

Hey folks, its that lovely day of the month where all the editing is complete on the latest chapter. This one is a continuation of what happened after the events of Chapter 33. Dan is still in a state of shock and having trouble grasping just what the hell happened last chapter.

On a side note, my month has hit some snags so I'm behind on releasing the island short story but I've blocked out some time today to hammer out some more words on it. It's coming soon.

Alright lets get to the good stuff! Here's 34! Thank you all!

Dan stood in front of the sink, mechanically scrubbing a plate as he stared unfocused at the bubbles and water before him. Some part of him knew that he had been moving his hands over the same dish for the past few minutes, but the realization never translated into a change in action.

He continued to scrub it with the abrasive side of the sponge. The water in the sink had cooled to a lukewarm temperature; his fingers had begun to prune. He didn't know if the dishwasher was full or empty. He simply needed to make sure things were clean. He wanted to do it by hand.

His eyes drifted up from the soapy water to the dining room. His stomach twisted, and he felt his skin crawl with an overwhelming sense of anxiety. And his hardened dick pressed against the kitchen cabinet below the sink.

Everything was askew in the dining room as if it were the scene of a crime. He just stared into it, almost robotically taking in the sight, not allowing anything about the room to take root in his brain. The table was several feet from where it should be and oriented the wrong way. There was broken glass on the floor and wine pooling at the base of one of the table's legs. Marinara sauce was dappled over the table's surface. And there was a pooling white substance on the floor that his brain wouldn't let him fully acknowledge - his eyes passed right over it. He was aware that a trail of the fluid led out of the dining room and across the kitchen towards the stairs. But his mind wouldn't allow that fact to reach his conscious stream of thoughts.

He looked away from the scene, back to the plate in the sink as he scrubbed it. This he could clean. He let everything else around him melt away as his entire focus rested on the plate in his hands. The suds in the water obscured his reflection. Nothing else existed. He just kept cleaning it.

His brain registered a subtle shift in the ambient noise of the house. His shoulders slumped, and his heart rate increased. He hadn't cleaned the plate enough yet. The world wasn't waiting for him to catch up. The sound of the shower turning off broke his fragile reality, and the plate slipped from his hands, disappearing silently beneath the bubbles.

Dan just stood there, listening. The sound of the water flowing to the shower had allowed him to stay in his trance. Its ceasing made his dick ache more, and his anxiety returned with a vengeance. Still, the shower shutting off was all he heard in the quiet house. Nothing else followed. Maybe he wouldn't have to –

Light footsteps fell on the floor above him. Dan held his breath. Fat, plodding footsteps followed shortly after as his empty stomach twisted in on itself. He'd lost his appetite. He didn't know if they'd been in the shower for an hour or five minutes. He just knew he could have cleaned more of the mess in the dining room within that amount of time.

The footsteps disappeared, and Dan's mind raced, wondering where they had gone. Images flashed through his head. He waited, hoping and fearing that those footsteps would descend the stairs to where he was.

He glanced back at the carnage in the dining room and gulped. He'd never felt so powerless. His attention went back to the ceiling above him. Part of him desperately wanted to ascend the stairs and see what was occurring. Another part of him wanted to put his hands around Lester's neck and not let go. But he found himself rooted in place, unable to move, hands still in the lukewarm water.

The possibilities of what might be happening upstairs kept running through his head. Mental images flashed behind his eyes. His dick was still hard, pressing into the wood of the cabinet. He found himself to be the only one of the newly declared throuple that had been denied an explosive sexual finish. A long, tired breath escaped his lips, and he slowly pulled his wrinkled hands from the water.

He dried himself on a dish towel, trying to ignore the chaotic mess of the dining room. He shuffled out of the kitchen towards the stairs. His body had decided that he needed to see what was happening. Could Lester really be ready to go again? Or were they in the marital bed sleeping? He didn't know which outcome would be worse.

As Dan moved across the living room, movement caught his eye. Outside the large bay window at the front of the house, one of their elderly neighbors was walking his dog. In the shadows, Dan stood and looked from where the man stood on the sidewalk at the end of their property to the still illuminated dining room. He hadn't been able to tear his eyes from the sight of Sarah getting savagely railed while it happened. If anyone had been outside on the sidewalk, they could have seen into the house. They could have watched all that had happened in the dining room.

He thought about turning off the lights, but that would take him away from where his legs urged him to go. He turned and started up the stairs. Halfway up, he froze, gripping the railing.

A soft, feminine moan came from somewhere upstairs. Then a soft groan of satisfaction. As if on autopilot, Dan mechanically climbed the flight of stairs. Each step felt heavier than the one before it. He felt his body moving through the upstairs hallway, but it didn't feel like he was present as he moved. He was just a passenger in his own body. Receiving the input from his eyes as if he was watching television.

The bedroom door at the end of the hallway was partially closed, but soft light spilled from the opening in a wedge on the floor. Sarah's moans of pleasure were louder now. Each step closer to his bedroom door felt like a trespass. Dan pressed his hand to the door and gently pushed it open.

Sarah's nipples went erect the second she stepped out of the warm shower into the cool, air-conditioned bathroom. She quickly grabbed a towel and dried herself off before wrapping it around her body. She looked at herself in the mirror, not believing how the night was progressing.

The things she'd said downstairs in the dining room. The way Lester had ferociously taken her, owned her in front of Dan like that. He'd dominated her. And he'd dominated Dan. She felt herself growing wet again at the thought of the things he'd done. Her gaze locked onto Lester's obscene form, still in the shower. His predatory gaze was locked back onto her as the water hit his pale, mottled skin.

Sarah shuddered, and her knees grew weak. Lester had made sure she was completely clean, running her loofah over every inch of her, letting the soap and cum run down her legs. He'd used his fat

fingers to make sure she was clean inside. Then he'd had her wash him using her hands and the shower gel.

The shower turned off, and Lester stepped out, dripping all over the rug in front of the shower. She grabbed Dan's towel off the back of the door, not wanting to run to the hallway closet for a fresh one. Lester took it, gave it one dirty look and dropped it onto the floor.

He stepped closer to her, letting the water pool below him. He looked down at the towel wrapped around her body, and his finger traced the tops of her exposed breasts.

"Remember that time I caught you in just your towel? When Dan's bedroom door was locked?" Lester asked.

"Yes. And we tried to pick the lock to open it," Sarah breathed, staring up into Lester's ugly face.

"I really just wanted to rip your towel off you and drag you into my room," Lester said.

"Maybe you should have," Sarah bit her lip as she felt her body heating back up despite the air conditioning.

"Back then, you might not have been so eager for that," Lester hissed.

Sarah's eyes darted down to Lester's crotch, and she reached out and ran her fingers along his flaccid cock, "You might be right. I didn't know what I was missing back then. But if you dragged me into your room, I'm sure I would have come around."

His cock jumped as she finished her sentence.

"That would've been fun," Lester said.

"Forcing me?" Sarah asked.

"Breaking you in. Making you submit," Lester said.

Sarah drew in a breath and whispered, "I think you could have. I've felt what you can do."

Lester chuckled in response, "I can do more." He grabbed the front of her towel, peeling it off her body, "I'm all wet."

"Me too," Sarah said as Lester pulled the towel from her, revealing her naked body. Her flawless skin was completely dry. The squat brute began to dry himself off, not taking his eyes off the perfection of Sarah's nude form. She held onto his flaccid cock, feeling it begin to become firm again at her touch, "Do you really think you'll be able to go again, or did you say that just to mess with Dan downstairs?"

"You should know by now that I enjoy fucking with Dan's head," Lester said, "And you know damn well I'm going to fuck you all night long. I never kid about that."

"I'm just making sure," Sarah said with a lick of her lips.

"Let's get to the bed. I'm going to take care of my girl," Lester reached behind her and grabbed a handful of her naked ass cheek and steered her body out of the bathroom towards her marital bed in the next room.

Sarah turned, a smile on her face as she backed up towards her bed. Lester followed her, carelessly throwing the wet towel onto the floor.

He stepped right up into her personal space as the back of her knees touched the bed. Sarah looked down at Lester's beady, piercing eyes and her heart pounding in anticipation. His fat paws ran warmly up her arms and came to rest at her shoulders. Then he pushed her with more force than she was expecting.

Sarah fell back onto the bed, the world spinning for a brief second before she landed. She quickly refocused her eyes and looked down. Standing before her toned legs was what other women would describe as a horrific sight. A fat, troll-like man with ugly, crude features stood staring down at her. His body was oddly shaped with rolls of fat and pasty white skin covered in a thick, uneven matting of coarse hair. A wide, chill-inducing smirk spread wide on his face and the most beautiful cock she had ever laid eyes on dangled bewitchingly between his legs.

"Come to mamma," Sarah heard herself saying as both her legs swayed back and forth playfully before she spread them open in welcome. Lester's grin grew wider as he looked down at the slow reveal of Sarah's naked, glistening pussy. He licked his lips and climbed onto the bed, kneeling before her.

"How long do you think until Dan makes his way up here?" Lester said in a low voice. Although it was poking out from under his gut, she could see that he was almost back to his full length.

"I don't know. Probably not long," Sarah said, just wishing Lester would touch her already.

"He seemed to enjoy what happened downstairs. It was like he was in a trance," Lester said with a soft chuckle.

"I know. I was really hoping he might stick up for himself. But I still enjoyed it," Sarah said, running her calf up Lester's waist.

"You called him a little boy," Lester chuckled, running his eyes up Sarah's body until he locked in. His gaze matched hers.

"I did," Sarah breathed, "I felt so bad saying it. But it felt so good, too. So bad, so... right. I think he liked it."

"I know he did. I told you he likes being humiliated. Loves it, maybe. If he comes back up to watch us, I think we should lean into that again for his sake. Give him what he needs," Lester said.

"For him? Not for you?" Sarah raised an eyebrow at the ugly man.

Lester smiled again, "For all of us. I know you enjoy it too."

"I never said that," Sarah licked her lips as Lester slowly lowered his fiendish face between her pristine thighs.

"You don't have to. I can tell by the way your pussy was squeezing my cock tight and how hard you came when you did," Lester grinned, his tongue lazily drifting out of his mouth and licking her thigh. Sarah breathed in sharply, propped up on her elbows, locking down at Lester, tasting her.

"Lay back and relax, baby. Let me take care of you. And get ready to put on a show for your little husband," Lester growled and slowly licked her other thigh, fully extending his tongue. Sarah dropped her head back onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling. The room was dark, with only the light from the bathroom illuminating her view.

She anxiously ran her hands through her blonde hair as Lester's warm breath cascaded onto her pussy lips. Sarah's body was tight with anticipation, waiting to feel the thrust of his tongue. He kept kissing and licking the skin of her thighs, right next to her pussy. Her ass rolled back and forth, trying to force a connection with his tongue. He deftly licked the underside of her ass cheek, making her moan sharply.

Then she felt his fat tongue lick agonizingly slowly up her slit.

"Mhmmffffmmhmm," Sarah moaned, her ass pushing off the bed towards Lester's fat tongue. He licked the inside of her labia, teasing her languidly. Sarah whined and let her hands run through her damp hair. Lester was such a generous lover, giving her everything she needed.

His plump tongue moved higher, spreading apart her soaking slit until it found its target at the top. Sarah let a guttural groan escape her lips as his broad, agile tongue pressed against the hood of her clit. Then he flicked the tip of his tongue across it, making her entire body jolt, "Uhhh."

Lester repeated his proficient tongue-lashing. Over and over, running his fat, bulbous tongue back and forth, hard against her sensitive nub. Sarah's head rolled back and forth, the cool air in the house dancing across the goosebumps on her bare skin, making her nipples excruciatingly hard. Lester's tongue licked and dragged itself across her engorged clitoris. His lips closed around it, and he then sucked it between his pursed lips.

"OhfuckLesterbaby," Sarah cried, her thighs clenching around Lester's head. He never stopped. He kept sucking on her clit like that while his tongue still somehow managed to flick across it. Then he hummed his agreement - a deep bass rumble coming from deep in his throat. One of Sarah's hands ran down her prone body, over her trembling naked breasts, until it came to rest on Lester's undried head. Her nails gently ran through the damp strands of his thinning hair. As he maintained his suction, he began pushing his head forward, then slightly pulling it back before thrusting forward again, humming in a tonal manner throughout. Her hips rocked back, as if she were being penetrated.

Sarah's thighs clenched his head between them. His hands left her thrusting hips and snaked their way up her body until both of them seized a plump breast in each palm. He wasn't gentle. He grabbed them hard, squeezing them fiercely. His thumbs found her hard nipples and started playing with them, pinching them with little regard for comfort. Sarah's chest arched off the bed, seeking more barbaric treatment from his rough hands. The vacuum seal of his sucking mouth never left her clit, he just kept increasing the pressure on it, flicking his tongue over and across it. Humming in grunting breaths through his nose when he could. Working her up, closer and closer to the inevitable orgasm that she could feel rapidly building inside of her.

"Uhhmhmhm," Sarah groaned. Somehow, Lester wasn't yet gasping for air, even though she held him in place with her thighs. His mouth was still latched onto her, and he didn't show any signs of letting go.

Sarah knew she was getting close. With her eyes squeezed shut, she focused on the lapping, sucking sensation of Lester's mouth and the way he was viciously manhandling her breasts. The sensations were delivering her to a height of blissful ecstasy she'd only experienced with this conventionally unattractive man. His tongue flicked across her swollen clit as he sucked on it. The rumble from his throat sent a constant vibration through her core. His thumbs were swirling around her nipples as he ruthlessly massaged her breasts. She needed to feel that explosion inside of her again. She had

already cum downstairs, but tonight she was going to be selfish and get as many as she could. Her lover seemed up to the challenge

She raised her left leg and placed her foot on Lester's shoulder. Then she did the same with the right one, letting her push her drenched pussy further into Lester's face. He let go of one of her breasts and grabbed her ass cheek, helping to prop her up. Then his other hand followed, and he held her up like a chalice as he dined on her open pussy.

Sarah's leg kicked into the air involuntarily as Lester's mouth feverishly worshipped her clit. It felt so fucking good. Lester knew just what to do to make her feel amazing, where to touch, how to taste. He was always so focused on her pleasure. He stopped sucking on her for a moment to breathe and then resumed, gently running his tongue up and down her clit. Up and down, then side to side, with just the perfect amount of nimble pressure.

"Mhmm. Mhmm. Uhh. Mhmm. Nnnghh," Sarah's head thrashed on her pillow. She gripped the bedsheets with one hand while the other stayed planted on Lester's fat head, encouraging his plunder. Lester's lips closed around her clit again, and he resumed sucking on it while humming away, his tongue darting out to lap at the source of her sensations from within his mouth. Sarah let go of the bedsheets and grabbed one of her breasts, softly massaging it and tweaking her own nipple between her thumb and forefinger.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah moaned, her eyes squeezed shut. She ground her heels into Lester's shoulders, thrusting her ass off the bed, pushing her pussy into his expertly sucking mouth.

"Oh fuck. Fuck. Oh god. Lester," Sarah whined as she felt the familiar sexual calamity building up inside of her. The burning heat that was about to bubble up and explode, showering her body with waves of pleasure. The ball of pleasure churning within her grew too large for anything to hold back.

"Ah Fffffuck!" Sarah ground her teeth together as her thighs squished Lester's head like the oversized watermelon it was. Her thighs held him in a vice as the expanding orb inside of her exploded, showering her insides with a searing fire that touched every nerve. Her skin felt incredibly sensitive as a warm sensation spread out into her chest. Sarah squeezed Lester's head as she saw stars behind her eyelids, every muscle in her body tensed as her orgasm rocked through her.

"Ohhhhhhhffuuuuck," Sarah moaned as the waves of pleasure coursing through her began to recede. She slowly relaxed her legs, taking the pressure off Lester's face. She raised her head lazily and looked down at Lester. His face was red, and their combined juices dripped from his cheeks and nose, his eyes locked onto hers as he continued to lap and suck on her clit. Sarah looked at him dreamily after having experienced such an intense orgasm. She'd never been able to cum when Dan had tried eating her out in the past. It hadn't bothered her; it was just something they'd accepted he couldn't do. But Lester knew exactly how to touch her.

A floorboard near the door creaked, and Sarah turned her head to see Dan standing there with a thousand-mile stare on his face. His eyes were locked onto hers, but they seemed unfocused.

As the last echoes of her orgasm dissipated, Lester's tongue continued to stoke the embers of another. "Dan?" Sarah said. She could see her husband's shoulders subtly rising and falling, his body reacting to the scene before him.

Lester paused in his loving tonguing and turned his head to the side to look at Dan. Sarah wasn't sure how long Dan had been standing there, just inside the door, but she could see the evident bulge in his pants.

Just as Dan's eyes locked onto hers, Lester dropped his head. He lifted her by her asscheeks, higher into the air. Her shoulder blades held her weight on the sheets. His tongue lashed out again, this time licking down her taint until his tongue swirled around her asshole.

"FuckshitLester," Sarah cried, kicking her legs uselessly into the air. She tried clamping her thighs together to stop him, but they only found the top of his head where her hand was still planted. Lester's tongue swirled around her starfish. His head began nodding up and down as he licked her savagely.

"Lester!" Sarah said, her voice coming out shocked and laced with erotic pleasure. She writhed on the bed, trying to both turn away from him while her ass stuck out towards him. They wrestled back and forth on the bed, Sarah trying and failing to turn to the side while Lester held her in place, half bent and up in the air like a pretzel. The entire time, his tongue was lashing at her puckered asshole, prodding her entrance, making her whine.

"L-Lester!" Sarah managed to dislodge one of her feet from Lester's shoulder and planted it on the bed. She pushed on it, flipping her body over away from Lester's probing tongue. But Lester didn't let up. As Sarah flipped onto her stomach, he dropped himself flat onto the bed, tongue still glued to her opening. One of his meaty paws was glued to her ass cheek, holding her down and giving him room to work his mouth. The other hand snaked around her thigh and found her clit with his probing fingers.

Sarah's eyes shot open as Lester began to gently massage her clit while his tongue licked and pushed at her backside. Before she knew what she was doing, her body responded, pushing down on her knees and driving her ass back into Lester's face. She dropped her head to the bed, her blonde hair falling around her.

"Uhhmhmhm," Sarah whined as she pushed her ass back against Lester's tongue. It was swirling, lapping and stroking her asshole. Lester licked up and down, swabbing her anus, sending her completely over the edge. Her mouth hung open for breath as she acted like a depraved slut in front of her husband, "Uhhmmh. Uh....Nggnnn, ggooooodd, uhhmhmhm, uhh, uhh." It occurred to her as she continued to spread her cheeks open for her lover that she wasn't acting.

Lester's fingers danced knowingly around her clit, gently massaging it with just the right amount of tender pressure. Sarah felt her eyes roll back in her head. His tongue was pushing hard against her backside while his fingers expertly applied just a bit of force as they twirled around the seat of her pleasure. How he could keep up two different rhythms like that at once, she had no idea, but she was very fucking thankful that he could.

She knew Dan was in the room, but he was the absolute last thing on her mind. Her brain was solely focused on the overwhelming amount of pleasure coming from the center of her body. As the thought receded, without warning, another explosive orgasm quickly rose like a tsunami inside of her and crashed down on her quaking body.

"Arrghhmfuucccckkkk, oh, ooh, mmhmhmhmhm," Sarah whined as her body convulsed, thrusting her open ass back against Lester's fat tongue, her thighs closing tightly around Lester's hand, massaging her clit. Every nerve in her body felt like it was on fire as her torso shuddered and she briefly felt herself drifting from consciousness.

When she finally came to her senses, her body felt as though it was enveloped in a warm hug. Everything felt right with the world for a few seconds as a weightlessness settled over her. Sarah

licked her lips and opened her eyes, seeing a tangle of blonde hair obscuring her sight. Lester pulled his tongue and fingers out of her, a soft moan of disappointment escaping her lips.

She felt his grubby animal hands on her hips, and he swiftly rolled her over. The dim light from the bathroom made her shield her eyes at the sudden illumination. When she finally adjusted to them, she saw a shadow splayed out against the wall. She had forgotten Dan was standing there watching them. His spaced-out look was gone, and it now looked like he was consumed with an eager energy. Sarah's eyes went to his hand that was gently stroking himself over his pants.

The bed shifted, and Lester was climbing back up to meet her. He ravenously pushed her legs apart, and she could see his giant cock dripping pre-cum as it pointed right at her. Sarah instinctively reached for it and pulled it towards her opening, needing to feel the heavenly object inside of her. Lester shuffled up the bed until he was kneeling between her open legs, his glistening cockhead gently pressing against her dripping pussy. Sarah pushed her hips down, trying to make a connection, but Lester just chuckled and held his cock where it was.

"Need something?" Lester said.

Sarah nodded desperately, knowing what the ugly man wanted to hear, "Your cock. I need your cock. Please put it in me, Lester. I need to feel it."

"Oh, this cock?" Lester said, flexing his appendage. "This one here?"

"Mhm, yes. That one. I need it. Please, Lester," Sarah moaned, "I want you. Please."

"You once told me that it was too bad a cock like this was connected to someone like me. Do you remember that? Now what do you think?" Lester was slowly sliding the head of his cock up and down Sarah's wet and waiting slit. A few times, she impatiently bucked her hips and almost made a connection with it.

"Fuck," Sarah gasped, "I didn't know what I was thinking when I said that. Fuck, your cock is so good, and you really know how to use it. You know how to fucking own me. Come on, Lester fucking put it in me."

Lester smirked and looked at Dan, "Just stay the fuck there, Danny, no touching."

Lester then chuckled to himself and stared back at Sarah's face, slowly pushing his cock into her, watching her expression. Sarah grunted as she felt Lester's cock stretch her. Even after all this time, each time he pushed into her, it felt like she was going to be torn in two from his invasion. Just as quickly, she felt herself adjust inside to his immense size. Lester stared at her face, watching it contort as inch after delicious inch of Lester's girthy cock slid into her flooding canal.

"Fuck, you're always so tight," Lester said as he pushed himself fully in, his massive hairy balls slapping against her ass, still wet with his drool. Lester settled his weight on top of her, his fat gut pressing down on Sarah's toned stomach.

"Kiss me," Lester said. Without a second thought, Sarah closed her eyes and opened her mouth, connecting with Lester's lips before he'd finished pronouncing the words. Their tongues quickly found each other, twirling and tangling with each other in a saliva-infused mess. Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth as he slowly pumped his hips. His steel firm cock slid out and then back into her. She wrapped her legs around his wide hips and locked her ankles possessively behind his misshapen ass.

For the next few minutes, Lester slowly fucked her like that while they continued to make out gently. Their tongues danced together, their lips softly kissing and touching each other. Her hands came to rest on his upper arms while he made the sweetest love to her.

Eventually, Lester broke their intimate kiss as his thrusts began to increase in tempo and force. Sarah licked her lips, savoring Lester's distinct taste. She turned her head to the side and relished in the full feeling of Lester's giant cock moving bare back inside of her. She slowly opened her eyes and saw Dan, still standing close to the door, but now his pants were down at his ankles. His dick was in one hand, and he was slowly stroking it. It looked hard as a rock, and he seemed to be slowly edging it, as if it were a gun ready to go off.

Lester followed her gaze, and a disgusted look appeared on his face, "Hey. Hey, no. Uh-uh. Pineapple."

The hand on Dan's cock froze, and he looked at them wide-eyed.

"What?" Sarah asked. She had a stunned expression on her face.

"Pineapple! I said it and I meant it," Lester said, "Stop stroking yourself to us. It's unbecoming and creepy. Just stand there and watch. Stay in your lane and we can all enjoy ourselves."

"Lester..." Sarah said, looking between her husband and the ogre above her, "Be nice, it's not —"

Lester had taken the time to move his wet lips under her golden tresses, behind Sarah's red, flushed cheeks, away from Dan's view. Her husband could barely hear the whisper, but to Sarah the words were all she could hear. "Remember what we talked about," Lester's whispered voice boomed in her ear. A thrilling chill jolted down her muscles. Dan gawked as Lester's tongue dragged across Sarah's shivering grimace. Then he turned towards Dan, "Do you remember way back when you let me go into your bedroom first? Remember what you said? You told me, 'you can't fuck her.'"

Then he looked at Sarah, "And you. The night you first sucked on my cock. You told me, you can't fuck me, Lester.' Do you remember that?"

"You didn't know it then, but I knew it was just a matter of time before I flipped the tables on you. I told you. I told you I would slide my cock into you. Now look at you, Danny, standing there with your cock in your hand like a pathetic little cuck while your wife acts like, no, your wife has become my complete slut," Lester snarled, spittle falling onto Sarah's breast. "Have you ever gotten a taste of your wife's ass? Huh? No? Figures. You don't know what to do with this woman. I gotta tell you, her ass is fucking delicious."

"Tell him," Lester said, "Tell him what he needs to hear. Tell him what you told me right before you first tasted my cum."

Sarah bit her lip and looked at the intense gaze on Dan's face. She ran her hands over her breasts, "Everything over here on this bed..."

"Everything over here," She repeated, biting her lip and making a show of touching her naked breasts, "Is just for Lester. My breasts...."

She trailed off as her hands ran up her chest, up her neck and to her lips, "My lips...."

She made a show of rubbing her legs up and down Lester's body, "Everything is for him."

As the words left her lips, Sarah's brain went into overdrive. Cruel thoughts began to swirl through her mind. Things that would both hurt and turn Dan on while also serving to fan the flames of her own wicked desires, "This was what you wanted...."

Sarah started letting the words come out, her mouth speaking before her brain had a chance to process what she was saying, "You....you pushed me towards this...you've wanted this for years....and now I'm his...this is everything you wanted....for someone else to own me....to fuck my brains out....to make me feel things I've never felt before.....never felt with you...never, never could feel with you...I didn't love the idea of your fantasies at first....Honestly, I thought they were a little perverted....But I indulged you....because I loved, I-love, I love you....but then....but then...the fantasy got real....and....I didn't know..."

Sarah let out a sexy little chuckle, "I didn't know sex could be this incredible....to be sexually dominated and physically owned by someone....to feel this full of someone else....fuck.....thank you....thank you Dan....without you I'd never have known what fucking was really like...what it means to get truly and well fucked....thank you..."

A wicked smile grew on Lester's face, and he started pumping into her faster. She felt his growing cock flexing inside of her. He clearly liked hearing what she was saying, and even his body was responding to it. So she continued, "And now you've let Lester..." here she paused to look at him, her eyes looking slightly crossed as she gazed intently into his eyes right in front of her. She gave herself over to the feeling and began a deep kiss with him, pulling away to look into his eyes with awed wonder. The lingering stare into his hard cast look affected her, and she let herself go for a second sensuous kiss, and then a few seconds later, Sarah seemed to remember she'd stopped in mid-sentence. "You let him back into our house.....the one time you actually threw him out and I thought that you might [change....be](#) a real man....but no... now you're just standing there...still not doing anything....just watching as Lester fucks your wife....and all you can do is stroke your penis....thats right...penis.....it's not even a cock.....Lester has the cock here....I never knew the difference until I met him..."

"Aw, don't be mean, so Sarah," Lester grunted as his expanding cock pounded into her. His rhythm was increasing with each word she spoke. "It's not Dan's fault, he's just a little fella. He can't help it."

As Lester's sweat dripped off his forehead and fell onto Sarah's breasts, she saw the crimson mask appear on Dan's face. His breathing rapidly grew more intense. His cock twitched in his hand, and a dribble of clear pre-cum leaked out of it.

"Just a boy," Sarah moaned and looked up at Lester, "Show him. Let him see how a real man fucks."

Lester grinned down at her and started power thrusting his hips into her. His fat gut dragged down her body and then back up, and he thrust himself wholly into her. He dragged the entire length of his cock out of her, glazed with a thick film of both their combined fluids, until just the glistening head remained inside and then thrust his entire length back into her, over and over, in and out. Lester's fat cock impaled her repeatedly, taking her to places only he could get her to.

"Mhmmfucckk. Oh fuckk. Lester.....God...show Dan how a real man fucks. Show him what a woman should be treated to...."

"Do you think Dan will ever be able to fuck like this?"

Sarah smirked, and a short puff of air left her nostrils, "No.....I don't know if we've ever really fucked before, I'd really have to think about that.....no, we've just had sex...god Lester.....you're a fucking god....."

"Pineapple!" Lester half shouted again, looking over at Dan. Dan's hand had gone back to his crotch. "Jesus Christ, how hard is it not to touch yourself while we're talking. You're like a little boy who's just discovered his dad's Playboys."

Dan blinked and let go of his cock. He seemed utterly shocked that their private safe word had come from Lester's mouth. Sarah squeezed her pussy around Lester's thick cock, eagerly working it into her body. Just hearing the way that Lester was speaking to Dan made her pussy walls even slicker than before. She felt so overwhelmingly wet. Her thighs and pussy were covered in Lester's saliva and her own juices. Everything felt sharper and more heightened.

"Did you hear that, Dan? I'm a fucking sex god," Lester chortled, "Don't worry. It's ok. Now you don't have to fumble around in the dark anymore, trying to figure out how to please your wife. Now that I'm part of the household, I'll do you the favor of taking on that responsibility."

"Doesn't that sound good?" Lester said as he thrust his full length into Sarah, making her heavy breasts jiggle, "You won't have to just settle for maintenance sex ever again. I'll FUCK you like this all the time."

"God, I can't fucking wait," Sarah moaned, thinking about all the sex she'd have on demand now. She hadn't been sure about this whole throuple idea, but she was coming around now that she was getting the benefits of it. "Fuck Lester. You feel so fucking big. I love it...."

"Tell Danny boy over there to get used to his hand, just not right now, heh heh," Lester teased.

Sarah moaned, feeling another orgasm rising inside of her, "Just don't stop, Lester. Don't stop. I'm close. Again. So fucking close."

She turned her head and looked at her husband standing there, his cock hard, pointing towards her, "Dan. My love....add some lotion to our grocery list. The good lotion, because you'll need it. Lester's the one who's going to be fucking me from now on. You're going to have to settle for your hand, and I don't want you to rub yourself until you chafe. I'm all his."

"Good girl," Lester breathed, sweat beading down his face. Her heart warmed at his words.

Sarah stared at Dan's dick, needing to see him touch it. Needing to see it explode, "Should....shouldn't we let him....touch it....it's cruel, Lester, not to let him..."

"What?" Lester asked, "Who are you talking about?"

"Dan," Sarah gestured as she bit her lip, her breasts bouncing furiously underneath Lester, "Let him stroke it to us. Touch himself and see me moan like he could never make me do."

"Oh, husband number two?" Lester chuckled, "Mr. Pineapple himself? Bob Dole over there?"

Sarah nodded her head and looked at her husband, "You want that, Dan? You want to stroke it? Touch yourself watching Lester fuck me?"

"Fuck..." Dan muttered, the first words she'd heard him use since downsairs. She took that as a yes. Dan's hand went to his cock.

"Wait," Sarah said to Dan, then looked back up at Lester, "Can he? Will you let him?"

Lester's trademark shit eating grin spread across his face, and Sarah's pussy tightened around his cock like a vice. She knew that he was about to say something to Dan that would push her over the edge and make her explode.

Lester looked over at Dan in disgust, "Watching time's over. . It's time to go, Danny. Go out into the hallway and shut the door, then you can do whatever you want. I just don't want to have to see that in here. It's gross."

Time stood still. Dan just stood there, wide-eyed with his cock in his hand. His jaw opened as if he was about to say something. Lester held still above Sarah. The only thing moving in the room was Sarah's curvy hips as they bucked off the bed, seeking more of Lester's cock. She was slowly losing the orgasm she had been building to as his thrusts stopped.

"Lester. Please don't stop," Sarah whined as she desperately raised her hips off the bed, pleading for his cock, "Please, Lester, don't stop. I'm losing it."

"Not until Dan leaves," Lester said in a low voice.

Sarah turned her head to look at her husband and the shocked look on his face. She could see the desperate gleam in his eye as precum leaked from his dick.

"Dan, go out into the hallway," Sarah heard herself saying, "Shut the door."

Dan's eyes locked with hers.

"It's time to go, Dan. Private time." Sarah said as she sucked on her bottom lip, "Please."

She watched in both shame and jubilation as Dan shrank from view. With each step back, his features were more obscured, the soft glow from the bathroom barely illuminating his exit. Sarah couldn't see, but she heard the familiar sound of their doorknob turning. Only it was unfamiliar, the unmistakable shaking of her husband's hand as he grasped the doorknob. They never broke eye contact as he stepped into the hallway and pulled the shrouded door closed behind him. Sarah's hips shook harder as Dan's presence became a mystery beyond the darkness as he carefully pulled the door closed behind him.

The soft click of the door mechanism echoed into the room as Lester leaned his weight harder into Sarah. Her beautiful face glowed in Lester's eyes as she turned her sweat-soaked face away from Dan's as he slunk into the darkness. Sarah's eyes floated down to meet Lester's. "He left."

Sarah extended her tongue out, but Lester didn't engage. "That's what you wanted..." Her hips ground into Lester. "To be alone with me..." Sarah's delicate hand went up Lester's chest, getting caught on his thick, matted chest hair. Sarah kept rubbing his flabby chest. "Hey...Dan should've left me alone with you that first day... If I had known, I would've begged for this."

Sarah's hips danced across Lester's soft rolls. She felt him swell inside her. "I don't know how you learned to do this...But you fucking took me from my husband," Sarah started holding onto Lester and leveraging her body up and down. Trying to force him inside herself out of horny frustration, "Now fuck me."

Lester grinned and resumed his long, methodical, slow thrusts into her. His plunging cock dragged across her G-Spot, and Sarah visibly shuddered. She tightened her ankles around his ass, and her nails dug into the fat of his back as she pulled him into her.

"Don't be shy now," Lester chortled, "Make sure husband number two can hear you."

“FUCK ME, LESTER,” Sarah screamed as Lester’s fat, thick cock increased its thunderous thrusts into her. She was connected with this fat troll of a man, as their two bodies became one. She felt an animalistic urge rise inside of her, and she found she couldn’t hold herself back. She kissed and licked the top of his nearly bald head, desperate to consume every ounce of this incredible man. The sweat on his forehead tasted bitterly salty on her lips. Her supple hips flew off the bed with each jolting thrust, desperate to meet Lester on his thrusting downstroke.

The web of veins on Lester’s cock pulsed in unison inside of her, and she could swear she could feel the pounding of his heart beating throughout her body. Lester was breathing just as hard as she was, both their lustful bodies now slick with fuck sweat. She didn’t know where her sweat began and his sweat ended. All she knew was that she needed him more than anything she had ever needed in her life and that she was going to explode.

“UHH. MHMMM.FUCKKK. LESTER...BABY....PLEASE.....PLEASEEEE.....FUCKKK,” Sarah whined.

“I don’t think he can hear you,” Lester whispered in her ear, “Make sure to tell him how much of a fucking idiot he was for ever starting this.”

“FUCK...DAN....I’M GOING TO CUM ON LESTER’S FAT COCK,” Sarah screamed as she bit into her lip. “THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. MY HUSBAND. WANTED ME TO FUCK HIS ROOMMATE. NOW YOU’RE OUT THERE AND HE’S IN HERE FUCKING THE SHIT OUT OF ME. FUCKING ME RAW.”

“IT FEELS SO.....FUCK....UHHHHMHMM.....LESTER....LESTER....FUCK.....SHITFUCK..”

“DON’T STOP BABY....FUCK...I’M SORRY, DAN. I’M LESTER’S...I NEED THAT REAL COCK.....FUCK. GIVE IT TO ME.”

Sarah’s pussy clenched onto Lester’s cock like an immovable vice. She wasn’t letting him go. Not now. Not when her body was about to feel so fucking good again. Her nails dug deeper into his back, pulling his fat chest down onto hers. Her big breasts mashed into his flabby chest. Her nipples were dragging across his skin with each powerful thrust of his cock.

Her ankles tightened around his ass, heels digging into his flesh. Lester smirked down at her.

“Cum for me, Sarah. Show Dan who the man of the house is now. Let him hear who owns you.”

“UHHHHMHMHJHUHHH-NNHHAAHHHHMMMM,” Sarah screamed in the monstrous man’s face as her orgasm exploded. Pleasure radiated out from Lester’s cock, emanating through her penetrated body in mind-bending waves that didn’t seem ever to end. Her lithe limbs pulled and squeezed at Lester’s fat frame like a sausage casing as she gripped him with every ounce of her being. Sweat poured off of him and onto her lips, and Sarah felt the foul tide slide behind her clenched teeth. Sarah’s vision went dark as her eyes rolled back into her head, her lashes frantically spasming. She felt her whole body convulse violently as she continued to cum. Lester’s body crushed her, making it impossible for her to breathe, but she welcomed suffocation if it meant she could hold onto this extraordinary feeling. “FUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!!!”

Dan stared at the white panel of the door as he pulled it closed behind him. This was wrong. So not right. So fucking unbelievably wrong. Why couldn’t he just say something? Why couldn’t he just do something? He’d pulled Lester off Sarah before and thrown him out of their house, but now.....Now he just felt so impotent.

How had he let things get to this point?

Because this is what you wanted. Dan thought. He gulped as the voice inside his head continued to fill him with negative, self-destructive thoughts.

“FUCK ME LESTER!!” Sarah’s voice screamed through the door. Dan felt his heart lurch in his chest as he tried to picture what was happening on the other side. Were they still moving in the same position? What did Sarah’s face look like? Was she gazing at Lester or was she looking at the door, imagining Dan standing alone in the hallway?

Dan wished there were a peephole through which he could look. The realization led to a sad and depressing thought that he had been relegated to a peeping Tom in his own home. Dan’s cock twitched as he realized he was still holding onto it.

With a sharp intake of breath, he slid his hand up his shaft and shivered in the tempting sensations he felt. He rested his forehead on the door and fully pictured the lewd scene happening on the other side.

He breathed hard, needing a release. He’d be able to think clearly after that. He stroked himself, trying to push down the pathetic judgmental thoughts about himself.

“UHH. MHMMM.FUCKKK. LESTER...BABY....PLEASE.....PLEASEEEE.....FUCKKK,” Sarah cried.

Dan started stroking faster, hating every second of it. His face felt flush with shame as he jerked off to his wife’s defilement at the hands of the mountain troll and the fact that she loved every fucking second of it.

“FUCK...DAN....I’M GOING TO CUM ON LESTER’S FAT COCK,” Sarah screamed as she bit into her lip. “THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. MY HUSBAND. WANTED ME TO FUCK HIS ROOMMATE. NOW YOU’RE OUT THERE AND HE’S IN HERE FUCKING THE SHIT OUT OF ME. FUCKING ME RAW.”

His heart sagged in his chest as her truths bit into him. He had indeed wanted this. He’d pushed for it. He’d wanted to see her behave like this for years, and now here he was, jerking off alone in the hallway while his roommate crammed his immense cock into the mother of his two children. He’d never imagined this utterly humiliating scenario, but couldn’t stop stroking himself. He increased his pace, feeling his balls tighten and knew it was only a matter of seconds.

He didn’t want to go into the bathroom out here to explode. And he didn’t have any Kleenex he could unleash into. His boxers had been left on the floor inside the bedroom.

“IT FEELS SO.....FUCK....UHHHHMHMM.....LESTER....LESTER....FUCK.....SHITFUCK..”

Dan couldn’t hold back any longer. His balls tightened, and his cock twitched. Cum blasted out of him, painting the bedroom door a new shade of off-white. Cum kept shooting out as Dan tried to catch his breath. He’d never cum quite this much. For a moment, it felt like he was peeing. As the last dribble escaped onto the carpet of the hallway, his negative thoughts came rushing back to haunt him.

Lester still hasn’t cum yet. He’s still fucking her. Giving her more pleasure than I’ll ever be able to. Maybe this is all for the best. Maybe this is what she needs. I’m not enough. I can’t give her what she needs. I can’t even fucking provide for her. I’m completely worthless.

“DON’T STOP BABY....FUCK...I’M SORRY, DAN. I’M LESTER’S...I NEED THAT REAL COCK.....FUCK. GIVE IT TO ME.”

Dan staggered back from the stained door, needing to get away from it. He needed air. He needed water. He turned away, stumbling down the hallway, one hand braced on the wall as Sarah's cries echoed tauntingly behind him.

"UHHHHMHMHJHUUHHH-NNNHAAAHHHHMMM."

Dan felt his brain going catatonic again as he stepped down the stairs.

"FUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!!!"

Lester smirked down as Sarah's face calmed and she came back down to earth after her massive orgasm. Her hips rested back on the bed, and presently she was struggling to catch her breath. While her eyes were closed, he glanced at the closed door and sneered.

Dan had folded like a house of cards, slinking out of the bedroom with his tail between his legs. Sarah had thankfully gone along with Lester's shit talking plans, but he needed to cement them into place, hopefully skewing her opinion of her soon-to-be ex-husband as the pathetic little worm he was.

Lester wanted to keep fucking Sarah's brains out, but he reminded himself that this was an ongoing campaign to win hearts and minds. He reluctantly slid back and pulled his cock from the warm, airtight embrace of Sarah's pussy, eliciting a disappointing moan from his new throuple mate.

Her eyes fluttered open, looking at him with needful confusion, "What are you doing? You didn't finish...."

"We're just getting started. I told you I was going to fuck you all over this house, and I meant it," Lester fixed her with a determined stare as he got off the bed, his crotch slick with Sarah's dripping juices. He padded over to the door, eager to fling it open and reveal a shocked Dan and parade Sarah down the hall in front of him. Holding the man's wife while he held his dick in his other hand.

When he opened the door, the hallway was empty. Lester frowned but noticed a familiar streak of an off-white substance flowing down the door.

"Looks like Dan enjoyed listening to you, to what we did together," Lester chuckled, holding the door open and gesturing to the trail of fresh cum streaming down it.

Sarah propped herself up on the bed, "Is that going to stain?"

"Probably. But that's something for Danny to deal with tomorrow," Lester said, "Right now it's time for you to get that sexy ass over here. Let's go fuck in the office."

Sarah sat up on the bed and touched between her legs, "I don't know if I can. I'm already so wet. You might slip out of me."

Lester laughed as if she'd told an old joke, shaking his head, "Sarah, that's just something guys with small dicks need to worry about," Lester said, grasping his heavy cock, "This cock ain't 'slipping out.' That's ridiculous. Would your tight snatch ever let this cock fall out of you? Now shut your pretty mouth and get over here."

Sarah bit her lip and quickly crossed the room to where Lester waited. When she was close, he grabbed her hand and pulled her with him down the hall into Dan's office. Lester plopped himself down in Dan's computer chair and pointed to his ramrod straight cock, "Clean it up before we get started again."

Sarah gave him a flirty look, batting her eyes and quickly sank to her knees, grabbing his full-length cock in both hands and lowering her mouth onto it. Lester leaned back in the chair, putting his hands behind his head, hoping Dan would walk by and get a sight of the lurid scene from the office door. His wife, cleaning her juices from her new man's cock as he sat in Dan's place.

"More tongue," Lester said, "Lick every inch of it."

Sarah peered up at him, her tongue on the underside of his cock, "Are you sure? Every inch? I could be down here for hours."

"Heh," Lester chuckled, "Take all the time you need. The faster you clean it, the faster I'll slide it back into you. You do want to cum on it again, don't you?"

"More than anything," Sarah said, flicking her tongue out again and running it up the entire length of this cock, not breaking eye contact. When her tongue reached the tip of his cock, she ran it back down the side of his spittle-sheathed shaft, cleaning it off completely.

"Good girl," Lester licked his lips, "Where do you think Dan ran off to?"

"I thought you didn't care about my husband?" Sarah said.

"I'm just wondering if he's going to come back upstairs with a baseball bat and crack my head open," Lester said.

Sarah smirked and shook her head, "No. I think now that he came, he's probably resting down on the couch, trying to get his mind around all this."

"No second wind for him?" Lester smirked.

Sarah sighed and licked another side of Lester's bulging cock, "Not usually."

"You're going to have to stop calling him your husband," Lester said, wagging a scolding fat finger at her, "Now that we're in a throuple, we should all be equal."

"Well, I did marry him," Sarah said right before twirling her tongue around the head of Lester's stupidly large cock, lapping up some pre-cum that had mixed with the copious fluids she had coated it with earlier, in her bedroom.

"I gave you a ring," Lester said, "And you accepted it."

"That just means we're engaged," Sarah teased back, not breaking their eye contact. She gave his cock a deep kiss that was identical to the one she'd given him on his mouth when she'd accepted his ring. Lester groaned as she wrapped her pretty little lips around his cock and made its girth disappear into her mouth.

"Ugh, that feels good," Lester said, "Is that what you want then? For us to have a ceremony in front of your entire family? I gotta say, I'm not a super traditional guy. I'd prefer to do it like they did in the olden days, where everyone gathered downstairs and had to listen while the couple consummated the marriage upstairs."

"You're bad," Sarah said, pulling her mouth off his cock.

"Don't forget the balls," Lester grunted.

Sarah ran her tongue down the entire length of Lester's shaft until it reached his heavy, hairy ballsack. Her tongue began darting in, licking it, through the saliva-dampened matting of hair.

"I'm going to make that happen," Lester said, "I'm going to fuck you in your bed while your parents and family are downstairs, consummating our marriage. When they hear the sounds, then they'll understand."

"This isn't Utah, Lester. It doesn't work like that here. A girl can't be married to more than one man," Sarah said as her tongue swirled around a graying tuft of hair on his balls, covered in her own juices.

"Do I look like I give a fuck about the law? I don't pay taxes. I could be a sovereign citizen for all I care," Lester barked.

"You are such a bad boy," Sarah said in a mocking tone as she lovingly licked the underside of his balls.

"You think that's funny?" Lester asked, narrowing his intense dark eyes at her. He loved the defiant side of her personality. He felt like a cowboy working to wrangle a free-spirited bronco. In the end, the wild animal always became nothing more than a mount to saddle and ride.

Lester willfully grabbed both sides of Sarah's head and pulled her face down into his crotch. His ball sack flattened against her eyes and forehead, her lips mashing into the underside of his dripping nutsack. Sarah moaned, her tongue darting out, licking under his balls. Lester groaned and looked down at her luxurious blonde hair draped over his coarse pubic hair. He pulled her head down further, forcing her tongue to swab his foul taint.

Sarah didn't miss a beat, eagerly licking her tongue aggressively all over him, "Mhmmmmmm. Mhmmmmnnnn."

Lester grinned at the reaction. He wasn't sure if she was enjoying his forcefulness or just delighting in being made to lick such a taboo area, but he didn't really care. All that mattered was that she was loving it. Her extended tongue muffled her moans, and his oversized balls covered her entire face.

Lester turned Sarah's head to one side, ensuring she licked every inch of his sweat-soaked undercarriage. Then he turned her head the opposite way, eliciting more moans as Sarah eagerly delved into his nethers with her tongue, licking the high side of his taint. Sarah's hand was on his shaft, and she kept stroking him, maintaining his erection with an even motion.

Lester relaxed his hands, and Sarah cradled his balls in one hand and stroked his shaft with the other, all while licking under his balls and between his legs of her own accord. Lester placed his hands on the arms of the computer chair and, with a deep breath, heaved himself out of it. Sarah scuttled back a little, but her tongue never left its diligent work on Lester's taint. He waited a moment in a shaking posture while he regained his balance.

The smile never left his face as Sarah stayed kneeling in front of him, still hungrily stroking and caressing him. He reached down and grabbed his balls and laid them over her face. Sarah kept happily sucking and licking him, even with his sweaty, saliva-covered balls resting on her beautiful face.

Eventually, she pulled back, gasping for breath with a look of lust-tinged awe. She held Lester's cock in her hand and reverently rubbed it over her cheeks, revelling in the feeling of it. Lester couldn't help but widen his smile at how well his little slut was trained and at how much she was clearly enjoying herself.

“Get up, it's time to fuck,” Lester grunted, pulling her up by her hair. Sarah winced, and Lester led her out into the hallway, pulling the computer chair with him. He kicked it down the hall, and it banked off the wall, rolling to an abrupt stop with a bang on the raised runner at the top of the stairs.

Lester uncaringly spun Sarah around and pushed her against one of the walls, “Put your hands on the wall.”

Sarah didn't hesitate, putting her palms up next to her breasts that were already pressed against the drywall as if she were about to do a push-up. With his cock in one hand, Lester dipped his knees and marvelled at the sensual shape of Sarah's magnificent ass. He bent his knees further and lined himself up with her perfect pussy.

He pushed the head of his cock right up to her entrance, splitting her lips apart just a bit.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah said, her head to the side, biting her lips in anticipation.

“Ease yourself back on it,” Lester said. Sarah didn't hesitate, slowly pushing back on Lester's king-sized cock, taking more of the unbending organ into her. As she did, Lester stepped back, causing Sarah to bend over to keep his lengthy cock embedded inside of her.

He stepped back again, causing Sarah to bend over further and whimper in disappointment at the distance. He stepped back yet again until his ass was pressed against the cold wall on the other side of the hallway. Sarah kept her palms pressed against the drywall and bent over at almost a full ninety degrees, and she awkwardly took Lester's entire powerful length inside of her.

“Ohhhhhgod,” Sarah moaned, her jaw hanging open as she readjusted to Lester's ridiculous girth. He just chuckled, rubbing her stunning ass cheeks together and staring down at the way her lithe naked back arched. He pumped his hips forward, causing Sarah to jolt, her hair and breasts jiggling forward as she jumped.

“Fuck yourself on my cock,” Lester said, “Can't wait to see Dan's face when he comes back upstairs and sees you like this.”

“Uhhmmfuck, you are so bad,” Sarah said as she dug her palms into the wall and thrust back against Lester's cock. “You want my poor husband to come up here and see you fucking me like this? See his wife bent over in the middle of the fucking hallway?”

“No, I want him to come up and see you fucking my cock with abandon, being a slut and doing anything for my cock. I'm just going to stand here while you do all the work. Show me, show me how you work,” Lester chuckled.

“You're an ass,” Sarah said, but kept pushing her butt back onto Lester's cock, “It's not my fault it feels so fucking good. Jesus Lester, I didn't expect any of this.”

“Didn't expect what?” Lester licked his lips. Sweat was starting to glisten on the back of Sarah's neck.

“When...ah...mmmm....hmmm,” Sarah moaned as she pushed against the drywall, sending her bouncing ass back on his spearing cock. She slid forward on his turgid pole with an agape mouth before slamming back on it again, “When you said we were a throuple....I thought you just meant more dates...I didn't know... uhhhhh.....fucckk..... yes.....didn't....know.....you'd....mhmmmm.....do... this....”

“And what am I doing?” Lester smirked as he mauled her ass cheeks, his fat gut sitting on top of them, adding extra weight to Sarah's frame.

“Just...uhhhhhh...taking over.....dominating me.....fuckkk.....jesus. You’re the...mmmm... the fucking man... Lester, you feelsofucking good.” Sarah whined.

“Moan louder,” Lester said, “I don’t think Dan can hear you from wherever he slinked off to.”

“MMMHHMMMFUCK,” Sarah promptly moaned loudly just as he’d requested.

“Where is he?” Lester asked, looking down the hallway.

Sarah squeezed his cock with her pussy, “I thought you didn’t care about him. Why are you still talking about him?”

“Like you said. I’m here to dominate, and I’m the fucking man, right? I want him to know the new pecking order,” Lester said.

“Uhhhhhh.....fuck I think you already showed him when you kicked him out of the bedroom,” Sarah whined gripping his cock like a vice.

“Kicked him out of the bedroom to do what?” Lester asked.

“To fucking jerk off!” Sarah snapped, thrusting back onto his cock hard.

“What was it he jerked off, Sarah? What body part?” Lester said.

Sarah groaned in response before saying, “His dick.”

“Whose cock is bigger?” Lester asked, violently thrusting his hips forward again. Sarah groaned and dropped her head, moaning incessantly.

“Yours,” she said without hesitation, “Your cock is bigger.”

Lester grinned. Hook, line and sinker, “That’s true. And whose cock is littler?”

Sarah hesitated for a second before whispering, “His.”

“Whose?” Lester asked, punctuating his question with another sharp thrust, making Sarah stumble for a second. She moved her palms back onto the wall, flexing her fingers.

“Dan’s,” Sarah breathed, a bead of sweat ran down her back and disappeared beneath Lester’s hairy gut.

“Good girl,” Lester chuckled again. He grabbed Sarah’s hips with both hands and started pumping. In and out. Faster and harder. Over and over. No intention of stopping.

“Uhh. Uhhh...Fffffuccck,” Sarah moaned as she fucked him back. Her hands slipped off the wall, and she quickly replanted them in a different spot.

“In our throuple, who’s got the big cock?” Lester asked through gritted teeth as he pumped into the young mother.

“You! You do!” Sarah said, thrusting back with a desperate energy.

“Well, then, who’s got the little dick? Tell me.” Lester said.

“Dan,” Sarah breathed out of breath.

“Do you remember our failed threesome? With you on the floor, kneeling between us? When we compared our sizes?” Lester hissed.

“Yesss.....uhhhh....nhmmmm you were so much bigger....” Sarah moaned, her hands slipping again, “Lester, my palms are so fucking sweaty. I need to move or I’m going to slip.”

“Just shut up and don’t stop fucking,” Lester snarled and increased his unyielding pace. Sarah had to readjust her feet and kept bouncing her ass back onto his stiff length.

“Uhhhhhmhmmmmfuuuckkk.....Lester,” Sarah moaned, digging her sweaty palms into the wall. Lester could see the sheen of sweat leaving a shining trail on the drywall where she’d touched it. It reminded him of his brief foray into console gaming. He’d hated holding a controller; they always made his palms sweaty. Mouse and keyboard were where it was at.

Lester thrust himself into Sarah hard, making her perfect body jump again. She readjusted her feet, and her palms slid on the wall before she righted herself. Lester just chuckled and kept his increasingly hard thrusts up. He would continue his line of insults towards Dan afterwards. He already had himself positioned as the guy with the big cock in Sarah’s mind, but he wanted to reframe her opinion of Dan. Small and weak. Before, she’d probably considered his cock ‘normal,’ but he wanted her to think of Dan’s cock as small, unable to pleasure her. Inadequate.

“How many dicks did you see in real life before getting with Dan?” Lester asked her.

“Uhhh...nggnnhnnn,...just a couple.....besides yours...” Sarah moaned.

“This isn’t a dick I’m fucking you with. It’s a cock,” Lester corrected.

“A big cock,” Sarah shot back through a moan.

“How big were the others?” Lester asked.

“Like Dan’s, that size,” Sarah said breathlessly.

“So all small then. You’ve never been in a guy’s changing room then to see the difference,” Lester chuckled.

Sarah didn’t reply. She just braced herself on the wall and was breathing hard as she fucked back on Lester’s cock. That was enough. He didn’t need to press too hard. He just needed to plant the seed in her mind and let it take root. All the dicks she’d seen from the homeless guy to that fucker Vernon and that shithead Jesse to the others at the movie theatre were luckily all bigger than Dan. He wanted her to think less of her husband, and she was well on her way to doing so. And the night was still young.

WHAP

Lester slapped Sarah’s ass, making her jump. His gut jiggled as she did, and her pussy clenched around his cock in shock. It felt fucking phenomenal.

WHAP

His hand came down on her other asscheek, making her clench up again. Lester groaned and threw his head back as he slammed into her with a hard, savage thrust.

WHAP

He left a bright red handprint behind on the side of Sarah’s ass. Lester shoved his cock deep into her at the exact same time. Sarah stumbled, and her hands slipped. Lester’s cock kept going forward as Sarah failed to regain her footing.

Just as she brought her hands up to brace herself, they slipped again on the drywall, and the top of her head hit the drywall, partially disappearing from Lester's view. Her pussy clenched hard as a vice on his cock, making Lester groan in orgasmic pleasure. This must be what it felt like to get a hand job from one of those professional arm wrestling women with the fat asses in tight athletic shorts.

Lester held still for a second before focusing on Sarah. She was gasping for breath, and he took a step back, sliding his cock partly out of her. Sarah pushed on the wall, revealing a headsized indent in the drywall.

Lester chuckled at his casual destruction of property.

"Jesus Lester," Sarah said, brushing drywall dust out of her blonde hair, "I told you my hand was slipping."

"I guess," Lester shrugged and then forcefully plunged his cock back into her. Sarah stumbled again, and Lester pushed her forward. She wasn't bent over anymore but was now standing up in a hunched position, breasts mashed into the wall. Lester held her angelic hips and kept sliding his cock in and out of his pretty little wife.

Sarah groaned and seemed happy to have more of her torso supported by the wall to brace herself. Lester pulled her hips back and vigorously lunged his cock back into her, forcing her to take a step to the right. Lester kept pulling her hips and fucking her, driving her down the hallway until he had her butted up against a rattling door. Sarah braced herself against it, and Lester continued to aggressively pound into her clutching pussy. She raised her head and defiantly pushed back against him, seeming to challenge him.

Lester couldn't keep the shit eating grin off his face. Sarah was something else. No other conquest he'd taken had presented as sweet a victory as this. Maybe it was because she was a married woman, or maybe it was because she was a mother. He wasn't sure. Maybe it was an X factor unique to Sarah. Either way, he intended to gather more data and determine why she made him feel this way.

Lester gripped the door's knob without Sarah noticing and quickly turned it.

The door swung open, robbing Sarah of whatever leverage and balance she had.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah complained as she stumbled forward into the room. Lester held her by the hips and marched forward, cock still embedded inside of her, intending to keep her from regaining her footing.

Sarah's hands found something solid, and she braced herself against it. Lester knew what room they were in and didn't intend to give her the time to collect herself. With a lick of his lips, he shook his head and sweat flung off. He lunged his giant cock hard into the young mother.

"Ahh, ffuuck Lester. Jesus....Christ...." Sarah moaned. Lester reached forward and gathered all of Sarah's free-flowing blonde mane into one hand and brutally yanked it back.

Sarah squealed, her head arching back towards him. Lester put a foot up on the bed. Sarah's hands were on to adjust his angle and dominantly pump his cock up into her drooling pussy. Sarah shot up onto her tippy toes, "Ughh. Uh. Uh. Mhmmhmmmm."

With all of her hair roughly gripped in one hand, Lester reached around her and mauled her pristine breasts with the other. A soft cry escaped Sarah's lips. Lester hunched over, pulled her back towards him and stuck his tongue into her mouth. The angle was awkward, and he couldn't get it in as far as

he wanted, but Sarah tried to make up the difference, moaning and heartily sucking on part of his tongue, “Mhmmmm.”

Sarah dropped her ass onto Lester’s cock as the vulgar sounds of the slapping of their sweaty skin filled the room. Lester’s eyes widened with glee as he pulled on Sarah’s bunched hair; her face showed pain, then contorted back to intense pleasure. He spun his tongue around her mouth, her own chasing it, eager to catch it.

Lester’s chest grew heavy from bending over in the awkward position for so long, and he let her hair go, breathing in a deep, wheezing breath to fill his lungs. Sarah’s hair fell back down around her face. Finally, she raised her head and seemed to open her eyes.

“Lester!” She hissed in a whisper, “What the...uhmhm....Fuck!? We can’t...uhhhhh...mhmm....can’t be in here...”

Sarah tried to raise herself off the bed in protest, but Lester’s hand quickly gripped the back of her neck and held her down until her bent elbows were pressed into the bed. She tried to squeeze her pussy around his cock as some sort of protest, but he just revelled in the feeling as she decisively gripped him. He even pulled back until just his cock head was inside of her and slammed himself back in, overriding the tightly protesting grip.

“I’m the man of the house now, Sarah,” Lester growled indignantly as he looked around the room with its two twin beds. “That means I fuck wherever I want.”

“Ughnnnn,” Sarah moaned and dropped her head, seemingly giving in to Lester’s words. It was another victory that she wasn’t putting up a fight and so quickly capitulated to his demand. She had learned her place, despite her occasional outbursts; he knew he could always bring her to heel this way.

“That’s a good girl,” Lester cooed from behind her, running his thumb tenderly across the back of her neck. His other hand gripped her hip, and he resumed his rigid, emphatic pumps into her.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah said into the comforter, “I can’t...we shouldn’t...”

“But we are,” Lester said, “Squeeze my cock like you did before. Do it.”

He felt the buttery walls of her pussy tighten around him, and he let out a satisfied growl, “Mhmm, yeah. That’s, unng, that’s the way daddy likes it.”

He wanted to mark his territory, and he’d decided this room was the best place to do that. To really drive home the change in the status quo in Sarah’s sex addled mind. During sex, he knew a slew of endorphins and other hormones flooded the brain. It was time to hijack them in an attempt to rewire things.

“Ohh shittt,” Sarah moaned, “Lester....your cock.....”

“You mean Daddy’s cock, don’t you? Moan it for me,” Lester commanded, slipping his hand off her hip and grabbing a firm chunk of Sarah’s immaculate ass cheek. Lester licked his lips, waiting with anticipation to hear the words leave her lips. To see the young mother, let Lester push past another boundary and drag her further into the abyss with him.

“Fuck Lester....Daddy...” Sarah choked out an ecstatic moan, “Your cock feels so fucking good like this. I could let you fuck me like this all night. I want it all fucking day.”

“That’s it, Sarah,” Lester rubbed the back of her neck affectionately, alternating from being firm and sadistic to reassuring and comforting. He hoped the duality would play to this woman’s need for both rough sex and physical comfort. The next phase would be much different than the hard fucking she was taking right now.

“Let go, cum for me,” Lester whispered in a tender voice. He knew from his angle, his cock would be sliding into her precious G-Spot before it continued up into the rest of her pussy. Lester licked his lips and let go of her neck, letting his fat digits run down her spine, slicked with filthy sweat. He brought them to his lips and licked them lasciviously. Then he reached around under her and found her engorged slit with his spit-slick fingers.

Sarah drew in a sharp breath as the musk of their sweat-dampened bodies permeated the room. Sarah groaned in delight. As Lester was pumping his oversized horse cock into her, Sarah’s pliant hips wiggled back and forth on his thick fingers, dragging her tingling clit against them.

Her hips continued to sexily rock side to side as she tried thrusting her ass back against his invading cock. Eventually, their bodies fell into a pulsing rhythm. She would grind her clit against his probing fingers while he pulled his huge cock back, then she’d drop her ass back on him as he thrust forward.

“Ugg..uhmm....yes....mhhmm...Les....daddy....fuckkk.....uhhmmmm....godddd....soogood...Lester...,” Sarah moaned with abandon.

“That’s it. Let it out. Cum on my cock, Sarah. Cum for me. Show me how a good mommy acts. Give it up to me,” Lester smirked, nodding.

“Uhfuck,” Sarah panted, her breath growing closer and closer together. Her hips spun faster and faster, the hardened bead of her clit dragging over his fingers, ass slamming back onto his cock, “Fuck. Uh fuck. Yes. Yes. Fuck. God. Fuck, Yes....Lester....god. Fuck. Fuck me. Don’t stop. Uh. Mhmm. Uh. Uh..mhmm”

Lester pushed the length of his whole cock into her at the perfect moment as he saw her entire body go tense. Sarah let out a violent scream, “FUCKDADDY.”

Lester’s eyes lit up like a Christmas tree, and he held his cock firmly buried deep in Sarah’s pussy. It clenched around his shaft, trying to milk him for everything he was worth. She was desperately trying to get him to empty his balls inside her. Her back arched, thrusting her breasts out on display towards the Barbie poster on the wall. The rutting ogre pulled back on her hair, and Sarah let out a guttural scream as every muscle on her back and arms grew rigidly taut. She gripped the pink bedsheets in a tightly clenched fist, and her nude body shook visibly on his cock.

Lester let out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. It took every ounce of his willpower not to unleash gouts of boiling cum into the quivering woman’s pussy in that tense moment. His years of routine kegel exercises while playing World of Warcraft came in clutch. His vision momentarily blurred as he made the effort to resist.

Sarah’s body dropped down onto the bed, completely exhausted. They weren’t finished yet. He slid his cock out of her, eliciting a small groan of protest. He circled the small bed until he was beside her resting head. Lester reached down and brushed the blonde strands of hair from her beautiful face. She looked up at him with weak eyes, and a faint, exasperated smile appeared on her face.

Fuck her into submission. Move the goal posts, Lester thought back to one of his goals he’d established on the drive over.

Lester held his cock by the base and pressed the tip of it to her lips, "Clean it up again."

Without any protest, Sarah opened her mouth, letting him push his prodigious organ inside of her. He spent the next few minutes slowly running his cock in and out of her hungry lips. Whether Sarah was aware she'd begun playing with her own pussy lips, he wasn't sure. When she tried to grip his shaft and stroke him with her free hand, he pulled back.

"No hands. Stick out your tongue," Lester said.

Sarah looked up at him with a slightly annoyed look, "When are you going to cum?"

But despite her tone, she stuck out her tongue obediently, letting Lester run his saliva-covered cock back and forth over it, "Heh. When I want to. Y'know, most women complain about guys finishing too early."

"I'm not complaining," Sarah said as Lester started running his cock up and down her cheeks, leaving a slimy trail of precum, her own tangy juices and her glistening saliva. "I just thought I would've made you come already."

"Soon. And it'll be explosive," Lester said as Sarah's tongue darted out to lick his balls. Lester knelt on the bed, making sure her tongue could access all of his parts, just as he had earlier, "You know it will be."

"Promise?" Sarah said as her tongue flicked along the curve of his wrinkled nutsack and she looked up at him with those penetratingly sexy green eyes of hers.

"Just you wait."

Dan sat on the couch, remote hanging limply in his hand as he stared at the TV. There was an old movie on the TV that he vaguely remembered seeing before. Diane Lane and Richard Gere were in it. He was barely paying any attention to it, even though his eyes were locked onto the screen. His entire consciousness seemed to be filtered through his ears as he heard the screams of pleasure echoing from the upper floor down to him.

He hadn't bothered shutting the blinds next to him. It was really late now, and he doubted anyone would still be out walking around. He honestly just couldn't be bothered to. Just like he still hadn't bothered to clean up the mess in the dining room and all the dishes in the kitchen. He knew that it looked like a bomb had gone off in his house, yet he just sat there, catatonically staring at the people on TV, doing his best not to think about everything that was currently happening in his house.

Pineapple, the thought tasted bitter in his mouth. The safeword he'd decided on with Sarah had blindsided him in his own bedroom. Deployed effectively by his roommate (he wasn't sure what to even call Lester anymore) to delay his own enjoyment. He hadn't expected things to spiral this far out of his control. He'd hoped that jerking off to completion would have helped clear his head, but he still felt just as numb as he had beforehand – like he was moving on autopilot and his brain was only half awake. He'd heard about people going into shock; their brains shutting down to protect them from trauma, suppressing memories, emotions or even shutting out sights and sounds. He wondered if this was what his brain was doing at that moment.

As his thoughts seemed to drift in and out, he heard footsteps behind him. He couldn't grasp any of the fleeting thoughts, unable to hold onto them and really process their meaning. But he turned his head and saw a completely stark naked Sarah coming around the corner of the couch towards him.

“Hey, hey, Dan,” Sarah said with a look tinged with guilt and arousal on her face, “Why are you sitting down here all alone?”

“I...uhh...” Dan trailed off as he tried to think of a good response. The right words to snap him out of whatever this was, “I j-just needed some space.”

“See, I told you,” the voice from behind him got Dan’s hackles up, and he felt the familiar tension return deep in his gut. His consciousness wanted to retreat further into his head to escape this situation he found himself in, “I knew he was having a tough time. Fine. Alright. I’ll be a good guy. Go give him a kiss and a hug, Sarah.”

Sarah looked over Dan’s shoulder with a confused look on her face. Something that Dan didn’t catch passed between the two lovers, and Sarah moved in front of Dan, blocking his view of the TV. She sat down, legs on either side of his lap. Her beautiful, perfect, heavy breasts were right in his face. Sarah cupped his cheeks and knelt to kiss him tenderly on the lips. Dan just sat there, his body unmoving. The only part of him that managed to move was his lips, kissing his wife in return.

A whoosh of escaping air came from the leather couch, and it shifted with the burden of a new weight. Dan broke the kiss by looking next to him. His mind immediately thought of an obese walrus as he looked at the shape of Lester’s naked body, sitting so casually next to him. Sitting like he owned the place.

The words from upstairs about Lester being the man of the house echoed in his head like a resentful memory. Dan gulped and was aware of his heart threatening to burst from his chest.

“Oh, come on now. You’re making me jealous. That’s not nice,” Lester said as his fat, stubby fingers ran up Sarah’s arm. He gently tugged on it, and Sarah slid off of Dan’s lap. Lester looked him dead in the eyes, “You don’t mind if I borrow your wife for a bit, do you?” It was hardly a question.

Dan didn’t respond; his mouth opened. He knew socially that a response was expected when someone asked a question, but no words formed in his throat. He was the passenger in a car watching its imminent crash in slow motion. He had no hand on the wheel. All he could do was watch.

“See, he doesn’t mind,” Lester said, gently pulling Sarah over onto his lap. Her thin, toned legs slid over Lester’s obese thighs; she had to stretch her legs open to straddle him. Dan glanced down and saw Lester’s massive organ jutting up towards the ceiling, resting against Sarah’s taut belly.

“It’s good. It’s a good thing to teach your kids,” Lester said in a low voice, “That sharing is caring, don’t you agree, Sarah?”

Sarah rolled her eyes dismissively and put her arms around Lester’s neck. She gave Dan’s roommate a tired look.

“What? Shouldn’t we talk about our household values?” Lester chuckled.

“It’s too much,” Sarah said. She was giving Lester an annoyed look, but even in his catatonic state, Dan could see Sarah subtly rolling her hips up and down, pressing her pussy lips against Lester’s fat, rigid shaft.

Dan’s breaths were coming in shallow bursts now.

"Maybe you're right," Lester said with a sigh. Then he pumped his hips up into the air as he grabbed Sarah's hips and hefted her up. The sight of him pushing himself up warped his body into a strange shape that seared into Dan's memory.

Sarah grunted, and the next second Lester's ass was back on the couch, his cock pointed straight up against Sarah's pussy. He held her up by her hips, as she balanced on her knees. Lester looked over at Dan with that smug shit eating grin on his face, "Any objections? You like sharing her, right?"

Again, Dan opened his mouth to say something. He wasn't sure if it would be an objection, a rebuttal, a refusal or an all-out agreement. But before any words could manifest in his mouth, Sarah's sounds cut him off.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah moaned sharply, her jaw dropping open as Lester slowly lowered her onto his cock. Dan watched, his eyes going wide as saucers as Lester's girthy, long, vein-covered cock disappeared inside of his wife. Inch after inch, the shaft of Lester's cock became less and less visible until it was fully embedded inside of her. Lester put his feet up on the coffee table and exhaled in a satisfied groan.

"Uhh fuck that feels amazing, baby," Lester smiled up at Sarah, "I don't know how you always manage to feel so fucking tight."

"I'm glad you like it," Sarah said breathlessly as she stared down into Lester's beady eyes.

"It's like you've never had a cock inside you before," Lester said, then he turned to look over at Dan, "I guess before me, you never actually did. Probably why you're still so crazy tight. Sorry, Danny, I'm not sure your little fella is gonna cut it anymore."

Dan just blinked back at Lester, confused. He wasn't keeping up with the conversation; he was still shell-shocked over seeing Lester's giant appendage disappear inside his wife like some sort of cheap Vegas magician's final trick.

"Tell him, Sarah," Lester said, patting Dan's shoulder with mock comfort, "In our throuple. Who has the little dick?"

An amused smile teased Sarah's lips, and she shook her head, then turned and looked at Dan. Her face was unreadable, a mask of arousal, comfort and something else he couldn't quite place. Something passed between them, as if she wanted Dan to enjoy what she said next. She licked her lips, the same way he'd seen Lester do so many times. The mimicked move irked him to his core.

"You do, Dan," Sarah breathed, each syllable seeming to make her ride up and down on Lester's cock a little faster, "You have the little dick."

Lester seemed to beam at her for her admission.

"Is that little dick going to cut it anymore?" Lester asked. "Tell us."

Without taking her eyes off Dan, Sarah just shook her head. Her eyes bore into his soul, and all at once he felt embarrassment, betrayal, arousal, a consuming rage and a well of deep desire. It was a heady cocktail that his body couldn't process. His head just fell back on the leather couch. On the screen in front of him, Diane Lane was getting railed in a dark staircase, and the guy behind her was much younger than he expected. It wasn't Richard Gere. Weren't they married in the movie? What the fuck had he missed?

“Not if I can have your cock every night from now on,” the words almost dripped sex as they rolled out of Sarah’s mouth. Her body shuddered as she rose up and down on Lester’s log-like cock, her hands still wrapped around his neck. She broke her gaze with Dan and looked deep into Lester’s dark eyes.

“I love riding your fucking cock, Lester,” Sarah moaned, sitting up straight and closing her eyes. Her hands dropped from Lester’s neck to his flabby chest. Dan’s stomach twisted in a knot, seeing his beautiful, fit wife somehow finding pleasure riding a whale of a man like Lester. A smart, sophisticated mother riding the cock of some basement-dwelling loser who only saw sunlight twice a year.

“Sarah,” Lester said, “do you remember right after our first night together? Remember when I asked you how much you enjoyed fucking me?” Sarah opened her bedroom eyes and gave Lester an adoring look, nodded, grinning. “Tell me, tell us how much you enjoy, nng, this. How we’re fucking right now.”

“Ooh, oh, I love it, sooo so much. I remember that day. You licked my pussy and then fucked me in your bed and then fucked me again in the morning on the couch. I remember thinking I’d never cum like that before, and so many times. I didn’t even know I *could* cum like that. Nobody has ever made me cum by eating me out until you came along. You make me cum so fucking hard I can’t see. Your cock is amazing, Lester. *You’re* amazing. I never, ever, EVER want to stop fucking this incredible monster you’ve got.”

Dan couldn’t look away from the ongoing erotic horror taking place next to him. Sarah’s hands slid down Lester’s body until they reached where they were connected at her thighs. She ran them up her stomach and held her own breasts for a few seconds, squeezing them. Her hands continued to travel up until she ran her exploring fingers through her blonde hair. She let out a soft moan, sexily arching her back and thrusting out her breasts.

Lester took the offering and leaned forward, his fat mouth open. His ugly tongue stuck out like that of a lethargic, obese frog, and it swirled around Sarah’s areola. Dan’s stomach twisted again as Lester’s gross lips closed around one of Sarah’s delectable, hardened nipples.

“Uhhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned, eyes closed, head back in clear, unabashed ecstasy. He couldn’t fathom how she was enjoying this so deeply, but there she was, mother of his children, eagerly riding the slob that was Lester and savoring every single second of it, “Nnnnmhhmmmm.”

Dan couldn’t pry his eyes from his loving wife’s face. He noticed for the first time that her hair was messy, and whatever makeup she still had on now looked smudged. Still, she radiated a confident, sexual energy that made Dan feel like he was in the presence of some kind of rapturous sex goddess.

And his own presence seemed to diminish more and more by the second. Again, he felt like he was the third wheel here, a perverted voyeur to this unholy union. Dan cleared his throat, finally finding some words.

“The window....” Dan said, his eyes darting between the open curtains and Sarah, pistoning up and down on his roommate’s lap. He knew she was a fairly private person and ordinarily wouldn’t want their neighbors seeing what was happening. Sarah opened her half-lidded eyes and looked at him, her gaze unfocused.

“What?” Sarah said softly, her brow furrowing and her mouth abruptly contorting into a telltale ‘O’ shape as she slid herself back down on Lester’s swollen cock.

"The windows are still open," Dan said in a low voice, almost whispering.

"Who cares?" Lester said dismissively, taking his mouth off Sarah's jiggling tit. He leaned back into the couch, hips rising, his eyes roaming over Sarah's tight rocking body. "Let them watch. Let them see who the new man of the house is."

Dan shifted on the couch. Maybe he could find the willpower to get up and close the curtains himself, and from there, perhaps he could regain some control over this situation.

"Be careful," Lester chuckled, "If your neighbors see you standing by while your wife rides my cock, they'll know you're a little cuck."

Then he turned his attention back to Dan's wife, "What do you say, Sarah? Let's keep the windows open and put on a show for everyone," Lester thrust his hips up off the couch, making the coffee table screech as it skipped across the floor.

"Fffuuck," Sarah moaned, dropping her head. She pressed her forehead against Lester's in an intimate gesture. "Leave them open. Let them watch."

It was so out of character for her. Where was his normally dignified wife? The woman who would run back upstairs if the windows were open and she walked by fully covered in her pajamas without a bra on?

With their foreheads touching, Sarah stared into Lester's eyes, "I want them to watch. I want them to see what you do to me."

A shiver ran down Dan's spine. He always loved it when his wife was hyper sexual like this, but usually it was with him. His head swam, and he tried to grasp onto any fleeting thought and make it solid. Lester tilted his head up and kissed Sarah softly on the lips.

She returned the sensuous kiss. What had started as light little pecks gradually turned into something deeper. Sarah slid the rest of her naked, sweat-sheened body forward, her heavy breasts mashing against Lester's flabby chest. His hairy arms entwined her smooth back as she fell deeper into the troll's embrace. Dan watched them both move their heads at different angles as their probing tongues explored each other's mouths. He just sat there as wet, smacking sounds filled the room. Their lips and their privates, connecting and moving with one another.

When they finally broke their kiss, they silently stared into each other's eyes for a long time. Lester smiled. The first time Dan had seen a genuine, non shit talking smile on his face.

"Mhmm...uhhhmmm. Uh, Lester....feels so good," Sarah whispered.

"I'm loving this new relationship we have," Lester said, loud enough for Dan to hear.

"Me too," Sarah said breathlessly as she rode Lester's fat throbbing cock.

"I love being inside you," Lester whispered.

"I love feeling you inside me," Sarah said breathlessly. Lester leaned up and kissed Sarah again on the lips. There wasn't any tongue this time. It looked almost affectionate, caring.

"All good relationships need love to work," Lester breathed, his hands running down Sarah's tawny back until they each clasped one of her asscheeks. He wasn't grabbing them as roughly as he usually did; he was caressing them, "Don't you think?"

Sarah gave Dan a furtive glance out of the corner of her eye, "I do."

"I love you, Sarah," Lester whispered as he tucked a stray strand of her hair behind her ear before returning his hand to her ass. Sarah drew in a sharp breath. Lester rose his hips off the couch a few times, sliding his cock deeper into Sarah. Her mouth hung open, and she sucked in more breaths of air with each thrust.

"I....," Sarah started, her eyes closed, and she held herself up as she focused on the sensations of Lester's cock continuously sliding into her. Dan's chest felt heavy as he waited with bated breath to hear her reply. His dick hurt. Without taking his eyes off Sarah's face, he knew that he had somehow gotten hard again. All this fucked up situation was getting to his head.

"I..." Sarah repeated as she tentatively bit her bottom lip, "I love you too, Lester."

At her admission, Sarah buried her face into Lester's. Her blonde hair obscured Dan's vision as they sensually made out again. Eagerly sucking on each other's tongues as their bodies collided in carnal sexual congress.

The walls felt like they were closing in around Dan. He needed air again. He couldn't just sit here and watch anymore. He stood up and blinked a few times. He tried to breathe, but he still wasn't getting enough air. The house suddenly felt cramped and stifling. He willed his feet to move and stumbled past the grotesque scene of lovemaking.

Movement from behind her snapped Sarah out of her debauched reverie. She pulled back from another kiss and looked at Lester's face in shadow. She didn't find it anywhere near as unattractive as she used to. Lester's steel pole of a cock felt so good inside her. She loved it. And in her own fucked up twisted way, she loved him. She knew it wasn't the same kind of love she had for Dan or for the kids, but she got butterflies in her stomach the moment he'd said those three words, and she felt her heart wanting to lurch out of her chest.

Footsteps hit the wood floor beside her. Sarah turned and saw Dan slowly shuffling by them. His dick tenting in his boxers. That surprised her since he had exploded all over their bedroom door less than an hour earlier. He never could get it up more than once a night. Well, not when it was just the two of them.

"Dan? Where are you going?" Sarah said as he dolefully walked away from them.

"I-I just need to get some air," Dan said.

"Let him go," Lester said, "He needs some space."

Dan put his hand on the banister, and Sarah froze, eyes going wide. She didn't want him to go upstairs. To see the open door to the girls' room. To see what she'd done in there.

"Dan, wait," Sarah said, reluctantly pulling herself off of Lester's lap. She was afraid he wasn't going to let her go, but his large hands slid off her ass as she struggled to free herself from his deep-set, impaling cock.

Dan stood, one hand on the bannister, not turning around to her. Sarah moved towards her husband, "Not upstairs. Please. I want to clean up first..."

She trailed off, not even sounding convincing to herself. Dan let go of the railing and looked around, searching for somewhere else to go. His eyes locked on the front door for a second, but he seemed to change his mind quickly.

“Are you okay?” Sarah whispered with concern.

“I...I just need some space,” Dan said as he moved towards the door to the basement. “It’s a lot.”

“I know,” Sarah said as she thought back to her declaration of love for Lester. She’d gotten lost in the moment and hadn’t thought through how her words would impact Dan. It had been sex talk, but she knew it was more than that, too. And he’d probably picked up on it, “We’ll talk about it, okay?”

“Hey. This cock ain’t gonna fuck itself,” Lester said, half-joking from behind her.

Dan opened the basement door and flicked on the light. He took a few steps down, hand on the railing to steady himself. Sarah stood at the top of the stairs, watching as her husband walked down the dimly lit stairs mechanically. She really wanted to go back to Lester and finish the job. He hadn’t cum yet, and she needed to make that happen. But she also felt an overwhelming desire to comfort her husband and reassure him in his current state.

“Close the door,” Lester said from the couch. Sarah’s hand gripped the side of the door. Her mind flashed back to earlier in the night when Lester had banished Dan from the bedroom, how Dan had still exploded all over the outside of their bedroom door. She glanced down at his tenting erection and convinced herself that maybe this was what he needed on some level she didn’t yet understand.

Dan turned and locked his gaze on hers as she slowly shut the door on him.

Sarah breathed, one hand on the closed door.

“Sarah,” Lester said.

Sarah let out a measured breath and walked back over to Lester. When his obese form and his fat cock jutting up into the air came completely into view, Sarah felt any remaining trepidation wash away. She quickly rounded the corner of the couch and mounted herself on Lester’s waiting cock, breathing out a sigh as she lowered herself back onto its invading length.

“Seemed like Danny’s little buddy made a surprise showing,” Lester said in a whisper, “Did you see that?”

“I saw it,” Sarah said, her breath unsteady.

“Didn’t he just blow his wad upstairs? Does he usually get it back up that fast?” Lester mocked.

“No. Never,” Sarah said.

“Then what changed? Why do you think his little guy was all hard and angry again?” Lester said.

Sarah let her mind wander, and the only conclusion she could come to was that it arose from what was happening right in front of her. Seeing her with Lester. Hearing her declare her love for the obscene man. Talking down to Dan and talking about his smaller penis. Lester had been right; Dan did get off on all of this. She felt like she could put away any lingering guilt. Her actions were justified, even if he looked shell-shocked going down the stairs; on some level, he enjoyed and wanted all of this.

"Because of us. Seeing us. Hearing us. Together," Sarah breathed as she stared into Lester's beady eyes.

That ugly grin spread over his face, "Exactly. I told you. This relationship benefits all three of us. We gave him something he's probably been craving his entire life."

Lester flexed his cock inside of her. Sarah let out a low moan in response.

"You feel that?" Lester asked.

"Fuck. Yes, I felt it," Sarah said.

"Can Danny's penis do that?"

"No."

"When you saw his little worm poking out, did you want that thing inside you?"

"Not right then," Sarah breathed shakily, staring into Lester's eyes, "I had a real cock inside me."

"Call it a little worm," Lester said.

"Dan doesn't have a cock like you, Lester," Sarah bit her bottom lip, wondering if Dan could hear any of this. He might be listening at the basement door or hearing it all through the vents, "He has a little worm."

"Why did you marry someone like that? All night he's acted weak and pathetic just like that little thing he can't keep in his pants."

"I...I don't know," Sarah said. She knew she loved Dan. She knew he was a great husband and good father, but tonight he'd been a total shell of himself. She hoped he'd come back around.

"A sexy woman like you shouldn't have just let anyone impregnate you. You should've waited around for a real man to do it," Lester said as he licked and sucked on her breasts.

"Maybe you're right. Maybe I just didn't know what I was missing until a real man came along and showed me. A real man with a big, fat, gorgeous cock." Sarah smiled down at Lester, "Not a tiny little worm."

The broad, ugly grin broke onto his face as he lapped at her nipple. Sarah's hands went to Lester's shoulders, and she pushed him back against the couch. Her eyes wild, she wanted to push Lester. She wanted to play into his fantasy and finally make him cum. No more games, she wanted him to cum. She needed to make him cum hard. And she needed to feel it explode inside of her.

She ground her hips down on his cock and planted her knees firmly on either side of him. She pulled her knees together, locking them against his hips. She leaned over him, letting her naked breasts sway over his chest. Her nipples were getting just a bit of added stimulation from his skin and coarse hairs. She saw her reflection in the open window and didn't recognize herself.

Sarah lowered her lips to Lester's ear. She stuck out her tongue and licked his hairy earlobe before whispering, "It's too bad that the real man I found with this amazing cock is fixed."

"What...what do you mean?" Lester stumbled over his words. Sarah smiled wickedly, knowing she had him eating out of the palms of her hands.

"It's too bad you're fixed," Sarah said, her breath hot on Lester's neck. She bit down on his earlobe.

“Why’s that?” Lester blurted out, his hands running up her back. She could feel his cock stiffen inside of her. She ground down on it, squeezing it with her flooded pussy. She bit her lip as her eyes threatened to roll back in her skull again. She loved toying with him. She was really getting herself off doing it.

And knowing that Dan might be listening was just the cherry on top. She knew the orgasm building inside of her was going to be a big one. She’d been stoking it earlier before Dan left, and now she was going to fucking claim it.

“Because,” Sarah said, leaning back to look Lester in the eyes, “Now you can’t explode into me with the real thing. With all those little swimmers desperate to knock me up. Mhmmm, that would be fun, wouldn’t it? A nice, slow baby-making session? Your DNA, mixing with my DNA...”

“Fuckkk,” Lester mumbled.

Sarah just smiled wickedly down at him, “Like you said, I’ve only ever been impregnated by a little worm.....I wonder what it would feel like having a nice, juicy, big cock like yours give it to me.”

She chuckled, “I bet it would feel like a firehose spraying down my eggs. It’s too bad we’ll never know.”

“Jesus Christ,” Lester muttered, staring up at her in awe, eyes wide, “I fucking love you.”

Sarah smiled and lowered her head to his. Her lips pressing hard against his fat lips, “Then cum for me. Cum in me. Make me feel what it would be like. Unleash in me. Give it to me, Lester.”

Lester grabbed her face and stuck his tongue into her mouth.

“Mhmmhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned around his tongue, her own dancing against his as their bodies violently collided with one another. Sarah was slamming her ass down onto Lester’s cock while he was thrusting up with complete abandon. She pulled back, wanting to stare down at her husband’s roommate as he came.

Lester’s face was beet red as he stared up at her reverently.

“Tell me you love me,” Lester said.

“I love you, Lester. Fuck I love you and your big fat fucking cock,” Sarah said.

“I don’t think Dan could hear you. I don’t think your neighbors could hear you. Say it again,” Lester said, his hands gripping her ass hard as he firmly pulled her body back down onto his rigid, plunging cock.

Sarah could feel the dam welling inside of her, threatening to burst. She knew that it was going to happen any fucking second now.

“If I do that...” Sarah started, “I’m gonna cum.”

“Do it. I’m gonna cum too. I’m going to fill you up until it pours out of you,” Lester spat.

“Fuck,” Sarah groaned as her pussy squeezed his cock. Sarah could feel it threatening to erupt inside her. Heat ran up her back. Her crotch and legs were slick with sex and sweat. She slammed her pussy down, letting Lester’s entire length slide into her, making her gasp. Her nails dug into Lester’s shoulders, and she locked eyes with him.

“I love yo,u Lester. I fucking love you. Do you hear me? I LOVE YOU! FUCK ME! I LOVE YOU, LESTER! FUCK GIVE IT TO ME! I LOVE YOU! LESTER! LESTER!. UGH! FUCK! GOD! LESTER...!....!....LOVE...UGHHMMHMMMMNNNNN,” The damn broke inside of her; she felt a surging torrent of electricity course through her entire body. Lester’s cock spasmed inside of her. She felt his balls lift up, and she felt his shaft expand. A widening band of scalding heat travelled up Lester’s cock and passed between her pussy lips. The hot sensation travelled the entire length of the huge cock inside her, then a geyser of molten cum exploded up and into her.

Lester groaned through gritted teeth. Sarah sucked in a deep breath and clenched her pussy around his cock. He was so deep inside of her as his ropes of cum continued to explode out, showering her insides with its wet, sticky white goodness. Sarah’s body rocked and her eyes involuntarily fluttered closed. Her jaw hung open as her entire body quivered and shook.

The electric current of pleasure ran throughout her being, coursing over every nerve like she’d just stuck her tongue into a live socket. Sarah couldn’t help but let out a primal, guttural groan as her body went limp, falling against Lester’s fat, shuddering form.

They sat there like that, two sweaty intertwined bodies. Both trying and failing to catch their breath. Sarah’s eyes didn’t want to open. She was already so exhausted from the marathon fucking that she let the oblivion of sleep take her with her lover still inside her.

Lester groaned and tried to inhale. Something heavy was on his chest, obstructing his breathing. He blinked, forcing his eyes open. It took him a few seconds to understand his surroundings before the satisfied smirk returned to his face.

He pulled Sarah from his cock, off his lap, and gently lowered her onto the couch next to him. She made a disappointed groan in her sleep but didn’t wake up. A slow, milky river of cum oozed out of her well-used pussy and pooled on the couch cushion. Lester pulled himself to his feet and looked around at the mess he’d made of the Williams’ home. It looked like a bomb had exploded, and he knew the upstairs was much the same.

He glanced at the closed basement door and couldn’t help but chuckle at how easily Dan had folded and retreated to protect his fragile little psyche.

Lester spent the next few minutes finding his clothes and getting dressed. He put a blanket over Sarah to keep up appearances, then found his phone. He typed a short message to Renee, mentioning he was concerned about Dan and that she should check in on the two of them. She didn’t respond; it was just shy of 5 AM after all. His dick still swelled with the prospect of one day sliding his cock into Sarah’s shapely mother.

Lester took out his phone and flipped it horizontally, starting to record a video. He slowly spun around, filming the entire room, documenting everything. He recorded Sarah while she slept and then crept up the stairs to capture the aftermath of the events that had occurred there.

When he was done, he slipped his phone into his pocket and left through the front door.

Pain stirred Dan awake. He grimaced and rolled into a more comfortable position. He was vaguely aware of voices somewhere distant. He grunted and slowly opened his eyes, looking at the exposed beams of the basement ceiling.

When he'd lain down on the futon last night, it hadn't been so uncomfortable. He'd even tried reminiscing about his first time being with Sarah on the old thing way back in the day. But her moans and screams had quickly dislodged memories of their clumsy and hasty first time together.

Once the couple of voices above him had quieted down, he hadn't been able to sleep. His mind was still foggy, but it raced with errant thoughts, trying to process just what the fuck had happened up there. Had he let things go too far? Was it possible for him to wrest back control of himself and the situation as he had in the past?

The only way to silence his thoughts and actually get some much-needed sleep was for him to jerk off again. He'd hated doing it. Shame filled him, especially as he mentally played back the scene on the couch and those three little words leaving Sarah's lips as she stared lovingly into Lester's eyes.

Someone was shouting upstairs. Dan snapped awake and stood up, making his way up the stairs. He didn't recognize the voice at first, not without his coffee. Maybe Lester and Sarah were having a lovers' spat? Maybe this nightmare had all worked itself out on its own?

If Lester was out of the picture, so was any hope of their family staying afloat.

Dan slowly opened the basement door and peered out. Sarah's parents were standing in the foyer, looking shocked. Her dad's face looked like a tomato as he yelled at Sarah, who had the smallest of silk robes wrapped around her body.

"What the hell happened in here?" James said, arms spreading wide, "It looks like you guys either had a party or a home invasion, which was it?"

Dan's eyes followed his father-in-law's. The coffee table was off-center, and he knew the dining room and kitchen were probably still a mess from the night before, unless Sarah had gotten to it.

"It smells like BO," Renee said, covering her nose.

"Everything is fine," Sarah shouted back at her parents, "Why are you here? We were gonna come pick up the girls."

"We were in the neighborhood," James said dismissively, "What's that fucking smell? Did you have a sex party or something?"

"Dad!" Sarah said through clenched teeth, "Please! The girls will hear you."

As if on cue, two sets of footsteps bounded down the stairs.

"Mom!" Ava said, "There's a hole in the wall!"

"A hole?" Renee asked, "Where?"

"In the hallway!" Sofia said, "Right outside our room. It looks like someone slept in our bed!"

James shot an accusatory glance at Sarah but held his tongue. The door clicked closed behind Dan, and all eyes turned to him.

"Daddy!" Both daughters yelled. They ran over and wrapped their arms around his waist. Dan returned their hugs under the twin glares of James and Renee.

"There's a lot going on that Sarah and I need to sort out," Dan said, prying himself from his daughters' grips. He walked up next to Sarah, "Thanks for watching the girls, we really appreciate it. As you can see, we have a lot of cleaning up to do."

James was about to speak when the doorbell rang behind him. Dan furrowed his brow and exchanged a look with Sarah. Neither knew who it could be. Dan braced himself for Lester to show up at the worst possible moment.

"Excuse me," Sarah said, pushing past her parents and opening the door.

A man Dan didn't recognize was standing there with a clipboard in his hand.

"I have a delivery for uh," he looked down at the clipboard, "Dan Williams?"

"That's us," Sarah said, gesturing over her shoulder to Dan. The guy gave them a nod, "I'll be right back."

"What is it?" Renee said, turning to Dan. He didn't want to tell her the truth, that he didn't know. He didn't need to add to the confusion. James stood next to his wife, his eyes intently focused on the basement door.

"We'll see," is all he could respond with.

The driver and his partner walked up the driveway carrying something large and brown. As they got closer, Dan thought it looked like it was leather. James and Renee moved out of the way as the men brought it into the house.

It looked like a comfortable brown leather chair. Dan shared a look with Sarah, who made a face indicating she had no idea what it was.

"Bedroom up the stairs?" the man carrying the chair asked.

"Yeah, why?" Dan asked.

"Work order says we are supposed to move it up into the bedroom. You want to show us where you want it?" the guy asked.

"Sure," Dan said as the men started up the stairs, straining and groaning as they went. He was eager to get away from James and Renee. The men pivoted the chair as they reached the top, and Dan followed. One of them pushed something into the girl's room.

He paused at his daughters' door and saw the comforter and sheets on one of the beds all dishevelled. He felt his anger boil beneath his skin, knowing now what had probably happened the previous night. His office chair was in here; evidently, it was the thing the man had pushed out of his way.

Just as Ava had said, there was a large hole in the drywall about 4 feet up. Further down the hall, he looked into his office and saw the chair missing. How it ended up in the hallway, he could only guess.

As he followed the men into his bedroom, he winced at the cum stain he'd left on the door the previous night.

"Where do you want it?" the man asked out of breath.

"There's fine," Dan said, pointing to where the men stood. They set the chair down and gave Dan the clipboard to sign. The other man took a picture of the chair on his phone.

As Dan signed the paper, the man pointed at the existing reading chair tucked in the corner, "The paper says we're supposed to pick up and haul away another chair for recycling. Is this it?"

Dan furrowed his brow and looked between the man's extended finger and the old chair. He wasn't sure what the hell was going on but he wasn't going to make an executive decision like that without consulting Sarah. "No. It's fine Don't worry about the haul away. Must have been a mistake or something."

"Easier for us," the man shrugged. He shook Dan's hand and made his way back into the hallway with his partner. The partner gestured to the cum stain on the door, and both shared a disgusted look with one another.

Dan looked down at the unfamiliar chair that had been deposited in his bedroom. He didn't remember ordering a chair, and Sarah seemed just as confused as he had.

When he finally went back downstairs, both the men and James and Renee had left.

"They just can't mind their own business," Sarah said, exasperated. The girls were in the living room, watching something on TV —a cartoon about a sandwich-eating, talking snail named Greg who planned to steal the Liberty Bell. "I hate when they just show up out of the blue," Sarah continued, "We were supposed to pick up the girls. I feel like a teenager with my parents barging in to look for porn or weed or something."

"It's a little much. Still, I wish they hadn't seen it like this," Dan said.

Sarah's phone beeped, and she looked at it.

"What is it?" Dan asked.

Sarah handed him the phone. On it was a text message from Lester with a picture of the brown leather chair. Dan squinted, and it looked like the picture the delivery guy had just taken in their bedroom upstairs. Lester had captioned it, "Danny's new cuckseat."