

Despite the light snoring from Dan's side of the bed, Sarah couldn't sleep. Even though her body felt utterly exhausted from the night's events, her mind was still racing, processing everything that had happened.

She still couldn't believe that she had actually taken two cocks into her body at the same time. It had been something she'd always fantasized about doing. It didn't happen exactly the way she'd thought it might have. She always assumed she and Dan would get wild on vacation somewhere and indulge both their fantasies with a stranger, preferably a good looking one. She certainly didn't think she would be riding Dan's ugly roommate while another weird stranger fucked her mouth.

The scenario wasn't exactly what she'd expected, but she'd still gotten lost in the moment and had given herself over to its pleasures. She was nervous about what Dan might say about what had happened in the morning, but it hadn't stopped him from eagerly fucking her at the end of the night. She and Dan kept shifting back and forth about embracing this adventure and then stepping back from it. She wasn't sure where he would land, but Sarah didn't regret it. Not yet, anyway.

Sarah reached out into the dark and found her phone on the nightstand. Through squinting eyes, she checked the time. She guessed it was late or early, depending on how you looked at it. She glanced back over at Dan, who was sound asleep, and slid out of the bed. It looked like she'd fucked him into exhaustion with the contented look on his face. Still, nature called, and she needed to leave that bed. Not only was she wired, but Dan's bed was also notably uncomfortable. Lumpy in a way that affected her ability to get a good night's sleep.

She tiptoed to the door, opening it before gently shutting it behind her. A small part of her mind warned her about moving about the apartment in just her panties, but that voice was growing more faint as time went on. Trying to keep quiet, Sarah slipped into the bathroom and used the facilities. While washing her hands, she looked at herself in the mirror and shook her head, smiling at herself. The absurd events of the night before still played in her mind, and she couldn't help but laugh at herself and what her life had become. If Dan hadn't moved to Chicago, she couldn't have imagined doing the things she'd done, especially with someone other than her loving husband.

With one last discerning look at herself in the mirror, Sarah left the bathroom and headed to the kitchen to get a glass of water.

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A familiar notification popped up in the corner of Lester's screen. If he'd been playing WoW he probably would have just ignored it. He wasn't sure what time it was but he knew it was late. Instead of World of Warcraft, Ichi the Killer, a cult Japanese film from the early 2000s was playing on his monitor.

Lester's sadly unfit body sat slumped over as he stared at the monitor; the only movement in the room was from his chest in its labored breathing and his hand disappearing into the bottom of a bag of Cheetos. His eyes darted up to the notification. With a groan, he pulled up the camera feed on his second monitor and saw Sarah quietly leaving Dan's bedroom. He could hear the soft sounds of her footsteps padding toward the kitchen from where he sat.

His cock twitched at the sight of her body. He was once again happy that he had sprung for the higher definition cameras as his eyes ran over her bare legs and jiggling naked breasts as she tiptoed into the

bathroom. A predatory smile crossed his face as he marveled at Sarah's curves and gorgeous face. He could never get enough of her.

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Sarah took a long sip of water from the glass before heading back towards the bedroom. She hoped that getting up for a bit would let her mind reset so she could fall asleep. Still, she wasn't eager to get back onto Dan's uncomfortable mattress. She wished they'd sprung for something similar to their bed at home when he had moved in, but money had been tight. It was still too tight for them to afford that kind of extravagance. She resigned herself to a few more hours on the misshapen bed.

As she moved down the hallway towards Dan's bedroom, a faint blue light spread through the hallway. She felt the frightening thrill of being caught, stopping in her tracks. A dark figure momentarily dampened the bluish glow. Sarah recognized the shadowy silhouette. Lester. He stepped forward, the faint light emanating from a screen in his room behind him.

He stood there watching her, wearing nothing but a pair of ragged boxer shorts, his fat, hairy gut hanging over his fraying waistband. His peculiar face had the same hungry look to which she had grown so accustomed.

"Sarah," he said, not taking his eyes off of her body, "Couldn't sleep?"

"Just getting a glass of water," Sarah said, casually covering her breasts with her right arm. She knew it was risky to walk out of the bedroom like this. There was a point at which it would have been mortifying for her to let a man like Lester see her like this. But now she didn't feel at all uncomfortable around him.

Sarah moved towards Dan's bedroom door. As she did, she saw Lester's hefty foot begin to move, as if he were going to block her path. However, it returned to the floor, and instead, Lester leaned on his doorframe and spoke. She paused at his words.

"So you're just gonna go back to bed?"

"Shhh," Sarah said, still holding the glass of water in her other hand, "Dan's still sleeping."

"I bet," Lester said, looking her up and down. He slowly reached out and smoothly put his hand around the wrist that was covering her breasts, gently pulling it away from her body, finding no resistance. Sarah's naked breasts came on full display for Lester, heaving up and down in time with her rapidly quickening breath.

"Lester....." Sarah started.

"You're right," Lester licked his lips. "We don't want to wake him up. Let's go into my room and finish talking." Sarah watched his large tongue disappear back into his mouth.

Lester hefted himself up off the doorframe and plodded back into his room, leaving the door ajar behind him. Indecisive, Sarah stood half-naked in front of Dan's closed bedroom door. She knew that if she followed Lester into his bedroom, much more would happen besides just talking.

Still gripping the cold glass of water, Sarah opened the door to Dan's bedroom. Her handsome husband was still asleep, snoring lightly. She stared at him for a moment. It would be so easy to just get back in bed with him, even though she hated sleeping in his bed.

“Dan?” Sarah whispered. He didn’t stir.

Sarah gently closed the door and returned to the hallway, where she walked a few feet to Lester’s bedroom door. She cringed as the floorboard creaked beneath her feet. With a deep breath, she pushed open the door and stepped into Lester’s bedroom.

It was still just as dirty and dingy as it had been the previous night. The room had a slight stale stench, probably from the unwashed clothes and plates piled around randomly on the floor. Lester was leaning against his bed, arms crossed. The ethereal blue glow of his computer monitor illuminated the sweaty fat rolls on his oddly proportioned body.

Sarah gently closed the door behind her and stood there in her panties, unsure what to do next. Her body knew what it wanted, but her mind still needed some convincing.

“Come here,” Lester said gruffly. At the command, Sarah stepped forward into the room, her uncertainty fading. Her daintily manicured toes delicately traversed the piles of refuse covering Lester’s floor. She stepped between mounds of clothes and other remnants until she was standing right in front of Lester.

He didn’t say anything. He just let his eyes roam over her body. Sarah felt her nipples grow hard under his silent gaze. Eventually, Lester arose and closed the distance between them. He stood just in front of her, staring into her eyes. Sarah could feel his warm breath on her face and smell the tinge of Cheetos wafting in his exhale. It didn’t disgust her as much as she thought it would.

Lester reached out and took the glass of water from her hand and held it. They both knew what they were headed toward, yet Lester was tantalizingly slow and torturing her. He dipped two fingers into the glass and then held them up over Sarah’s naked breasts. Water slowly dripped from his fingers, landing on her breasts before the beads trickled down her sloping curves. Lester made sure his fingers were placed just right so the water would stream down her breasts over her nipples. The cold water sent a jolt of electricity through her body each time she felt the chilly flow.

“Why are you here, Sarah?” Lester whispered as he continued dappling droplets of cold water onto her breasts.

“You know why, Lester,” Sarah whispered back, seductively holding his gaze.

“I want you to say it. To admit it to me.” Lester said. His brow furrowed slightly.

Instead, Sarah reached forward, and her hand found Lester’s cock through his ragged boxers. She gripped the thickening shaft while running her hand up and down, stroking him through the material. Lester smiled and shook his head.

“No. Not so fast,” He said, “Why are you here?” He put his hand on her wrist, stopping her strokes, but he was still in her grasp.

“For this,” Sarah whispered, “I need your cock.”

“You want to get fucked again? Didn’t get enough before?” Lester said. “I heard you and your husband going at it.”

“Did you peek?” Sarah asked, “Through the peephole?”

“No,” Lester said, “I couldn’t give a shit about seeing you with Dan.”

“That’s a shame,” Sarah said, “I like putting on a show for you.” Her nipple felt an icy spike, and her neck spasmed sexily in response.

“You certainly put on a show tonight,” Lester said. “That wasn’t what I wanted.”

“Sometimes you don’t get what you want,” Sarah said reproachfully, “Sometimes it’s about what I want.” She squeezed him then, telling him the truth.

“I think,” Lester leaned forward and whispered into her ear, “That you need to be reminded just whose little slut you are.” Her perfect breasts mashed against his pale hairy chest as he closed in.

Sarah bit her lip, “Are you going to show me... daddy?” Her left leg bent back at the knee in gleeful anticipation, playing up her role as his slut.

Lester’s face was covered in an ugly smile. “First, I want you to tell me what you want.”

“I want you to fuck me, Lester,” Sarah whispered, staring into his eyes.

“And where’s your loving husband going to be?” Lester said.

“He’s in the next room. He’s asleep,” Sarah said.

“My good little slut,” Lester set the glass of water on his desk, then grabbed Sarah by the waist and pulled her towards him as he backed up to the bed. He pulled her hips forward until they were pressing against his cock. Sarah immediately started to grind her sex against his.

“Do you feel me?” Lester said, “I’m going to stick that into you until it explodes inside of you.”

“Ughhh,” Sarah moaned at the thought. She could feel the warmth of Lester’s cock pressing against her panty-clad sex. “We, we really shouldn’t be doing this.” Her body continued to get as much contact with the solid pole as she spoke.

“It’s too late for that,” Lester said as he deliberately ground his cock back against Sarah’s pussy. “You knew what was happening when you followed me into this room. You want to get fucked while your husband is sleeping in the room next door.”

Lester’s mouth was licking at her neck, tasting her. “You could have woken Dan up for another round, but you didn’t. You know only I can give you what you need.”

Sarah’s eyes were closed as Lester’s lips were leaving a wet trail of his drool cooling on her neck. Her body shuddered at his words, and the electricity of his sucking lips pressed into her flawless skin. She still couldn’t believe that she was here, half naked in Lester’s room while his hands roamed her body and his lips were on her. It wouldn’t make any sense to an outside observer, but only she had experienced the incredible events that led to this moment.

“What is it I need?” Sarah huskily whispered. “Your big cock?”

Lester chuckled and turned both Sarah and him around so that her bubble butt was pressing against the bed. He gently pressed forward, lowering her onto her back. Sarah involuntarily moaned as Lester tugged at her panties, sliding them down her legs.

“It’s more than that,” Lester said, staring down at Sarah victoriously, watching her beauty sprawled out on the bed before him. Her knees were grinding together in anticipation of what was to come next.

“You like giving yourself up to a guy like me. You love it. Especially because you know your husband and I don’t get along. A beautiful princess like you with someone like me. I know how wet that makes you.” Lester sneered.

“You don’t know the first thing about me, Les—” Sarah started, but she was cut off by Lester spreading her legs open and pressing two fingers against the entrance to her pussy. Lester’s digits easily slid inside, Sarah’s pussy already wet with anticipation.

Lester smirked as his fingers entered her, running wildly in and out of her, grazing against her sensitive g-spot with his manipulation. “That’s what I thought,” Lester said, “Soaking fucking wet. When are you going to give up this game, huh? We both know it’s just a front. We both know what you really want. You can play the pretty wife and the capable office worker, but we both know you just want to be on your knees with me pounding away behind you.”

“Uhhh,” Sarah moaned as Lester’s fat digits slid in and out of her rapidly, his thumb stuck out and friggng her clit,. He was expertly running the tips of his fingers over her G-spot, over and over, putting a delightful amount of tender pressure on the area, “Mhmmmmmm.”

Sarah’s eyes were dreamily shut as she lost herself in the moment. When they opened back up to look at Lester, he saw the lust now present in them. The desire. The hunger. He was happy to oblige as he lowered himself down until he was level with her glistening pussy. He inhaled deeply, her scent sending a steady flow of blood to his expanding cock. With a lick of his fat lips, his head leaned forward until his mouth clasped onto her sex, sucking her clit and its hood between his lips, flicking his tongue.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah moaned as her thighs clamped tightly together around Lester’s head, “Mhmmmmmm.”

“I love it when you moan for me,” Lester mumbled as he sucked and flicked at Sarah’s clit with his huge tongue. His fingers continued to stroke inside of her, lightly dragging across her G-spot, simultaneously pleasuring two of her most sensitive erogenous zones.

Lester expertly sucked on Sarah’s clit while his tongue slowly raked across it, over and over again, establishing the rhythm with which he’d take her. Sarah was writhing on the bed, hands clasping Lester’s luxurious bed sheets, balling the fabric in her clenching hands. She squirmed, her hips thrust off the bed, trying to get more and more of the delicious pleasure Lester was delivering to her. Keeping herself wide open for the beastly man.

Lester’s other hand snaked up her body until it grabbed a handful of Sarah’s breasts, mauling each of them as he rolled a nipple between his thumb and index finger.

“Oh god, fuck, ohmmm” Sarah’s eyes alternated between being shut and staring up at the ceiling of Lester’s bedroom. The dark room felt eerily like the lair of some mythological cave troll, which heightened the exhilaration her body was experiencing.

Lester’s suction cup-like mouth detached from her, “Sshhhh, you going to wake up your husband. I wonder what he would think seeing you like this.”

“Uhhhhhhhh,” Sarah moaned. The thought of Dan walking in on her with Lester like this. Catching them together after everything. It was a dangerously hot idea. One that was playing in the back of her head as she quivered and jumped around Lester’s fingers. She looked down her body at Lester and saw half of his fat, balding head peering at her lecherously from between her tanned, toned legs. He was looking up at her with that ugly, sneering smile but she couldn’t help but feel enamored by it. But he wasn’t sucking her anymore.

Sarah let go of Lester’s sheets and grabbed the back of his head, pulling his mouth back down onto her.

“More,” she spoke this openly, not in a whisper. Lester obliged and quickly resumed his feast, sucking and licking her clit while his fingers ran rampant inside of her. Eagerly tasting her juices as they flowed copiously from the ecstatic young wife.

A welcome, familiar electrical buzz was building inside of her. Lester’s fingers and mouth were quickly working her up to a climax that she didn’t intend to let go of, “Fuck, fuuuuck, Lester, don’t stop. Keep doing that. Oh my, fffuck.”

Lester mumbled something, but his mouth was full of her clit. The bassy mumbling sent an electric vibration against her clit that ramped up her orgasm. She could feel it building so quickly it was about to crash down on her.

Sarah was already holding her breath, ready for it to wash over her. She still couldn’t believe where she was but none of that mattered. All that mattered was letting Lester do whatever he wanted to her body and to give her the feeling that only he could.

“Oh fuck. Yes. Please. Pleeease,” Sarah begged as she felt the orgasm rock her body, again forgetting to keep herself quiet. Sarah’s thighs wrapped tighter around Lester’s chubby head as she pushed her hips up off the bed, offering herself to him fully. Lester’s nose pressed into her crotch, cutting off his only supply of air.

“OH GOD,” Sarah moaned with wild abandon as her back arched off the bed. Her entire body felt like it was on fire as her explosive orgasm washed over her. Sarah’s eyes were closed, reveling in the illicit pleasure. She couldn’t see Lester’s head turning a tomato shade of red as he struggled to breathe. His fingers stopped moving inside of her as her thighs held his head in a vise-like grip, not allowing him to move. Immobilizing him to keep him from potentially ruining her orgasm.

Lester struggled against her, trying desperately to free himself from her grip. With his other hand, he rubbed a finger stroking up the wife’s immaculate taint until his middle finger’s tip pressed against the clenched wife’s asshole. He slowly pushed his finger in, up to the first knuckle.

“OH SHIT! SHIIIT! OHGODOHHH!” the sensation of Lester’s sausage digit violating her asshole as the dynamite went off again, heightening her ongoing string of climaxes. The warm, full feeling coming from her ass was amazing, but she needed to catch her breath.

Sarah’s body finally came down from her powerful climax; her muscles relaxed, and she laid back into the bed, luxuriating in the pleasure she’d gotten from Lester’s mouth. Her thighs let go of Lester’s head, and he pulled back, heaving and gulping a deep breath. Sarah opened her eyes at the noise, looking down at Lester and chuckling at his beet-red face.

“Sorry,” she said, closing her eyes again, “You just do that too good.” Her mouth curved in a contented smile.

Lester awkwardly and unflatteringly shuffled out of his ragged boxers, revealing his hard cock already dripping. Hearing the fabric move, Sarah’s eyes opened to catch the reveal of Lester’s giant cock. Sarah eyed it and licked her lips, “Put that in me, big boy.”

Lester stood there, his forehead sweaty and his lower face soaked with her juices. His beady eyes roamed over her body, and his tongue rested on his bottom lip as he stood there ogling her. Lester squeezed his large cock in his hand and smiled, then shook his head.”

“C’mon, Lester, I need you to fuck me.”

Lester’s smile widened, but the only move he made was to continue shaking his head and denying her what she wanted.

Sarah was now up on her elbows, her shapely breasts more apparent at this angle, “Doesn’t my Chicago boyfriend want me? I need that big dick of yours.”

Lester’s grin widened, and he looked a little crazy, but again, he stood there, waiting. The shaft and purple head of his cock still held against his gut, trembling slightly with the room’s tension.

Sarah smiled, and her green eyes seemed plaintive in the blue glow of the PC monitor. She took her right hand and slowly caressed her breast. She licked her lips and said, “My husband is asleep in the next room. Please fuck a baby into me... Daddy.”

Lester’s smile broke wide, and he didn’t waste any more time, roughly crawling on top of Sarah as her legs opened to welcome the ugly trollish man between them. Lester’s gut pressed down onto Sarah as he settled his weight on top of her, pushing the air from her lungs. His bare cock, slick with precum, quickly found the drenched entrance to her pussy and began pushing himself in.

Sarah moaned at the feeling of being stretched to accommodate Lester’s girth. Her legs instinctively wrapped around his hips as her hands gripped onto his flabby biceps.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhhh,” Sarah groaned as she felt Lester’s turgid member push deeper into her. Every single time, she was surprised by just how good it felt inside her body. Not only to be stretched by a large cock like his but to feel so utterly submissive under the weight of his massive frame. To completely give herself over to an ugly bastard so far below her.

“I’m gonna fuck you slow and hard while Dan sleeps next door,” Lester said as his lips pressed hard against hers. “I want you to fucking explode while I dump my cum into you while that idiot snores away, not knowing I’m claiming his wife. Breeding you.”

Sarah didn’t respond, but she opened her lips, letting Lester’s fat tongue slide into her mouth. She tasted the Cheetos he had been eating as her tongue danced over his, her mouth resonating with every taste bud she had.

Lester pushed his monster cock fully into Sarah’s tight pussy.

“Ohhhhhhhgod,” Sarah moaned at how full she felt. Lester’s hairy balls were pressing up against her asshole as his swollen cock was fully embedded in her. “So fucking good, baby.”

“That’s what I like to hear,” Lester said as he gently bit at her lip. As he lowered his lips back to hers, he tilted his head slightly and pushed his sizable tongue deep into her mouth. At the same time, he pulled his hips back until only the tip of his cock was nestled in the folds of her pussy, then pushed his cock fully back inside of her til their hips slapped together.

Sarah moaned into his mouth, trying and failing to battle him with her tongue. Each time she made any progress, Lester’s cock pulled out and thrust back in, causing her to moan and lose the ability to focus on anything else. Lester clasped Sarah’s hands and interlaced his fat fingers with hers, holding them gently over her head, pinned to the bed.

Lester kept up his slow routine, slowly pulling his cock out of Sarah before just as slowly pushing it back in. Sarah’s hips started thrusting off the bed as the couple made out. Eagerly wanting him to go faster, urging him to fuck her harder.

After what had transpired earlier in the night in the living room, Lester didn’t want Sarah taking control again. He needed to reassert that he was the one in charge. He rammed his cock hard into her, pinning her hips to the bed under the weight of his immense frame.

“No,” Lester pulled his head back and looked deep into her eyes, “We’re making love tonight. It’s been too long.”

“Uhhhhh,” Sarah moaned in disappointment but kept bucking her hips up off the bed. Lester adjusted his hips' angle and sank his knees into the bed. He pulled all the way out of Sarah until just the top of his cock was still inside of her and slowly worked it back in, dragging across her G-Spot. “Mhmmmmm fuck.”

Lester repeated the action again, then again. Sarah’s hips pushed up to meet his thrusts, the two of them quickly moving their motions into sync with one another. Lester grabbed the back of Sarah’s neck and pulled her head up towards his mouth. His lips met with hers as his cock sunk deep into her.

Sarah moaned into his lips as Lester changed tactics with his lips. Instead of pushing his tongue deep inside her mouth, he focused on his lips on hers, sucking and gently kissing them in a slow, sensual manner. His plan was to entice some of those love hormones in her brain to be released by his slow, methodical pace.

Lester kept up his steady tempo, pulling out and pushing his entire length into the married woman. He wanted her to feel every inch of his veiny cock, over and over again. He let go of her hands and dropped more of his weight on top of her.

Sarah felt Lester slightly crushing her petite frame. Thankfully, he kept himself on his elbows. Still, her heavy breasts mashed against Lester’s flabby chest. She could feel the wiry hairs on his chest chafing her pristine skin, but that wasn’t at the forefront of her mind. She was focused on the marvelous sensations between her legs.

Lester shocked her by suddenly altering his cadence, thrusting himself quickly in and out of her twice in rapid succession. Sarah gripped his arms in response, tugging on them for leverage. Urging him to give more more. He went back to his slow, methodical thrusts making Sarah squirm.

“Fuck Lester, that feels so good,” Sarah moaned into his shoulder. Her tongue instinctively reached out, licking circles into his bitter, sweaty skin.

“It’s gonna feel even better when I cum inside you,” Lester whispered. “I can’t fucking wait.”

“Uhmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned at the thought of Lester’s hot cum exploding inside of her. “I can’t wait, Lester. I can’t wait for you to cum inside me again. It ffffeels so good.”

“That’s my girl,” Lester grunted, still sliding his cock slowly and steadily. Sarah’s body was responding to him in real-time. He could read her like a sheet of music, the effect of each thrust. Every grunt and moan. Her body was telling him that she wouldn’t be able to hold out long before cumming again herself.

He knew from experience that her mind played a critical part in pushing her over the edge. He chose his words carefully to tug on the strings that he knew would turn her on. Lester wanted to run on a knife’s edge between pushing her buttons and trying to deepen her connection to him.

“You feel so good, Sarah. I love being with you,” Lester whispered. “I love that you followed me into my room. God, you’re so fucking tight. My cock is throbbing. I love this.”

“Fuck Lester. You feel so good,” Sarah moaned, her hands flung around his sweaty back, pulling him down on top of her. She felt more of his weight on her frame. It was intoxicating, feeling like she was trapped under him, needing to give in to whatever he wanted to do to her. “Don’t stop, baby. Please.” Sarah groaned, thrusting her shapely hips up off the bed to meet him.

“Why?” Lester whispered into her ear, “Are you getting close? Are you going to cum on my fat cock while your husband sleeps in the next room? Poor Dan. Doesn’t even know his wife is making love to me right this second.”

Sarah felt her body start to tingle. Lester’s words laced through her ears like a seductive serpent focused on enhancing her pleasure. Sarah closed her eyes and tried to focus on her orgasm, but it was difficult. Everything was stimulating her body. Lester’s words had put her body into overdrive, his warm Cheeto breath on her face, his disgustingly sweaty back, and the way she felt pinned under him. Everything was adding up to make Sarah want to scream and just let loose.

Lester felt Sarah pushing against him erratically; her breathing grew shallower, and he could hear a tell-tale sighing whine at the back of her throat. He knew she was close to cumming. He just needed to tip the scales in his favor.

“Do it,” Lester whispered as his tongue danced wetly on her earlobe, “Cum for me. I want to feel your body squeeze me. Come for Daddy, Sarah. Be my good little slut.”

“Uh fuck,” Sarah grunted. “Oh my God, Lester, your cock. It’s, it’s so fucking, fffuhh.” Her body was wildly fucking Lester back. Lester had abandoned his slow and methodical pace, responding to the changes in Sarah. Wanting to stoke the fire within her. He kept the same angle but was now thrusting into her faster, ensuring he punctuated each thrust hard to get Sarah to cum for him.

“Do it,” Lester growled into her ear. “Cum on my cock, you good little slut. Your husband is sleeping next door while you’re pinned under me. Cum for me.”

“Uhhmhmhhh fuck. Lester. I – I — Fuuucccmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned into Lester’s shoulder as her body spasmed and her orgasm took hold. She squeezed Lester’s cock with her pussy, trying to hold it in place, not wanting anything to stop the onslaught of her chain explosion. Sarah’s muscles tightened, and her breath stopped as she came erratically on Lester’s cock. It felt like a tsunami engulfing her as electric sensations ran across her body. Every one of her nerves seemed to be on fire and were extra sensitive, sending her to the very edge of consciousness.

“Good girl,” Lester grunted, pulling his cock out. It was not an easy feat, as Sarah’s pussy had it in a death grip. Lester slammed it back into her. His cock rocked her orgasm, pushing it to yet even higher levels. Lester kept slamming into her, ignoring the iron grip her pussy tried to have on his cock. He wanted to push her into another brain-melting orgasm.

In the next moment, Sarah felt that promised explosion rock through her body as Lester started to fuck her harder and faster than he had been doing. She felt him slide long strokes so deep into her. So quickly and so hard, confidently claiming her. All her muscles seemed to tense up again as she felt another, even larger orgasm start to unleash inside of her.

“Ah fuck. Uhhh. God. MHMMHMMM. FUCK. YES. PLEASE. YOUR COCK. PLEASE. YES. FUCK ME LESTER!” Sarah’s body was out of control. Nails dug into Lester’s back as she clenched her teeth. Her face grew red as she focused so much energy on fucking back on Lester’s raw battering ram of a cock. Her ankles were locked behind his fat ass, and she pulled herself further onto his impaling pole.

“I’m gonna cum in you,” Lester declared quietly into her ear. Both of them started bucking against each other in a sexual frenzy.

“Do it. Oh my god. Oh GOD, DO IT LESTER. DO IT! I LOVE YOUR FUCKING COCK!” Sarah screamed, not worried about anything else at that moment. Consequences be damned. She knew her next orgasm was about to crash down on her body. The thought of Lester’s hot cum pumping into her was driving her insane. “FUCK ME LESTER. I LOVE IT! I FUCKING LOVE YOUR COCK! GOD, Don’t stop. I, I LOVE YOU! FUCKKKK. FFFFUUUUHHHCK!”

Lester roared like a lion attacking a fresh kill in the savannah as he came, his eyes fluttering as he pushed into the gorgeous woman. Even though he had cum hours earlier, a torrent of white, hot sticky cum sprayed like a firehose from his cock. It drenched every inch of Sarah’s insides, exploring every corner and crevice of her body.

“OH GOD,” Sarah shouted as she felt Lester’s cock explode inside of her. His hot cum drenching her, filling her up completely in an instant. Rope after rope of cum kept exploding into her in a never-ending loop. Sarah grunted loudly as her body came again. Another orgasm washed down on Sarah, dwarfing the previous one as it overtook it and took over her entire body.

“MHMMHMMMMMMMMMOHH,” Sarah wailed as her body enveloped Lester’s, holding him tightly to her. Lester’s cock continued to pulsate and throb inside of her as more of his illicit seed was emptied into her.

Sarah’s pussy continued to clench down on Lester’s cock as she came, her body trying to milk every last drop of pleasure out of it. Lester pushed his head down, his lips mauling Sarah’s as the contradictory lovers came together. Sarah’s tongue pushed into Lester’s mouth, barely registering the taste of Cheetos

as she found his tongue with hers. They kissed each other hard as both of their bodies continued to go through the bliss of their orgasms, Sarah's arms still clutching Lester's sweaty, hairy, pasty back.

Their bodies continued to press against one another, Lester crushing Sarah's as the sweat on their bodies combined. Finally, the pace of Lester's thrusts slowed in time with Sarah's hips. They lay intertwined, still kissing one another for several more minutes. The kisses changed from oral exploration with their tongues to soft, gentle kisses with just their lips.

Lester broke their kiss. His cock still embedded in Sarah, he pulled back to look at her. She opened her eyes to look back at him. His hand caressed her face, brushing a stray strand of hair away. With his labored breathing, he stared into her eyes. She looked back up at him affectionately as her breasts were still crushed under his chest. After staring at each other for several seconds, Lester leaned down one last time. Sarah raised her head off the bed to meet his lips with one last lingering kiss.

Slowly, Lester pulled himself out of Sarah and flopped onto the bed next to her. Sarah felt even more exhausted than before, but now that her itch had been scratched, she knew she could finally fall asleep.

She looked over at Lester, whose eyes were closed, his breathing growing deeper as sleep overtook him. Her mind wasn't thinking clearly, but she had thoroughly enjoyed that session. The way Lester had tenderly held her while still driving deep inside of her had been overwhelming.

Sarah knew she had to get up and slide back into Dan's bed. She would do that in a minute. Lester's bed just felt so nice and comfortable. She just needed another minute or two, and she would get up and quickly clean herself up before returning to her husband. With the heat of Lester's body off of her, Sarah could feel the air conditioning run over her body, giving her a slight chill. She pulled the thin covers up over herself, enjoying how soft and luxurious they felt.

A yawn escaped her lips and her eyes started getting heavy. The room suddenly went dark as Lester's computer monitor shut off. Sarah still had her eyes closed, unable to see the darkened silhouette of Lester's form with hers in the monitor.

Just one more minute, then I'll get up.

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Dan groggily rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he tried to wake himself up. Sunlight was already streaming in from the window, and he knew he needed to get moving. He reached out for Sarah next to him, but his hand felt the empty spot where she was supposed to be.

His eyes snapped open, and he looked around the empty room for any sign of his wife. The door was closed, and her duffel bag was still in the corner of the room, the nightshirt she'd pulled out laid over it. Dan sat up and quickly threw on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt. Sarah had likely woken up earlier and left the room to shower or get coffee. Being considerate, she shut the door behind her so she wouldn't wake him.

Dan quickly opened the door and stepped out into the hallway. The bathroom door was open, and the light was off. He turned and walked down to the living room, worried when he didn't see Sarah anywhere. He checked his phone, but there was no message saying that she'd run out.

“Sarah?” He said as he walked into the kitchen and looked at the small table in the corner. She wasn’t in here either.

The noise of a bedroom door opening came from behind him. Dan whirled around, walked back into the living room, and looked down the hallway. His eyes went wide at what he saw.

Sarah was gently closing the door to Lester’s bedroom. Her long, naked legs on display. Dan couldn’t tell if she was wearing panties or not. The oversized ugly t-shirt with the Death Star from Star Wars emblazoned on it hung down to her upper thighs. Even from where Dan was standing, the shirt looked wrinkly and unwashed.

She paused and bit her lip as she saw Dan standing in the living room watching her. He tilted his head, and she silently nodded, spreading an impish smile across her face. An understanding seemed to pass between them in that moment.

Sarah walked down the hallway and stopped in front of the bathroom. She gave Dan a sexy look that could cause a lesser man’s heart to stop and smiled at him again before disappearing behind the door.

Dan stood there, his mind going into overdrive, putting the pieces into place. At some point in the night, Sarah had somehow ended up in Lester’s bedroom. His mind raced while his body reacted, and he felt himself grow stiff. He wasn’t sure what he wanted at that moment, and conflicted emotions were clear on his face.

All he knew was that Sarah had gone to see Lester after Dan had fallen asleep. And Dan’s cock was rock hard at the thought. He stepped up to the bathroom door and tried the handle. She had left it unlocked. He couldn’t deny that the look she gave him turned him on. And the fact that she had spent the night with Lester...while conflicted, he couldn’t deny that his lust for his wife was at an all-time high.

Dan turned the knob and stepped into the bathroom to join his wife in the shower.

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With Sarah headed back home, Lester sat in his command center, staring at the monitor in front of him. His hands were clasped together in a steeple before his face as he contemplated his next move.

Things had taken some unexpected turns lately. Even though he’d accounted for all the variables, things had still gone awry with Vernon. He hadn’t wanted to share Sarah like that. Not yet. Not unless he was fully in control of making her capitulate to his demands and having her willingly give in to him.

Vernon was just supposed to be an added spice, turning Sarah on at being exposed while further reducing Dan’s agency in the heightened situation. Lester would need to improve his vetting process or find some way to better control how he exposed Sarah.

Putting her on display to his D&D friends and strangers behind the windows of his car was one level. Vernon was quite another. Even fucking her against her office window overlooking the hospital’s parking lot had been a tactic he’d used to push her into obedience, succumbing to her own desires.

He wanted to continue down that path, pulling Sarah deeper and deeper into his web. But the events with Vernon gave him pause. He didn’t like a plan not going the way he liked, introducing too many outside variables was proving too chaotic.

Still, some variables were worth the gamble. Lester still needed to punish Dan severely for his transgressions, and he had just the idea of how to do that. Lester reached out, grabbed his phone off the desk, and dialed the number for Jesse.

The phone continued to ring as Lester thought through his plans. Dan's reaction to seeing Jesse at the club had been volatile. He wondered just how far he could exploit that. Perhaps push Dan into doing something else stupid, this time falling into a trap with more consequences.

"Hello?" Jesse's voice answered from the phone.

"Jesse. It's Lester," Lester said, "I think it's time we talk. I have an idea that I need your assistance with."

"Oh yeah?" Jesse fired back in words dripping with venom, "Now you want my help? After shutting me out and ignoring me? Sorry, but I have my own plan now that doesn't include you."

Lester frowned. This was not what he had been expecting. A pliable variable like Jesse should be known, waiting and eager for Lester to call on it, "Excuse me?"

"Yeah. I don't need you anymore, Lester. My friend from The Lincoln Group and I already have things in motion. He promised I'll get my time alone with Sarah in Minnesota real soon." Jesse was talking in rapid-fire bursts, "You're not going to dick me around anymore. I have her all to myself and take her away from you and Dan."

"Listen here, you little shit," Lester started, "You don't know the first thing about me and the lengths I'll go to ruin your pathetic little life."

"Whatever," Jesse said and hung up the phone.

Lester stared at the phone in anger as his fingers clenched it tightly. What the hell was that?

Jesse suddenly growing a backbone was not a factor he had anticipated. Lester scooted his chair forward and opened up a search engine on his computer. He typed in The Lincoln Group while opening another tab to look at Jesse's LinkedIn page. He needed to assess and figure out what events were in play that he didn't know about. These guys thought they could take Sarah from Dan for themselves or something?

After his months of scheming and subtle manipulations, they just wanted to reap the fruits of his labor.

No fucking way.

Lester's phone rang. Expecting Jesse, and answered but didn't recognize the number.

"Hello?" He said coldly as his eyes ran over the information on the screen. He opened a word document and began collating information about Jesse, his company and this Lincoln Group he mentioned.

"Hi, Mr. Marshall? This is Jenny with Chase Bank's fraud department. I'm reaching out because several recent transactions were flagged as suspicious. Can you confirm whether you purchased over one thousand dollars of liquor this morning at a convenience store? Or an AirBNB rental?"

“No,” Lester fired back, his eyes scanning his desk for his wallet. Holding the phone to his head, he stomped out to the living room to look for it. The last thing he remembered was giving Sarah money for the pizza.

Vernon. “No, I didn’t do that. Cancel all my cards and reissue new ones.”

“Okay, Mr. Marshall. First, I need to ask you a few questions to confirm your identity.”

Lester balled his free hand into a fist, feeling the rage boiling inside of him. Vernon. Dan. The Lincoln Group. Jesse. It was time to burn them all to the ground.

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“Fuck,” Dan muttered, looking down at his phone.

“What is it?” Sarah asked, looking concerned. They were riding in the back of a Uber on the way to their hotel in Minnesota. Their early morning flight ensured Dan could get into his client’s office by mid-morning.

“My client at Sentinel Securities is complaining about my responsiveness,” Dan breathed. “I’ve been stretched between them, my other clients, and actual work. I try to respond to them right away, and I’m ahead on our agreed timeline, but they seem to want me to act like a full-time employee. I have to figure out what to do with this. They’re my biggest client and the linchpin for my future plans.”

Dan put his head back on the seat and closed his eyes, “It just never stops.”

Sarah held his arm and leaned in towards him, “We’re going to figure it out together, remember hon?”

She smiled at him and gently bumped him with her shoulder, “This trip isn’t just about work. It’s about getting you out from under these guys, remember? One less thing for you to have to worry about. We plant that USB, and then you can get out from under them and deal with everything else, one thing at a time.”

“You make it sound so easy,” Dan opened his eyes and looked at Sarah, who was smiling back at him.

“It isn’t, but we just need to focus on what’s in front of us and not get overwhelmed by the bigger picture,” she said. “You’re smart. I know we’ll get through this. Figure out a good response when we get to the hotel room, and then let’s focus on burying these other guys.”

“I’m still not sure how we’ll get that USB into Byron’s office,” Dan said.

“You go there and work like you normally would. See if you can find an opportunity to do it or just scope the place out. Then, we’ll talk and figure out the best way to approach it. Okay?” Sarah said reassuringly.

“Alright,” Dan looked at his wife, smiling back at him. A weird expression crossed his face.

“What?” Sarah asked.

“It’s nothing,” Dan looked out the window.

“No, tell me,” Sarah said, “What is it?”

“Your smile just now. It reminded me of the last time you visited in Chicago. You know when I caught you doing the walk of shame in the morning?” Dan said tentatively, “from, ah, the other bedroom.”

“Oh did it?” Sarah asked.

“I know,” Dan said, “You just do something to me. I love when you behave badly but I feel like I shouldn’t. Shouldn’t love it.”

“Don’t be embarrassed about anything like that with me,” Sarah checked the rearview mirror to see if their Uber driver was listening. He had headphones in but she was sure from his reaction faces that he was eavesdropping. “We’re in this together and I’m happy to indulge in both our fantasies.”

She ran her hand up his thigh, her eyes still on the rearview mirror. The driver looked back and locked eyes with her for a split second before quickly refocusing on the road. Sarah ran her hand over Dan’s crotch before pulling back and giving him a wicked smile, “I think we’re here.”

The Uber pulled up in front of the same hotel they stayed in last time. After grabbing their luggage, they quickly checked in and settled into their room. Dan got dressed in his work attire and kissed Sarah on the lips before departing for The Lincoln Group’s office.

It didn’t take long for Dan to get to The Lincoln Group’s office. He checked in at the security desk before riding the elevator up and spoke with their receptionist. After a few minutes, she led Dan through their hallways to a discreet corner office with large windows looking out over the city. Byron was lounging behind his large desk in the middle of a call while Jesse was perched on a couch, looking like he had nothing to do.

Byron ushered Dan in and dismissed the receptionist while he finished his call. Dan wasn’t about to sit like a patsy on the couch, instead opting to stand until Byron was done his call. Jesse smirked at him from the couch, but Dan pretended to ignore it. Byron didn’t so much as glance his way as he lowered his voice and spoke into the phone.

Finally, his call ended and Byron got to his feet, walking over to where Dan was with a hand outstretched. Dan noticed the slight receding hairline and deep bags under Byron’s bloodshot reddened eyes. Reluctantly, Dan shook Byron’s hand who squeezed extra hard and gave him a few extra pumps before disengaging.

Byron looked behind Dan and then around the office, “Where’s that lovely wife of yours?”

“Shopping,” Dan said, “Ready to start?” He looked over at Jesse who hadn’t even opened his laptop yet.

“You brought her along, though, right? Maybe I should have been clearer that she was required to come in today,” Byron said, putting his hands in his pants pockets. He narrowed his eyes at Dan.

“Well, she’s not getting paid to be here, so, no, she won’t be,” Dan said coldly.

Byron just stared at Dan for several seconds, sizing him up. A predatory smile broke across his face, “Fine. Let’s get started.”

Byron gestured to the couch where Jesse was sitting, with his laptop on the table in front of him. Dan sat down next to his former subordinate while Byron sat in a chair opposite. Byron leaned back in this chair,

stretching his arms above his head, "You know, I would gladly compensate your wife for her.....services. She's going to join us for drinks later. I'm not asking."

"Sure," Dan said while opening his bag, ignoring the grins on both the men's faces.

The trio got down to business, discussing some of the finer points of The Lincoln Group's projects that Byron had been unwilling to discuss over the phone. The project was very ambitious and somewhat sketchy. From the sounds of it, it seemed like the company was establishing some off-the-grid community that had energy requirements far exceeding those of a normal subdivision. It made Dan think that they were building some kind of secret commune. Byron wouldn't reveal any details of the location, but he did say that all of the housing unit's energy, internet, and other services would run through a central monitoring hub. What might occur in that hub still remained a mystery.

Dan led the group through the project's finer requirements, not wanting to waste any time or be required to stay in Minnesota longer than necessary. He also hoped not to have to come back here. He wanted to knock out what he needed to do to complete his part of the project and then try to get off the project entirely.

At lunchtime, Byron escorted Jesse and Dan out of his office so he could make some other calls. Dan had the USB with the keylogger in his pocket. He couldn't see Byron's computer tower, but it must be somewhere under his bulky wooden desk.

When Dan and Jesse were alone, riding the elevator down, Jesse opened his mouth to say something smarmy, but Dan cut him off. He very intentionally hid his mouth in his hand as he spoke, "So what do you think Byron is going to do when he finds out you're spying on him?"

Jesse's face was fearful as he sputtered to respond, "W-what?"

"I know the deal you made," Dan said. "You're getting paid to spy on Bryon and The Lincoln Group's project and give regular reports to Peter. Don't play dumb. He told me. He's getting impatient with you."

"It's not like...I don't know what you're talking about," Jesse said.

"Suit yourself," Dan said, "I'll just talk with Byron after lunch about it and show him what I have. We'll see what he says."

"No, don't," Jesse said too quickly, "Don't."

Dan smiled at Jesse, "Why shouldn't I?"

"I'll split the money with you. How did you even find out? Fuck!" Jesse said.

"It doesn't matter. Call Peter a mutual friend. He told me a lot, particularly that you haven't been giving him the reports he asked for." Dan turned back to the elevator doors as they opened and then walked out.

"Because I don't have anything yet!" Jesse spoke in hushed tones as he followed Dan out into the building's lobby. "Today was the most we've seen. They've been all secretive before this."

Jesse continued to trail Dan as he walked outside. When they were away from the building, Dan turned and said, "So what's the plan tonight with Sarah? What are you guys planning?"

"I, uh, I don't know. Honest," Jess said, "I just know that Byron said at some point I'll have some alone time with her. Without him and without you."

"Well, that isn't happening anymore," Dan said. "Or I'll tell Byron everything, and you'll get fired again."

"Okay," Jesse looked deflated. Dan kept walking, and Jesse was still on his heels. Dan turned around and stared at him, "Why are you still following me? I'm getting lunch. Alone." Dan walked off, leaving Jesse standing by himself on the busy street corner.

After lunch, the trio resumed their work hashing out details of the project. Dan continued to keep them on point, quickly trying to get through all of the items on his checklist so he could go back to Chicago and hammer out the project. Jesse constantly looked uncomfortable but Byron never mentioned it.

"Alright," Byron said, standing up and looking at Dan and Jesse, "It's time to get out of here. Quitting time. I'm going to grab dinner, and then we'll meet up for drinks across the street. Say nine o'clock. He pointed a finger at Dan. Don't forget to bring that sweet wife of yours."

Dan just nodded. Byron gestured to the door and went back behind his desk, where he propped up his feet and dialed a number on his phone. Dan and Jesse left, each going their separate ways.

When Dan got back into the hotel room, Sarah was there waiting for him.

"How'd it go?" She asked anxiously.

"He never left us alone in his office. But I know where it is. I think his computer tower must be under his desk somewhere. He looked like he was getting comfortable but he wants to meet us at the bar across the street at nine."

"Is his office private? Would it be easy to get in there without anyone seeing?" Sarah asked.

"It's tucked away. Yeah, I think so." Dan said, "I still don't know how we're going to get in there, though. Maybe tomorrow, we can bait him out of his office while I'm in there, and I can attach it." Dan was pacing back and forth now, anxiously visualizing the office.

Sarah walked up to him, stopping his stride. She put her hands on his chest and looked up at him, "Honey, relax. Okay? We'll figure it out."

She patted his muscular chest, smoothing out the wrinkles on his dress shirt, "For right now. Let's just worry about dinner, okay? I'm starving."

"Alright, baby," Dan said, "Let's go find some grub."

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Just after nine, Dan and Sarah entered the loud bar across the street from The Lincoln Group offices. Several heads turned their way as they made their way across the crowded bar to the lounge area at the back.

Sarah pretended to ignore all the glances she was getting, but she secretly loved the attention. She knew exactly what she'd been doing when she put her outfit together. Long flowing black dress pants that tapered at her midsection. A very low-cut tank top in faux silver alligator skin with black straps. The top

exposed a lot of her chest, sitting low enough that she didn't wear a bra with it. She knew that eye contact would be a problem with any man she talked to tonight.

Her silver heels matched the small silver clutch she carried that contained the USB drive Dan needed to plant in Byron's office. As the couple navigated the bar, they quickly approached a booth with Byron and Jesse.

Byron stood up to greet her while Jesse remained sullen in the booth, his expression blank.

"Dan," Byron said cheerfully, clasping his hand before quickly turning to give Sarah a very obvious up and down ogle. "My, my, my. Sarah, I forgot how sexy you looked. It's been too long. He stepped up and gave Sarah a lingering hug, which she reciprocated before pulling away and gesturing to the booth.

"Dan, why don't you sit on that side next to Jesse," Byron smiled, "I want to catch up with this lovely creature." Byron gestured to the booth, letting Sarah in first before quickly sitting next to her, cutting off any opportunity Dan had to sit next to his wife. He reluctantly slid into the side of the booth next to Jesse.

Sarah was well aware that Byron had purposely pinned her between the wall and himself, with no easy way out of the booth. A server came by and took their drink orders, quickly returning with a wine for Sarah, a light beer for Dan and Jesse, and an 18-year-old scotch for Byron.

"Keep 'em coming," Byron winked at the server. As she walked away, he pointedly checked out her ass before turning to Dan, "You're covering drinks tonight, right?"

"Actually," Dan said, "I'm just the contractor. You're Jesse's client." Dan gently slapped Jesse on the back and nodded his head, "Drinks are on you."

"Yeah, sure," Jesse said, trying not to stare at Sarah's distractingly low-cut top across from him.

"So..." Byron said, turning towards Sarah, "Where have you been all this time? Dan's been keeping you from us. You should have come in today so I could show you my office."

Sarah caught Dan rolling his eyes. Byron turned his body to focus on her, physically blocking Dan and Jesse from engaging in the conversation.

"Well, a girl has to keep her secrets, Byron, you know that," Sarah said, "Besides, I was too busy to come to your little boys' club."

"Ha!" Byron laughed, shaking his head, "Little boy, huh? Is that what you think of me?"

"I haven't seen any evidence to the contrary," Sarah kept eye contact but flicked her eyes down to his crotch. With a smooth smile, she turned her body away from him and grabbed her wine glass to take a drink. She leaned forward, out of Byron's grasp, and looked at Jesse.

"Jesse, I haven't seen you since that night in Chicago," Sarah said. Jesse looked at her and then her breasts before his eyes darted to the bar. "How are you?"

"I'm doing good. Yeah, I got a new job. Things are going well," Jesse squirmed.

"I heard," Sarah smiled, "That's really great. Dan said it's an awesome and really prominent company. I wish that Dan would be able to land something like that." Sarah eyed her husband and gave him a wicked smile. Dan hadn't realized it until just that moment, but Sarah was playing her game the second she walked into the bar.

Sarah swirled her wine glass. All the men waited with bated breath to hear what she'd say next. She turned to Byron, "Did you know that Jesse is a really, really good dancer?"

Byron shrugged, "Had no idea."

Sarah cast her gaze to Jesse again, "It's true. Jesse, do you know what they say about men who dance really well?"

Jesse looked like a deer in the headlights, "No..."

"Hmmm," Sarah said, gazing Jesse up and down, "Too bad."

Despite the unfortunate circumstances, Sarah was enjoying herself, teasing Jesse and Byron in front of Dan and making them think lustful thoughts about her. She loved the power and attention it gave her. All three of them were like putty in her hands. She couldn't wait to get Dan alone later and see his reaction to all of this.

Byron took a large sip and finished his scotch. Sarah eyed it and took another gulp of her wine. The small size pours weren't nearly enough, "Byron, can you get me another?"

"Sure thing," Byron said, raising his hand to catch the server's attention. When he did, he motioned to their drinks and gave her a thumbs up. Sarah was staring at him.

"Is there a wife at home, Byron?" Sarah asked.

Byron chuckled and knocked back his drink, "Not anymore."

"I'm sorry," Sarah said.

"Don't be," Byron eyed her, "It's better this way. I was too much for her to handle."

"What does that mean?" Sarah asked, leaning in.

"I kept her satisfied and more. But she couldn't quite ever keep up with me. Which is why I find you so intriguing."

"How's that?" Dan asked, cutting in.

Byron eyed him, and a sly smile spread across his face. He looked at Jesse and then back to the loving couple at the booth. "I know all about your arrangement with your roommate. Now, I'm not one to judge, but it sounds like Sarah here has the same insatiable appetite as I do. That their spouse can't quite keep up with them. Don't get me wrong, I'm not sure I would marry you, Sarah, but I do love knowing an insatiable minx like yourself is out there, waiting to pounce."

Sarah almost choked on her drink.

"Let's change gears here," Dan said, coming to the rescue, "We don't really want to talk about that."

“Why not?” Byron said, “It’s fucking fascinating. Letting a woman like this get with your schlubby roommate. What are you thinking?”

Dan stared daggers at him. Recognizing the rising tension, Sarah moved to change the conversation's course and proceed with her plan.

“So, Dan tells me you have him working on some exciting project,” Sarah said, “Something about a subdivision?”

“It’s way more than a subdivision,” Byron said dismissively to Dan. It’s a whole new community designed and controlled from the ground up.”

“Really?” Sarah said, feigning interest. The server returned with their drinks, and Sarah immediately asked for another. “Tell me about it. What makes it so special?”

Byron began talking about the project his company was working on. He kept the details vague but kept overstating how cutting-edge and important it would be. As he talked, Sarah slid her foot out of one of her heels and extended her leg, letting her calf run up and down against Jesse’s leg. Sarah had to stifle a laugh at his reaction. It looked like he was ready to cum right in his seat.

She shared a conspiratorial look with Dan. Despite his anger at the situation, his face betrayed his aroused emotions. Byron continued to talk about his secret project. Sarah nodded along but didn’t really listen to what he was saying. She knew the type of guy Byron was. He loved to hear himself talk so he would feel important and powerful.

“Isn’t that right, Dan?” Byron said, turning to her husband. As he did, his hand disappeared below the table and rested firmly on Sarah’s thigh.

“Sure,” Dan agreed, “We’ll get it all done on the right timetable.”

“That’s what I like to hear,” Bryon finished off his scotch, signaling for another. “Sarah, your husband is great at what he does. I’m sorry, but I’m going to keep him very busy over the next few months.”

“Oh,” Sarah said with a disappointed look, “If my husband is so busy, what ever am I going to do with myself?”

Byron chuckled and turned back to face her, “I can think of a few things.” He ran his hand further up her thigh and smiled at her. Sarah leaned forward and whispered, “You know, I’m disappointed I didn’t get that tour of your office earlier.”

“Really?” He said slyly as his hand massaged her thigh.

“Is it too late for one now?” She asked, “I’d want a private one, without your coworkers hanging around. Also,” she craned forward to speak into the older man’s ear, “can you dance?”

“Oh. Oh! Yeah. Yes, I can.” Byron sat up and checked his watch. Sarah could tell he was already well on his way to being sloshed. She took another long sip of her wine, finishing it off. “It’s late,” Bryon said, “Everyone should be gone by now.”

Byron smiled, “You want to go now?” Sarah nodded her head, smiling at him.

Byron turned to Jesse and Dan, "Hey boys, uh, Sarah didn't get the office tour earlier. I'm just gonna take her across the street and show it to her. You guys stay here, we'll be right back."

Byron got out of the booth and held his hand to Sarah, helping her out while his eyes ran up and down her body. She shared a quick, knowing look with Dan, who simply nodded back to her. Sarah hadn't realized just how much the alcohol had hit her until she stood up. Jesse looked heartbroken as Bryon led Sarah out of the bar.

"Are you really just going to let her go with him?" Jesse said pleadingly to Dan.

"She's a big girl. She can handle herself," Dan said, taking a long sip of his drink, "Besides, you didn't try to stop them."

Jesse just shook his head, "I...I don't..."

"So here's what's going to happen," Dan said, turning an angry gaze to Jesse. He gestured a finger back and forth between them, "You and me, we're going to find a way to get me out of this whole thing. You're going to help me, or I'm going to have a nice long chat with Byron about what I know."

"There is no way out," Jesse said, "Besides, I'm not scared of him."

"Oh yeah? He'll forget all about me and burn your world to the ground. You heard him back in your office, and you heard the threats he made against me. What do you think he'll come after you with?"

A thought occurred to Dan at that moment. Maybe he should just contact Byron and burn Jesse again. But there were no guarantees that Byron would let Dan walk or that Jesse's company wouldn't still work with him. He needed a cleaner break.

"What do you want me to do?" Jesse was staring down at his drink.

"We're gonna get your company to fire me," Dan said.

"They won't do it," Jesse muttered, still staring at his beer, "Hiring you is a clause in our contract with The Lincoln Group. They'd have to get that approved by Byron, which, after tonight, I don't think he is going to do."

Dan sat back against the booth, trying to think of a way out of this. He still felt trapped, but at least now he had something of an accomplice in Jesse that he could take advantage of. He knew he still couldn't trust Jesse fully, though.

"We'll figure something out," Dan finally said, finishing off his drink. He eyed Jesse, "Tab's on you, right?"

Jesse nodded as Dan left him alone at the booth and headed out onto the street.

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Across the street from the bar, Byron and Sarah rode up the elevator. Byron had his arm draped around Sarah's shoulders as his eyes feasted on her cleavage. When the elevator doors opened, the dark floor of The Lincoln Group's Minnesota office appeared before them. Byron led Sarah into the open atrium before a glass wall obstructed their path. He reached into his pocket and retrieved a set of keys, quickly

unlocking a glass door. He held it open for Sarah, who walked through. Byron's eyes were glued to her ass as he followed, it swayed hypnotically as he walked behind her.

"Which way to your office?" Sarah asked.

"This way," Byron said, sliding up next to her and placing a gentle, guiding hand on her supple ass, leading her further into the depths of the office suite.

"Here it is," Byron said as they walked to the end of a hallway to his corner office. He opened the door and let Sarah inside. She looked around at the decor as Byron started to take off his suit jacket and openly eye fucked Sarah.

"Byron," Sarah turned to face him. The alcohol was starting to take effect as she saw the lust-filled expression on Byron's face. "Do you have a kitchen here? Or, like a pantry?"

"Yeah," Byron said, closing the distance between them, "There's one across the office."

"Could you run and get me a bottle of water so I can get more comfortable?" Sarah smiled as she looked Byron up and down. A shit-eating grin appeared on Byron's face, and he raised his eyebrows.

"Sure thing," He said as he walked over to the door, "I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere."

"Oh, I won't," Sarah said, "I'll be here waiting for you." A smile played at the corners of her lips.

Byron flung open the door harder than he probably meant to do and disappeared into the hallway. Sarah quickly opened her purse, grabbed the USB, and hurried around the desk, her steps unsteady from the alcohol.

She quickly got on her knees, looking under the desk for Byron's computer tower. All she needed to do was plug the USB in. To her growing horror, she couldn't find the tower anywhere. It wasn't under the desk, not even suspended under it. The cabinets were full of papers. She ran her hands along the monitor, looking for any kind of USB slot, but both were already filled. Sarah's eyes darted around the room, looking for any wires running from the desk to a hidden tower somewhere, but she couldn't find anything. Nothing behind the couch, nothing on the bookshelf. The only wire she could find was the cord to a power strip that powered the monitor.

Her body swayed on dramatically as she looked around, feeling like she was completely out of ideas. There wasn't anything to plug the USB into. She hurried back over to the desk to peek under it one last time.

"I'm back," Byron sauntered back in with a freshwater bottle in his hand. Sarah quickly put her sexy face back on, replacing the worried and frustrated one formed a moment earlier.

"It took you long enough," Sarah said, standing up straight. "I was starting to get bored."

Byron set the water bottle down on the desk, "What are you doing down there?"

"Oh," Sarah stalled for time, trying to think up an excuse that wouldn't get her caught, "Just wondering if there was room for me down there."

"And?" Byron asked as he slumped himself down into his chair, "Is there?"

"I'm not sure," Sarah said.

"Why don't you get down on your knees and see?" Byron suggested. Sarah stood staring down at him before slowly lowering herself to her knees. Byron unbuckled his belt and pulled it out of the hoops on his dress pants before unzipping his fly.

Sarah froze, watching as Byron slid off his pants. She was about to do this for no reason. No USB, no corporate espionage. Her entire plan just went out the window.

"What do you think of this," Byron said as a semi-hard cock sprang into view as he lowered his boxers. It was girthy, longer, and thicker than Dan's but still not as impressive as Lester's amazing cock. Still, she couldn't take her eyes off it as she realized kneeling before this piece of shit man was making her wet. "Still think I'm a little boy?" Byron asked.

"No," Sarah breathed, her eyes still focused on his cock.

"You know, it's rude to stare," Byron said as his hand looped behind Sarah's head. His fingers ran through her blonde hair as he pulled her head towards his angry-looking cock. "Put that pretty little mouth on it."

Sarah's brain was still trying to think of a way to make the most of this situation. A way to get what Dan needed and somehow get access to Byron's computer. But her body was already responding, her lips opening up, taking Byron's cock into her wet, warm mouth.

Byron moaned as his cock disappeared into Sarah's eager mouth. Sarah couldn't believe how easily she had just obeyed his request and accepted her fate. She should have maneuvered into something else, going to another office. Looking in a conference room. Instead, her body just gave in to the path of least resistance. What was wrong with her? And why was she enjoying this so much? She felt like her body was running on different programming than her brain.

"Ah, yeah," Byron moaned, "That's it, Sarah. I knew from the moment I saw you that I'd have my cock inside of you. It was only a matter of time."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Byron's cock. She couldn't help but compare it to Lester's in her mind. Byron's cockhead was unusually large, and he seemed to know what he was doing. Byron's dick was pretty hot, but Lester's amazing cock just did something to her that she couldn't quite express in words. Sarah licked up Byron's shaft and kissed its enormous head, "I'm surprised there's room for me down here. I expected the space to be taken up by a computer."

Byron chuckled, "Thank god for the IT nerds then. My computer is just the monitor and the Bluetooth keyboard and mouse. If I need to do any heavy lifting, I just remote into a more powerful workstation. I'm sure we would have figured out someplace else to get you on your knees."

So, this whole thing was pointless. There was no computer to plug the USB into. She could still just get up and walk away. Get out of the office, saying she changed her mind. The wet cock in her hand throbbed, and Sarah looked down at it, unable to take her eyes off of it. It wasn't Lester's by any means, but she still felt powerful holding it in her hand.

"I would have managed. I'm very skilled," Sarah whispered.

“Show me your skills then. I knew you’d be a good cocksucker,” Byron thrust his hips up, running his cock up Sarah’s hands.

Sarah looked up at him while lowering her tongue to his bulbous throbbing head, “You have no idea.” Then his cock disappeared into her mouth as Sarah lowered her face onto it. Sarah expertly stroked the shaft of Byron’s cock as she sucked as much of it into her mouth as she could manage.

“Mhhmmmmmm,” She moaned around his cock. Sarah had grown addicted to feeling her mouth stuffed full of cock, the sensation in itself turning her on immensely. All of this seemed so out of character, but it felt so fucking good to give in to the craving.

“Damn,” Byron breathed, staring down into Sarah’s green eyes, “I should have invited Dan up here so he could see this. I bet that little cuck would be hard as a rock seeing you on your knees for me. After all the shit he’s caused, I’d love to see the look on his face. Is this how you dance?”

Sarah slowly licked up Byron’s shaft, causing his body to shudder in response. Her tongue swirled around the head of his cock, licking a drop of precum that had formed there. Byron’s cum tasted different than either Lester’s or Dan’s. It was the most bitter of the three.

“Slow down,” Byron breathed, “Take your top off.”

Sarah begrudgingly let go of Byron’s cock and reached down to pull her form-fitting shirt off. The faux-alligator skin shirt held her breasts up so well that she hadn’t worn a bra. Byron’s eyes lit up as Sarah’s naked breasts were exposed to his sleazy gaze in the dim office.

“Fucking A,” Byron leaned forward and grabbed one of Sarah’s heavy breasts in his hand. He roughly pawed it as Sarah lowered her mouth back down onto his broad cockhead.

Part of her mind was still battling against the suppressive nature of her new instincts and urges. It still wanted her to get out of the office and go back and find Dan. This entire thing was now pointless because there was nothing to install the USB stick onto. Her grip tightened on Byron’s shaft, not willing to give full consideration to those thoughts. Maybe she could just suck his dick clean and then make her exit.

“Dan’s really been holding out on me,” Byron said, “We should have done this the last time you were here.”

“Well,” Sarah said as she kissed down his shaft and started licking his balls. She alternated between licking, kissing, and sucking on them despite the patchy matted pubic hair. “Before, I was just a happily married woman. But now that you’re making Dan work for you, I finally have the excuse I needed to get what I wanted.”

“And what’s that? What do you want?” Byron was breathing hard as he stared down at Sarah while mauling her naked breasts.

“This,” Sarah said, licking over his ballsack and up his shaft, twirling her tongue over the towering head of his cock and then sucking it with abandon, her tongue flicking its oversized ridge. If she sucked hard enough and stroked him off, she knew she could make him cum quickly.

“Uhhhhh, fuck Sarah,” Byron moaned, “You’re so fucking dirty. I love it. You kiss your children with that mouth too?”

Sarah didn’t respond. She didn’t want to think about her kids right now. All she was focused on was Byron’s hot sleazy cock in her mouth. Byron let go of her tits and slumped down in the chair. Hands behind his head, he just watched Sarah go to town on his cock, amazed at the sensations she was eliciting from his body.

“Goddamn,” Byron muttered to himself as he watched Sarah work. He could feel her expert attention already starting to make his balls begin to tingle and get ready to explode in her. He was torn between letting her suck the life out of him or throwing her off and fucking her.

“Stop,” Byron said. Sarah pretended not to hear and continued to suck his cock with abandon. She knew he was getting close by the rate of his breathing and the shifting of his body. She just wanted to finish sucking his cock and drink his bitter cum.

“Stop it,” Byron said, gripping her hand, stopping it from running up and down his shaft. Sarah gripped his dick harder, making him jump. She kept her mouth firmly attached to his cock, creating a perfect suction-like seal. “Fuck. Sarah, stop,” Byron said loudly. Sarah finally broke her sucking trance and looked up at him.

“What?” Sarah said.

“Stand up,” Byron said, pushing his chair back with his legs. “Take off those pants.”

“You want me to take these off?” Sarah asked as she stood, playing with the hem of her pants.

“Now,” Byron ordered as he marched over to the couch area of the office. He grabbed one of the plush chairs he’d sat in earlier and pulled it over to the window. He turned and watched as Sarah undid the button on her high-waisted pants and seductively lowered them to the floor. His eyes grew wide like saucers as she revealed the black thong she was wearing and her long, tanned and toned legs.

“Jesus, they really broke the mold when they made you,” Byron said, “Come here.”

Sarah slowly closed the distance between them with swaying steps. She felt completely exposed to this scumbag of a man, wearing nothing but her heels and black thong. But she had to admit to herself that she felt so fucking wet being on display like this, for someone like that, in front of a view of the city. Byron had irked her the first time they met. Made her skin crawl, and now she was offering herself up to this creep on a platter.

Byron glanced out the window and chuckled before turning his attention back to Sarah. He bit his lip, grabbed her by the back of the neck, and pulled her in for a sloppy kiss, his tongue immediately pushing its way into her mouth. His other hand grabbed her shapely ass and pulled her body towards him, his cock pressing hard against her thong-covered sex.

At some point, he had ditched his pants, standing naked except for his sloppy shirt and high black socks. His hand kept roughly massaging her ass as his cock ground up and down her. Sarah couldn’t help but feel her body moving in time with cock, reciprocating its insistent attention.

Was she really about to have sex with this sleazeball? This hadn't been their plan. None of her plans had worked out the way it was supposed to. Maybe she could just drop to her knees and finish him off with her mouth. Before Sarah could formulate a concrete plan, Byron pulled back from her and twirled her around. His hand was still on the back of her neck. He pushed her forward. Her knees bumped into the edge of the chair he had placed by the window. He pushed her neck down until she gripped the back of the low chair to brace herself.

His hands were on the sides of her thong, pulling it down faster than her brain could compute. Byron roughly pushed her ass forward with his hands until Sarah put her knees up on the seat of the chair while her hands rested on the top of it.

"Fuck, I'm going to enjoy this," Byron said as he quickly shuffled behind Sarah and ran his cock between the tops of her thighs.

Sarah breathed hard and hung her head in anticipation. She could have walked out of there at any time, but she knew that her body was in the driver's seat, and it got what it wanted. Byron was running his cock up and down her slit, coating it in her wetness. Then he pulled his hips back and put his cock right up to her opening.

"Byron," Sarah breathed, a thought suddenly dawning on her, "Do you have a condo – ughhhhh."

Byron pushed the thick pole of his cock into Sarah's wet entrance. Sarah's hands braced themselves against the chair as she ground her knees into the seat.

"Fuck you're, nrrggn, so tight," Byron grunted from behind her. Sarah froze in place, encapsulated by the feeling of Byron's swollen member pushing into her. "God, that feels fffucking good. Oh yeah."

"Uhhhhhhgmmmmmm," Sarah groaned as inch after inch of Byron's cock pushed into the young wife. Her mouth contorted in pleasure, and her eyes rolled back as more and more of Byron's large cock pushed into her. The low chair provided the perfect angle for Byron to fuck her, his cock pressing right up to all the perfect places inside of her. "Ohhhhhhhhhhh," she moaned as Byron's cock was finally fully embedded inside of her. His balls slapped against the bottom of her asscheeks.

"Holy fuck," Byron said loudly as he grabbed her shapely hips, "I'm finally inside of you. I've been waiting for this. Fuck."

"Open your eyes and look out the window," Byron said. Without hesitating, Sarah did as she was commanded. She opened her eyes and saw the Minnesota skyline outside.

"Lower," Byron sneered, "Look down across the street."

Sarah did as he said, her eyes shifting from the dark night sky to the dimly lit street below. She scanned the street, her eyes stopping on the illuminated sign for the bar they had just been sitting at. Standing outside the door was Dan, leaning against the wall, watching the entrance to Byron's building.

"What do you see?" Byron asked.

"Dan," Sarah breathed back. Byron pulled his cock slowly out of Sarah before quickly ramming it back in.

"Ughhhhh," Sarah grunted as she was rocked against the chair.

“Do you think he knows what’s happening up here?” Byron said. Sarah closed her eyes and turned her attention back to what was happening behind her, “Maybe.”

“No,” Byron said, “Keep looking at your pathetic husband out the window.”

Sarah opened her eyes again and looked down at Dan, who was standing vigilant on the street below, waiting for her return.

“Watch Danny boy while I make his wife my bitch,” Byron grunted as he started jackhammering Sarah’s pussy. He held her hips in place with an iron grip as he fucked her relentlessly on the office chair. Again, Sarah appreciated how smooth Byron’s strokes were. He was more measured in his fucking than, say, her husband Dan was. But Lester was on her mind. The brute wasn’t smooth, he set a violent tempo when he fucked her, and whatever speed he set, she knew she’d explode on his glorious organ.

Sarah stared at Dan, several floors below her, as the man who had been stressing her out hammered into her. Sarah wanted to keep looking at Dan and maintain that connection to her husband, but Byron’s pistoning cock just felt too fucking good. She closed her eyes and focused on his cock, running back and forth inside of her. Sliding in and out like a machine, hammering into all her most sensitive places, bouncing her off him. The hot, throbbing feeling of his cock buried inside of her.

“Mhmmhmmfuuck,” Sarah moaned.

“That’s right, Sarah,” Byron hissed from behind her, “Moan for me. Nobody’s here. Moan as loud as you want. Moan loud enough for Danny boy to hear you down there. Moan for me. Moan as I fuck you!”

“MHMHMMHMHMHMMMMM,” Sarah let out a guttural moan in response. His words made her feel completely unbridled as she dug her knees into the seat and thrust back against his cock, “UUGH, AH, Ah, ah, Fffuuuu, mhmmhmm, Yeah.”

“Fuck yeah, baby,” Byron grunted, his death grip leaving handmarks on her hips, “Moan my name, bitch.”

“Byron,” Sarah said loudly into the office, “BYRON. OH FUCK. BYRON. DON’T STOP.”

“That’s right,” Byron chuckled as his hips kept rhythmically thrusting forward, his naked cock sliding in and out of Sarah’s unprotected pussy with abandon, “Shit.”

“Uh god,” Byron said. He leaned forward and licked his tongue up Sarah’s back over her spine, making her shiver at the chill. One of his hands stayed gripped to her hip while his other hand grabbed roughly onto her shoulder. Each time he thrust into her, he grabbed her shoulder hard and pulled her back onto his ramming cock.

“Look at your stupid husband down there,” Byron said. “He didn’t even try to stop me tonight. He just let you come up here and get fucked. Well, while you’re in Minnesota, you’re my bitch, got it?”

“Mhmmhm, oh, uhhh, ah, ah, ah uhhh, ohh, ooomygod,” Sarah whined.

“Whose bitch are you?” Byron demanded.

“Uhhhh, yours. Yours.” Sarah moaned back.

“Whose bitch?” Byron said.

“YOURS,” Sarah shouted, “I’m Byron’s bitch!”

“Heh, that’s right,” Byron laughed. “Look down at your husband. Do you see him?”

“Mhmm, uh, ya – yes,” Sarah said, her eyes having trouble staying focused on Dan on the street as Byron’s hammering cock made her body jump with each thrust.

“Tell him,” Byron said, “Tell him whose bitch you are.”

“Dan...,” Sarah started as she felt this new level of humiliation and degradation of Dan start to blossom into an orgasmic flower inside of her. She knew that her next admission was going to send her over the edge. “Dan,” Sarah breathed, “I’m Byron’s bitch now. He fucks me so fucking good. I’m all his. All Byron’s. All Byron’s bitch.”

Sarah felt her body start to quake as the heat from Byron’s cock seemed to wash over her entire body. Her nails dug into the fabric of the chair as she ground her teeth together, “Uhhhhh. Oh. Fuck. Please. Please. Give it to me. Don’t stop. Uhhh, I’m gonna. I’m gonna.”

Byron shouted to the empty office, “Cum for me, Sarah. Cum on my cock. Let your husband see.”

“OHGOD,” Sarah’s body convulsed as she felt Byron’s cock inside of her. Each thrust into her was like another rapid domino that pushed her orgasm higher, searing it into existence, “FUUUCKKKKKKK.”

Her muscles grew tense, and her toes flexed out, pointing. Her fingers dug into the couch. She arched her back and thrust her breasts out as she loudly screamed, “AHHHHUHHHHHHHHHHMMMHMMMMFFUUUAA”

“MMMMHMMHMMHMMHMMMMM,” Sarah groaned as her orgasmic fireworks continued to explode inside of her. She was gasping for air as she came down hard, her body continuing to feel little tremors of pleasure on Byron’s cock.

“Fuck,” Byron grunted, “I’m gonna cum.”

Sarah pushed herself off Byron’s cock, not wanting to let him cum inside of her. She twirled around and sat down on the chair as Byron thrust his cock towards her face. She eagerly opened her mouth and took his cock into it.

“Uh Fuck,” Byron grunted. The first rope of hot cum blasted against the back of her throat, causing her body to jerk. She thought his cum was going to blast her off the chair.

“Oh yeah,” Byron said, still pumping his spewing cock into her, feeling his balls completely emptying into Dan’s wife. “FUCK THAT FEELS GREAT. TAKE IT ALL SARAH. TAKE ALL MY CUM.”

Byron looked down at Dan’s pretty wife, worshiping his cock. Her throat swallowed his load. Byron looked out the window at Dan standing alone on the street corner, and he chuckled, shifting his attention back to Sarah. Eventually, he stopped ejaculating inside her, his last rope erupting out, accompanied by a long groan.

Byron was breathing hard. His hands still gripped the back of her head. Sarah opened her eyes and looked down at the street where Dan was still waiting patiently for her, checking his phone.

Slowly and with a groan, Byron pulled his cock out of Sarah as he stood up. He stumbled back and just admired the scene before him. Sarah Williams propped back on a chair, thong dangling around one of her silver heels as her heaving chest slumped forward, trying to catch her breath.

Sarah slowly caught her breath and shuffled off the chair. The alcohol in her system was making her dizzy as she fumbled around, looking for her thong. After finding it, she weakly pulled it back up.

Byron had flopped himself onto his office couch. His eyes were shut, and he wore just his dress shirt and socks. Sarah quickly put her pants and shirt back on. Without bothering to say anything to Byron, she left his office. Although she wanted to make a beeline for the stairs, she opened a few doors, hoping to see the glimmer of a computer tower – anything she could plug the USB into. Then, she noticed that some of the hallways had discreet security cameras.

Her face was red from being caught on camera, and she played the part of a drunk woman looking for a bathroom. Playing up her dizziness as she navigated the office halls until she found the bank of elevators. As powerful as her orgasm had just been, she couldn't help but find herself craving something more. Someone more. Her mind immediately thought of Lester. He never left her like this. She felt humiliated. On uneasy feet, she rode the elevators back down to her waiting husband on the street below.

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Lester felt the rage boiling inside of him. This wasn't how things were supposed to go. Sarah and Dan had briefly dropped some things off in the apartment in the morning before heading to the airport to fly to Minnesota for his work.

Was Sarah actually going to fall to such a weak boy like Jesse? What kind of leverage did this company have? Since his call with Jesse, Lester had been extensively researching and digging up dirt on Jesse and his company. From what he could tell, Jesse's company had The Lincoln Group as their client. And those guys seemed shady as hell, a typical multinational corporation that said all the right things to Congress but had their fingers in all kinds of different pies. Completely vertically integrated, with very little information available about them. For such a large and powerful corporation, they mysteriously weren't publicly traded, which meant there was very little information he could dig up.

He didn't want to get too distracted digging into them, but he had trouble suppressing the urge. They were an unknown variable that he hadn't realized was part of this equation. He couldn't have that. He didn't like the feeling of not being in control. The unknown entity was a black hole full of baseless ideas that Lester's brain generated.

Fortunately, he would have more answers soon. Then, he would figure out what he was up against and how it would impact his hold on Sarah.

He opened his computer console again and rechecked the validation he had reviewed a few minutes earlier. Jesse's company had been easy to breach access to. They used a common suite of tools with known vulnerabilities. He began downloading all of their communications that mentioned Jesse or The Lincoln Group, and he would soon find out exactly what was going on.

Lester uploaded a package to Jesse's work computer. Once Jesse unknowingly accessed it, the file would worm its way into his computer, allowing Jesse's machine to be a slave to his. Lester could use Jesse's work computer as a relay to push into The Lincoln Group's network without it being traced back to him.

Lester took a calming breath. Patience.

It would all work out in the end. All of these were just momentary setbacks that he would swiftly bring to heel.

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Dan was exhausted. He pulled their carry-on suitcases down the hall of his apartment building. Sarah was ahead of him with her keys out already. He had managed to escape Minnesota early, leaving the morning after the night of the bar and Sarah running off with Byron.

They hadn't talked much about it, but Sarah had confirmed that Byron had fucked her in his office. He knew she needed time to process everything despite his need to know all the details about what had happened. Byron had sent him some passive-aggressive emails that morning on their way to the airport about how skilled his wife was, but he ignored them, having shut off all of his devices.

While Sarah had crashed early last night, Dan had tossed and turned all night. He couldn't stop thinking about what had happened. His cock had been rock hard until dawn just thinking about Sarah with Byron and the look she'd given him when he caught her leaving Lester's room the last time she'd visited.

The unknown was plaguing his mind. He desperately wanted to see Sarah in action. He gritted his teeth as they grew closer to his apartment door. He knew he shouldn't want to see Sarah with another man. At least, he knew it was bad for him to lose control like that again. But with the events around them lately, the denial of being party to them and his blue balls from the previous evening had his head swimming with images of Sarah being bad.

Fuck, that look she gave me in the hallway. It implied so many things to him. They really should have talked about it afterwards to ensure they were on the same page but it felt too late now. As life moved on, whatever answers he got out of her would be sanitized by time. And, maybe deeper down, he knew that the unsanitized answers turned him on in a way he wasn't quite ready to deal with.

Sarah turned the lock on the door and opened it, stepping inside and out of the way for Dan to wheel the carry-ons inside. Sarah shut the door behind him and locked it. Dan brought the luggage to his bedroom, and his wife followed him. They both got changed, Sarah sliding into a comfortable outfit for lounging around the apartment. She'd be heading back to Middleton the next morning.

Dan eyed Sarah as he unpacked his bag. She wore a loose pair of cream-white sweatpants that went up to her belly button, which had a tapered cut. Surprisingly, she had a matching white tube top on, so she likely wouldn't need a restrictive bra. Then she'd put on a matching oversized white cardigan that went down past her knees.

His eyes couldn't help but roam over her body as he felt his cock getting hard all over again.

"Let's go watch a show," Sarah said, opening the door to her bedroom before Dan could voice his desire for her. He swiftly followed behind her, trying to figure out what it was his mind wanted and how best to get it.

Dan was on the couch scrolling through Netflix, trying and failing to find something to watch. "Hey honey, wanna watch Letters to the Frontlines again?" he joked, seeing the title in the suggestions queue.

Sarah laughed giddily as she made herself a cup of tea in the kitchen. Then Dan heard the familiar sounds of Lester's plodding feet. Lester appeared in the threshold of the hallway with an intense look on his face. Dan read it as the man being deep in intense frustration, and an anger underscored with deep lust. Wearing only a pair of tight white underwear, Dan winced at seeing Lester's pale, almost naked body. The rolls of fat, the thick matted hair covering his skin. His oddly proportioned frame on display. Lester's eyes gazed across the living room until he heard the kettle boiling water in the kitchen.

Without so much of a glance in Dan's direction, Lester marched across the living room and disappeared into the kitchen. Dan heard the slapping tracks of his determined bare feet cross the room behind him.

"Lester – what the," he heard Sarah say, followed by the sounds of plastic cups and pots clattering onto the kitchen floor. Dan sprang to his feet, letting the remote drop onto the carpet. He quickly made his way around the couch and over to the kitchenette. He stopped abruptly as his eyes took in the scene.

Lester had Sarah's pert ass pinned up against the counter as his hands mauled her body while his large illicit tongue was running up the side of her mouth, leaving a wet trail. Sarah's perfect behind was pushing against the counter, one of Lester's legs between hers, prying them apart. His hand was roughly grabbing the bottom of her ass cheek while the other held her by the back of her neck. Dan watched in horrified fascination as Lester turned Sarah's head towards him and pressed his ugly, fat lips against hers.

To his growing horror and reluctant arousal, Sarah's surprised features seemed to relax at the urgent kiss. He watched as she closed her eyes, seemingly giving in to Lester's aggressive pursuit. After a moment, he could see that Sarah had become a full participant in the kiss, moaning back into the undressed man's mouth.

Lester ardently ground his crotch against Dan's wife. This was all so sudden and not something Dan had expected. He recalled the power of marching into his home and holding Lester by the throat, but that power was out of his grasp now. Maybe it was the past day or so of living in a constant state of denial and arousal, finally bubbling up to overwhelm his carefully managed semblance of control. Whatever it was, in this fleeting moment, Dan felt like he was rapidly regressing to his impotent state of letting Lester do whatever he wanted with his wife.

Dan managed to ball a hand into a fist, and as he did, he noticed his dick bulging against the material of his pants. Lester kept up his savagely aggressive mauling, Sarah's body seemingly capitulating to Lester's desires.

Lester broke their kiss with a snarl, both hands coming up to Sarah's shoulders and throwing off her oversized cardigan. Sarah gasped at the boldness, her arousal going from zero to one hundred within the few seconds of being in Lester's presence. With Dan, she was like a dial that needed to be finely tuned and gradually turned on over time, cranking up until she was ready to go. With Lester, it was just a push of a single button, and she was uncontrollably turned on.

Lester licked his lips, and his head darted forward, licking her neck again while pinning her against the counter. His tongue trailed down her chest, licking all over every inch of exposed skin. Sarah's eyes locked with Dan's, both of them standing there staring at each other. They'd been here before. She noticed the bulge in her husband's pants, and Dan couldn't help but notice the way Sarah's body seemed to be grinding itself on Lester's thigh.

Sarah bit her lip and looked at Dan, waiting for some sense of direction, asking with her eyes. What did he want her to do? Would he let her continue with this, or did he want her to stop? Dan didn't say their safeword 'pineapple,' nor did he say anything else. He just stood there staring at his troll-like roommate roughly having his way with his wife. Sarah watched Dan's features for several more seconds, trying to discern what he wanted her to do. In the end, she took his lack of response and clear arousal on his face for consent to give in to his roommate. Something she was more than happy to comply with.

Lester's tongue worked down her chest until it met with the fabric of her cream-white tube top. He didn't like his access to her breasts being impeded, and he roughly pulled it up her body awkwardly. Sarah tried to comply, moving her arms up to allow it to be pulled up over her head. Once Sarah's pendulous breasts were free, Lester abandoned pulling the top off her, letting it pin her arms in the air as his mouth found a breast and sucked it in. Lester twisted the top in his fist, pinning Sarah's hands against the cupboard.

"Ohh," Sarah's hips shot out against Lester's body, her crotch wedged against his pressing thigh as she struggled to free herself from her top. Lester didn't relent, continuing to press himself against Sarah as he held her hands firmly in place over her head.

"Lester..." Dan finally managed to say, his voice wavering. Lester just ignored him and continued mauling Sarah's naked breasts. Lester took Dan's weak tone as almost a green light for him to proceed.

Sarah looked at her husband, her face wanting to communicate, 'It's okay,' but her eyes closed as her head fell back in abject pleasure.

Eventually, she freed her arms, letting her top drop to the floor. It lay next to the discarded Cardigan, the pristine white in sharp contrast to the dirty laminate floor of the kitchen.

Sarah's now freed hands went to the back of Lester's head, pulling him to her chest as he continued to lick and suckle on her breasts, his fat tongue swirling over her exposed nipples. Sarah's body shuddered, and Dan watched as the lower half of his wife's body seemed ready to be exposed by the way it was gyrating and humping against his slobbish roommate.

Lester seemed to notice her signal as well. With a loud grunt, he bent over and picked Sarah up with his arms, catching her completely off guard. On unsteady feet, Lester held Sarah up, her arms encircling his neck, holding on as he plodded out of the kitchen past a stricken Dan.

Lester either couldn't wait to get to his bedroom or just couldn't physically carry Sarah that far. He brought her over to the couch where Dan had just been sitting and yanked off her sweatpants, revealing Sarah's white lace panties. Sarah sat up and quickly tugged on the waistband of Lester's once-white underwear. The briefs dropped to his ankles as Lester's turgid cock sprang out, smacking Sarah in the face. She didn't waste any time, grabbing it eagerly with both hands and dropping her drooling mouth onto its length.

Lester just stood there, hands on his hips, watching Dan's wife devour his cock. He looked over at Dan, who seemed to be paralyzed by what was clearly happening in front of him. Lester now felt he had the cheat code to override Dan's control. He needed to be gradually introduced to arousing elements to loosen his control. When he discovered Sarah and Lester at his home, it was a sharp introduction, letting him retain his control. Lester wouldn't make that mistake again.

A shit-eating grin spread onto Lester's face as he looked at Dan, now understanding the best way to make him compliant. His gaze shifted to Sarah sitting on the couch before him, eagerly worshipping his cock. It was time to teach Dan another lesson and see how far he could warp his image of his perfect wife and the mother of his children.

Lester made sure to keep Sarah connected to his cock as he moved beside her and laid down on the couch. Sarah followed him, never taking her mouth or hands off his cock. She was on her knees on the couch, bent over licking and sucking Lester's cock with hearty abandon.

From the doorway to the kitchen, Dan watched as Sarah's bouncing head disappeared below the back of the couch. He could still hear her light, muffled moans and the wet, unmistakable slurping sounds of his wife's mouth on another man's cock.

This was the do-or-die moment for Dan. The back of the couch blocked his view of what was happening, but the sounds left no doubt in his mind. Dan usually missed out on the full view of what was happening, whether through the peephole or just being denied. Dan stood there, staring at the back of the couch and listening.

Dan's uncontrollable arousal propelled him forward. First, one step, then another as he made his way to the side of the couch. Sarah's white panties and her fantastic bubbly ass were pointed out towards him as her head bobbed up and down on Lester's crotch. Dan couldn't take his eyes off the illicit affair, his hand absently reaching out to find the plush leather chair as he tried to sit down.

Lester saw Dan sitting down out of the corner of his eye and smiled.

Time to twist the fucking knife.

"You miss this?" Lester said to Sarah. She looked up at him with her piercing green eyes and nodded before licking up his shaft.

"Mhmmm, I did. I missed it. I missed this cock. I missed you," Sarah's mouth returned to Lester's thick cock, and he watched as she went lower and lower down onto it.

"Good girl," Lester said as his hand went to the back of her head, guiding her up and down on his cock.

"Uhhhhh, oh that feels great, Sarah baby, suck my cock. Yeah, just like that - you know how I like it," Lester said. Sarah continued to wantonly bob her head up and down with abandon on Lester's cock. She already felt her panties getting wet. She loved sucking cock, especially one like Lester's. She had been craving Lester ever since the night before with her encounter with Byron. No one made her cum as hard as Lester could. Her mind was racing at everything that was happening, but she pushed it all aside to just focus on her favorite cock in the world.

"Ughh, lower. Suck on my balls," Lester commanded.

Sarah took her mouth off Lester's cock with an audible 'pop' and quickly descended down to his thickly matted pubic hair, her face disappearing into it as her tongue trailed down his colossal ballsack. Lester's frizzy salt and pepper pubic hair pushed into her closed eyes and up her nose, but it didn't bother her as she sucked on his balls and inhaled his primal scent deeply. Her tongue darted out and traced circles on his hefty, wrinkled nuts.

Dan just sat there watching the love of his life devour Lester's scrotum. A small voice inside of him was screaming, begging for him to listen and take some action, any action, but he felt the same way he did whenever he took an edible. Couch-locked, unable to move or react. It was like he was watching a particularly engrossing porn clip. Unable to affect the outcome of what he watched.

"Lower," Lester said, causing Sarah to move down the couch onto her stomach so she could lick the underside of his balls. She kept stroking his massive cock as her mouth slobbered over every inch of Lester's massive gonads.

"Lower," Lester said again. Sarah didn't disobey. She obliged by licking down below his balls to the musky area between his legs. Lester squirmed at the sensation, enjoying every swab of her tongue across his taint. But he wasn't done yet. Not now that Dan was sitting here watching. He needed to show him just how much Sarah belonged to him now.

"Lower," Lester said again. Sarah stopped licking and looked up at Lester, who stared back at her. The fat man reached down and grabbed his own knees, pulling his body into a crunch, the rolls of fat quivering with tension. Dan thought he looked ridiculous, somewhat like an overfed hedgehog on its back. His quick, disparaging smile disappeared as he suddenly realized what Lester was doing. Sarah dropped her head again, her tongue licking between his open cheeks before going further in.

"Yeaahh," Lester chuckled as he felt Sarah's tongue graze his asshole, "Nice little circles like that."

Sarah knew she should be repulsed. Repulsed by what she was doing, she could feel Lester's cock throb in her hand and knew the effect she was having on his cramped body. She loved that feeling. Being in control of it, his cock. The power of making someone like Lester shudder. She lapped her tongue out more, licking and circling it around Lester's hairy unclean asshole, finding herself getting more and more turned on at her illicit and depraved actions.

"She ever cleaned your asshole before?" Lester said offhandedly to Dan. "No? Your wife gives one hell of a rim job. I guess she saves it just for her lover."

"Keep doing that, baby. Yeah, yeeeahh, right there. Daddy like. Keep going. Fuck yeah," Lester groaned, his hand removed from one knee and on the back of Sarah's head, holding her firmly in place as she thoroughly tossed his salad. Her body was writhing on the couch, clearly enjoying Lester's firm hand and encouraging words.

Dan couldn't believe what he was seeing. Sarah's perfect mouth. The one he kissed on their wedding day. The one that kissed his daughters on the forehead every night before bed was firmly attached to his disgusting roommate's puckered asshole. He felt himself getting lightheaded watching. A memory popped into his head, where Sarah had vehemently expressed her disgust at the idea of any sexual act relating to anyone's asshole. And now she was here, feasting on his ugly roommate's.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as her tongue lashed out at Lester's asshole. The coppery, bitter taste was just a pleasant afterthought as she enjoyed this much more than she ever thought she would. The simple act of licking Lester here was like pouring jet fuel on a fire, making her body crave more and more. She pushed herself up off the couch, despite Lester's strong hand on her head, and pulled her panties off.

"I need you inside me," Sarah said, urgently climbing up atop Lester's grotesque body. Lester just watched as the beautiful mother climbed his mass and straddled him - her wet pussy pressed against his cock. She held it there for a second, eyes closed, just feeling his hard cock against her wet slit and clit. Then she slowly moved up, letting his cockhead brush against her clit. Then back down. She did this a few times before she went all the way up and positioned her entrance on top of his cock. She drew in a sharp breath as she began to lower herself onto Lester's massive cock, letting him inside her.

Her breath quivered as she took more and more of Lester's pulsing cock into her.

"That's it," Lester growled, "Take it all, baby."

"Ohhhh fffuuck," Sarah groaned. She lowered herself fully on Lester's cock, "God, I feel so fucking full."

"That's because you are," Lester said. They both stayed still for a moment looking at each other as Sarah adjusted to Lester's cock inside of her, feeling his quickened heartbeat deep within her. Tentatively, Sarah began rolling her hips on top of Lester. His hands came up and grabbed a handful of each ass cheek in them, kneading them as Sarah started to ride him.

Lester was just bucking his hips off the couch enough to spur Sarah on. He didn't want to ruin her pacing but ensured his cock was hitting all the sensitive areas inside of her. Sarah's hands were resting on Lester's flabby chest, pushing her breasts together for him to salivate over.

"I'll never get tired of fucking you," Lester groaned.

"You'd better not," Sarah breathed, eyes half closed while looking down at Lester.

"Did you see that Dan?" Lester said, "She didn't even think about putting a condom on me. Isn't that right, Sarah?"

Dan just stayed silent despite Lester's taunting. The image of his wife's beautiful body riding this ogre was transfixing.

"No...no condom," Sarah moaned, throwing her head back as she picked up the pace with her hips. "Never again."

"Why not?" Lester urged her on.

"They fucking suck," Sarah said, "It's so much better without one. My Daddy's cock is too good to be covered."

"It's better raw," Lester corrected her. "Tell Dan you like it raw. Tell him."

Sarah didn't turn to look at Dan. With her eyes clamped shut, she was focused on riding Lester's huge cock, "I love it raw, Dan. I only want Lester to fuck me raw from now on."

"Heh," Lester said, tightening his grip on her ass, pulling her tightly back down on top of him in time with Sarah's movements. She moaned at the strength of his hands and the way he expertly manipulated her body at the right moments. Lester could tell if he kept pushing things verbally, he'd have Sarah cumming in no time. He knew Dan's presence could be a lever he could exploit with her.

"Where do you want me to cum?" Lester urged, "Where's Daddy allowed to cum, Sarah?"

Sarah's pace picked up. Lester's words were pushing her to her orgasm faster than she anticipated. Talking like this. Admitting these things in front of her husband was driving her wild. Her 'betrayal' and submission to someone her husband detested only served to make her wetter than she'd ever expected. Her leaking fluids covered the belly of the fat man beneath her.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt an orgasm fast approaching. She could feel it hanging over her body, ready to crash down and consume her. "You can come anywhere. Any fucking where you want. I don't care. I just want your cum."

"What do you think, Dan?" Lester said, "Should I cum in that pretty mouth of hers? What do you think, Sarah? Can I cum in your mouth?"

"Ugh, yes," Sarah moaned, each word spoken further stoking the fire inside of her, "I want your cum pouring down my throat. Into my belly. It tastes so fucking good."

"Or I should cum all over her chest? Maybe spray on her face," Lester said. Sarah's body seemed to shiver at the sound of his words, imagining what that would feel like. Lester just grinned, "Or maybe I'll cum in this tight pussy of hers like this and see if we can get you that boy Dan failed to give you."

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck," Sarah moaned as she started to ride Lester like a woman possessed, her orgasm just barely out of reach. If she kept up this pace, it would be hers to have it in seconds. "Don't stop. God, please fuck. Ohmygod. OH, OOOH, mmmm, Jesus. Yes. Yes."

"Or," Lester said through gritted teeth as he braced himself for Sarah's insistent fucking. He let go of her ass, and both of his meaty hands planted themselves on her swaying breasts, tweaking her nipples, "I could cum in your ass."

"FUUCK," Sarah screamed as she threw her head back and thrust her breasts into Lester's lecherous hands. "Whatever you want, Lester. Cum wherever you want."

The patiently waiting orgasm came crashing down on Sarah, igniting the nerves in her body on fire. "Ahh, oh fuck. Fuck YEEESSS," Sarah screamed, arching her back, nails digging into Lester's flesh. Sarah was panting hard, trying to catch her breath as waves of pleasure washed over her body.

Lester had a shit-eating grin plastered on his face, staring up at Sarah. He looked over at Dan, who was sitting immobile in a catatonic state in the chair. "Did you hear that?" Lester grinned, "Your wife wants me to stick my cock in her ass and fill it with cum. I'm gonna save that for a private date when you're not around."

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah was still catching her breath, frozen in place, still enjoying the after-effects of cumming on Lester's cock.

"Get off me," Lester said, "I'm going to fuck you doggy style so Dan can watch your face."

With a groan, Sarah pulled herself up off of Lester's cock. She stared down at the massive appendage covered in her juices. Its absence from inside her created a deep need she knew just how to fill. She swung her leg off the seat as Lester shimmied up the couch awkwardly. Without waiting for his command, Sarah put herself on all fours on the cushions, waiting for Lester to get behind her.

Lester got onto his knees behind Sarah and rubbed his cock up and down her wet and waiting slit. She pushed back on his cock, trying to get it inside of her, but he chuckled and continued to play with her.

“Mhmmm, Lester,” Sarah moaned in frustration, “Put it in me.”

“I will,” Lester said, “I want you to look at Dan and tell him what you want.”

Sarah lifted her head off the couch, the sweat on her face causing her hair to stay matted to her skin, “I want Lester’s cock inside me, baby. I want him to fuck me. Is that okay?”

Before Dan could speak, Lester abruptly pushed his entire length into Sarah, causing her to squeal delightedly. “It doesn’t matter what Dan wants, do you understand?”

“Yes,” Sarah breathed as she tried to get a grip on the couch as Lester fucked her from behind. He held her hips in place and slapped one of her ass cheeks as he increased the pace of his violent thrusts. Not wanting to give Sarah a minute to breathe.

Dan felt like he was having an out-of-body experience as he watched the coupling before him. His mind was watching, but his body was somehow disconnected.

“Look at your husband,” Lester said through gritted teeth. His face was getting red and flushed as he fucked Sarah with gusto, sweat dripping down his back and chest, running through the coarse dark hair matting his skin. Sarah raised her head to look at Dan, sitting there with arousal on his face. He looked like he was in agony. “Look how pathetic he is watching his wife get fucked. He won’t even lift a finger to do it himself. Who do you want to fuck and fill you tonight? Me or your husband?”

Sarah dropped her head to the couch, “You Lester. I want you.”

“But you fucked someone else on your trip, didn’t you? DIDN’T YOU!?” Lester said.

“Yesss,” Sarah breathed.

“Who?” Lester said.

“Byron,” Sarah squealed, “Dan’s client.”

“Not Jesse, huh?” Lester grunted as he pounded Sarah from behind.

“No,” Sarah dropped her entire torso to the couch, her ass still high in the air for Lester to fuck. She reached her hands out over the leather, looking for anything to grab onto. Something about what Lester just said scratched a part of Dan’s mind, but he couldn’t put the puzzle pieces together at that moment. All he could do was watch in horrified arousal at the scene in front of him. All cognitive function was devoted to absorbing every moan, groan, and twitch of Sarah’s body.

“So Dan just sat there like he is right now and, rrrgh, watched you get fucked?” Lester said.

“No, he let me go with him. Dan stayed at the bar,” Sarah grunted.

“Was he good?” Lester said angrily as he power fucked Sarah ruthlessly. Each thrust caused her body to jolt forward, her hair jostling to and fro with the movement. His unrelenting pace and the angle of his cock was pushing Sarah closer to yet another powerful orgasmic detonation.

“He, he was okay,” She moaned into the leather, feeling her eyes rolling back in her head. Lester’s cock just felt so good. Everything about it was amazing, his hands on her hips. His balls smacking against her ass. The fact that Dan was watching and hearing everything they were saying. “I kept thinking of you,” Sarah admitted, “Afterwards, I just wanted you... Daddy.”

“Heh, hear that, Dan?” Lester said, “Your wife’s been craving me after she got fucked. She probably does the same thing after you leave her wanting more, too.”

“But,” Lester said, grabbing her hips tightly and pulling Sarah’s ass back onto him. He pushed forward quickly into her pussy before pulling out almost all the way and slamming it back in again. Each thrust a punctuation, “You. Don’t. Fuck. Anyone. Else. Unless. I. Say. So. NNNNng. Got it? Not even him.” Lester nodded in Dan’s direction.

“Uhhhmhmmmmmm yes, Lester,” Sarah groaned, “I’ll fuck whoever you want.”

“It’s going to be your punishment,” Lester growled, “For fucking someone behind my back. I’m going to make you fuck somebody you hate to teach you a fucking lesson.”

“Mmmhmmhmmmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned. She’d agree to anything Lester wanted at this moment as long as he didn’t stop fucking her. It felt way too fucking good right now. Nothing else in the world mattered. Consequences be damned. It didn’t even scare her that she felt like this was about to get so much better.

Lester wanted to complete his carefully constructed circle of humiliation tonight. He was eager to keep pushing Sarah while making Dan feel like the true cuck he knew him to be. It was time to finally put him in his place, at least for tonight.

“Tell your husband to take out his little thing and start stroking it. He’s not going to ‘reclaim’ you tonight. He’s going to cum watching you get taken by a real man.” Lester grunted.

Sarah raised her head to look at Dan. He looked like his mind was a million miles away, “Take it out, Dan. I want to see you stroking for me. I want to – OW”

WHAP

Lester slapped her ass harder than he ever had before, leaving an angry red handprint on her perfect butt cheek, “No. No improv. Just tell him to take it out and stroke that pathetic stiffy. You’re focused on me tonight.”

“Ughhhh,” Sarah groaned as Lester’s mammoth cock ground against her insides, in and out, in and out, over and over, unrelenting. “Take out your dick, Dan.”

As if in a trance, Dan lowered his pants and boxers in one slow motion, his erection sprang out over the elastic band. His hand immediately went to it, mouth hanging agape as he started to actively stroke himself.

“Yeah,” Sarah said, eyeing it, “Stroke it for me. Stroke that pathetic thing while Lester fucks the shit out of me.”

Perfect. Lester thought.

He let go of Sarah's hips and watched as her body continued to rigorously fuck itself back onto his iron-hard cock. Now he could keep turning the screws on Dan and cut him down at the knees. Lester needed to take whatever momentum Dan thought he had and crush it.

"Who owns you, Sarah?" Lester snarled, "Who owns you - mind, body, and heart? Tell me."

"Mhmmm fuckkk," Sarah moaned, sweaty, her head pressing down into the couch, eyes barely open, staring at her husband stroking himself. She wasn't sure what to say. She didn't know what would be crossing the line for Dan, but at that moment, all she wanted to do was make Lester happy. Make him cum. "You do, Lester," Sarah moaned loudly, "You, you fucking own me. You can fuck me whenever, wherever you want. I'm yours."

"Damn fucking right," Lester growled violently, slapping her ass again. This time, a low moan escaped her lips at Lester's brutal handling of her. "What about at the hospital? I can fuck you there again?"

"Yes!" Sarah screamed as Lester's cock was hammering against her G-Spot, "You can fuck me wherever you want!"

"What about your bedroom at home," Lester breathed hard, almost wheezing now. Sweat was dripping off his forehead, falling onto Sarah's back. She pushed back against him, her ass cheeks jiggling flawlessly each time. Lester held her by the base of her neck and held her down on the couch, "Answer!"

"FUCK LESTER! YOU CAN FUCK ME ANYWHERE!" Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs. Dan was now stroking himself faster and faster, not being able to control himself at all. "YOU CAN FUCK ME IN MY BED! ON MY FFF-FRONT FUCKING LAWN! I DON'T CARE WHAT DAN SAID! DO WHATEVER YOU FUCKING WANT TO ME! FFFFUUFFFUUCKK!"

"Do you get it now, Dan?" Lester snarled with venom at his roommate, "Sarah is mine. I'll do whatever the fuck I want to her. She's mine, not yours. She'll fuck whoever I want, where ever I want. Your wife is mine."

"OH FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. UHHHHHH. FUCK. LESTER," Sarah said as her vision blurred and she got light-headed. All of the nerves in her body started to light up at once, ready for a massive orgasm to explode inside of her. Lester talking this much evil shit directly to Dan was oddly intensely turning her on. "I'm gonna. I'm going to, to. Ohmygod, Lester! LESTER!"

"Cum for me, Sarah," Lester grunted, "Show your husband what it's really like when you cum and aren't just pretending for him."

"AHHHHHHHMHMMMMMHMMMMM," Sarah's toned back spasmed upwards uncontrollably as her hips quivered on Lester's cock. An avalanche of an orgasm crushed down her nerves, and she lost the ability to see for several moments. Her face contorted into a near-demented mask of pure pleasure that only Dan could see. Dan couldn't help but stroke himself harder at the unprecedented sight in front of him. Watching Sarah cum this explosively was too much for him to handle.

Lester never stopped his energetic thrusting into Sarah. Her pussy tightened around his cock as she came but he dug his heels into the arm of the couch and quickly pushed forward into the fist-like grip of her imploding pussy. He firmly held the back of her neck, pinning her to the couch as he relentlessly fucked her to make a point to both members of the married couple. Sarah's orgasm was still rocking her body. A

dribble of drool seeped out of her mouth as it hung open in a perpetual moan. Lester's large stomach rested on her ass, placing extra weight on it as he deliberately and repeatedly drove his cock home.

As Sarah's orgasm began to wane, Lester immediately pulled out of her and flipped her onto her back. Before she could comprehend what was happening, he was back between her legs, burying his cock into her wet and waiting clenched pussy, "Mhmmhmmm, Ahhhhhh. Oh, fuck yes. I love your cock!"

"Ugh, you feel so fucking good," Lester growled, staring down at her. His overweight stomach was now pressing against her taut abdomen. Dan was rapidly stroking himself with abandon. His mind still felt disconnected from his body, but it registered the tingle in his balls, and he knew he was going to cum soon.

"You're going cum again for me, Sarah. I'm going to explode and dump my entire load of cum into you when you do," Lester said.

"Do it, Lester!" Sarah screamed, "I WANT IT."

"What do you want!?" Lester said, holding her thighs in each hand as he pumped his massive cock in and out of her.

"Your cum. I want your cum. Give it to me," Sarah pleaded, her hands going to Lester's biceps, urging him to keep fucking her, "God, I want it. I need it."

"You're gonna get it. All of it. I'm going to fill you up," Lester said, then he turned towards Dan and sneered, "Maybe I'll even knock her up. Who knows?"

"Ohgod," Sarah's head rolled to the side and saw her husband furiously stroking his pole, watching them. There was no way he was going to last much longer. The familiar sensation inside of her suddenly burst to the surface again. She was about to explode again with all the sensory input at full stimulation. "Don't stop. Please. Please. Please. Lester. Ohmygodrighttherelester. Baby fuck me! Oh, OH, Please!"

"I ain't stopping," Lester said firmly. He had waited until this moment to launch another attack at Dan's heart. "The last time we fucked in my bed, do you remember what you said?"

Sarah shook her head as she closed her eyes and waited with bated breath to cum. She felt her muscles tighten, her pussy gripping Lester's cock as her painted nails dug into his biceps.

The short man smiled and spoke slowly, relishing this truth. "You said-"

"I love you." Sarah told him and opened her eyes, looking up at Lester's ugly, grinning face. She couldn't help herself. She was at the edge of a steep cliff. "I love you, Lester."

"Again!" Lester growled. He looked between Dan's face and Sarah's. "Look at me and say it to me again. I want to cum to it."

She felt like she was drowning in his commands, but she wanted his cum. She needed to feel that heat from him. She would do anything it took in that moment to make herself cum. "I love you," she moaned while staring up at Lester's ugly features, "I love you."

Dan's eyes blinked in a rapid sequence as his brain tried unsuccessfully to process what his ears were telling him his wife had just said. His hand slowed to a stop as he knew he was about to shoot. The

dagger to the heart felt like heroin to the veins of his cock. It was probably just sex talk, he told himself. But he couldn't help but feel the need to see this through to the end. He leaned in to watch.

Sarah grabbed Lester by the back of the neck and pulled him down on top of her for a deep kiss. Their tongues clashed as Lester continued to vigorously hump his gargantuan cock into her. The horny wife continued to moan the three words unintelligibly as their mouths connected. Sarah's body repeatedly threw itself off the couch onto his cock as they sucked onto each other's mouths, teeth, tongue and lips, crashing into one another. She'd never kissed another person so intimately and completely. She'd never wanted someone as badly as she needed Lester right then.

"Ffffffffff," Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth as every bit of her body exploded to fiery life. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets as her hips and torso twitched around Lester's gigantic cock. Every fiber of her being seemed to come alive and transcend to a higher state of existence. Lester's body and his swollen cock felt like the only things that mattered in the entire universe as she quivered below his thrusting mass. Her legs kicked out upward, and her toes curled inward. Every muscle in her body had tensed in anticipation. It was as if Lester was fucking the very core of her existence.

Cum shot out of Dan's crotch in long ropes and landed on him, pattering his thighs and feet. As his balls emptied, his mind finally seemed to come back down to his body, and he began to process the illicit scene in front of him. A look of genuine horror spread across his face.

His ogre of a roommate had a huge load sloshing around in his balls. At the sound of Sarah's words, the troll's nutsack expanded, its wrinkles disappearing as it filled with his boiling fetid spunk. On his next downstroke into the lust-crazed wife, this a particularly vigorous one, his cock became wedged completely into Sarah's quivering pussy. It was as deep as he'd ever been inside of her, cramming her full of his solid club of a cock. He felt the immediate ecstasy of his shaft expanding with the volume of the foaming fluids. Lester roared hoarsely and unleashed a tidal wave of cum into Sarah's waiting pussy, her labia red and swollen, stretched around his girthy, pistoning shaft. Her body was still experiencing her own extended orgasm and instinctively tightened its grip on his cock, milking load after load of his hot, sticky seed into her canal. Lester came way more than either Dan or Byron ever could by an order of magnitude. The sticky flood of cum completely filled her to overflowing. The sensations of the spewing jet brought her orgasm to another level, quickly crescendoing like a rocket past all limits previously known to her.

"UH-UHHHH-UHHHHHHMHMMMMMMMMMMMMMAAAAHHHHHHHH," Sarah screamed louder than she ever had before in her life, the piercing sound almost inhuman in its raw expression.

Somewhere distant, a floor below them, a dog started barking in response to the noise. Lester continued to thrust into Sarah, sending each rope of cum he deposited deep into the young mother. Their lips still mashed together, slowing as they both needed to catch their breaths.

"You taste like my ass," Lester mumbled to the thoroughly violated wife.

Dan was sitting there, covered in his own cum, watching as Lester and Sarah's bodies came to a complete stop. The only parts moving were their lips. Sarah's voice saying 'I love you' to Lester played over and over in his head. He wasn't entirely sure she wasn't now whispering it to the monster on top of her. His brain felt like it had been shattered into a million pieces and was desperately trying to put itself back

together. He had no idea how to chart these unknown waters or how to react to any of this. He had no map for what came next. He just sat and stared at the taboo coupling in front of him.

Eventually, Lester pulled himself free of Sarah. Dan saw his roommate's dripping horse-length cock emerge from his wife and dangle impressively between his legs, coated in Sarah's copious juices. Lester chuckled derisively, catching Dan staring at his swinging cock, and he shuffled off to his bedroom.

"She'll find her way to my bedroom again tonight," Lester chortled as he disappeared into the darkened hallway.

Dan looked at his wife who had rolled onto her side, light snores coming from her. It looked like Lester had fucked her into complete submission.

Dan finally got to his feet, grabbed a box of Kleenex, and began cleaning himself off. The tissues kept sticking to his hands and ripping on his legs. He'd made an absolute mess of himself. Satisfied that he was mostly clean, he threw the tissues in the kitchen garbage and retrieved a blanket to put over Sarah's naked well fucked form.

As he laid the blanket over his wife, he saw a thick trail of cum leaking out from her pussy. His brain still didn't know how to process all of this. He put the blanket down on her and flopped himself back into the chair.

He didn't want to go to bed and leave Sarah here by herself. He sat in the chair as his eyes got heavy. He told himself he was staying out here to guard Sarah, but he wasn't sure he could stop Lester and Sarah if he wanted to.

If I wanted to. He wasn't sure of that either.

His mind was in turmoil as he drifted off to sleep. All he wanted to do was talk to Sarah, but she was already ensconced in post-orgasmic bliss.