglow of what the odd man continued to do to her. She stared at the prize cock attached to his slovenly body. Her attention shifted when he pulled her roughly on top of him, and then Sarah wasted no time, straddling his lap. She gripped his heated cock in her hands and directed it to her supple entrance, and began to impale herself on his outsized cock.

"Fffffffuuuuuuu," Sarah moaned, throwing her head back, her blonde hair cascading down her back. Lester poked his head out from behind her and looked at Dan.

"See how well-trained your wife is now?" Lester sneered. His eyes danced with illicit pleasure.

Dan felt trapped in his own body. Immobile. Horrified that he was slipping back into his old behavior but enjoying every second of it. The toned muscles in Sarah's back tensed as she lowered herself onto Lester's engorged cock. Dan watched as her beautiful bubble butt lowered and Lester's cock gradually disappeared inside of her. Finally, Sarah was sitting firmly on Lester's lap, breathing hard, just staring down at his disgusting roommate.

Dan was thankful that Lester hadn't let Vernon get involved. He wasn't sure how the hell he would react to seeing that. Sure, he'd thought about it in the past. Even fantasized about it. But he wasn't sure he was ready for it.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah moaned, feeling the full length of Lester fully inside of her again. Her body had been craving him since he'd pulled out a few minutes ago. His heavy hand clutched the back of her head, pulling her face to his. Their two tongues met and wrapped around each other in a savage primal kiss, sucking and flicking between them, their mouths pressed tightly in their passion. Lester broke the enthusiastic kiss, peering into his lover's eyes. He nodded wordlessly, flexing his cock inside the young mother gazing back at him. He leaned back, knowing she was his. Sarah started to ride Lester's cock. The fat man just leaned further back into the chair, his hands languidly going up behind his head as he watched Sarah athletically ride him.

Sarah kept her eyes closed, focusing on the sensation of Lester's girthy cock moving inside of her. Feeling it trace urgently across the extremely sensitive nerve endings of her pussy. Pushing against her, expanding her insides, making room for more. Making her feel complete.

"Touch your tits," Lester said, the sound piercing her haze. Sarah's delicate hands ran up her body until they found her breasts bathed in a sheen of sweat. She began lewdly massaging them and tweaking her own erect nipples. Lester's hands seized her ass in a firm grip, harshly kneading her ass cheeks.

"How's it feel?" Lester croaked.

"Good. So good. Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned.

"Tell Dan. Tell your husband how much you like fucking his roommate," Lester breathlessly commanded.

"Uhhhhhhhhffuuuu. Dan...it's so good. Lester. Feels," Sarah's breathing was getting ragged and erratic, "So, so good. His cock fffeels so good inside me, inside my pussy. So fffuuucking good. OH, oh fuck"

"Tell him who fucks you the best," Lester said.

"You do," Sarah moaned in ecstasy, "You fuck me the best Lester. No question. I love your cock. It's so fucking good."

"Who owns your pussy, nnnngg, this pussy?" Lester said, accentuating his thrusts.

"You do!" Sarah erupted, the verbal admission pushing her closer and closer towards another massive orgasm. A new wave was starting to creep up, but she didn't want to rush it. She wanted to tease it out, enjoy every single fucking second of it building up inside of her.

"Who owns you?" Lester said as he forcibly started pushing his hips up off the couch. Sarah quickly adjusted to accommodate his action, not letting it ruin her rhythm and take her off course.

"Ugghhhhhh, you do, Daddy," Sarah moaned, her hands grabbing desperately at her breasts, touching herself with abandon as Lester mauled her ass. "You do. You fucking own me. Do whatever you want with me. I'm yours, Lester."

"God, your pussy feels so good wrapped around my cock," Lester said, closing his eyes as Sarah's pussy contracted around his shaft. He'd been inside this woman and had made her cum countless times, but he'd never felt pussy as tight as hers was clutching him now.

"Your cock feels so fucking good," Sarah moaned, "Mhmmmm, ah, uh, I, uh, fucking, ahhhh, love it. Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me."

The quick motion didn't register right away in Dan's brain. It was in his peripheral vision. His eyes were locked on the sordid affair unfolding in front of him. Watching the mother of his children bounce herself up and down on Lester's cock, taking it into her body and admitting, maybe celebrating was closer, how much she enjoyed it. It was like a dagger to his heart, and heroin shot into his veins simultaneously. He couldn't get enough, and he hated that he wanted more.

The movement came from the stranger, Vernon, a flicker in the corner of his eye. He'd stood up and removed his shirt, revealing wrinkly, skinny arms and a slightly round stomach. He looked out of shape but wiry, with some noticeable gnarly scars running across his chest and back.

Dan couldn't see Lester's face from this angle or Sarah's. Neither of them likely saw that Vernon had gotten up. With a quick furtive, practiced movement, Vernon headed towards the chair where Sarah and Lester were joined. Reminding the seated husband of a spider monkey, Vernon was suddenly balanced atop the large chair. One foot was on the arm of the chair, while another was balanced on the top of the chair over Lester's head.

Sarah's eyes were closed serenely. She was too busy touching herself and reveling in the feeling of Lester's large cock bulging inside of her. Even if they'd been open, her bliss made her only aware of a white glow as she focused on the feeling inside of her. Of her orgasm slowly building up. There was a hand on the back of her head, but something was off about it. Distantly, it occurred to her that the grip was coming from a weird angle.

The hand pulled her head forward. Sarah's eyes snapped open, and she saw herself being pulled towards a thick, foreign cock she didn't recognize. On instinct, her mouth opened, and the cock was shoved deep into her mouth. Her tongue ran along the underside of it, tasting the unknown cock. It tasted and felt so different in her mouth than either Dan's or Lester's. The wide cock hit the back of her throat, and the hips attached to it started to face fuck her.

Sarah dropped a hand from her breasts and reached out, finding a wrinkly, hairy thigh. She steadied herself on it, continuing to suck on this new cock, while her other hand grabbed onto Lester's shoulders, regaining her balance. She was worried that the eager face fucking she was now receiving might knock her off Lester and his magnificent cock.

Sarah tasted sweet and salty pre-cum on her tongue. She looked up and saw Lester's unkempt friend standing over her, bouncing in her vision, his eyes boring down onto hers with wild intensity.

"Glaack, gluckkk, glaaack, glluuuucck," emanated from Sarah's throat as this rough-looking older man fucked his wife's open mouth. Dan's eyes grew wide as this stranger's cock repeatedly disappeared into Sarah's drooling mouth. He'd never felt so hard, his dick straining against his tented pants. He passed his hand over his dick, and he already felt ready to burst.

"Ahhh glaack, mmmgluuckckk, mpph, nng" the gurgling sounds continued bubbling from Sarah's throat. Lester's eyes shot open at the new presence with them. Vernon had quickly scaled the side of the chair and was energetically face fucking Sarah. His prize.

"Vernon!" Nearly out of breath, Lester chastised the stranger. The asshole was breaking the rules Lester had specifically set out. He definitely wasn't going to pay him for this. He knew he couldn't threaten him with consequences right now. He didn't want his machinations revealed to Sarah and Dan. "Fuck off and sit down. Get back to the couch."

"No, no, fucking, UH, way," Vernon chuckled, "Not until I, mm, bust down her throat. Oh, that's good." To punctuate his intentions, he grabbed Sarah's head with both hands and started thrusting his sizable cock into her mouth even faster.

"Glaaacch, glaaach, glaaacch, gluutch, mhmhmmhmmhmm," Sarah couldn't believe the sounds her mouth was making. Vernon was fucking her mouth like a pussy, and he was unrelenting, uncaring and dominating. Like he was just using her for his own pleasure. He wasn't loving and sweet like Dan. And he wasn't trying to corrupt her and dangle her in front of her husband like Lester was. This was pure unrelenting, pent-up sexual desire expressed in raw physical action. She doubted that he cared if she even enjoyed it. He just wanted her to make him cum. Something about that, just being used as a sexual object, turned her on and seemed to open a door inside her.

Sarah took her hand off Vernon's thigh and gently grabbed the base of his cock, squeezing the section of it that wasn't disappearing down her throat. Sarah started riding Lester harder, his dick sliding back and forth inside of her as Sarah's body was setting its own new speed, her desire cranked past all previous levels.

Lester tried to raise his hips off the chair, but Sarah's intensity kept him pinned. Her body was now in charge of the pleasure. It wanted to get off and didn't need Lester trying to impress her. She didn't want him ruining her orgasm by trying to push into her on his own. All she needed was the two cocks inside her. One in her pussy and the other in her mouth.

The new strange cock was like gasoline to the conflagration beginning to flash inside Sarah. She'd never had two cocks in her body at once before. She'd played with the fantasy, with both Lester and Dan sucking on their fingers as they'd fucked, but having the real thing, the desire of two men's big cocks, was sending her body into overdrive.

Sarah's hand was stroking the base of Vernon's shaft. The older man slowed his face fucking, wanting to see what this slutty wife could possibly do next. Sarah didn't slow down. She kept pace, working her neck

and sucking the new cock as she continued to skillfully take Lester's pole in her pussy. Sarah kept her mouth snugly wrapped around Vernon's shaft. Her mouth spread open inside as she took as much of his thick member into her face as she could.

"Mhmmhmmmmmm," She moaned around his cock, feeling it hit the back of her throat as more precum oozed out of it. She felt the beginnings of a deep, new sensation within herself. Welcoming it, she sucked the cock harder, seeking the prize inside.

"Sarah..." Lester said, completely bewildered at what he was witnessing. He'd hired Vernon to simply help him dial up the tension in the room. He hadn't wanted Sarah to suck the guy off in front of them. "Sarah," he said again, louder.

But Sarah didn't turn to look at him. She stroked the cock in her hand as her pussy firmly gripped Lester's cock. Sarah's hand could barely fit around Vernon's ample shaft as she furiously stroked him. She took him out of her mouth, and her face disappeared into his hairy pubic jungle.

"Uhhhhhhh," Vernon groaned as Sarah's tongue swirled around his hanging nutsack. She licked over matted-down hair, finding the raised follicles on his balls, licking and sucking every inch of the puckered skin. Tasting his sweat. Vernon almost lost his balance and fell off the couch but quickly steadied himself. Sarah didn't seem to notice.

"Tell me who your daddy is Sarah," Lester said.

Sarah ignored him and licked up the length of Vernon's broad shaft before sucking his full length back into her mouth again. "Mhmmhmmmmmm," her gurgled moans escaped from the sides of her mouth as it stretched to accommodate Vernon's pistoning member.

"Tell me who owns you," Lester said, feeling more uncomfortable with Vernon standing above him with his cock inside Sarah.

Sarah's nails dug into Lester's shoulder, piercing his skin. She needed his support as she sucked Vernon off. Lester winced in pain, but Sarah didn't seem to notice. Her hips were bucking wildly on top of Lester, pushing him down further into the leather chair.

Two driving cocks at once. Inside me. Right now.

Sarah's mind couldn't manage to hold any other thought. All she wanted, needed to do was hold onto the feeling building inside of her and never let the sensations go. She wanted more of it. Her body was counting down to a nuclear orgasm, and she was tightly holding onto both cocks for dear life, not wanting anything to stop the explosion.

"Suck my balls again," Vernon said. Sarah's body took the command and shuddered, knowing she wanted to please this man, too.

Sarah didn't immediately look at him. Instead, she took him out of her mouth and moved her head forward, her face disappearing into the mess of public hair below his shaft. Vernon groaned his approval. Sarah's hand kept pumping his trunkish shaft as her tongue licked Vernon's heavy nuts. The odd man grabbed the back of her head and pulled her closer into his saliva-slicked sack. Prickly pubic hair shot up Sarah's nose, but she held on with her hand and mouth like a woman possessed with a need for cock, determined to make both of the organs inside her shoot their cum.

Vernon steered the back of her head around, his palm supporting it in the curve of her neck, directing which parts of his dangling ballsack to turn her tongue's attention to. Sarah eagerly obeyed, licking and sucking every inch of his crotch he directed her to.

Lester tried thrusting his hips up, but it was of no use. Every time he tried Sarah's body slammed down hard on him, over and over as her pussy clenched onto his cock inside of her. Lester felt her pussy milking his cock. Her wanton abandon taking over. The slutty wife's pussy was now so tight, Lester couldn't push his cock forward. Only Sarah's movement, her bouncing, allowed his cock to move inside her. No woman had ever been this tight. It was the most amazing pussy Lester had ever felt in his life. Lester, in amazement, looked up at Sarah, sucking off this stranger above him, saliva dripping off her lips onto the couch beside him. He really had created a monster.

Lester felt his balls start to tighten before he was ready. He awkwardly put his hands on Sarah's hips to slow her down and fuck her at his own pace. He didn't want to cum yet, it was way too soon. He wanted to fuck her all night in different positions in front of Dan. This wasn't how it was supposed to happen. Sarah's bouncing torso was too strong. His hands pulling her down onto him barely had any effect. Her hips rolled rapidly above him, coaxing his considerable load out of his overweight balls.

As her agile tongue danced around Vernon's balls and her one hand continued to stroke his shaft furiously, her other hand slapped at Lester's desperate hands. More out of annoyance than anything else, his hands couldn't stop the bomb inside her.

Vernon had handfuls of Sarah's hair in both of his hands as he moved her head all over his balls. "Mhmhmmgaaaamhmmmm," Sarah moaned incoherently around his fragrant damp nutsack as she slicked and slurped wherever he put her.

Vernon pushed himself up on his tippy-toes, thrust forward, and guided Sarah's head up underneath where his balls hung down. His hairy scrotum mashed onto her closed eyes and lay partially on her forehead. Sarah never stopped licking and sucking. Her tongue grazed over the tops of his legs and the area under his balls, his taint. Vernon continued to pull her to him, and he pushed himself forward.

Sarah's tongue touched his asshole, but she was too lost to fully realize the enormity of what she was doing. Vernon held her head and swayed it back and forth as Sarah's pristine tongue began to eagerly lick the dirty asshole of his stranger, her tongue swirling around it, eliciting deep moans from the weirdo. She felt dirty, disgusting, and so, so, so fucking wet.

Dan couldn't believe what he was seeing. This guy's balls were on Sarah's face. There was only one thing she should be doing down there, and her body didn't seem to care. She didn't seem to hesitate for a second. She had never done that before with him, and he wasn't aware of her having done so to Lester. This cretin's buttcrack was being polished by his wife, who was going to town on his open asshole.

Sarah pulled her tongue back. Despite the forcefulness of the man's hands on her head, she pulled herself back up to see him. Her view was of this grinning strange creep, his thick cock right in her face and his asshole, dripping with her spit, all of this right in front of her. She was riding

the greatest cock she'd ever known, and everything that had led to this night was about to combust inside of the horny wife. Sarah looked at Vernon's face, deciding if she wanted to continue with his ass, suck his cock, or kiss him. A moment later the fat cock entered her mouth, and her decision was made. She sucked his whole thick shaft into her throat, once, and then a second time. The firm cock she rode flexed, and she knew she was close. She popped Vernon's cock out along her cheek and told the room, "Fuck. Mhmmmm, fuck, I'm gonna cum."

Her body started to tense, her bouncing slowed down, and she felt a huge, all-encompassing feeling of her body about to unleash an unnatural force of pleasure across her.

"Ughhhh, me too," Lester grunted from somewhere below her. The idea of his cum flooding into her was the straw that broke the camel's back, that detonated the nuke, rushing her orgasm forward throughout her body, flooding her senses with absolute bliss.

Vernon turned and quickly stuck his thick cock down her waiting throat. The bulbous head surged past her tongue and her tonsils, pushing into her throat.

"MhhmmhmmmmGlllllaaccck," Sarah moaned and choked on his cock as she felt a tsunami explode inside of her. Her body was rocked dizzily as she came harder than she'd ever experienced. Her toes and feet curled, her nails dug into Lester's forearm. Her other hand gripped Vernon's cock so hard it would bruise, and he'd discover the dark ring the next morning.

"Glaaach, glaaaack, glaccck," Vernon continued to violently fuck her throat, making her orgasm tremble and reverberate inside of her like a symphony of music cascading off the marbled walls of a concerto theater. Crescendoing into this next movement, with no intention of letting up.

"AH-FUCK," Lester roared as his balls emptied and his cock exploded, cum shooting out like a geyser inside of Sarah. She felt his hot cum drenching her insides, soaking into every crevice inside of her. Sarah trembled as another orgasm rose up out of nowhere, dwarfing the last one and smothering it. She could hear the blood rushing in her ears and, below that, her heartbeat as her vision went completely white.

"Ahhhmhmmmglllllaack, mhmm, glaaaack," came slobbering noises from Sarah's throat as Vernon ruthlessly fucked her face with his thick tool.

"Uhhhhh, here it comes, slut," Vernon growled as he unleashed a torrent of viscous cum down Sarah's opened throat. Sarah eagerly swallowed load after load of the sour and salty ooze. Lester's and Vernon's cocks were expanding inside of her, simultaneously shooting their virile cum into her.

Vernon let go of her head, his spent cock slipping out of her mouth as Sarah squeezed Lester's cock with her taut pussy walls. All three of them were breathing hard. The adrenaline had left all of their bodies. Sarah sat on top of Lester as she came back to earth, his semi-hard cock still embedded inside of her.

Sarah opened her eyes and lazily leaned forward and kissed the head of Vernon's cock. She tasted a bit of aftercum leaking out and eagerly licked it from the slit of his cock before releasing her grip.

Vernon stumbled back and almost fell onto the floor. He climbed down off the chair and flopped himself back onto the couch, weary and drained.

Sarah finally came back to reality and looked down at her exhausted lover below her. Lester looked like a scrunched-up frog stuck on the couch, unable to get up. Sarah smiled at him with pride, knowing she had just fucked him into submission.

Sarah licked her lips, catching a few rogue bits of Vernon's cum. With an audible plop, she pulled herself free from Lester's cock, got off the chair, and stood on weak and shaky legs. Sarah turned and looked at her husband, who still had his pants on, but she could see the massive tent he was sporting. She wasn't sure if he had already cum yet, but she hoped he hadn't. She still wanted more.

Dan looked at his wife incredulously, a weak, approving smile appearing on his face. Sarah returned his smile and blew him a kiss before an alarmed look appeared on her face. She looked down and saw a steady stream of Lester's cum running down her leg. Flashing Dan a panicked smile, she hurried left the room and headed to the bathroom to clean up.

The three exhausted men just sat there in silence. Dan was the first to get up quietly, and after a last look at the room, he somberly walked to his bedroom.

Lester looked over at Vernon, "Get out." Both men's naked bodies were still on display.

"Not gonna pay me?" Vernon said, putting on his pants and pulling his shirt over his head.

"You broke the deal." Lester sneered.

A knowing smile spread across Vernon's face, "It was fucking worth it."

Lester shut his eyes, trying to process everything that happened. He didn't notice that Vernon had palmed his wallet from the coffee table before hurrying out the door of the apartment.

Exhausted, Lester stood up, trying to appraise what had happened. He had succeeded in minimizing Dan, but he may have pushed Sarah's buttons too hard or the wrong ones. He hadn't known she had this in her. He didn't know how far Sarah would go if the conditions were right. Was this always there, or had he pushed it along, nurturing it until this version of her bloomed?

Lester shuffled back to his bedroom with his fat feet plodding on the wood floors.

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Sarah finished cleaning herself up after receiving both Vernon and Lester's loads inside her. She looked at herself in the bathroom mirror and chuckled at the familiar yet unfamiliar woman staring back at her.

Opening the bathroom door, the lights were out in the living room and she wondered if all of the men had gone to bed. She had heard the apartment door open and close while she was going pee and she assumed it had been Vernon leaving.

I guess he and Lester aren't hanging out now that I've sapped them of their energy.

Tonight had made a few things crystal clear to her. Despite Lester's protests, Vernon still found a way to get what he wanted. Not that she was complaining but if a situation like that ever arose again, Sarah would need to be the one to protect herself.

And after all the domination and control Lester had exerted over her, it felt good to finally put him in his place. Ignore his wishes and take what she wanted. Men were like putty in her hands. All the problems she was facing with Dan came down to men and their ideas of power. Byron, Richard - it didn't matter. They were all the same.

The lights were on in Dan's bedroom. Sarah eagerly turned the knob and opened the door to find Dan lying in the bed, stroking himself.

"Stop," Sarah said, staring at his cock, "That's mine."

She walked naked over to the bed and straddled her husband, handily taking her third cock of the night.