

Dan's work email inbox was getting close to full. Soon he'd have to go and ask for more storage to get added to his account or seriously sit down and go over the ever increasing emails. They just came in so fast, he was carbon copied onto dozens of irrelevant emails and back and forth discussions. It was difficult for him to filter out which emails needed his attention. The increase in clients was proving more difficult than he had expected.

His side clients made it almost impossible for him to catch up in the evenings. At some point things would shift and he could pivot to going independent, but for now he was stuck being overworked and overwhelmed.

It didn't help that everytime he started to dig in and work on something, his mind kept drifting to the state of his marriage. Or more accurately, Sarah's last visit to Chicago and her time spent in the hotel room with Lester and Jesse.

Dan's eyes glazed over as he stared at the computer screen in front of him. His mind had drifted away from another multi-paragraph email to images of Sarah pinned to the bed under Jesse while Lester watched on menacingly from some corner of the room, waiting to take his turn with Dan's bride.

A thought kept occurring over and over to Dan. The fact that Sarah had been blindfolded and apparently didn't know it was Jesse at first. He believed her side of the story even if it pained him to do so. The fact that she would just submit like that.....

But one thought kept popping up in his brain. Whispering to him. Dan adjusted himself at his desk, his cock hard as a rock just thinking about it.

Sarah had been blindfolded and she had known Lester had invited some random man into the room with them. Even though she thought Dan was present, she had still willingly gone along with letting that man touch her.....put himself inside of her.....

If she had known Dan wasn't present, would she still have gone along with it. His beautiful wife had been okay with fucking some random man she had never even seen before. The idea was intoxicating but frustrating. Frustrating in that he didn't actually know what Sarah would do in that situation, how it might play out. His mind kept coming up with scenarios but almost all of them ended up with his wife on her back and legs spread for some stranger.

Dan closed his eyes and let out a long breath, trying to calm himself down and willed for his erection to disappear. Before he had moved in with Lester, he had been completely in control of himself. And now it felt like some horny little demon had one hand on the steering wheel and was yanking it towards Share Sarah-ville.

He took out his phone and his finger hovered over the call button next to Sarah's name. Her picture looked back at him, her piercing blue eyes looked so loving yet there was something else there. A promise of something more beneath the surface.

Dan clicked his phone off and sat back in his chair, pinching the bridge of his nose. He wanted to talk to her. Needed to talk to her. But his mind was still fucked up from everything that had happened in that hotel room. They've talked since then but the conversations felt strained. They both knew something was hanging over them. Besides work, Dan didn't have much to talk about. He still didn't want to let Sarah know he was looking so deeply into Lester. Not that he had come up with much anyways.

Dan's mind was still trying to process how fucked up it was that Jesse and Lester had taken turns with Sarah. Even more, that she let them. Everytime he closed his eyes he pictured her face contorted in pleasure or the soft moans of climax that used to be reserved just for him. If he had never lost his job and moved to Chicago, neither of these men would have entered their lives.

But did he really want to go back to how things were? With not ever actually living out this fantasy? He didn't know. And he didn't, couldn't dive deeper into a chat with Sarah about it until he got his head on straight.

Even though their conversation in the parking lot had helped, her absence and Lester's constant presence in the apartment kept his brain going into over drive. There were not quiet moments of self reflection for him. Any down time was consumed with thoughts of Sarah with those two men and his fucked up feelings about it. He was torn between wanting to punch his computer screen or jerk off to the thoughts in the hope that they would go away after.

Dan's phone vibrated on his desk in front of him. Another email from Sentiel Securities that appeared urgent. He glanced back at his computer screen, dismayed to see another three new emails waiting for him. It just never ended.

He decided to do what any smart, adult man would. Ignore them both. Instead he logged onto discord on his computer.

It had taken him a bit but he finally felt like he was kind of understanding out this whole thing worked. It was a gaming server that Lester and his friends and others used to meet up and play games. Luckily it didn't seem like Ned, Lester's friend, had completely forgot about inviting him the other day when he visited his shop.

Dan had watched the conversations over various topics until he had a good idea which person was Lester. He wasn't one hundred percent sure but based on how the people

treated one another and how Ned seemed to suck up to one in particular, he figured that this DarkSpire guy must be Lester. And sometimes it showed this Darkspire playing video games, whose name Dan didn't recognize at the same time Lester was gaming in his room. Though, Lester was always in his room so it wasn't conclusive.

Unfortunately that's where things kind of stopped. There wasn't anything interesting being talked about on the service besides a bunch of middle aged men coordinating meet ups for their games and complaining about nerfs. He hadn't known nerf guns were thing with older nerds but to each their own. There hadn't been anything that would help Dan learn more about Lester, he couldn't even see what other servers or discussions he was a part of.

Still, it was a lead, even if it was a weak one. He'd keep watching this discord thing, hoping they'd talk about something useful eventually. Dan had done some Google searches using Lester's handle Darkspire but the results were all over the place. There were too many results and he couldn't reasonably figure out ways to filter them down. The closest he saw was some old message board posts by someone under the same name that sounded arrogant and condescending like Lester, but he couldn't be one hundred percent sure it was him.

Maybe there was something here but Dan didn't feel confident about it. Still, he'd keep searching and monitoring his conversations for now. Dan tapped his finger to his lip, thinking of other avenues he could go down. He didn't know much about Lester. Ever since he moved in.....

Lester had been looking for a new roommate when they'd answered his add. He probably had another one before. Maybe there was some way to see who else had lived at that address.

Dan did some quick searches. As he scrolled through the results, it started to seem like this might be a good avenue to go down. Maybe there was a way to look at public records or the department of motor vehicles to see who had been registered living there before. There were even a few sites that did reverse address look ups of public records but the results didn't seem entirely accurate. Dan kept scrolling through different websites trying to dig up what he could.

A knock on his office door snapped him out of his investigation. "Come in," Dan quickly said as he glanced at the clock in the corner of the screen. Shit, where did the time go?

Without realizing it a couple hours had already passed by. The door opened and Dan's boss Walt stuck his head in, "Dan, I sent you an email asking for an update on the project for the Worsha guys. We're meeting with them in five minutes, I need that update."

“Yeah,” Dan said standing up and trying to get his mind back on work, “Sorry Walt, just a lot on the go. Let’s walk and talk. I’ll update you on our way.”

The keyboard rhythmically clacked as Lester’s fat fingers expertly ran across it. Running a hospital’s IT department was as easy as he expected for the most part. Most positions related to security and maintaining their network had been eliminated entirely. Lester easily took care of most things himself running his programmed scripts that his former employees were either too stupid to figure out or too wary of due to keeping their precious job security. In the end, it didn’t matter as Lester had fired the half dozen or so individuals.

Sure there were probably some nuances he wasn’t aware of but he’d figure those out in time. Or more accurately, he didn’t care. This job was just a temporary means to an end anyways. All of the annoying crap he like setting up printers and trouble shooting computer issues in the hospital was done by two or three individuals he had kept on board. All of the other annoying tasks he had outsourced to other companies that gave him quiet kickbacks.

“Fuck off,” Lester murmured under his breath as he read an incoming email. The only issue he had yet to find a solution to were all of these damn meetings. It seemed like every non-medical functionary in the hospital filled their day with useless meetings to justify their own positions and often required him to attend. These meetings were pointless, filled to the brim with scyphophant who couldn’t make a decision to save their lives but somehow believed the meetings were important enough for him to attend.

Just reading these emails inviting him to meetings were a colossal waste of time, let alone actually attending them. Their dumb agendas, politicking, inane issues. He was tempted to just say ‘fuck it’ and leave. This position was a waste of his time and quite frankly beneath him. He’d much rather be at home in his lair sitting at his command centre diving into a new game or looking for new targets to exploit.

Lester frowned and shifted his weight in the uncomfortable office chair. The chair in his room in Chicago was far superior.

But just as Lester’s resolve was beginning to falter, his eyes flicked up from the monitor to the window looking out at the empty cubicle farm of the IT department. Sarah Williams was walking down one of the aisles towards his office. Lester licked his lips as he watched her. That woman knew how to dress. Today she had a professional looking black blazer and long, skinny white pants with a high waist. A small delicate black belt was looped around the pants and a black shirt was tucked into them. The shirt wasn’t low cut but Lester could see her collarbone and the tops of her chest under her neck. It was conservative but still sexy, the kind of way that communicated she knew what she was doing. A rose gold watch

was on her wrist with a matching necklace. Her blonde hair fell down past her shoulders and her black heels clicked on the floor.

Patience. It was commonly called a virtue. Lester didn't necessarily agree with that assessment as he viewed it more as a tool for him to utilize. A tool to help him reign in his baser instincts and let his plans come to full fruition.

He watched as Sarah approached his office. The slight bounce of her breasts and the mesmerizing sway of her hips. Those long legs and the rest of her tight body. Lester felt his cock waking up, completely forgetting about his frustrations. Instead his mind focused on her angelic face and pictured the many times he had seen it contort in pleasure. Lester had to suppress the smile from forming on his lips as he began humming the imperial march from Star Wars as his eyes stayed glued to Sarah's breasts. Despite all the turmoil she was experiencing at work and at home, that woman still looked like a sex goddess.

He stopped humming as Sarah knocked on his closed door.

"Come in," Lester said loudly.

Sarah opened the door and her eyes locked onto his before a impish smile appeared on her face. Lester felt his cock stir at the look she gave him, the subtle under currents that it expressed. Both of them the only ones in on a secret of their prior rendezvous.

"Hey Lester, got a second?" Sarah asked.

Always so professional. "Of course, come on in. Close the door behind you." Lester said.

"What do you need?" Lester smiled inwardly at his deliberate choice of words. The many different meanings behind them. He knew it wasn't lost on Sarah.

"Can I sit?" Sarah gestured to one of the chairs in front of his desk after closing the door.

"Of course. Now what's going on?" Lester's hands formed a steeple as he watched the young mother from across his desk.

"Well I'm still getting my head wrapped around this new position. I'm trying to figure out how I can make myself useful and be effective. One of the gaps I have is that I'm not really well versed in the IT world. I mean, I know a bit, enough to help make executive decisions but not really enough to be useful in the department." Sarah sighed, "I just want to carve out a place for myself."

This was music to Lester's ears. Sarah's demeanor had become more fragile once the door was closed. And now she was almost confiding in him, seeking reassurance and comfort.

How her world had changed since Lester had stepped into it. And he wasn't done yet. Not by a long shot.

"I don't think that is going to be a problem. Yes there are things that would be helpful for you to know but we can help you fill in those gaps. Plus your strength lies in the administration of the hospital, something that will no doubt be very valuable to me." Lester chose his words carefully. He didn't want to use the word department. He wanted to ensure that at least subconsciously she understood that she was tying herself to him.

"That's good to hear." Sarah breathed, "Can I ask you a couple of questions?"

"Sure," Lester said, enjoying how subservient she was with the workplace power dynamics.

"I know we went over this at a high level when the breach in our network occurred. But I'm sure you went more in-depth with Jerry, but how exactly did you stop it? How did you manage to fix it when others wouldn't help us?"

Lester's eyes stayed on Sarah trying to discern where this was going. Why was she asking about ancient history at this point?

"Well things were bad, normally you isolate the infected machines first but by the time I got here it had already spread through the whole network. So I cut off all external connections, disconnected the compromised devices from the server, and blocked any suspicious IP addresses that were trying to make contact with the network. You'd be surprised how many attackers don't even bother hiding their tracks."

Sarah nodded along while Lester watched her like a hawk.

"Next, I dove into the network's traffic logs. It took some time, but I tracked down the initial point of infection. There happened to be a backup of some of our servers at that Swan Systems place but they were very out of date. It wasn't just about restoring from backup. The ransomware was a new variant—looked like a modified version of Bad Rabbit, but with a couple of custom tweaks. So, I ran a deep scan with some custom decryption scripts I've written—thing is, I'd already reverse-engineered a similar strain last year. Turns out, these guys used the same encryption algorithm, but with a slightly different key distribution method. Long story short, I had the decryption key on hand."

Something changed on Sarah's face, almost like he had confirmed something she was looking for. Lester's brain started to work in overdrive as he continued his explanation.

"Once I decrypted the critical files, I started patching the vulnerabilities the ransomware exploited. I mean, they used an old RDP exploit. Simple stuff, but you'd be surprised how

many systems don't have basic security updates. That was the door they walked through. I fixed it."

Was she beginning to suspect him? The look on her face was enthusiastic but Lester saw the familiar calculating nature of her eyes, behind the smile on her face. He'd need to adjust his approach going forward with her.

"Honestly, we just got lucky that this is one that I've ran into before. Otherwise I'm not sure I would have been able to fix it. Luckily I'm part of some cyber security groups that share resources and tools like the ones I used, otherwise we would have had to pay the ransom."

"Wow. I mean, I knew there was more to it but that does sound impressive. Difficult and impressive. I got me thinking, can you track down who hacked up and do like a reverse hack or something like that?" Sarah asked leaning forward.

There is was. Asking if he could do hacking himself. She was digging for information, maybe at the behest of Dan. Fuck, he needed to sever that connection.

"No, unfortunately that isn't in my skillset," Lester adjusted his story on the fly, "I could probably track their IP address they used to get into our network but they probably bounced their attack around so it wouldn't do us any good. Even if I could, I don't have the ability to 'hack' them. What I do is more like building and maining a castle's walls. Sometimes things get in and need to get pushed out and then we make the wall stronger. Hacking is like laying siege to the castle or infiltrating it somehow. I'm more of a defensive player if that makes sense."

"Hmmm intertesting," Sarah sat back up straight as she mulled things over. "Well, I'm glad you're on our side."

For whatever reason she had been probing it. Perhaps he had slipped up somewhere and made her suspicious. He would need to adjust his straregy going forward.

"Sarah, while you're here can I ask you something?" Lester said, "I'm looking for some shared files on our new strategic direction but I can't seem to find them. Mary said they were on the shared server but I honeslty can't find anything on there. Would you know where I shoud look?"

Sarah's eyes seemed to flare at the mention of Mary, the woman who was now the head of HR and had pushed Sarah out of her office. That is something I can use.

"Let's see," Sarah said as she came around the back of Lester's desk and looked at his monitor, "You should look in the HR folder. I bet Mary saved them in her own personal folder there. It's been an issue with past employees working on shared documents. I had a policy

in place that address this but with all of the turnover recently, I'm sure its fallen by the wayside."

"That makes sense," Lester started clicking into the HR folder. "Ah, there it is. Thank you Sarah. I would have been looking for this for hours without you."

A new strategy of how to approach Sarah, at least at work was forming in his head. He had to admit, that his plan was still evolving. He hadn't expected to be working at the hospital but it did present some exciting opportunities that he wouldn't have in Chicago. He needed to lower Sarah's perception of his technical skills and he needed to keep her busy so that she wouldn't have the opportunity to read into his abilities too far. And there was a very convenient way for him to do that while killing two birds with one stone.

"So," Lester said swiveling his chair towards Sarah. She was moving back to the other side of the desk, much to his dismay. "I need to get you up to speed on new things happening in the hospital. I'm a little overwhelmed to be honest. I'm going to forward a bunch of meeting invitations to you. We'll go together today but soon I want you going without me and representing the department. Are you up for it?"

"Thats...yeah I think so. But like I said before I don't really know what I'll be talking about." Sarah said.

"That fine, neither will anyone we're meeting with. Its more of an administrative role anyways in these meetings. I'm sure you can handle that."

"I'll do my best," Sarah smiled as she rose from her chair, getting ready to leave. Lester let his eyes deliberately roam over her body.

"Now that we've talked about all that. Maybe we should move on to a topic that is more personal in nature...."

"I...um...I don't know Lester. Maybe we can talk about this after? I need to dig in and get my head around my new role."

"You don't want to talk about how you just kicked me out last night? It was cold out," Lester complained.

"Look, you know that things are complicated, okay? You shouldn't have come over in the first place." Sarah crossed her arms over her breasts.

"You let me in," Lester challenged.

"I was afraid someone was going to see you and then they'd find out about us!" Sarah said. "You aren't supposed to come to the house anymore."

“You didn’t complain last night. In fact I’m pretty sure you didn’t complain several times last night,” Lester smirked, enjoying the conflicted look on Sarah’s face. His cock was stirring as he watched the young wife squirm.

“That’s not....look there are just some personal lines I don’t want to cross. This is important to Dan and I. Our house is off limits, especially when the kids are home, okay? You can’t just show up unannounced like that. It’s not fair to put me in that position.”

Lester chuckled thinking about how one of the girls thought he was their father last night, “This is the first time you’ve complained about any position I’ve put you in.”

“Stop deflecting Lester. Stop trying to make this into something else. And yes last night was good....great even but we can’t do that like that again, okay? I need you to hear me. You can’t just show up like that again.”

“Fine.” Lester grumbled “I’ll be good. It’s just that I couldn’t control myself. I just needed you and I couldn’t stay away.”

Sarah’s stance softened. Lester knew she was lonely with Dan being so far away in Chicago. Expressing his desire for her would help wear down her defenses further.

“Well, just don’t do it again, okay? We can figure something else out next time.”

Lester smiled, “Okay.”

Sarah sighed like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders, “Alright, well if there isn’t anything else I want to go do some work.”

“There’s just that meeting in a bit,” Lester said as he pulled open a drawer on his desk, “And one last thing. I want you to go home and get the ring I gave you. Come back with it on.”

The ring he had proposed to her with in front of a restaurant full of strangers and her helpless husband looking on.

“Lester....I can’t do that.”

“Sure you can. Just slide that tiny ring Dan got you off and put mine on,” Lester said.

“That ring is fine when we are....playing around but we’re both at work right now. It’s not appropriate. Besides people will notice.”

“That’s kind of the point. I want you walking around marked as mine.”

Sarah visibly shivered at Lester’s words. Lester’s eyes tracked some other coworkers walking by the window. Watching Sarah squirm in such a public setting was always

delightful. If he squinted he was sure he would be able to see her nipples poking through her shirt.

“Don’t pretend you don’t like the idea,” Lester said.

“It’s just - “

“It’ll only be here at the office. And during our dates. You don’t have to wear it around Dan of your family or anything.”

“Lester, its just...that ring is really noticeable. People will see it and know that its new. The diamond looks expensive. It stands out and I –”

“It was and thats the point isn’t it? When you buy someone a ring you should buy a good one, otherwise whats the point? It’s supposed to show how much they mean to you and how well you can take care of them right?I guess a small little one is romantic in an impoverished way but its also kind of pathetic.” Lester emphasized that last word as he watched Sarah’s face closely.

“A- and,” Sarah stammered, “I don’t really want that kind of attention.”

“Sarah,” Lester chuckled, “Have you looked in a mirror? You’re going to get attention whether you like it or not. Sure it won’t always be good, thats probably why that bitch Mary has it out for you. But why not flaunt what you have? Rub her face in it. That ring is yours and you should wear it.”

“I don’t know Lester, this just feels wrong.”

“That’s never stopped you before. In fact I would argue that you very much enjoy doing things you used to think were ‘wrong’. So why not try this. If it makes you feel better, consider it a direct order from your boss. Now you have to do it. Okay?”

“Besides,” Lester leaned back in the chair, “We both know how wet the ring and this conversation is making you. So why don’t you just take an early lunch break and go get it hmm? Bosses orders.”

Sarah stood there, staring back at him, looking like she was unsure how to proceed. Her could see the conflict in her eyes. She was torn between giving in to his demands and the last shreds of her professional nature. Another thing which Lester planned on stripping away from her.

“Lester, we need to talk about how we interact in the office. This is still my workplace. Things were okay before but today, its like you flipped a switch.”

“You’re right. Maybe I am letting a bit too much of myself creep into my role here. I’ll try to be more respectful like I have been. But seriously, go home and get the ring. Now turn around and go so I can watch that sweet ass sway on your way out. I know you enjoy this so and I know you know how much I love when you put up a fight, so thank you for that. “

A sly smile spread across Sarah’s face as she shook her head, “You are unbelievable.”

Lester raised an eyebrow at her and smirked, “Now turn around and get out of here so I can check out that ass.”

With a sigh, Sarah turned on heels and opened the door to the office. Lester licked his lips as he saw Sarah’s hips subtly sway back and forth, obviously putting on a little show for him. Soon she disappeared from view only to reappear walking past his window where she rolled her eyes at him.

Lester’s smirk darkened as he turned back to his computer. Yes, Sarah would be perfect to alleviate him of all these time sucking meetings so he could focus on more productive endeavors. It was clear that a regular nine to five forcing people to interact regularly with weak people probably curbed a lot of great men’s ambitions. Too much time spent keeping the plebs happy. If Sarah could shield him from all of that, he could focus on what mattered.

Further weaken the William’s financially and impregnate the mother. The idea of walking into their home and taking Sarah upstairs while Dan attended to his daughters and his progeny played in his mind. Lester had graduated from pursuing single women that fell for being his roommate. The challenge of a married woman and manipulating things to this degree was so much sweeter.

He fired up his VPN on the computer in front of him and opened his TOR browser. Lester quickly navigated to his virtual server and accessed the dark web. He didn’t bother checking any of the many communications he more than likely received about accessing his private vidoes or those trying to set up some kind of encounter. No, today it was all about the mission.

It was time to find someone who could help him produce tablet and manufacture blister packaging to mimic Sarah’s birth control pills.

It had been too fucking long. Jesse was supposed to be on his computer looking for a new job. He had been unemployed for a bit now but it wasn’t his job search that was frustating him. He hadn’t heard anything from her.

What the hell was going on? He knew there was something there. They had shared a connection during that night in the hotel. It was undeniable. When they were together it was like the world just clicked. It finally made sense.

He knew she felt it to.

Even though she had still let that disgusting basatard of a man touch her, Jesse knew the truth. When Sarah had opened up for him, he knew there was something more than. More than just the physical connection. The way her lips kissed his, the way her nails racked down his back. It was like they were the only two people in the entire world, even though Lester was always somewhere close by.

If only he hadn't been there. It would have been perfect. He still didn't understand what happened or why Lester had been at that hotel with her. All he knew was to send Dan some dumb picture and Lester finally gave Jesse what he longed for.

But he still hadn't heard from her. From Sarah. She should have called right after. To tell him she was done with Dan and that she loved him. But that call never came. Jesse racked his brain trying to think of what was keeping her away.

It had to be Dan or Lester. Somehow they were controlling her, keeping her away from him.

Jesse pushed himself away from the desk in his bedroom and he flopped onto the bed. On his phone, he opened up Instagram and looked at Sarah's profile. It was still set to provide but he checked again anyway. His request to follow her was still pending

Did Dan or Lester control her instagram account too? Jesse tossed his phone onto the floor. He had to figure out how to save her.

The more he thought about Sarah Williams the more frustated he got. He kept replaying the events in the hotel room over and over in his head as he lay there. Soon his hand trailed down to his dick and he closed his eyes tight, trying to remember ever moment vividly.

This pattern had repeated itself for several days but Jesse didn't care. He needed her.

Sarah tapped her pen anxiously against the table as she waited alone in the meeting room. She was early but she still felt nervous about the next meeting. Lester had forwarded the meeting invitation to her. It wasn't his meeting. It was Mary's. Which meant that Sarah was kind of crashing it, even though her boss asked her to be there.

Lester as my boss.....what a sentence.

As perposterous as that fact was. She needed to get over it and put her head down and do her job. She had been extremely close to losing her job. She didn't even want to contemplate what that would have meant for her family. Dan still hadn't found stable footing in Chicago and they needed her income. More than that they probably needed to severaly cut down on some of their expenses and adjust their life style.

If it hadn't been for Lester's intervention, things might have become bleak. She put down the pen and played with the ring on her finger. It was beautiful and she loved the way it caught the light. It still felt strange wearing it. It was heavier than the ring Dan had given her. But more than that, she felt so inappropraitе wearing it. Like she was flashing her secret sexual lifestyle to the world. Almost like she was advertising that Lester was her lover.

Sarah shook her head, trying to get her head on straight. None of this mattered if she couldn't do her job. Lester would get a kick out of seeing her wear his ring in the meeting and then she could say she did as requested.

Sarah slide open her phone to distract herself before anyone else arrived. There was an instagram notification which made her frown. A follow request from Jesse. Whether it was the algorithm suggesting her to him or him deliberating seeking her out, she wasn't sure but either way she declined it.

She didn't need any additional complications in her life and she sure as hell didn't want Jesse to see her Instagram page. She used to leave it open before but had recently learned the benefits of making it private. Besides, what would Dan say? Sarah sighed as she thought about her husband. She still hadn't told him about all the turmoil at her workplace recently. It would only worry him and Lester had taken care of things – something she was sure would unnecesarily upset Dan. It was better to protect him from all of this, at least for now. Let him focus on establishing their foothold in Chicago. Something that seemed like it was never going to happen. She didn't even know if thats what she wanted anymore.

The door to the meeting room opened and Lester's fat frame appeared in the doorway before he stepped inside.

"Hey good looking," Lester said.

"Lester!" Sarah hushed, "You can't say shit like that."

"Relax no one is around," He stood at the table with his laptop under his arm. He looked down at the table with a confused look, "Hey uh, do you know how I can connect to the screen? Its like every meeting room is different."

Chosing to ignore his earlier comment, Sarah helped Lester connect his laptop to room's system so he could project his computer screen onto the big white screen affixed to one

wall. She had been in this meeting room hundreds of times before so it was pretty straight forward. The irony of her helping the head of IT with a computer issue was not lost on her.

While Lester did seem to know what he was doing when it came to securing their network, he didn't seem particularly adept at other aspects of the department. Perhaps it was premature to put him in that position but Sarah didn't want to say anything. Her success was partly tied to his now, for better or worse.

"Nice ring," Lester chuckled. His chair squealed as he sat down in it across from her.

"Thanks," Sarah said quietly, hoping Lester wouldn't escalate his comments and someone would overhear. To her surprise, he busied himself on his laptop, ignoring her completely. Sarah stared at him, waiting for him to break and look at her but he never did. She tried to think up some witty comment to get his attention but found herself coming up short. Was she...disappointed? Yes she wanted him to keep his mouth shut about them but that didn't mean she liked him ignoring her.

She heard the sound of approaching footsteps and voice and quickly focused on the meeting at hand. She still felt unqualified to be part of this discussion from the IT side of things but she put on her best poker face. Soon a few people filtered in followed by Mary whose face seemed to frown seeing Sarah there.

Sarah just smiled politely as she felt the older women's gaze run over her, judging her appearance. Then her eyes locked onto the ring on Sarah's finger.

"Congratulations?" Mary asked sitting down, "I thought you were already married though."

"I am," Sarah said, already having come up with a practiced excuse about the ring, "We just celebrated a milestone anniversary and my husband surprised me with it."

"How lovely," Mary said keeping her eyes on Sarah, "It must be nice to have such a well off husband. Sort of makes me wonder why you work at all."

Sarah stared daggers at the women, her careful professional facade cracking, "We are doing fine. This was something out of the ordinary that he saved up for, for a long time."

"I'm sorry, I didn't realize it was such a sensitive topic," Mary said. "Forgive me."

Bitch. Sarah just nodded back to her as she bit her tongue. She really wished Marcie was still in charge of HR. This woman was a passive aggressive nightmare.

"Anyways Sarah I'm glad to see you here. I didn't know whether you would take this position with Lester or not—it's definitely not something everyone would be comfortable taking on. But I'm sure you've got it covered, even if it's a bit outside your usual lane."

Sarah just gritted her teeth, “Thanks Mary, that means a lot coming from you.”

The meeting got underway but Sarah had a hard time focusing. She would have loved to reach across the table and slam Mary’s head down but she tried to keep herself under control. The discussion going around the table was getting different departments on the same page and streamlining communications. Something Sarah had already done but it appeared her efforts had already been abandoned. Lots of different ideas were being thrown out all of which seemed like too much work. Lester wasn’t engaged at all, instead he was glued to his computer. She suspected he was projecting one screen on the board while doing something else entirely.

“Can I offer a suggestion?” Sarah said feeling confident in the topic to jump in. She explained some ideas and simple way to streamline communications and reduce the volume of email traffic. Without going too far, she was basically outlining some of the responsibilities of her now defunct role.

There were a few approving nods amongst the new hires but Mary was the first to speak, “I admire how you’re able to get through so many things with such a... minimal amount of effort. Some of us prefer to really dig deep, but it’s nice to see a more... streamlined approach. Sometimes the simple approach isn’t the best one though honey.”

The meeting continued like that for the next hour. Any time Sarah spoke up with an idea, Mary shot her down each time.

"It’s always so fascinating to hear your perspective. You really bring a... different angle to things. I know it can be tough to get everyone on the same page when your viewpoint is so... distinct."

"Oh, that’s an interesting approach. I never would have thought of doing it that way—it’s... definitely unique. I’m sure it’ll work out, though. We all have our own methods, don’t we?"

"I have to admire how you manage to stay so confident, even when you’re completely off the mark. I wish I could be so sure of myself, even when I know I’m wrong."

"I never would have thought of doing it that way, but I can see how you’d think it would work. I mean, it’s... not the way I would approach it, but it’s good to see someone else try, you know?"

Sarah gritted her teeth each time, feeling herself getting worked up. Maybe this is what Mary was trying to do, undermine her and provoke her in front of a room full of witnesses. Sarah did her best to keep her cool.

As the meeting was winding down, Mary made one last suggestion to the group.

“You know, I think it might be best that the next time we meet, we cut down the number of participants. There was a lot of cross talk and some ideas that just didn’t land. We could get more done with fewer people. Don’t you agree Lester?”

“Who would you want to keep around?” Lester asked.

“Well for starters, I don’t think we really need more than one person from each department. So maybe next time, don’t forward the invitation. We only requested your presense...not anyone elses.”

Sarah saw Lester surpress a smirk as he closed his laptop.

“Are you trying to tell me how to run my department Mary?”

“No it’s just that –”

“I get what its about,” Lester scoffed, “You don’t like Sarah. You’re jealous of her and its obvious why.”

“I’m not, that is completely out –”

Sarah whined. Lester clearly wasn’t adept at office politics, which wasn’t surprising considering he spent all day playing videos games in his room.

“Listen,” Lester interrupted, “Sarah is my righth hand now. She is going to attend a lot of meetings in my place so you better get used to it. She’ll be running point on projects for me so I don’t have to get dragged down into the weeds like this again.”

“This meeting was important it –”

“Was a complete waste of time for everyone involved. This meeting could have been more efficient if it was an email. Do you know all the people in this room’s salaries? I don’t but if I had to guess, the hour this meeting took cost our hospital over a thousand dollar. And quite frankly I don’t think the hospital got one thousand dollars of value from it.”

“Lester, lets talk about this after.”

“No, I don’t want to attend yet another meeting. You need to bit your tongue and work with Sarah. Richard hired me to streamline my department which I did and he has asked me to find other areas to cut expenses. Frankly meetings like this are one of them. So I think you need to think long and hard about your approach going forward. Human Resources is a support function of the hospital. You add no value and don’t contribute to any of the key metrics that Richard is measuring. IT on the other hand is critical to the operation of the hospital and Richard knows that. So unless you want me to bring up this pettiness with him, you better come with an improved attitude towards my team next time.”

Mary and the other remaining individuals sat there in stunned silence. Lester nodded his head once, looking like he thought his point sunk in. There he gestured towards Sarah, “Alright, lets go to our next meeting where there are actualy issues to talk about.”

Sarah stood up and followed Lester to the door, trying her best not to smile.

“Where’s our next meeting?” Sarah said when she was confident they were far enough away from the meeting room not to be overheard. The tension of the meeting still lingered in the air between them, “You didn’t forward me any others.”

“My office,” Lester said as he strode down the hallway, Sarah keeping pace next to him. It was strange, after that verbal smackdown on Mary, Lester somehow seemed more....confident? Maybe powerful? She couldn’t put her finger on it but she hadn’t ever seen him like this before. Yes, sometimes he would get into it with Dan but he was more of a schemer. Here he had confronted someone to their face. It kind of reminded her of the way he talked to his group of friends he played D&D with. Whatever it was, it suited him. Maybe he could do this job after all.

Lester didn’t say anything else as they walked down the hallway to the IT department. Sarah’s stomach still turned at some of Mary’s passive aggressive comments but she held her head high, enjoying the feeling of witnessing her get verbally berated by Lester.

She didn’t know if it would actually change anything. She knew women like Mary. Lester probably caught her off guard but once she slinked back to her office she would stew and scheme. How the hell that woman had been hired was beyond Sarah. Morale would tank under an HR leader like that but maybe that was the point.

By the time they reached Lester’s office, Sarah’s heart was still racing. Each beat was a jagged pulse of frustration and twisted satisfaction. Anger still bubbled beneath her skin at Mary’s comments in the meeting. A sharp, bitter ache that made her jaw tighten and fists clench.

She could feel her face flush, her eyes burning with the heat of every word she wanted to shout, every accusation that still lingered in the air.

But there was something else, something that made her stomach flutter in a way she didn’t expect—almost like a secret thrill. She wasn’t sure whether it was the relief of seeing someone finally get what they deserved or the strange, unbidden pleasure of knowing she’d had a front-row seat to their comeuppance. The fact that it was Lester, someone who had such a....personal connection to her defending her like that. She couldn’t deny how attractive his assertiveness had been.

Her chest tightened with the kind of tension you feel when you're on the edge of an explosion, but also the kind of tension you get when you know things are about to change—for better or worse. She just needed to find a release for that tension.

Sarah stepped into Lester's office and couldn't help but pace around a bit. There was too much conflicting energy in her body for her to sit still. Lester shut the door behind him and walked to the window overlooking the cubicles outside. She grasped the place rod dangling next to it and started to turn it, slowly closing the blinds, cutting off their view.

"You okay?" Lester asked, "I'm sorry if I overstepped there at the end."

"Yes. No. I don't know," Sarah shook her head, her arms crossed over her breasts as she leaned against the wall. "I wanted to reach across the table and slap her. No one has ever talked to me like that her. So petty and condescending."

Sarah shook her head, "There's no way that would have flown a few months ago. Before all this change here. But now I don't even know where I stand anymore. I don't have any power to stand up for myself. Maybe I never did. But at least I had the respect of my colleagues. Now, I don't know."

Lester was watching her closely. Sarah continued, "But the way you put her in her place. To see the look on her face. That was amazing. I loved every second of it."

"She needed to be taken down a peg," Lester said walking over to Sarah, "She has been annoying me since I started. It was time for her to understand the new pecking order. Maybe we should take her down another peg or two."

"What do you mean?" Sarah looked at Lester, wide eyed.

"I don't know. Lets see how much she pisses you off. I have a stack of requests from her department. Why don't we start by purposely delaying those until she comes personally asking for them. Then you can toy with her a bit. Maybe make her beg. Who knows maybe we could tape over the bottom of her voice so it doesn't work or change her autocorrect in Word to mess with her. Unless you want to let the air out of her tires or something like that. I haven't thought too far ahead."

"She's a bitch but messing with her car might be crossing a line. The other things though, it might be fun seeing her squirm a bit." Sarah shook her head, suppressing a smile. It was nice to have someone to share her frustrations with. Someone who wanted to back her up. She eyed Lester as he got closer. She recognized the look in his eyes and her heart kept beating in her chest. There was one great way to release the tension that was pent up inside of her.

“I enjoyed the attention your ring got,” Lester said stepping up to her, “So many people in the room’s eyes on it. Seeing the ring that represents how bad you can be. How tied to me you are.”

Sarah didn’t respond. Her arms were still wrapped around herself. Her shallow breaths making her chest rise and fall. As Lester stepped closer she felt the hair on the back of her neck standing on end. Her earlier arguments in this very room about keeping things professional seemed to far away. Maybe even the dreams of a naive girl who didn’t understand how the world really worked. Lester’s intense gaze was locked onto her eyes. She stared back, trying in vein to appear like she didn’t want this.

Didn’t want him. But she could already feel her nipples pressing against the cups of her bra. It took every ounce of willpower she had not to bite her lip as he hungrily stared at her. Lester broke eye contact and let his stare started to deliberately roam over her body.

Lester reached out and grabbed the hand with the ring on it. He pretended to look at the ring as his fingers, gently stroked the back of her hand. While staring at the ring, he continued to move forward until his gut was pressing up against her crossed arms. His eyes never left the ring as he leaned in to her ear and whispered, “How you belong to me now.”

A shiver ran through Sarah’s body at his word and she breathed out. Lester’s breath was hot on her neck and she had to do everything in her power not moan. She closed her eyes, focusing on his breath and how warm his body was up against hers. She waited for him to do something else. To touch her somewhere. But other than his fat stomach pressing up against her, nothing happened.

Sarah opened her eyes. Lester’s face was right in front of hers, his eyes boring into her soul. Sarah’s breath was getting caught in her throat as she stared back at him. His eyes flicked down to look at her lips and then back up to her eyes. Slowly he leaned forward as Sarah’s back was against the wall.

His fat lips gently pressed against hers. Slow and delicate. A soft moan escaped her lips as Lester’s hands gripped her wrists and pulled them down to her sides. His body pressed into hers, pinning her further to the wall. The sounds of phones ringing and other office activities could be heard through the window, but the only sound from within was the wet smacking of lips.

Sarah’s tongue was the first to dart out of her mouth. Even with her eyes closed she could feel Lester’s mouth smile as her tongue ran over his lips. His fat tongue slowly pushed back against hers until their kiss deepened and their tongue entwined in a tight embrace. Sarah leaned forward and melted into the kiss with her husband’s roommate as Lester’s crotch began to grind against her white pants.

She could feel his large cock jutting into her and the immense heat from it. She needed to feel it. Lester dropped her arms as his mouth continued to devour hers. His hands ran up her body, brazenly groping her chest until they reached her shoulders where he began peeling off her blazer. As the garment hit the floor, Lester's palms were on Sarah's bare biceps. He forcefully pulled her towards him as his gut pressed her against the wall, driving his cock between her legs.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned breaking their kiss. Lester didn't let up, his tongue and lips ravaging her neck. Slobbering all over her perfect skin. Sarah's arms braced themselves against Lester's body. Sarah moaned into Lester's face, "We shouldn't....shouldn't be doing this."

"Mhmm fuck ya," Lester's tongue danced along Sarah's collarbone making her squirm under him. His lips descending to the top of her chest that her shirt exposed. "I like when you play hard to get but we both know you're going to be moaning for my cock as I fuck you in here."

"Uhhh Lester. S-slow down. Things have been going too fast lately," Sarah groaned as pushed his tongue past the top her shirt and was licking her breasts while his hands mauled them over the material. He was actively dry humping her as she was pinned to the wall. "We should pump the breaks..."

"I'll be sure to keep fucking pumping," Lester growled into her chest, frustration evident in his voice. He roughly tugged at her tucked in shirt, freeing it from the confines of her tight pants as he continued to grind his hard cock against her body.

With her shirt free, Lester wasted no time pulling it up her body until the dark emerald bra was exposed. Lester didn't even wait to pull her shirt off, instead his face dove down between her large breasts, his hands roughly grabbing them. His tongue and lips went to town on her soft flesh. Sarah instinctively arched her back into his face, her hands flying up to grasp the back of his head and neck, pulling him into her. Her black shirt sat awkwardly above her breasts, but neither dared move to fix it. Both getting lost in each other's bodies.

Further protest died on Sarah's lips. Her eyes closed as her hands ran through Lester's thinning hair. Lester growled into her chest and soon his hands were no longer satisfied. They dropped down to her delicate belt and started undoing the clasp. In one fluid motion he pulled the entire length of the belt out and threw it behind him. It clattered against the wall, neither of them pausing to care about the noise.

"Did-did you lock the door?" Sarah breathed as Lester's tongue trailed down her stomach making her body writhe. His hands lowered her tight white pants, exposing a matching dark emerald pair of panties that went high on her hips.

It had been so important the last time she had fooled around with Lester at the hospital to leave the building. To get away from prying eyes, only for them to be discovered by Otis one of the lowly janitors. Now all her protests were contained in a quiet part of her brain being drowned out by the intense need to feel Lester between her legs. Her mind silently acknowledged the points. The dangers of being caught but it simply didn't care.

Lester's tongue continued to descend as her pants went lower and lower until they were pooled around her black heels. Sarah groaned as Lester's nose pressed against her panty covered pussy and she could feel his hot breath against her sex.

Before Sarah realized what was happening, Lester swiftly tugged down her panties in one swift motion and dove his face towards her sex. She grabbed onto his thinning hair as her panties dangled between her knees. Lester's tongue was already exploring up and down her slit until it found her clit. Once discovered, his oversized tongue began drawing circles around it and his mouth gently sucking on it as he expertly hummed. The hum's vibrations on his lips send electric shivers through her body.

Sarah's knees grew weak and she desperately wished there was a bed for her to lay down on so Lester could properly eat her out. Lester's hands fumbled with her pant legs, freeing them before lowering her panties down the entire way. Then he lifted one of her legs up at the same time his tongue ran down her slit until it found the entrance to her body. Sarah threw her head back into the wall as Lester's large tongue pushed its way inside of her body. The slick juices already coating her entrance mixed with his saliva, as his tongue pushed deep inside of her.

"Mhmmmmmmmfuuuckkk," Sarah moaned, pinned to the wall and off balance. The strength in her one leg under fire as Lester's probing tongue lapped and explored her sensitive insides. His tongue felt large like an expanding water balloon, licking over every slick crevice of her insides.

Lester moaned into her pussy in approval at her taste. Sarah opened her eyes and started at the closed office door, knowing that someone could come through at any moment. That she needed to be quiet or else their illicit affair would be discovered. But when had she ever been quiet with Lester?

"You're so fucking wet. I bet you were wet during that meeting weren't you?" Lester said as he took a breath before diving back into her pussy. Sarah groaned. The squelching sounds of his tongue in her pussy filled the room. "You're such a good little slut."

Lester's hand moved to cup one of her ass cheeks "You know how many guys I've caught staring at your ass?" Lester asked as his tongue withdrew behind that shit-eating grin. "I've lost track. You need job security? This ass is it."

“You’re so gross,” Sarah said. Lester gripped her by the hip and spun her around, pushing her back towards a low table and leather chairs off to the side of the room. The back of Sarah’s knees connected with the cool leather and Lester pushed her down into it. A shiver ran up her spine at the cold material pressing against her body.

“Open then up for me,” Lester commanded. Sarah’s knees were together as she sat there looking down at Lester’s ugly face kneeling before her. She was missing one heel and her pristine white pants were dragged across the floor, one pant leg still dangling around her ankle.

With a deep, calculated breath Sarah’s knees spread open for Lester. His gaze was focused on her clean shaved pussy in front of him. In a quick motion like a practiced predator, Lester shot forward, Sarah’s knees hooked over his elbows. His hands grabbed a mound of flesh on each thigh as his head disappeared between her legs.

Sarah’s head rested on the back of the small leather chair as Lester’s tongue swirled around inside of her. He was touching what felt like every single inch of her, his tongue spinning in circles like a tornado. One of Sarah’s hands rested on the back of his head while the other gripped the arm of the chair tightly.

Lester came up for a breath and to stare up at her wickedly, “I fucking knew I’d get you naked in my office before the end of—”

Sarah’s hand cut him off by pulling his head back to her soaking wet pussy. His lips smashed against her pussy lips while he was still talking. He quickly got the hint and his tongue dove back into her. Sarah’s heel rested on Lester’s shoulder, pressing into the flabby flesh.

“Uh fuckk. Lester. Don’t stop,” Sarah moaned. Her hand left the arm of the chair and was gently teasing the tops of her breasts, running up and down against the lacy material. Lester pushed his tongue further into her making her gasp. This new seated angle giving Lester more access to her precious privates.

One of Lester’s hands started to roam over her body, competing with her own hands to maul and grope her breasts. Then it continued upwards. As Sarah moaned, Lester stuck two of his fingers into her mouth. Instinctively she began sucking on them, her tongue wrapping lapping at the underside of them like sucking on a cock. Faint Cheeto flavor could be tasted on his fingers but Sarah quickly sucked off whatever remnants remained as she took his fingers further into her mouth.

Lester’s tongue continued to swirl around inside of her, pushing as deep as he could get it. Sarah’s hips rose off the chair to meet his tongue. The heel of her shoe dug into the flesh of

his shoulder, causing a dark bruise to appear. Lester tried to withdraw his finger from Sarah's mouth but her hand snapped up and gripped the back of his hand, holding it in place. She lapped at it, imagining she was simultaneously being eaten out and sucking Lester's cock, a new fantasy she wished he could fulfill for her.

"Mhmm fuck Lester right," Sarah moaned around the digits in her mouth. She pulled his hand hard, forcing his fingers deeper into her mouth as she moaned and sucked on them. Imagining Lester's large cock head filling her mouth.

Two of Lester's fingers pushed inside of her pussy as Lester's tongue pulled out. He started finger fucking her, his fingers making a 'come here' motion inside of her, the tips of his fingers running across her sensitive G-Spot. Lester's tongue descended back onto Sarah's exposed clit as her finger fucked her and sucked on her clit. The fingers in Sarah's mouth were relentless. The tension in her body from everything that happened today was ratcheting up until Sarah could feel her orgasm ready to burst inside of her.

Sarah's heel dug down harder into Lester's shoulder drawing blood. Her hand held his head in place between her legs while the other gripped the hand with the fingers in her mouth like a hard cock.

"Fuck, don't stop. I'm gonna, gonna – FUCK" Sarah moaned loudly as a wave of pleasure crashed down on her. The nerves in her body all lit up at once as he leg kicked out straight and her body writhed with pleasure. Her orgasm had been dialed up expertly by Lester. Sarah's muscles tensed and her hips had been lifted off the seat, her pussy pressed hard into Lester's ugly face as she came. Lester continued to hum around her clit, ensuring that her orgasm kept rocking her body.

Sarah finally gasped for air, feeling a sudden headrush. She needed to stop holding her breath when she came. Her body slumped down in the chair as Lester continued to finger fuck and lick her clit. Sarah could sit here all afternoon and enjoy this treatment. Maybe things were starting to look up at work? This could become a regularly scheduled meeting between the two of them.

Lester's fingers kept making the 'come here' gesture and as electric as it felt inside of her, Sarah wanted something deeper.

"Lester," she whispered, realizing that she might have been moaning too loud. "Stop."

Lester didn't stop but his eyes snapped open as he looked up at her. At one time Sarah would have been disgusted with the troll like man's face buried between her legs, his fat face red from exertion and his eyes seemingly bulging out of his head. But now all she saw was one thing.

“Stop. I need you inside of me. Lester, fuck me. Please.” Sarah begged.

Lester pulled back from her clit and his fucked plopped out of her. He made a show of licking his fingers clean as he stood up and pulled his shirt off over his head, exposing his flabby torso to Sarah. He was taking too fucking long.

Sarah sat up and leaned forward, quickly undoing Lester’s belt as he dropped his shirt to the floor. Sarah pulled down his boxers and pants in one fluid motion, and grasped his girthy cock by its base and pulled it towards her.

She layed back in the small leather chair and Lester kicked off his pants and shoes before quickly kneeling between her legs. The chair was small and the angle was awkward but Lester slowly thrust forward, his cock splitting Sarah open.

“Holy fuck....me,” Sarah groaned as her head lolled to the side as inch after inch of Lester’s beheamouth cock pushed deeper and deeper into her. Sarah hands came up to grab onto Lester’s back and shoulders as he began to crawl on top of her. Sarah’s fingers were slick with Lester’s sweat, her fingers knotting the hair on Lester’s back.

“Ugh,” Lester grunted as he buried his entire length inside of her, “Squeeze me.”

Sarah didn’t even think about objecting as she squeezed the muscles in her pussy around Lester’s fat cock. God it felt so fucking good. Long gone were the thoughts of Mary and anyone else putting stress on her. All there was, was Lester and his magnificent cock inside of her.

“Fuck Lester. It hurts so good,” Sarah moaned into his shoulder. Lester pulled back and thrust back into her. The wooden legs of the chair squealed against the floor. “Fuck I could do this all fucking day with you.”

“Don’t forget all fucking night,” Lester chuckled. He hadn’t even waited to strip her naked. The only thing left on was her dark emerald bra. And one heel. “You feel so fucking good. Lick my chest.”

Sarah’s tongue was out of her mouth before Lester finished his sentence. It danced across the flabby skin of Lester’s chest, ignoring the curly hairs. Lester shuddered at the delicate wet touch and renewed his thrusts into her.

Soon the leather chair was rocking across the floor as Lester pushed off with each thrust. Sarah was licking Lester, faster almost as if it would help her cum soon, “Mhmmhmmmmmmmmmm.”

Lester steadied the chair, grasping the back of it with one hand, gaining leverage to keep fucking Sarah at the pace he was. His cock felt so deep inside of her. She wasn’t sure if it

was the angle or maybe it had grown but she felt so fucking full. Lester's cock was delicious as it pulled and pushed against her insides, tantalizing touching and exploring every inch of her. Sarah whimpered as she licked his chest. It felt so fucking good.

No one could make her forget about everything else like Lester could. His cock was meant for her. She wished this feeling could be with her all the time. That they never had to stop fucking each other.

"God," Lester groaned, "I'll never get enough of you."

"I want all of you," Sarah moaned into his chest, "I wish I could have you in my mouth while you fucked me. God I want you to stuff me. I want your cum to explode inside of me, to fill my mouth and drip down my chin. I want it everywhere."

"That can be arranged," Lester grunted. "Next time I get you at night, I'll fuck you every way possible and cover you in my fucking cum. Maybe I'll invite a friend or two to just blast their cum all over you."

Sarah's hips started bucking off the leather chair faster with each depraved word Lester spoke. Her mind racing at the possibilities. At the idea of laying on a bed surrounded by men stroking their cocks until they came all over her. Just the idea of that much cum....

Sarah's legs wrapped around Lester waist, pulling him into her and holding her there. Her nails dug into his back, trying to will him closer and closer into her, trying desperately to take more of his cock.

"Fuck don't stop Lester," Sarah moaned, "I love fucking you."

"Mmmhmm that's music to my ears. I love fucking you too. Especially now that I've broken you so much." Lester grunted as he thrust into her hard.

"Broken?" The words didn't make sense to Sarah but the way Lester said them were fucking hot.

"Fucking you here at work. Again. Doing whatever I fucking want to you and you begging for it. You're not a professional, you're just my professional fucking whore. Whenever you're not under me or on your knees you're just a slut playing dress up, nothing more."

"Fuck you're so right," Sarah moaned as her tongue did a circle on Lester's chest. "I'm just you're good fucking little slut aren't I?"

Lester's hand snaked around one of Sarah's knees and lifted it up to hit her pussy from a different angle.

"Ohfuck," Sarah moaned.

“Like that?”

“Uh-huh...mhmmmmhmmmmmfuck.”

“You feel so fucking good. Cum for me. I can feel you’re close. Cum on my cock my dirty little slut,” Lester grunted.

Sarah clenched her jaw and closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of Lester’s cock dragging up and down inside of her. How full she felt. The electric jolt every time his cock dragged across her G-Spot and outer lips. The way it would feel when his cock expanded and unleashed a torrent of cum inside of her.

“Fuck. Lester. Fuck. Don’t. Fucking stop. OHMYGODFUCK,” Sarah’s knees pressed into Lester’s chest as she suppressed a scream. Her body shuddered as another orgasm ripped across her body. Everything tenses up, her nails dug further into Lester’s flesh and her ankles pressed into his flabby ass.

Lester pushed through and didn’t stop fucking her. Despite the iron like vice grip of her pussy around his cock, he wanted to keep pushing her over the edge. He kept thrusting into her. The chair’s legs squealed against the floor as it shifted closer to the closed window.

“LESSSTEEEEERR,” Sarah groaned into his chest, revelling in the feeling of his cock inside of her as her nerves danced with her orgasm. Sarah never got a chance to catch her breath as Lester just kept fucking her senseless.

Her hands left his shoulders and grabbed the back of his fat head and pulled him in for a deep, sloppy kiss. Their bodies keep pushing into and against each other as they kissed. Tongues and teeth collided as they both fucked hard on the couch. Lester turned his head to the side and his tongue dove all the way into Sarah’s mouth, smothering hers. Sarah just moaned back into his mouth as her tongue was utterly suppressed by his.

Lester slowed his thrusts and focused on kissing her. Sarah’s hips still pushed up off the chair, fucking Lester’s still cock. She didn’t care if he stopped, she still needed more. Her body continued to thrust itself up off the chair onto his cock, over and over. Lester knelt there stoically as Sarah fucked herself on him.

Lester broke the kiss first. His hands reached behind him and unclasped Sarah’s ankles and he slowly pulled his cock out of her. Sarah moaned in disappointment as his cock left her. She felt so empty and unfulfilled. Why did he do that? She needed more of him.

“Turn around,” Lester uttered, “I’m going to fuck you from behind.”

Sarah quickly complied, turning herself over on the chair. Her knees knelt on the seat while her arms and upper body pressed against the back, “Just hurry and put it back in me.”

“Sure thing,” Lester chuckled from behind her. Sarah felt his wet tongue lick across her slit from behind, up her taint and up her asshole and crack. Her body shuddered at the detestable sensation and she moaned into the office. Lester’s cock pressed up against her opening for a second before thrusting all the way in. The chair lurched forward again and Sarah’s head hit the wall of the office, next to the window.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah moaned, not at all upset with him. She just wanted more.

“Shhhhh,” Lester said from behind her. Sarah stopped and heard voices nearby, Likely some other remaining coworkers of the IT department. Sarah bit her lip trying not to moan but it was difficult because Lester was still doing shallow thrusts into her. Her gripped her hips tightly holding her in place.

Sarah’s mind was torn between wanting to keep fucking Lester and the utter humiliation of being discovered. The voices were getting close. They must be walking down the hallway, near the window. It had to be two men who were walking —

WHAP

Sarah bit into the leather chair to stop herself from screaming. The pain from Lester’s slap on her ass was overwhelming but now he started to pick up the pace of his shallow thrusts. Sarah moaned into the leath, hoping, praying that it wasn’t as loud as it sounded.

The voices must have stopped because she didn’t hear them anymore. All she hear was the slapping of their skin colliding and Lester’s big balls hitting against her pussy. One of Lester’s hands gripped her hips tightly while the other dug into her shoulders, puller her back onto his cock. Sarah held on for dear life as Lester started fucking her in earnest.

Sarah had to change her angle so her head wouldn’t keep pounding into the wall. Her ass and shoulder hurt from how hard Lester was gripping onto her but she didn’t want to fucking stop. Sarah could faintly hear the voices outside the window somewhere. She didn’t know if they had heard anything but they seemed to have gotten further away from –

WHAP

“FUCK,” Sarah grunted feeling a hard hand print on her ass.

“You better be careful or someone is going to hear you,” Lester chuckled from behind her. She could feel his fat stomach resting on her perfect ass, “Don’t forget that door isn’t locked.”

Sarah momentarily glanced at the door next to them and saw the lock. It was completely veritcal, which meant Lester was telling the truth. She reached out to lock the door but Lestter pulled her arm and pinned it behind her back.

“Here I thought we were supposed to have an open door policy,” Lester chuckled again as he rammed his cock into Sarah. He stopped for a beat and pulled it all the way out so only the head was embedded inside of her before thrusting all the way back in, completely bottoming out inside of her.

“Mhhmmhmmhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned into the leather. If she opened her mouth again she would just fucking scream in pleasure and everyone would know what was happening behind the closed window.

“Thats it,” Lester said letting go of her arm. “My good little slut. Squeeze me if your enjoying yourself. We need to be quiet after all.”

Sarah’s pussy squeezed Lester’s cock.

“Squeeze me again if I’m fucking you deeper than your husband ever has,” Lester grunted.

Sarah’s pussy squeezed Lester’s cock again.

“Sorry, squeeze me again if I’m fucking you deeper than your pathetic husband ever has,” Lester said.

Sarah delayed for half a second before her pussy squeezed Lester’s cock again.

“Thats what I fucking thought,” Lester grunted pushing his cock deep into her.

“Here’s lets see whose around,” Lester whispered. Sarah could feel his body shift and more of his stomach press into her back. His shadow ran across her vision and Sarah looked up in horror as Lester was twisting the metal rod next to the window.

“Hey. What? Lester, don’t” Sarah whispered.

“Relax,” Lester scolded her. He twisted the metal rod just a bit, allowing the smallest sliver of a gap in the blinds, “Take a look, tell me what you see.”

Sarah felt mortified at the prospect of being discovered but a dark surge ran through her body too. Biting her lips to try to contain any sound, Sarah raised her head from the back of the leather chair and peaked up, looking through the slit in the window. The office was mostly empty but there were a few people walking or talking to each other. Sarah recognized several people from outside the IT department who had stopped by for a visit or to trouble shoot some issue.

“Keep watching them while I fuck you.” Lester grunted as he began picking up his pace again, “I want you to watch them as I cum deep in fucking side of you.”

“Lester...” Sarah breathed. This was too fucked up and way too big of a fucking risk. Her eyes were locked on some of her colleagues but her mind was focusing on the feeling of Lester’s giant cock inside of her, “Oh fuck. Fuck.”

“You going to cum for them? Put on a show? What do you think?” Lester grunted, both hands on her slim hips, gripe tight as he plowed into her from behind. His cock spreading her open and dragging across all her sensitive areas. Her pussy was on fire. Her arms pushed back against the leather chair so she could push her ass back against him to meet each thrust.

“Uh fuck Lester, I don’t. Fuck this isn’t, fuck I don’t know. Oh god just don’t fucking stop. Please Lester. Uh...mhmmhmmhmmmmmmmm feels so fucking good. I can’t –”

WHAP

“UHHHHHHHHH,” Sarah grunted way louder than she expected. Her eyes turned to saucers as she saw several people’s heads turn looking for the source of the sound. A few glanced towards Lester’s office but their heads continued to swivel, unsure where the source had come from.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah scolded, “We almost got....uuhhhhhh....mhmmmmmmmmmfuuck,”

Lester decided instead of arguing with her, he would just make her stop complaining by thrusting his cock into her some more. He increased his pace and Sarah felt another orgasm swiftly building inside of her. She lowered her head down to the leather chair, bracing for it.

“No, look back up at them,” Lester commanded. Sarah kept her forehead pressed against the leather chair, focusing on herself. Lester reached forward and grabbed the hair at the base of her neck, balling it into a fist and he yanked her head up. Sarah yelped as the hair on the back of her neck was roughly pulled. Lester held her head up to the sliver in the window.

“Keep looking at them Sarah,” Lester said, “They’re so fucking close to you right now. While you’re stuffed with my cock.”

“Fuck Lester please,” Sarah moaned. Another of his hands came up and roughly mauled her breasts as her hips fucked back into him.

“Please what?” Lester growled.

“Please....don’t stop. Fuck. Please. I’m so close. I want to cum. Please.”

Lester chuckled again from behind her, “I’m getting close too. But there’s one more thing.”

“What?” Sarah moaned against the blinds, “What?”

“You kicked me out of your house in the middle of a cold night,” Lester sneered, “I told you, you owed me one.”

“Fuck then keep fucking me. Cum for me Lester. I want it,” Sarah’s hips started fucking back against him in a frenzy.

“I want something else after,” Lester grunted. Sarah’s pussy was clenched around his cock, squeezing him hard. Desperate to make him cum so she could feel his hot cum pour inside of her.

“Whatever you fucking want,” Sarah moaned her head hitting the blinds. She was watching her coworkers go about their day. A shadow flashed across her visions as one of them even walked right by the window, unaware she was getting fucked right behind it, “I’ll do whatever you want Lester.”

“That’s my good little slut. Now hold on because I’m going to drop a fucking gallon inside of you,” Lester was breathing hard. He was slamming into her relentlessly, without a care in the world. It was like he didn’t even give a shit if they got caught.

“Oh fuck. Oh FUCK,” Sarah moaned against the blinds as she felt Lester’s intensity pick up, “Lester...”

“I love how you say my name Sarah,” Lester grunted, “Fuck I’m going to cum.”

“LESTER,” Sarah moaned for him. She felt his cock twitch and expand. Hot, sticky, cum blasted into her rocking her body forward, “OH FUCK.”

Sarah’s head snapped backwards as she dug her knees into the leather seat. The leather chair hit the wall again. Sarah’s body convulsed as a massive orgasm descended onto it, shattering her mind. It was like every nerve just lit up at once and burned with the power of a thousand suns.

“MHMMHMMMMGODFUCK,” Sarah whimpered as Lester emptied more and more cum inside of her. Sarah’s pussy had already felt so fucking full with just Lester’s cock in it but somehow it managed to take in all of his cum. Lester’s cock kept spurting more cum inside of her. Over and over again, creating ripples of pleasure that continuously kept washing over her body. It was like she couldn’t stop cumming. Any thoughts of looking out the blinds had been abandoned. Sarah was slumped over the back of the leather chair as her body kept milking Lester’s cock for more of his illicit cum.

“Uhhhhh—FUCK,” Lester grunted as his cock finally stopped spasming inside of her. He stood there behind her as her body finally came down from cloud nine, the aftershocks of her orgasm slowly subsiding.

WHAP

Lester slapped her ass again hard backing her body jump. She hadn't been expecting another one of those and her ass was already so fucking sore, “Asshole.”

Lester just chuckled and his cock made an audible ‘plop’ as he pulled it out of her. Within seconds her potent cum started to drip out of her and pool on the seat of the leather chair. Sarah was still slumped over the chair, trying to catch her breath. She finally moved so that her ass wouldn't be on display for Lester to spank again, but one of her knees pushed into the cum on the seat. Sighing she eventually freed herself from the chair and grabbed a tissue to wipe off her knee and catch some of the cum streaming out of her pussy.

Sarah closed one eye and looked out through the sliver in the blinds. Everything looked normal. It didn't appear that anyone had noticed anything but she was positive she had been loud there at the end.

When she finally looked back over her shoulder, Lester was sitting naked in his office chair. His stomach jutting out, making him look like a fat frog sitting on its ass.

“So, about what you owe me,” he said with an evil look on his face.

Sarah's heels clicked against the cold concrete. She rounded another corner and found yet another hallway, this one lined with all sorts of pallets and boxes among other things. She steadied her nerves and kept walking down the dark, dungy basement corridor. Several lights must be burnt out, casting long eerie shadows everywhere.

She was an anxious mess about doing what Lester had asked of her. But a dark thrill ran through her body. Just the idea of it was so...wicked.

Sarah slowed her pace as she turned another corner. She was getting close now and she knew he wasn't far behind her. It wasn't even a doubt in her mind that he was following her. She could hear him, trying to discreetly follow her. Even with the resounding sounds of her stilettos she could still hear him. Still hear that –

She had finally reached her destination. The boiler room in the basement. This area unnerved her. While she was working as the hospital's administrator, she had only been down here a handful of times. It wasn't an area of the hospital that was critical to her job but it was one of the best places she had thought of after Lester's request.

Sarah slipped inside the room and made sure to leave the door open a crack so he would know where she had gone. The room was dark with two large boilers against the wall. Pipes affixed to several dials ran to it and up into other parts of the hospital. As Sarah looked around, part of her wanted to jot down all the improvements that could be made here, strictly from a health and safety perspective. But that wasn't her job anymore. Now she had to focus on what her boss had asked of her.

She spotted the ratty looking chair in the corner and quickly took off her clothing, drapping them over the back of the chair. Next she gently took off her heels. She winced at the cold concrete against her bare feet.

Sarah took another deep breath as she stood there in just her dark emerald bra and panties. Her heart felt like it was beating out of her chest and soon it started meeting even faster as the door opened a crack wider.

Sarah put her hand on her hip and pushed her chest out in front of her. Even if she felt nervous she knew how to act like she was confident. She still couldn't believe she was actually doing this. It was definitely crossing a line. An ethical and professional one. But since she wasn't the hospital administrator anymore, maybe it was okay. Besides, Lester had asked her to do this....

A familiar head looked in from the door, his eyes going wide as saucers at the sight before him.

Otis had seen that stuck up, unapproachable woman as she was crossing the lobby. He had followed her like he usually did, letting his eyes feast on her curves. He still couldn't believe his luck that he'd caught her in her car that one time but he needed her again.

And now for some reason she had gone to the basement alone. Somewhere no one but the maintenance staff usually tread. He'd kept his distance, following her down the dark corridors. He had to leave his cart behind, the squeaking wheels too much of a giveaway in the deserted hallways.

He was going to be in fucking trouble if he got caught by her. There wouldn't be any good excuses as to why he had followed her down here. Maybe he'd be fired but his cock was doing the thinking right now. Maybe he could at least cope another feel before they fired him. When she went into the boiler room he didn't know what to think.

So he inched closer to the door and peaked in. He felt like his heart was going to beat out of his chest right then and then. That sexy woman Mrs. Williams was standing there in nothing but dark green lacy underwear, hand on her hips like she was posing for something.

“Took you long enough,” she said staring at him with an intense gaze. Otis felt like he could cum right then and there just by the way she was looking at him. No one had ever looked at him like that before. The dark desire behind her eyes was making his heart beat in his chest, faster and faster.

“You going to stay out there or are you coming in?” she asked him.

A grin spread across his face and he stepped into the room, pulling the door shut behind him.

“Looking real good there blondie,” Otis said. There was no way he wasn’t walking out of here without a piece of that. Otis walked across the dirty room to where she was standing. She took one step back and Otis just stood there, letting his eyes roam over her body. Damn she knows how to fucking dress. Those tits....

“Otis right?” Mrs. Williams asked him.

“Uh-huh,” He murmured as his eyes kept running over her body.

“Eyes up here big boy,” she said.

Otis just let out a chuckle and finally met her gaze.

Sarah shuddered at the intense, hungry look in his eyes. He was so different from either Dan or Lester. Old crows feet marked the corner of his eyes, the rest of his skin was weathered from a lifetime of manual labor.

Sarah was about to speak when the old man spoke first, “Turn around. I want to see all of you.”

Sarah shuddered at the command. Before her brain had processed what it was doing, Sarah was already turning around to give the old janitor a view of her body. Before she had completely turned all the way around, she yelped as a rough hand grabbed a handful of her succulent ass.

“Wha -?” Sarah turned around but found Otis right there next to her, his hand still firmly gripping her ass. This wasn’t how this was supposed to go.

His lips were pressed against her before she knew it. His tongue penetrating her mouth as the rancid flood of cigarettes and cheap whiskey filled her mouth. His hand continued to maul her ass while another calloused hand was roughly kneading her breasts over her bra.

Sarah sloppily kissed him back before pushing back on his chest to give herself some breathing room. She needed to take back control before someone she hadn't planned happened.

"Sit down," Sarah said gesturing to the chair. Otis just stood there, his lanky body with the pouch around his stomach seemed filled with anxious energy. Like someone just put a plate of food in front of a starving man and told him to wait.

"Otis, sit down. Please," Sarah said once again. His eyes were still desperate and hungry but he seemed to get the message. With his eyes still glued to her, he backed up and sat down in the ratty chair.

"Whats going on here?" He asked as he blazently stroked his cock through his coveralls. Sarah's eyes momentarily stayed glued to it before she quickly regained her composure.

"I've seen you. Watching me. Following me," Sarah whispered as she stepped closer to him. She steadied her nerves. She still couldn't believe this is what Lester had asked for. Asked her to do. She knew she could have said no. Kicking him out into the cold hadn't been that bad. But still, she found herself agreeing to it quickly. It was like a dark urge had taken over and lead her down here into the bowels of the hospital.

"I thought that maybe," she said as her leg brushed against his knee, "Maybe you got tired of watching."

Sarah lowered herself onto her knees in front of him. Her manicured finger nailed running up the thighs of his dirty overalls, "Maybe you'd like to get a taste."

Her hands ran over his protruding stomach and up his undefined chest. They slide over to the zipper at the top of his coveralls and she slowly lowered it down, "Or to be specific, maybe I'll get a taste."

She lowered the zipper all the way to the bottom around his stomach, exposing the faded white t-shirt underneath. Otis just leered down at her with a stupid grin on his face. Was she really going to fucking do this?

Sarah glanced at the closed door. She could still leave. She didn't have to follow through with Lester's order. How had she even gotten herself into this situation? Kneeling in front of a janitor in the hospital's basement?

Otis eagerly shuffled out of his coveralls, plopping back down in the chair in just his shirt and boxers. Sarah caught the movement out of the corner of her eyes and turned back, the tent in his boxers as evident as the hungry desire in his eyes.

“Oh I got something you can taste already,” Otis grunted as he grabbed his crotch, “Why don’t you take it out and get a better look at it.”

Before Sarah could protest Otis was lowering his boxers and his hard cock flopped out pointed right at her. With a sigh, Otis flopped back down in the chair and looked at Sarah expectantly. She momentarily froze as she stared at Otis’ angry member in front of her. Part of her was still ready to walk out that door and get back upstairs. But she didn’t want to disappoint Lester. And the cock in front of her was seemingly calling to her.

Sarah tentatively reached out lightly touched it. Her finger tips grazing over the shaft, exploring it.

“Take off your bra, let me see those tits,” Otis grunted. Sarah retracted her hand and unclasped her bra. Why am I just doing whatever he says?

Sarah let lowered her bra straps until the cups fell away from her breasts.

“Fuck,” Otis breathed, his gaze stuck on her breasts. He’d watched these things sway in the hallways and now had an upclose and personal view of them , “Give it here.”

He held out his hand gesturing for the bra. Sarah bit her lip and handed it over before meeting his gaze. It was so similar to that look Dan and now Lester would give her. She felt herself growing wet just by their proximity and the hungry look on his face. Fuck, I’m going to do this.

Otis kept his eyes trained on her but raised the emerald bra to his nose and took a long sniff. He groaned as he did, one hand going to his cock and waving it at her.

Sarah steeled her nerves and wrapped one hand around his shaft, eliciting another groan from the old man.

“Oh fuck yeah,” he said smiling down at her like a fat kid in front of a birthday cake, “Fuck me I must have a concussion or something because this can’t be happening.”

Sarah’s eyes turned mischeavious, “Believe it big boy. Now sit back and let me taste you.”

Before he could say anything else, Sarah gripped his shaft and lowered her mouth to his cock. Her nostrils flared at the smell of sweat on his body. She shouldn’t have waited until close to the end of his shift to do this but she wouldn’t let it deter her.

The head of his angry cock pressed against her tongue as her mouth descended, further and further down his cock. Sarah licked the undersides of his shaft, making sure it was nice and wet so her hand could effortlessly slide up and down the old man’s shaft.

Otis put his hands behind his head and marvelled at the young beauty sucking his cock. Never in his wildest dreams did he expect this to happen. Sure, he'd jerked off and spilled plenty of cum to thoughts of her but this was something else. Who knows what the future would hold for the old boy now.

And then, he heard music to his ears. Sarah moaned around his shaft as she serviced him. Otis lowered a hand to rest on the back of her head. His dirty fingers intertwining with strands of her beautiful blonde hair.

Never would he have been able to approach her, let alone touch her. But now he was running her hands through her hair while his cock was stuffed into her mouth. When he let his hand rest on the back of her head, he noticed she moaned again.

Otis balled her hair up into a fist and thrust his hip upwards, eliciting another moan from her. He could only grin, knowing it was him that was making her react like this. He didn't give a fuck where that other guy was or what the deal was with her but he sure as hell knew he'd be falling her around the hospital much more from now on.

Sarah continued to moan around Otis' cock so he decided to see just how far he could pushed her. He tightened the grip on her hair and held the side of her face with his other hand. Then he lefted his ass off the chair, thrusting his cock up into her mouth.

The head of his cock hit the back of Sarah's throat as he pulled her down onto it. Otis didn't stop thrust up but he used Sarah's head like a fuckdoll, fucking her mouth with his cock. To his amazement, Sarah gripped his shaft tightly and held onto the base as he power fucked her mouth

"Ah, yeah," Otis groaned as Sarah's sloppy sucking sounds echoed off the walls of the boiler room. Slowly Otis let go of Sarah's head but she still kept up the same pace he had set. Sarah was going buck wild, relentlessly sucking on Otis's cock and taking it as deep into her mouth as she could. Her hand rejoined the party and started stroking him in time with her mouth.

"Fucking hell," Otis groaned as Sarah worshipped his cock. The old guy was slumped against the chair, letting Sarah do whatever she wanted to him, "Ugh yeah thats it. Suck my cock baby."

"Mmmmm-hmmmm," Sarah moaned around Otis' cock. Sarah pulled her mouth off Otis's cock and looked up at him, staring him in the eyes and she stuck out her tongue and licked all the way down his shaft until she reached the jungle of grey pubic hair at the base.

"Jesus christ," Otis muttered watching Sarah keep eye contact with him while her tongue licked up and down his shaft, "Give my balls some love."

A wicked smile spread onto Sarah's face and she raised her eyebrows at him, "I'm not done with my new toy yet." Sarah licked up to the top of Otis' shaft and swirled her tongue around the tip of his cock, licking up the bitter, salty pre-cum that had just oozed out. Otis just groaned as Sarah's mouth descended again on his shaft. The tip of his cock was pressed against the back of her throat, momentarily making her gag. Sarah looked up at Otis as his cock was in her mouth, the old man was just gazing down at her in astonishment with the hunger on his face replaced by pleasure.

Sarah smiled inwardly at the results of her actions. How Otis just seemed to melt into his seat, her words putting him back in his place. She revelled in that feeling. In the power she held over him. The level of control she had in bringing him off or continuing to torture him. Fuck, it's addicting.

"Mmmmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Otis' cock. She was acting just like the slut Lester said she was. At no point in her professional career would she have planned to be on her knees in a dirty boiler room blowing the fucking janitor. But here she was, loving every minute of it.

Otis just sat there and groaned. He'd never had a blowjob this fucking good before. He knew that Sarah had to know how to use her lips but this was on another fucking level. That uptight woman sure knew what she was doing and he thanked his blessings to the man that had taught her so well.

Sarah's mouth plopped off Otis' cock and she took a deep breath. A single line of saliva connected her cock and his mouth for a second before Sarah bit her lip and looked at Otis. She licked her lips and slowly lowered her mouth to his balls, her tongue parting the dense foliage of his public hair as she found skin to tease.

Otis groaned deeply as Sarah's tongue danced across his balls and her lips kissed and sucked on them. Sarah's hand never left his shaft, she continued to stroke it. Up and down and her wrist twisted and pumped him for everything he had.

"Mmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned into Otis' balls, his thick public hair pushing against her nose and eyes. Sarah continued to lap and slurp all over Otis's nuts, completely covering them in her spit. She slide down lowering making sure she didn't miss a single sput on the underside of his balls either.

Sarah's worship of Otis' balls combined with her expert stroking of his shaft was beginning to be too much for him. He could feel his balls beginning to tighten and knew it wouldn't be long before he blew his fucking load. But he didn't want it to stop yet. He wanted to relish every fucking second of this.

“Stop,” He grunted. Sarah slowed her licks and strokes and looked up at him with pleading eyes, not wanting to stop at all. “I want to slide my cock between those glands. You’re tits. Fuck they look amazing.”

A dark chuckle escaped Sarah’s lips as she pulled back from him.

“Like this?” Sarah asked as she scooted forward, she held his cock in one hand and placed them between her bare breasts. Otis groaned as Sarah held the sides of her breasts together, fully encapsulating Otis’s cock between them. Then she started to rock up and down, letting his slick pole run up and down, fucking her breasts.

“Ah fuck yeah, just like that,” Otis groaned. It felt like he was titty-fucking a playboy bunny. The kind of perfect tits that didn’t exist in real life, yet here they were, wrapped around his dirty old cock.

“Uuhhmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned at the sensation. Otis’ large thick cock was sliding up and down her between her breasts, her nipples pressing against him each time she came down. She licked her lips and closed her eyes, letting herself get lost in the sensation.

Over and over, Otis’ cock slide between her breasts, titty fucking the young mother. Both of them were lost in the rapture of the moment, neither noticed that the door had slightly opened at some point.

“Mhmmmm fuck,” Sarah groaned as the head of Otis’s cock disappeared into her cleavage.

“Ah yeah you like that?” Otis grunted, “You like my ol’cock between your tits?”

“Fuck. Yes.” Sarah moaned, eyes shut, “Feels good.”

Otis just grunted in response, unsure how to exactly deal with this firecracker of a woman. All he knew was that he needed more of her and he was getting dangerously close to exploding all over her face.

“Fuck it,” he grunted as he pushed himself up off the chair to tower over her. Sarah tried to keep her tits wrapped around his cock but the angle was too awkward. She stared up at Otis’s ugly face staring down at her in the dark, grungy boiler room.

“Mm-hmm,” Otis groaned as he grabbed the base of his cock, “Close your eyes.”

Sarah knelt there and closed her eyes. She was losing control but didn’t want to stop herself. Her larges breasts heaved as she breathed, waiting for whatever Otis was going to do. Then she felt his cock slap down against her face, the head of the cock hitting her eyebrow. Then Otis did it again, slapping her on the cheek.

Then the other cheek. Her dragged his dirty cock all over her face, pre-cum leaking out and trailing behind it. He slapped it down over her eye and nose again, taking twisted in pleasure in her just sitting there and letting it happen.

Over and over he slapped his cock around her face. To Sarah's surprise a soft moan escaped her own lips as he dragged his cock once more all over her face. She didn't know why but she was loving this.

"Stick out your tongue," Otis commanded. Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at the old man and then obediently opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out. Otis grinned as his cock head slapped against her outstretched tongue. He did this over and over, beating his cock against her warm, wet tongue. Sarah had to restrain herself not to take his cock into her mouth and devour it.

"Fuck I'm so close. Beg for. Say my name and beg for it," Otis grumbled.

"Please. Otis. Give it to me," Sarah moaned as her hands came up and started fondeling her breasts. Otis kept beating his cock on her tongue. Sarah roughly grabbed her breasts, punching one of her nipples. "I need it. I want your cum Otis. Give it to me. Please. Please fucking give it to me Otis."

"Ugh, fuck," Otis grunted, he was rapidly stroking his cock while he beat the head of it against Sarah's waiting tongue. "I'm gonna cum girl. Where do you want it? Where do you fucking want it?"

"Everywhere," Sarah moaned as she tweaked her nipple, "I fucking want it everywhere. All over my chest, down my throat on my face. Just fucking give it to me Otis."

"Open wide," Otis grunted.

Sarah didn't need any more encouragement. One of her hands quickly wrapped around his shaft and gripped it hard, running it up and down his length. Her mouth opened wide and she took his cock on her tongue in her mouth. Sarah felt the veins in his cock pulsate in her hands and knew he was about to cum.

"FUUUUCK. SHIT," Otis grunted, "Here it fucking comes!"

He grabbed the back of Sarah's head and thrust his cock forward hard. His cock hit the back of her throat as her lips smashed down against the base of his cock. Otis grabbed two handfuls of Sarah's hair and used her mouth as a fuckhole until his balls tightened and his cock slit spread open unleashing a torrent of hot and sticky cum into Sarah's mouth. Sarah swallowed the first load. And the second. But the third came too fast filling her mouth. The

fourth did the same as Otis was revelling in unleashing his cum into the young mother's mouth.

Cum spilled out of Sarah's mouth and dripped down her chin and onto her heaving breasts. Sarah's had was still massaging her breasts, she didn't stop as drops of cum began peppering them, she massaged them into her skin without a second thought.

"Holy shit," Otis grunted, pulling his cock free of Sarah's mouth. Another long rope of cum blasted her in the face, landing across her nose and one eye. More cum leaked out of her mouth as Sarah swallowed yet another load. She licked her lips of any cum still there while wiping the cum off her chin.

Otis fell back into the chair, exhausted. He stared at Sarah in disbelief, watching this blonde beauty swallow his cum while still playing with her tits. Her knees were dusty from the concrete floor and her bra was nowhere in sight.

Sarah finished cleaning off her face with her fingers. For a moment she thought about cleaning her fingers with her mouth but instead she flicked the gooey substance off her fingers onto the floor. Otis just sat there with the dumbest smile on his face, watching her as she stepped beside him and retrieved her bra from the floor and her clothes from the back of the chair.

The way he stared at her while watching her get dressed just felt awkward. She would have preferred that he just left instead of leering at like a piece of meat.

"Can I help –" Sarah caught herself, not wanting to give him an opening for more, "Like what you see?"

"Just admiring the view. Fucking perfection," Otis grumbled. He fished his phone out of his coveralls, "Say let me get your number and maybe we can meet up again."

"We'll see," Sarah said taking her own phone out. She opened the camera app and looked at herself. Well my makeup is fucked. She'd have to find the nearest bathroom and wash her face. There was makeup remover in her purse so she could look at least halfway presentable instead of the hot mess she was now.

Sarah finished adjusting her clothes and looked back at Otis, "I hope you enjoyed yourself. I know I did."

Before the old man could respond, Sarah left through the open boiler room door.

"What the fuck just happened," Otis smiled as he leaned back in the chair and absently stroked his cock.

Both Otis and Sarah were too enthralled with her face fucking to notice Lester prop the door open. He peered into the room and watched as Sarah did just as he had demanded. To debase herself with the janitor. And from the looks of it, she was loving every moment of it.

Otis was the perfect pawn to push the next phase of Lester's plan. Sarah had already let herself go with Jesse. Now with Otis in her workplace, his financial stranglehold on the couple could truly begin.

Lester stopped recording the video on his phone as Sarah began looking for her clothes. He retreated silently back the way he came, eager to see if Sarah would come find him in his office or just sneak out of the hospital and head home.

Either way, Lester had won another important battle in the deconstruction of Sarah Williams and the destruction of Dan's marriage. Lester had never had so much fucking fun.