

How is it already the end of April? I know I've said it before, but 2026 is just zooming by. Chapter 41 is a hinge chapter: it is pivotal to the story moving forward and shakes up the status quo of the series.

I don't want to say too much more about it. I'll let you read to the end, and then we can discuss it. On other news, I've written a big chunk of the next chapter, and I'm working on another chapter of Double Cross. I'm still figuring out how to continue the Island story without it tripping any red flags here.

Anyways, let's get to the story, shall we?

Lester's fingers strummed across his desk as he hummed the theme song from his favorite anime. He was spinning back and forth in his chair, feet bare on his office carpet.

Today was the day. Today, he would finally be done with this awful fucking place. It was a long time coming. Ever since he'd maneuvered people and select situations to help Sarah get herself fired and fall further under his thumb, the clock had been ticking. Hell, it had been ticking since he'd first accepted the position. He didn't need the money and didn't like the work. It was all a means to an end, and now he wasn't about to waste his fucking time anymore.

He unplugged the USB from the computer, having downloaded the security footage of Sarah sneaking naked through the building. Lester got up and stretched his back, looking out of his office window at the rows of empty cubicles – a department he'd slashed and savaged after taking over.

They were gonna be so fucked. The best part was that Lester might still get paid. With the lack of an HR head, that department was scrambling, and it would take them a while to process everything payroll-related. The IT division was about to be a shitshow without him. He went back to the desk and typed away, deleting all the custom scripts and automation he'd put in place, as well as all the urgent emails related to hospital systems and operations that would need to be addressed soon before things stopped working.

Lester hadn't set out to fuck with these people, but he'd enjoyed it. He relished the idea that these people would scramble and panic without him. Knowing his actions could have a ripple effect on so many people's lives and waking hours was intoxicating. Sure, he could have a positive influence if he wanted, but he got a huge thrill out of just fucking with people.

So Lester continued deleting critical files and turned off the security cameras for the next four hours. He triumphantly cracked his back and smiled before grabbing his phone and sending some lewd texts to Sarah's mom. He couldn't help but chuckle to himself as he did.

With those items on his to-do list accomplished, he went into the hall where he'd left the hand cart, already loaded up with expensive computer equipment he'd ordered on the hospital's dime. Sticks of RAM and processors, SSDs, and other items he felt he was owed.

He wheeled it through the halls, down the elevator and out into the parking lot, where he loaded his haul into the back of his SUV. Back inside the maintenance area, he left the hand cart by the door and took the elevator back up to the floor where he'd fucked Sarah in the old CEO's office. He walked through the administrative halls, glancing in at the little worker bees going about their day. Someone stopped him, panicked about not being able to connect to the email server. He told them he'd look into it, chuckling as he walked away, knowing that none of the skeleton crew would be skilled enough to be able to fix it.

He strolled past the large window, looking in at Richard's office. The couch was still propped up against the window overlooking the parking lot, and the plush leather chair behind the wooden desk was missing. It was tucked away haphazardly in the back of Lester's SUV.

He found the small, mousey woman in her office. He didn't bother to learn her name. She had dark circles under her eyes, and her desk was a scattered mess of papers. When Lester entered, she looked up, annoyed and frustrated, clearly the new interim head of HR was drowning in unaddressed work.

“I’m quitting, effective immediately. Have a nice life,” Lester said, turning on his heel and walking out of the office. The woman sat there stunned for a few seconds before rushing out and chasing Lester down the hall.

“Lester. Mr. Marshall, please come back to my office so we can discuss this,” she said, scurrying panic in her voice.

“We just did. I’m leaving,” Lester said as he walked to the elevator.

“I’m sure Mr. Walsh and the board would want to speak with you before you depart. Perhaps offer you a counteroffer or an incentive of some kind. Please, can we just discuss this? Stability is paramount at this time for the continued successful operation of the hospital. Please, can we talk?”

“Yeah, no. We’re not doing that,” Lester said, punching the elevator button. As the doors opened, Lester stepped in.

“Please, Lester, we need to discuss a transition plan at least...”

“Fuck off,” Lester barked. The small woman’s eyes went wide as she stepped back, allowing the doors to close. Lester hummed to himself, watching the digital display as the numbers crept down.

As he stood there, Lester fished out his phone and sent more texts to Renee. It showed she’d seen his other messages but hadn’t responded. Lester strode out into the lobby and powerwalked through the atrium, out the back doors to his car, planning never to set foot in a shitty place like this again.

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Dan should have been on top of the world, but he couldn't help but dwell on the pit in his stomach. He kept his eyes on the road as he drove the now very familiar route between Middleton and Chicago.

He'd signed the offer of employment with Sentinel Securities that morning. It should have felt like a win worthy of celebrating with his wife. But his smile of triumph never reached his eyes; instead, it felt like a hollow victory.

He knew it should matter. This position, the pay, it was everything he'd ever wanted. He'd be making more now than he had before he'd been laid off, working on projects at a national scale for an organization with international reach and the opportunity to network beyond just a small group of Chicago clients. He was going to have to let go of some of them, like the friendly one, Bill from Dynamic Engagement. This was the shot of adrenaline his career, and more importantly, he needed.

After working for Walt and failing to secure better work, he'd almost begun to believe he was that weak person his mind kept telling him he was. The same weak person who had let Lester take advantage of his fantasies and worm his way into their lives. Just a pathetic cuck. But that wasn't who Dan was, not really.

He re-gripped the steering wheel, signalled right, checked his blind spot, and moved onto the off-ramp. His eyes lingered on Sarah's blonde hair, and the pit in his stomach tightened.

She'd barely said two words since they got in the car. She'd grown quiet when he'd told her he wanted things to go back to the way they were, before Lester, before Chicago. He'd slept on the couch, giving her space, but she didn't try to engage him, and he couldn't bring himself to try to talk about it again. Sentinel Securities was their golden ticket out of the mess and into building a better life.

He was afraid part of her wanted to stay down in the muck with Lester's influence. He'd underestimated just how much of his wife he'd lost to the awkward little man. It was infuriating. He thought it was just sex, but Sarah got something more out of it that he still wasn't sure

about. If she didn't go along with what he wanted, could Dan really go it alone? Could he bring himself to do that?

Tricia popped up in his mind. He hadn't told Sarah about her. Part of him wanted to. Martial guilt creeping in. But the other part of him, the one he was listening to, didn't feel that he owed Sarah an explanation at all. She'd kept things from him; she'd shown him how their relationship could be.

Dan gritted his teeth and tried to shake the thoughts free. This wasn't a good way to approach his marriage. If he kept thinking like this, it was doomed. And he didn't want that. Despite all the shit, he still loved Sarah and wanted to make things work. Tricia would never replace her, not like that.

The off-ramp exited to a streetlight in the heart of Chicago. Dan signalled left and drove them to their hotel. Driving into Chicago with Sarah gave him a level of anxiety he hadn't realized he'd had. But pulling into the fancy hotel instead of the grungy apartment helped set him at ease. He'd feel better if Sarah had firmly committed to moving forward without Lester, though.

"We're here," Dan said, putting the car in park. Sarah finally broke eye contact with her phone and looked up at the hotel before them.

"It's really nice," Sarah said quietly.

"This is what me working at Sentinel Securities does for us. For our future," Dan said, noticing the slight flinch from Sarah. Maybe he was pushing it too hard. He didn't think so. But she purposely didn't pick up on his comment, instead getting out of the car first.

He sighed. This fucking sucked. He hated it. And was getting tired of it. He needed to put an end to the shit with Lester once and for all. He hated that he was starting to watch the security cameras at his house obsessively. And he hated that she kept reinforcing the reason why he'd installed them. He'd watched a replay of Lester taking Sarah on the closet floor. Her face

contorting in carnal pleasure. Yet he'd still told her he loved her and wanted a future together. He'd buried that memory and didn't tell her he knew about it. She used to tell him the details of all their encounters, but now it was like a separate part of her life he wasn't invited to.

Dan kicked open the car door and went to the back to grab his suitcase. They checked in and settled onto their respective queen beds in the room. Dan wanted to say something, but couldn't bring himself to do it.

The problem was that they needed to be on their game and present a united front to Gordon and his wife. Gordon was his new boss at Sentinel Securities and had invited him out to dinner with Sarah tonight as a sort of 'welcome to the company' thing.

Dan shifted on the bed, then got up and moved next to Sarah. She looked up at him, and he held her gaze. Despite his heart telling him not to, he reached out and grabbed her hand, taking it in his.

"I really hope tonight goes well," he said, his thumb stroking the back of her hand, "It means a lot to me that it does. I really want things to work out here. It's such a good opportunity. It's not like the last job I had. There's real growth potential for me. For us. I can see a bright future for you, me and the kids, Sarah. I want to grab it. But I want us to reach for it together."

Tears welled up in the corners of her eyes. Her fingers squeezed his. "I want that too, Dan."

He wanted to press. Ask for clarification. Ask about Lester. About leaving him behind. But for now, he wanted this little victory—this connection.

"I love you," Dan said, bracing for the gut punch of a delayed response. But she answered right away, "I love you too."

A sad smile spread across her face. The instant he saw it, Dan's arms were around her, holding her. She buried her head in his shoulder, and they just sat there, holding each other for a time.

"We're gonna be okay," Dan whispered and kissed her hair. He tried not to think about the way Lester would hold it wrapped in his fist while he viciously pumped his naked cock into her. He was beginning to feel like a Vietnam vet having unwanted flashbacks.

"Are you okay?" Sarah whispered, her hand on his chest, "You're breathing so fast." He hadn't realized that he was almost panting, thinking about Lester fucking Sarah. Like he was having some kind of delayed panic attack.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Dan lied, trying to get himself under control. It felt similar to how he'd freeze up whenever Lester would fuck Sarah in front of him. He wasn't prepared for these thoughts to creep in and affect him like this. He balled his hands into fists to get himself under control. Sarah nuzzled into his neck, her warm breath on his skin. Dan's shoulders relaxed, and the pit in his stomach unclenched.

His fists relaxed, and his fingers stroked his wife's hair. "I want this," Dan whispered, "More of us. I miss this."

"I miss it too," Sarah breathed out shakily. "I don't know which way is up lately. I feel like I have no anchor and I'm just adrift in the currents."

"I got you," Dan said, rubbing her back. He felt his cock stir. He wanted to take her right then. Reconnect with her. But they had to get ready for dinner. "I wish we could just stay in tonight. Enjoy the city together. I don't want to go to dinner. I just want to stay here with you."

Sarah pulled back, eyes dry of tears and put her hand on his chest, "We have to go out. My husband got a kickass new job and needs to start working on that promotion with his new boss."

She kissed him softly on the lips and smirked, standing up, “Besides, you have a hot wife to show off.”

She gave him a dangerous smile and slid around him, moving towards the bathroom, closing the door behind her. He heard the water start and pictured her disrobing. He tried not to dwell on her use of the term ‘hot wife’ and the other way he could have taken that. Images of Sarah moaning under Gordon’s old frame filtered into his head.

“Fuck,” Dan grumbled, getting up and pacing around the room. He needed to stay busy. While Sarah got ready, Dan ironed his clothes and watched ESPN on the TV. When Sarah finally emerged from the bathroom, she was wearing a sexy black dress that hugged her in all the right places but was loose enough to still seem conservative. There was a nice amount of skin, but there wasn’t enough cleavage to upset the other wife. Dan had to admit that Sarah really knew what she was doing with her apparel and when to wear it.

“You look amazing,” Dan said, feeling his heart beating faster and the familiar swell of his cock as his eyes ran over his wife’s body. A red blush tinted her cheeks as she thanked him. The drive to the restaurant only took a few minutes. Gordon and his wife, Ann, were already there waiting for them.

“Gordon,” Dan said, shaking his new boss’s hand, “Great to see you again. This is my wife, Sarah.”

Gordon’s smile didn’t falter, and his eyes stayed locked on Sarah’s as he introduced his wife. From what Dan could see, his new boss’s eyes didn’t stray down to look over Sarah’s form at all—a good sign of a consummate professional.

They joined the other couple, ordering drinks while looking over the menu.

“So, Sarah,” Gordon said, closing his menu, “What kind of work are you in?”

Dan was about to answer for her, to save her from the complicated situation she found herself in, but she put a hand on his thigh. He closed his mouth as she said, "I'm taking a hiatus at the moment, actually. For the last several years, I served as the executive administrator of a hospital. Unfortunately, there's been a lot of executive turnover recently and some fairly large structural changes, which gave me pause, so I'm taking a step back from things and evaluating where I want to spend the next three to five years of my life."

Gordon nodded along, then said, "You know, that is commendable. Too often we jump from one opportunity to the next, running full tilt, only to wake up unsatisfied, unchallenged and just miserable. And it impacts and spills over into all other aspects of your life. It's not the American way to take a break. I know, as a culture, we look down on that. That's how our society is wired. But I think it's smart. Where you spend your time, especially away from your family, is something that you should take care in deciding."

"I couldn't agree more," Sarah said with a soft smile.

"That is why I'm glad your husband has decided to join our team. I'm assuming he's as careful and discerning as you are when it came to making this decision?" Gordon said with a slight twinkle in his eye and a smirk.

"Dan made the decision rather quickly," Sarah said, "He's been telling me for months how much he enjoys the work and challenges that your company presents and what a great opportunity it would be. He's been trying the company on for size for a while and has liked what he's seen. It didn't take any convincing from me by the time the offer came down," Sarah smiled.

Gordon clasped Dan on the shoulder and smiled at him, "That's great. Just great. We're going to do great things together, Dan. I think you'll really make your mark on the company."

"I hope so. I'm really looking forward to getting started in earnest," Dan said.

“The whole team loves him. Everyone went to bat to convince us to bring him on board. Tricia and the others on the team. They all convinced us how much money and time we’d save by bringing him aboard,” Gordon said as the waiter arrived at the table to take their orders.

Dan silently prayed Sarah hadn’t picked up on Gordon using the name Tricia. He’d hate to have to try to lie to her about it. After the waiter was done taking their orders, Dan quickly shifted the topic away from work, asking Gordon’s wife about herself. Any speed bumps to the conversation quickly dispelled as the foursome fell into a lively back and forth that didn’t lull as their food arrived.

The cooks in the back really outdid themselves, and they all ate, laughed, and enjoyed one another's company. Dan was feeling good, and not just because of the free-flowing beer but because he was clicking with his new boss on a personal level. He could see the potential this relationship held and how it could open doors for him in the future. And for the first time in a long time, he was just enjoying the company of another guy who wasn’t a complete sleazeball around his wife. It was refreshing to remember that reality was very different from what he’d experienced recently. It was a bonus that this guy was his new boss, and hopefully, they could continue this burgeoning relationship.

Things were going great. Until someone from the other side of the restaurant started to make a scene. “You fucking slut!” A man loudly slurred, catching the room’s attention. Dan’s eyes snapped up from his conversation with Gordon to see an overweight, dishevelled man in a suit stalking across the restaurant, waving his arms wildly. It was clear he was drunk by the way he moved. He was a mess: dappled stains on his shirt, his tie was loose and crooked, and he dragged his feet while he walked.

“You fucked them, and ya fucked me, you fucked everybody!” the man wobbled then steadied himself on a couple’s table as he passed by. Dan realized, perhaps a few seconds too late, that the slurring man on uneasy feet was shambling in their direction, his cock-eyed head fixed directly on Sarah.

“What the hell?” Gordon muttered as his wife skittered back in her seat. Dan’s eyes shifted between the approaching man, who he vaguely recognized and Sarah. His wife’s face was as white as a ghost, and she looked like a deer in the headlights.

The older, drunken man stumbled up to their table. His voice rose for the entire restaurant to hear, “You conniving fucking bitch. I ought to punch you in the fucking throat for what you did. The fucking board. I know it was you. I don’t know how, but fuck you did it. And then she left me!” The man slurred, punctuating each sentence as he pointed an empty beer bottle at Sarah.

“I...” Sarah swallowed, looking at the rest of the table. Before Dan knew what he was doing, he was on his feet between the drunken man and his wife.

“Back off, buddy,” Dan said, hands raised in front of himself defensively, “Look, why don’t I buy you another drink and you can tell me all about it?”

“Fuck you and fuck her!” the man barked, swaying uneasily on his feet. Dan had moved on instinct to protect Sarah, but now realized that this was also a show to his boss on how he’d react to a difficult situation. He couldn’t just knock this guy out. “She ruined my fucking life!”

Get in line pal, Dan thought then dismissed the errant thought.

“Take it easy,” Dan said, hands still up in front of him, “Let’s take it down a notch, alright?”

“She’s gonna fuck you too. I got fucking fired because of her. Fuck you. Fuck you too,” he shouted at Sarah and threw his bottle down. It smashed into pieces on the tile floor. A couple of the staff came out of the kitchen and were slowly making their way through the dining room.

“I think there’s some kind of misunderstanding,” Dan said carefully, trying not to directly look at the cooks who were quickly closing in on the man from behind.

“She’s a fucking whore!” The man shouted as a cook slipped in behind him and pinned his arms over his head. The other cook rushed forward, helping to restrain the belligerent old man. They forced him out of the restaurant to a chorus of claps as a police cruiser pulled up on the street outside.

Dan turned back to the table, sharing an exasperated look with Gordon. “Are you okay?” he asked Sarah. She quickly nodded her head, averting her eyes from everyone else at the table.

“Did you know him?” Gordon asked, looking between Sarah and Dan.

“Never seen him before,” Dan said as he sat back down. Sarah crossed her arms, “No idea. He must have been on something.”

“More like, ‘on several things,’” Gordon’s wife muttered. Gordon gave Dan’s shoulder a gentle squeeze, “You did well, distracting him like that. Quick thinking.”

“I wasn’t about to let him keep approaching us, hurling insults like that. He was drunk out of his mind,” Dan said, putting an arm around Sarah’s shoulders.

“Let’s order another drink,” Gordon said, swallowing what was left of his. The couple had another round of drinks, watching the man outside be arrested and taken away in the back of the cruiser. When their drinks were finished, they called it a night and parted ways.

On the drive back to the hotel, after a few quiet moments Dan asked, “Who was that?”

“Richard,” Sarah said quietly, “The guy who beat me out for CEO of the hospital after Drew left. He just got let go too. It was...hot...how you stood up to him like that. Even when his face was all red and angry.”

Dan opened his mouth to ask a follow-up question. Ready to ask what Richard had been yelling about. Was there any truth to what he said? But before he could speak, Sarah said, "I'm going to blow you when we get back."

Dan's jaw abruptly closed, and he knew better than to press the issue right now. Back in the room, Sarah was tearing the clothes off Dan's body as they fell onto the bed. She started maneuvering down the bed, yanking off his boxers.

"I guess I'd better thank Richard," Dan drunkenly muttered.

"Thank you, my husband, for being a big, strong man and standing up for me," Sarah said, licking her lips and staring down at Dan's lengthening penis.

"I just stood there. It was those two cooks who took him down," Dan said. Sarah's fingers encircled his dick, her eyes staring up at him with wild excitement, "You're right. You did just stand there. Maybe I should go back to that restaurant and thank those two men, personally."

Dan groaned, his head falling back on the pillow. His hips arched off the ground when he felt Sarah's tongue touch the head of his dick. "Fuck," he murmured, letting his wife take him somewhere he hadn't been in a long time.

"Should I go?" Sarah asked, flicking her tongue up his shaft, "Go back to the restaurant. Leave my husband here with a hard on, needing to take care of it himself?"

"I..." Dan felt the all too familiar pull. Of falling. Of being out of control. He gritted his teeth, trying to hold on as Sarah's fist pumped his cock up and down, her tongue swirling around the head of his cock. "I'll do it." Sarah whispered to his cock, "You know I will. At one point, this would have all just been bedroom talk, but now... do you think I would actually do it?"

“I don’t know...” Dan panted, his hips jutting up off the bed, trying desperately to find Sarah’s mouth. She extended her tongue and quickly swirled it around the head of his cock, making him groan in pleasure.

“I think you do,” Sarah said with a soft moan. “You’ve seen me do things that you...that we both...never thought I’d do. I still surprise myself. Do you think I’d do it? Do you think I’d go down there, find those cooks, and taste what they’ve prepared for me? Hmmm? Lick them just like this?”

Sarah licked up the length of Dan’s cock, making him shudder. “I wonder if I could make them both go off at the same time,” Sarah mused as she played, licked and stroked Dan’s cock, “Or maybe I’d let one of them fuck me.”

“Jesus Christ,” Dan muttered, his hands making fists with the bedsheets as Sarah toyed with him.

“Is this what you meant when you said we would be all done with this? Done with Lester? Did you really mean that? That you want me to stop touching you like this, talking like this?” Sarah whispered, “Did you really want me to stop playing with other men? Is that what you want? I know you crave it. I’ve always known how bad you crave it. I wonder if you could really even help yourself from thinking about it, wanting to see me do it.”

“I...” Dan started, his mind racing. He wasn’t expecting this. Wasn’t anticipating how to react. Didn’t know what to say. They’d been so cold and distant earlier that he hadn’t expected her to go in this direction.

“I...I...I...” Sarah teased, “You love this. You don’t want to, but you do.” Her mouth engulfed his cock, and he started to suck him off in earnest. Dan just groaned, trying to keep his hips from bucking, from thrusting his cock deep into her mouth. Dan was amazed that Sarah took his cock completely into her mouth, her tongue lapping at the underside of it.

“Tell me you want to keep going with everything,” Sarah breathed as she stroked his cock. He could feel her hot breath on his dick.

“I...I don't know,” Dan said trying to fight off his impulses to go along with anything so he could cum. “Maybe. But not with Lester. On our own terms. We figure things out together.”

Sarah put her mouth back on Dan's cock and sucked him while stroking his shaft. Dan put his hand on the back of her head, urging her on. His hips bucked off the bed in time with her hand movements. His mind raced at the idea of Sarah returning to that restaurant to thank those cooks properly. Thanking them for taking down her old CEO. Stopping the nastiness he was spewing. The lies...

“Was Richard lying?” Dan asked, things clicking into place. Richard said she fucked over people, but maybe he was saying she fucked them. She'd fucked Otis the janitor there. And he knew that Lester had taken her in the hospital at least once. “Did you fuck Richard?”

Sarah gasped, coming up for air, “What if I did? What would you think about that? Would it turn you on?”

“Jesus,” Dan groaned as she gripped his cock. The thought of Sarah under a man like that, letting someone like that inside of her. Moaning aloud to someone like that. He hated that it turned him on. It was such a fucked up situation. “You did. Didn't you? And somehow he got fired for it.”

“He deserved it,” Sarah said, her hands slamming down on Dan's hips, pinning him to the ground as her mouth descended back on his cock. Dan's mind swam, mental images running through his head. He knew he was slipping, spiralling like he always did. So he grabbed the back of Sarah's head and thrust up to meet it. She squeezed his cock hard. Dan continued to thrust over and over until he felt his balls seize and his cock expand, and his cum shot out into Sarah's waiting mouth.

“Ughh,” Sarah grunted at the quick release of his cum. Her groan was quickly followed by gulping as she swallowed her husband’s load. Dan fell back onto the pillow, letting out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding.

The brain fog cleared, and finally, he could think clearly again, albeit sleepier than before. “What did you do? How’d you get him fired?”

Sarah looked up at him, wiping cum from her lips. “It’s not important.”

“It is important. The fucking guy almost derailed dinner with my new boss,” Dan said exasperated, “Sarah, I’m trying to build our life back up here. I can’t have shit like this popping up and surprising us. What if he hadn’t been drunk and said something convincing? What if he’d said your name? I’d be screwed.”

“He didn’t lift a finger when I got fired and then took advantage of the situation. We were just getting payback,” Sarah said.

“We?” Dan asked.

“Me,” Sarah paused, “And Lester.”

“You come to me with your problems. Not him,” Dan said.

“Lester took the initiative,” Sarah said, “And now Richard got what he deserved.”

“Maybe. But this just reinforces that we need to be done with Lester,” Dan said. “Or else our life is going to spiral out of control like this. He only brings chaos. Sarah, for us. And the girls. We need to be done with all this shit.”

Sarah slumped back on the bed, dejected, "I know. I don't even know who I am sometimes. I think you're right." She gulped and looked up at him through teary eyes, "I don't...okay...we're done."

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Renee stared at her phone screen, vaguely aware of how short her breaths were coming. She should delete the conversation, block the contact, and be done with it. But she was mesmerized by the messages. How lewd and domineering they were. How much attention was he spending on her? And pictures...it was disgusting. Yet she couldn't look away.

She laid in bed in only her bathrobe, scrolling through the conversation. She reread them over and over, her fingers tracing the trim line of the robe on her chest.

L: God you were so fucking tight

L: Moaning in a public bathroom

L: How'd you like my cock?

L: I knew you'd be a good fuck

L: God if only Sarah could see what I did to her mother

L: Did my cum leak out of you all night?

L: Did you touch yourself thinking of me yet?

Then there was a picture of Lester's mammoth cock, angry and veiny, staring back at her.

L: I can't wait to slide this into you again

L: To hear you moaning my name

L: I want to fuck you in your marital bed

L: Or better yet, Dan and Sarah's bed

L: Come on, Renee

L: Don't be shy

L: I can see that you've read these. Are you touching yourself to them?

L: You want more don't you? You want me to fuck you in a public bathroom again?

L: Come on baby, lets meet. I'll let you suck my cock this time.

Renee snapped off her phone and threw it across the bed before she did something stupid. She'd already broken her marriage vows, and the guilt was eating her alive. Why? Why the hell was she thinking about cheating again then? And with someone so despicable as that? She'd thought Lester was meek and polite, but now she'd seen the real thing. The real monster he was. And she couldn't stop thinking about him.

The excitement she felt. She wanted more of that. She hadn't realized how much she'd been craving excitement in her life. She laid back on the bed, acutely aware of where her phone was and the nagging pull of it on her mind. She wanted to reach out and grasp it, look at it and revel in what she saw. Instead, she calmly breathed like they taught her in yoga class, ran her hands slowly over her robe and closed her eyes.

She focused on the sound of the water from the next room. James was in the shower. Renee was getting ready to crawl up the walls. Finally, she undid her robe and stormed into the washroom. James looked at her, confused, from behind the shower pane. His eyes trailed down, and it took him a second to realize she was standing there, completely naked. She posed seductively on the door frame.

"Umm," James stuttered before a smile spread onto his face. He rinsed off the last remaining soap on his body, turned the water off, grabbed his towel and started drying off.

"I need you," Renee said as James stepped out of the shower. "Now."

She strode over to her husband and grasped his growing erection. He looked shell-shocked, but Renee needed it. She dropped to her knees, skin pressing against the cold tile floor and took her husband into her mouth. Her mind immediately drifted back, wondering whether Lester's cock would fit and how she would tackle it. She pried her eyes open to look up at her husband, trying to focus on him, not letting that brutish, disgusting man worm his way into her brain. James looked down at her with a relaxed smile. One of love, understanding and care. And his dick grew hard in her mouth, and his hands ran through her hair. She realized that wasn't what she wanted in that moment.

With his dick now as hard as a rock. Renee held his gaze and slowly stood up, still stroking his cock. She tugged on it as she stepped backwards.

"Renee...what are you.." James sputtered.

“I want you to make lov...” Renee started but corrected herself, “Fuck me. Fuck me like this. Now.”

She let go of his cock and gripped the porcelain lid of the toilet. She closed her eyes and pushed her ass out towards her husband. She swayed back and forth, waiting for him to take her. She could visualize the dirty bathroom wall of the bar in front of her,

“Renee...” James said slowly, “Why don’t we get comfortable in the bed?”

“James, just fuck me,” Renee said, shocked at how desperate her voice sounded. Her husband put a hand on her bare hip, and she felt the head of his cock search for her opening. She bent slightly, pushing her ass back and lined herself up with it. James was about to say something, but Renee pushed herself back, opening herself up and taking his dick into her.

She groaned, dropping her head, her blonde hair spilling over the top of the toilet. She pushed herself back on James’ dick, taking more and more of it into her until...she felt her ass cheeks pressing against his hips. She pushed back harder, trying to take more of him into her. It took her a second to realize there wasn’t any more to his dick. She stifled her disappointment, quieted the areas inside of her that longed to be touched and began to fuck her husband.

James struggled to keep his wet feet planted on the tile floor, but he got both of his hands on his wife and started to pump into her like she had oddly demanded. Her beautiful bubble butt slammed back against him with an intensity he wasn’t used to. James did all he could to hold on as Renee started to moan desperately and completely out of control as they fucked. He wanted to lie down on the bed. This wasn’t like them. But Renee was making new sounds he hadn’t heard before, and he already found his breath coming in shallow as his body took over and started pumping back matching her frenzied pace.

Renee pictured herself bent over the toilet, that short, fat, ugly, disgusting man pumping into her behind with his incredibly large cock. His gross hands on her body. Despite her husband’s lack of inches, she was slowly building herself up to an orgasm. She focused on it, tying it to the image of Lester and their dirty bathroom rendezvous.

James was grunting as he pumped himself into her. Renee clenched down on his cock and felt the warm, tingling sensation begin to grow inside of her. James grunted and lurched forward, his dick spasming and erupting inside of her. She almost doubled over, and she had to brace herself on the toilet as he caught his breath. Her growing orgasm quickly fizzled out, and she wanted to scream.

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L: Are you in Chicago?

Sarah stared at the text, biting her bottom lip. Her thumb hovered over the keyboard to reply, then she withdrew it and clicked the screen off. In the mirror, her face was full of conflict. She had just told Dan that they were going to be done with Lester. Yet, a few minutes later, a simple four-word text had her itching to respond to the deplorable little man.

What is wrong with me? Sarah thought to herself. She could hear Dan in the next room, snoring away. She kept looking at her reflection in the hotel bathroom mirror, trying to decipher the gaze staring back at her. They both knew, deep down, what they wanted to do. They knew what they should do, which was to follow through on her agreement with Dan to be done with Lester.

Her phone on the counter was like an itch she needed to scratch. No matter how much she tried to ignore it, its mere presence was a tug on her consciousness. She focused on herself in the mirror, trying to slow her breathing, look into her eyes, and whisper that she could do this. She didn't need Lester. She watched her eyes flick briefly to the phone, her shoulders sagging. The bright screen shone in her face again.

S: Yes.

It was agony, waiting for a reply. Her mind raced, wondering what else Lester could be doing. Why was he taking so long to type back? What if Dan woke up and found her hiding in the

bathroom texting Lester? She let out a gasp of air she hadn't realized she'd been holding when the three little dots appeared at the bottom of the conversation.

L: Why aren't you here?

S: Dan has work stuff

L: I don't care about Dan. Why aren't YOU here?

Sarah chewed her lip, trying to decide how to respond. She knew how she could lead this conversation to Lester's bed. It wouldn't be hard. In fact, all she had to do was suggest it, and Lester would happily take her there. Or take her someplace else, like that theater...

L: Why aren't you over here getting fucked?

Sarah put the phone down on the counter and took a deep breath. She shouldn't be continuing this conversation. She should crawl into bed with Dan. But she'd just given him a blow job, and they always turned her on. She wanted relief. But she wanted some semblance of that old life back, too.

S: It's late. We'll talk tomorrow.

Sarah silenced her phone and powered it down. As quietly as she could, she exited the bathroom and crawled into bed with Dan, trying not to wake him. She lay awake thinking about how Lester would respond. How irate he'd grow when she didn't message him back. And if she could sneak out of the hotel and meet Lester and be back before Dan woke up. That thought was disturbing, but even as she admonished herself for it, she also knew that she could slip out without Dan knowing.

She lay there, tossing and turning, trying to think of anything else until sleep finally took her.

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Sarah didn't turn on her phone when they woke up. She had Dan facetime the girls and check on them, since they were with Dan's parents. Sarah had suggested they stay an extra night in the city. It would be good for them to reconnect and spend time together. Even as she said the words to Dan, he mind told her she was lying to him and herself. That there was another motive for staying. She ignored the voice and spent the day visiting sights around the city.

They fell back into a familiar, comfortable rhythm together as they talked and ate. It felt like old times. It felt good. Then, while Dan was in the washroom at the restaurant, Sarah turned on her phone.

L: Sarah

L: Get over here

L: Now

L: Where are you?

L: Did you really fucking go to sleep?"

L: What the fuck?

L: I swear to god, Sarah

The last message had come in a few minutes after she had shut off her phone. Before she could talk herself out of it, Sarah sent a message.

S: Hi

She flipped off her phone, face down on the table and mentally berated herself for sounding like a teenage girl. She had just spent the day with her husband and had given in to texting Lester the second she was alone.

L: I'm going to punish you for leaving me hanging last night.

S: I'm sorry. We're here for work stuff.

L: Come over tonight

S: I can't. Sorry Lester.

L: Come on. I'm having D&D at my place, and I want to show you off. The cuck can come too.

Sarah was about to tell him they were going to slow things down. She didn't want to say they were breaking things off yet. She wasn't sure she was ready for that. Yet.

S: Not this time, Lester.

L: Come on, I have a bunch of your dirty panties here. Come pick them up at least.

L: And Dan left some stuff in the kitchen. Like his work mug.

“What's up?” Dan said, sitting back down in the seat across from her.

“Uh? What?” Sarah put her phone face down on the table. Dan eyed it, “Your face looked flustered. Everything okay?”

Yes,” Sarah smiled, let out a breath, and said, “No. Sorry. It’s just...Lester just texted me. I know. I know we are stopping things. He just said that we left stuff at his place. Like your work mug? I don’t know, he’s trying to get us to go there.”

Really?” Dan asked, flatly.

“Yeah, I know. I didn’t say we were. But he’s being pushy. He has his nerd friends over tonight, I think he wanted to...you know. Show me off or whatever,” Sarah said. Dan didn’t reply but took a long drink of his water. Dan seemed lost in thought. Sarah looked down at the empty plate in front of her, bracing for the inevitable argument. She didn’t think Dan would float the idea of divorce, but just the idea terrified her.

“Maybe we should go over there,” Dan finally said.

Sarah’s eyes snapped up to look at her husband, who still seemed to be chewing on the idea. “What?” Sarah asked, “Why? After last night, I thought...I thought we were going to be done with him.”

“Yeah, I know,” Dan said with a shrug, “I just love that travel mug.”

Sarah stared at him, dumbfounded. He returned her gaze before a smirk broke on his face. He shook his head and held his hands up, “I’m just kidding. We have other travel mugs. And I know I said we should be done with him. With all of it. And I still mean that.”

“So you were just joking,” Sarah said, feeling a sense of disappointment creeping over her, “You don’t want to go over.”

“Oh no, I still think we should,” Dan said.

“That doesn’t make any sense, Dan. Why would we go over there if we are going to be done with him? Isn’t it dangerous? Maybe leading him on?” Sarah asked.

“Or...” Dan said slowly, “We could have one last opportunity to rub his face in it. Show him that you’re now off limits. That we are done, and he gets to go back to his sad little life.”

“That...sounds like something Lester would do,” Sarah said, her heart beating a little faster. Dan shrugged, “Maybe. I don’t really care what he’d do. I have an idea. I don’t want to spoil it. It’s a good one, though. And I’m feeling more like myself lately. What time is his D&D game starting?”

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Dan was half surprised his key still worked as it turned in the apartment door. It had been a while since he’d been back. And given his lack of employment in Chicago and his moving out, he’d expected Lester would have changed the locks and found a new roommate by now.

Yet, as they swung the door open, the apartment looked just as it did before, as if it had been waiting for them: the sharply appointed decor, the new couch. Dan felt a false sense of comfort stepping into the apartment. Sure, this place had a ton of unpleasant memories, but it also held some good ones. Childless nights with Sarah on the couch, enjoying each other’s company.

Dan was beginning to lose himself in a strange sense of nostalgia when his reverie was shattered by the fat, plodding footsteps of Lester coming down the hallway. His body tensed. Sarah must have noticed, putting a hand on his lower back and closed the door behind him.

“Well, well, well, what has the cat dragged in?” Lester huffed, dragging a large card table behind him. Dan wanted to scoff at the light sheen of sweat on the man’s face. “My slut and the cuck,” Lester chuckled, “Come on over here, Dan and help me set this up.”

“Yeah, that's gonna be a you thing,” Dan said, steeling his nerves, determined not to fall back into the familiar trappings they’d repeatedly found themselves in. He took Sarah’s hand and led her to the kitchen. “We’re just here to pick up our things.”

He quickly found his travel mug in the cupboard and frowned, “Did you use this?”

“Of course I did. It's in the communal cupboard,” Lester grunted, bending over to straighten the fold-out table’s legs before turning it upright. He went into the closet, brought out several folding chairs and set them around the table.

“What is this?” Dan winced, peering into the cup. He showed Sarah the strange brown streaks running up and down the interior.

“Coke, probably,” Lester shrugged, turning back to his setup, “Hey, where’s my kiss, Sarah?”

“You drink Coke out of a can,” Dan muttered, then locked eyes with Sarah and shook his head. Sarah seemed visibly tense just as her husband had been, but she was holding herself together.

“We’re just gonna grab our stuff and be out of your hair,” Dan said, eyeing Lester’s prominent thinning hair. Dan held Sarah’s hand as they crossed the living room. Lester stepped into their path, eyeing up Sarah. He licked his lips, and Dan suppressed the urge to shove him.

“Something’s up,” Lester said, finally pulling his eyes from Sarah’s body. “What’s going on?”

“Nothing that concerns you,” Dan said, “We’re just getting our things and leaving.”

“Oh? I thought you were going to stay and play some D&D. It was so much fun last time.” Lester smirked.

“Where’s her stuff?” Dan asked, crossing his arms. He knew that just like them, Lester was planning something.

“On my bed,” Lester attempted to wiggle his eyebrows, but it just looked stupid. There was a soft knock on the door, stealing their attention.

“Get your things,” Dan said quietly to Sarah, urging her down the hallway.

“I left something else out on the bed for you,” Lester said with a mocking sneer, “Go put it on.”

Without waiting for a reply, Lester went and opened the door. Sarah looked unsure about what to do before she went down the hallway and disappeared into Lester’s room. Dan felt that familiar tug as he watched her disappear into the troll’s abyss. Thankfully, his awkward, portly roommate was opening the apartment’s front door.

“Hey Dan, what’s crackin’?” Ned asked, walking through the door with his hands full of bags of Cheetos. The man hadn’t changed since the last time Dan had seen him. He looked like a mini Lester, less chunky and more meek. His beard needed to be trimmed as it was bordering on scraggly, and he wore the nerd staples of thick glasses and cargo shorts. “You joining us tonight? Been a while since you’ve played, but I think I have your character sheet on my phone. It was a bard, right?”

“That guy who sings? I think that was it.” Dan said with a shrug.

“Yep, Dan’s joining,” Lester said, eyeing him, “And Sarah will be too.”

The elderly wizard-looking man Eugene bumped into Ned, almost dropping the cardboard box he was carrying. His thinning, grey, wispy hair and long white beard put some extra mileage on him since the last time Dan had seen him. He looked ancient, “Your girlfriend...Sarah. She’s here?” His lecherous eyes darted around the room, lecherously looking to scan Sarah’s body.

“Yep, she’s getting ready in the bedroom.” Lester forcefully took the cardboard box from Eugene’s hands and plopped it on the table.

“Hey, I painted some new miniatures. Be careful,” Eugene snapped, quickly moving to the box to check its contents. Last into the apartment was Greg, who had slid past the others and was now next to Eugene, removing things from the open box. Greg looked like a meek textbook nerd: rail thin, clothing a couple of sizes too big, thick glasses and squirrely eyes.

He gave Dan a curt nod before going back to the box. Lester slammed the door shut and turned to Ned, “Soda’s in the fridge. So are the bowls.”

“On it,” Ned said, turning from the others and heading into the kitchen. Dan set his travel mug next to the couch and waited for Sarah. The other guys set up a board with the miniatures and began laying out a bunch of game pieces and notes behind a large wedge of cardboard at the end of the table. Greg sat behind the cardboard with Eugene and Lester taking seats on opposite sides of each other. Ned returned shortly after and went to sit next to Lester, but was shooed away to another seat. Eugene looked at Dan expectantly. He just stood there, leaning against the couch, waiting for Sarah.

His head snapped down the hallway when the door at the end clicked open. Dan’s heart started to pound into his ribcage as Sarah walked out wearing a sexy little emerald robe, carrying a small grocery bag filled with her clothes and the other garments she’d left behind at some point. He inhaled deeply. This hadn’t been part of their plan. Hell, Dan hadn’t even told her what his plan was. She’d done this of her own volition.

Dan swallowed, eyes trailing up her body. Lester was smirking at him before he even saw Sarah appear, knowing the outcome by reading Dan's face. The jaws around the table dropped when Sarah walked into the living room.

"Hi, boys. It's been a while. Did you miss me?" Sarah purred. Dan felt his chest tighten. She'd fallen back into her old routine so easily—this sultry persona. Thankfully, Dan had kind of been aware that this might happen. He loved it when she acted like this, but just wished she didn't do it for Lester on her own.

There were silent, enthusiastic nods from all around the table. Lester just chuckled and patted the chair next to him. Sarah gave Dan a furtive glance, her cheeks going a light tint of rose before she averted her gaze and sat down next to Dan's rotund roommate.

None of the eyes turned towards Dan, who, once again, stood apart from the main event. All eyes were discreetly, or in Eugene's case, not-discreetly, undressing Sarah. She pretended not to notice and reached towards the bowl of chips. Her robe loosened at her chest, giving Ned an appreciative glance at her cleavage. His gulp could be heard all the way from where Dan was standing.

He felt the familiar sting to his ego. The feeling crept further into him, making him waver and grasp onto the familiar comfort of going prone, letting the events play out before him. Dan balled his hands into fists and took a step forward, pulling a chair out and sitting down at the table.

"Alright," Greg said from behind the standing cardboard, "Let's begin." The diminutive man cracked his knuckles and began to lay out the story for tonight's game. Apparently, it was a new campaign in which the characters met in a tavern to find someone with secret information about the location of a lost ancient magical treasure. Dan half listened, instead opting to watch Sarah's eyes dart around to each member of the table. When she landed on him, her gaze faltered a bit. Lester seemed to notice, reaching out a hand to squeeze her thigh that the robe barely covered.

Dan steeled his nerves, looking down at the character sheet on Ned's phone. He'd spent enough lunch hours with Carlos in Washington that he was more prepared for this little game than he was last time. He listened as Greg explained the situation, and their characters took turns entering the tavern, trying to identify which character there had the information they required.

Dan stared at Greg, getting his attention and putting a finger to his nose. Greg looked confused, but Dan thought it stood out enough that the guy might go along with what Dan was planning.

Lester was once again playing as his barbarian character and said, "Lady Val, come, let's sit by the fire."

"I'm going to go talk to those rough-looking men at the bar," Ned said, repositioning his character. "I'll engage them in a conversation."

"I'll cast a mind-reading spell and see if anyone is thinking about the relic," Eugene said, his eyes staring at the table in front of Sarah's breasts.

"It fails," Greg said from behind his cardboard, "Dan, Cassius Silverstrings, your move."

"Tell me, Mr. DM. Does this tavern have rooms available for rent?" Dan asked.

"Indeed, it does," Greg said, "Five gold."

"I pay five gold to the innkeeper for a room," Dan said. This move got Eugene to break his stare at the table and look up at Dan, surprised. Ned gave him an enthusiastic thumbs up while Lester looked disinterested and kneaded Sarah's leg.

"I stroll up onto a table, with my lute in hand and begin to play," Dan said, moving his little figure on the table. "I target the Maiden Val as my rich voice captures the attention of the room. My song has a strong charm effect, and it's a song of seduction."

"What?" Lester snapped.

Greg hid a little smile, "...okay. Roll Performance check."

Dan grabbed the dice off the table and rolled an 18. Greg nodded. "You passed. Val finds her loins stirring, and she leaves Dar the Barbarian and saunters up to listen to Cassius's performance.

Dan leaned forward, "I seduce her with a song."

Greg peered at him over his cardboard sheet, "...okay. Roll Performance."

Dan rolled the dice. It landed on a twelve.

"Pass," Greg said with a knowing look to Dan.

"I charge at the bard with my sword drawn, to impale him," Lester said, breaking the turn order but casting the dice anyway. It rolled a sixteen.

"Sorry, it needed a twenty," Greg said. Lester slapped his hands down on the table.

"My song makes the cleric disrobe," Dan said and rolled an eight. Sarah raised her eyebrows, looking at Dan with a playful look. She put her hands on his, stopping his die roll. She stood up

from the table and unknotted the belt holding her robe together. She let it drop to the floor, standing completely stark naked before the group of assembled nerds.

There was a sharp intake of breath from several of the men. Lester slammed his hand down on the table, but no one's eyes diverted from Sarah's body. She swayed seductively to a song only she could hear, her curves and movements mesmerizing the assembled men.

Dan threw his die onto the table and said, "I take the cleric upstairs and fuck her until the morning."

He didn't even look at what the die roll came back as. He stood and grabbed Sarah's hand and pulled her from the room, down to his vacated bedroom. He locked the door behind them, threw Sarah onto the bed and crawled in after her.

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"What just happened?" Ned muttered, tucking his boner up into his waistband and looking around at the rest of the group.

"Lester's getting cucked, that's what happened," Eugene chuckled, "Cucked by the bard!"

Lester balled his hands into fists, clutching the little miniature figure in them. He shook and stared down at the table as Eugene's comments and laughter rang out. He seethed. In the same way, when girls in high school had made fun of him all those years ago. Before he'd learned he could take what he wanted.

"UHMHMMMM," A wanton moan echoed from down the hallway, making the men grow still. Lester abruptly stood, knocking his chair over in the process. He stomped away from the group, disappearing down the hallway.

“Did Silverstrings really just do that?” Ned said, eyes wide. “I...I should have tried that...do you think she would have...”

“I don’t know,” Greg said as he debated whether to pack up the board and pieces for tonight, “I’ve never seen Lester so angry.”

“Of course he’s angry. His hot girlfriend finally came to her senses and traded up. Jesus Christ, just listen to them going at it.” Eugene chuckled.

“UHHMHMMM. FUCK,” Sarah’s sultry screams could be heard from where the men sat. Ned looked out of sorts as he tried to focus on anything but the sound he could hear. “I can’t wait to post about this on the subreddit,” he said to himself.

Eugene stood and started down the hallway.

“W-where are you going?” Ned said, reaching out to stop him, but he pulled his hand back when he noticed Eugene’s erection tenting his sweatpants.

“Gonna see if I can get a closer look,” Eugene said, walking away from the table and down the hallway. Greg couldn’t look up. He started putting the cardboard and the other pieces into the box.

“Did he really pass on those checks?” Ned stammered, awkwardly trying to sit to conceal his own boner.

“Yeah,” Greg lied, finishing packing the box. He might not have done that if Lester weren’t so mean to him. Still, he hadn’t expected anything in real life to happen.

“Dan... what's gotten into you?” came Sarah’s words from down the hall.

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Lester pounded on his bedroom wall, trying to get Sarah's attention. How the fuck could she do this to him? Sweat dripped down his back, and his face was flushed. He wanted to scream and hit something. He closed one eye and peered into the peephole, only to be rebuffed by the back of the anime poster he'd mockingly put up when Renee had visited.

But Sarah and Dan ignored his fists. Her moans echoed through the thin walls, and Lester felt the impotent rage he hadn't experienced in decades. He kicked over a pile of dirty clothes and almost chucked his model of the USS Enterprise at the wall, but calmly put it back down. He threw the door open, intending to pound on their door.

He stopped short when he saw Eugene with an ear to the door as he stroked himself through his sweatpants.

"Oh, what the fuck!" Lester snapped. Eugene's eyes went wide, and he stood up, trying to cover his erection. Then he smirked and said, "Sounds like your girl is getting fucked by an alpha male."

"Get the fuck out of my HOUSE!" Lester screamed, stalking towards the older man. Eugene smirked, put his hands up placatingly and walked back to the other room. Greg was holding the box of D&D items possessively as Ned sat there awkwardly.

"Get out!" Lester bellowed; his cheeks felt hot. Greg was already out the door as Lester struggled to catch his breath. Ned stood awkwardly, torn between leaving and trying to help clean up. Another step into the room by Lester made him drop the bowl of chips and dart out of the door. Eugene was chuckling as he pulled the door shut behind him.

Lester spun and marched back down the hall. He slammed his fists against the door, "FUCK."

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Dan pumped into Sarah with a renewed energy he hadn't felt in a long time. His energy. This felt like he was himself. Sarah's face contorted in pleasure as he fucked her. His feet were planted on the floor as Sarah ground herself against his cock, lying on her back on the bed. Dan grunted, hands mauling Sarah's shapely naked breasts.

It had been invigorating to expose Sarah to the group of nerds like that. And it had also been like a shot of heroin to steal his wife away from Lester in front of them. Sarah's pussy clenched around his dick.

Dan was aware of the pounding sounds at the door, but neither he nor Sarah stopped to care about them. Her legs wrapped tightly around his waist, urging him deeper and deeper. Dan hadn't felt this alive since he'd fucked Tricia in the office. Sarah's hands clawed at him, desperately needing to feel him.

A primal sense to fuck his wife surged through him. He gripped her toned thighs and thrust into her. She pulled him down by his shirt, their tongues swirling around each other. Desperate energy coursed through them as the pounding continued at the door.

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Eugene howled in laughter, "Did you see the look on Lester's face? Dan is my new hero. I think I'm going to name my next character after him. Dan the Daring. Dan the Dastardly. What a legend."

"Lester was really upset," Ned said, fingering the elevator button for the tenth time. Greg clutched the box of D&D supplies possessively, his eyes on the floor. "I've never seen him so mad."

“Yeah, it was awesome,” Eugene said. Then, in a lower voice, he whispered, “How about those tits? Jeeezus, Sarah has a fantastic body. I hope she comes to the next D&D night. I’ll make sure to spec in some love spells.”

Greg silently shook. Ned said, “I forgot how to breathe. Literally. When she dropped that robe, my body stopped breathing. We really should record our sessions.”

“Amen to that. It happened too fast. I want to see those globes again,” Eugene held up his hands in front of his face, groping the air and flicking his tongue up and down. The elevator dinged, and before they could step in, a nondescript man walked out, paused and looked at Eugene sucking on a pair of pretend breasts. Ned nudged Eugene in the side. The older man just laughed and pushed past the guy, then stepped onto the elevator. Greg and Ned followed after him, Ned hammering the closed door button.

The man watched the elevator door close and headed back the way the men had come. His eyes darted to the apartment numbers until he stood in front of the one he’d been searching for. He pulled a toolkit from his pocket, looked up and down the hallway, then pulled out a small snake-like device and plugged one end into his phone. He knelt, pushed the camera end under the door, and looked into the apartment.

Lester Marshall was pacing back and forth, holding a trembling bowl of Cheetos. He furiously shoved them into his mouth. The man’s brow furrowed as he watched the scene. Where were Dan and Sarah Williams? Their car was in the parking lot, they wouldn’t be anywhere else but in this apartment.

He pulled the snake free and put it back in his toolkit. Before he sent an update to Marcus, he’d stick around a bit longer and see what developed.

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"It's been a while," Sarah said dreamily from atop Dan's chest. She was wearing just the stark white sheets as she lay with him. Dan's hands were clasped behind his head, feeling yet another victory.

Sure, having sex with his wife wasn't something to celebrate so strongly, but he couldn't help but smile. Life was on the upswing, and after tonight, they were done with this shitty apartment and Lester for good. Things were looking up. He couldn't wait to see Lester's ugly face as they strolled out of here and out of Lester's life for the last time.

"It was long overdue," Dan said, stroking Sarah's back. He smiled and kissed her head. They lay like that for a while, just enjoying each other's bodies. Lester had stopped pounding on the door at some point. Dan didn't remember when.

"Dan," Sarah said softly, "Are we going to be okay?"

Dan hesitated for only a second before answering, "Yeah. We will. We just need to put all of this behind us. It'll take a bit, but I think we can be stronger than ever."

She kissed his chest and nuzzled into it, "I hope so."

"I know so," Dan said, his fingers grazing her naked back. He wanted to lie with her forever. But the bed was uncomfortable, and the sheets itched. And the sooner they were out of this hellhole, the better.

"We should get out of here," Dan said.

"Do you want me to get off you?" Sarah said coyly, her hand brushing his chest.

“No,” Dan said, “But I do want us to get out of there. The sooner we’re away from all of this, the better.”

Sarah pushed herself into a seated position, her blonde hair flowing freely down her naked back. She swallowed and nodded her head, giving Dan a smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes, “You’re right. Let’s go.”

Dan swung his legs off the bed with a groan and began grabbing clothes. He pulled on his boxers, then his pants and shirt. Sarah was still sitting there, completely naked.

“Uh, babe, aren’t you going to get dressed? Or do you want to walk down to the car naked?” Dan asked.

Sarah rolled her eyes and pushed herself off the bed, standing stark naked before him, “A charming bard disrobed me with his song in front of the whole tavern, remember?”

“Ah, yeah,” Dan chuckled, “Your robe is out in the living room. What about your clothes?” Dan moved towards the door.

“Lester’s room,” Sarah whispered. Dan froze with his hand on the doorknob. He’d hoped not to have to interact with the short, weirdo again. Having his last memory of Lester be ineffectively banging on the door would’ve been nice.

“Alright, give me a second, I’ll get your robe,” Dan said. He pulled the door closed behind him. Lester’s door was thankfully closed so that he couldn’t hear any rumblings or gaming noises. It was dark, probably the middle of the night, and the fat bastard was fast asleep.

He went to the living room but couldn’t find Sarah’s robe. The table was still set up, but everything else was missing—no nerds, no soda, no bowl of chips and Cheetos. Something moved out of the corner of his eye, and Dan swore he’d seen something at the bottom of the

door. He stared in that direction for several seconds, but it must have been his sleepy mind playing tricks on him.

Unless Eugene or one of the other nerds had taken Sarah's dress as some kind of jerking off aid, there was only one place in the apartment it was. He stared daggers down the hall at Lester's closed door. Even when Dan had gotten the upper hand on the smug bastard, Lester still had a card to play, knowing full well they wouldn't leave without getting Sarah's clothes.

Hell, Dan was tempted just to have her leave naked and not have to play into his roommate's plan. She could wear his clothes for all he cared. We went back to his old room and cracked the door. Sarah stood there, arms crossed over her breasts, trying in vain to hide her nakedness.

Dan's eyes scanned up and down her body briefly, and he felt the surprising urge to go for round two. He quieted that voice and said, "The robe and the bag of your old clothes are gone. Lester probably has it in his room."

"Of course he does," Sarah said, pulling the door open, "Wait here, I'll get them."

"No, I'm gonna come with you," Dan said. She shot him a questioning glance, "I don't want to leave you alone with him."

"I'm a big girl, Dan, I can handle myself," Sarah said, letting her arms fall from her breasts.

"I know. It's just that Lester seems to have a way of convincing you to do what he wants. Earlier, you didn't have to come out wearing that robe. We could've just left. But you still did what he said," Dan whispered.

"I did that because you said you had a plan," Sarah said in a low voice, "I figured it had something to do with teasing those boys."

“Whatever. It all worked out, right? Let’s just go in and get the clothes.” Dan said, walking up to Lester’s door. He tried the handle, and it didn’t budge. Locked.

He raised his hands to bash on the door the same way Lester had been doing earlier, but Sarah gently grabbed his wrist and shook her head. She softly knocked and said, “Lester. Are you awake? We’re leaving, but I need to get my clothes. Can you open the door?”

Only silence came from the other side of the door. Sarah gently knocked again and repeated her message. This time, slow, plodding footsteps could be heard approaching the door. Dan braced himself.

The door was pulled open, and his short, ugly roommate stood there very naked. Dan regretted that his eyes dropped to Lester’s member and immediately looked up at the ceiling. His brain told him that the brief moment of the appendage he’d glimpsed confirmed that Lester was packing and that his dick was semi-hard.

He finally looked down from the ceiling when he realized no one was talking. Sarah’s breasts were rising and falling rapidly as she stared at Lester’s face. His eyes were roaming over her body as he slowly licked his lips. It finally dawned on Dan that both of them were naked. Lester’s dick began to harden in front of them until it was jutting out like a steel rod pointed directly at his wife.

Dan’s throat went dry. His jaw was opening, but no words were coming out. He hoped Sarah would speak for them, but her mind seemed to be doing a hard reset. He began feeling like a third wheel again, doomed to spectate as this troll ravaged his wife. Dan clenched his fists until the nails dug into his palms, and he stepped forward, “We’re leaving. Just give us Sarah’s things.”

“Leaving, huh?” Lester raised an eyebrow to Sarah, “What happened to our rules? Our throuple. I thought we were in this together.”

“That’s all done now,” Dan stated flatly, pushing out his chest a bit. Lester didn’t seem to be intimidated; instead, he stepped back and gestured for them to enter his room.

“Just give us the clothes, Lester,” Dan said.

“As you can see,” Lester gestured to the floor covered in piles of dirty clothes, “there are lots of clothes in here. You’re going to have to be more specific. Scratch that, actually. I don’t really care enough to get the clothes. You can pick them up yourselves.”

Dan stepped into the room, eyes scanning the piles of garbage and clothing on the floor, looking for anything that might be feminine. He was about to take another step in, but realized Sarah was still standing at the threshold, naked. He looked back over his shoulder and saw Lester turn and whisper something to Sarah.

“Nope,” Dan said, “Not happening.”

He grabbed Sarah’s wrist and pulled her into the room with him, shooting Lester an irritated glare. He turned to his wife, “Alright, what were you wearing earlier? Do you see it? Let's grab it and go.”

The door shut behind them with an audible click. Dan turned to see Lester pressing his back against the door. “Lester, what the fuck do you think you’re doing?” Dan asked carefully, stepping around a pile of plates littered on the floor.

“I’m closing my door, what does it look like?” Lester shot back.

“Open it. Now. We’re getting our things and leaving. We’re done with all of this. Done with you.” Dan said. Lester shrugged and opened the door a crack, technically following Dan’s command.

“Is that right?” Lester said, his hand going to his cock while his eyes feasted on Sarah, “Sarah, is this true? You’re done with this?”

Lester shook his cock to punctuate his sentence. Sarah stayed uncharacteristically quiet, seemingly torn between them. Dan squeezed her hand. She returned it and looked at him. He saw the uncertainty in her, yes, a stark contrast to the determined woman from earlier.

“Yeah, we’re all done,” Dan said.

“So hostile,” Lester chuckled, “Well, if this really is the end of the road. I’ll be sad to see you two go. It’s been a lot of fun after all.”

Dan kept scanning the room, looking for Sarah’s clothes, “Fun’s one word for it.”

“Oh, don’t be like that, Danny-boy. At least, don’t lie to yourself. We both know you enjoyed watching me fuck your wife. Whether it was in this bed, in your bed, in the car, wherever. You stroked yourself to completion so many times that we both know it would be a lie to say you didn’t enjoy it.”

Dan stiffened at Lester’s words. Sarah’s nipples stiffened as well.

“I gotta say, I never thought it would end like this. It’s a bit anticlimactic, isn’t it?” Lester said, stepping towards them. “Shouldn’t we go out on a high note? One more memorable night? Instead of going out with a whimper, we should go out with a bang. What do ya say?” Lester licked his lips, looking over Sarah’s body. His cock was hard and jutting out towards them. Dan gulped at the sight of his wife standing here in this filth, naked, with this short troll of a man openly feasting on Sarah’s body.

She broke eye contact with Lester and slowly turned her head to look at Dan. He could see it. The lust in her eyes. The desire for this ugly man. It didn't make any sense. A stray, betraying thought crept into Dan's mind, asking him Would one last night really change anything?

Dan felt himself waver. He was staring hard at Sarah's eyes, trying to figure out how to convey his feelings without speaking out loud. He hesitated, and something passed between them. A glint of recognition in her eye. An understanding.

Sarah turned to her husband, "Dan, you've been so great today. Protecting me from the bad men and being there for me, and with me. You took me into your room and made me yours. I think you deserve a reward. Something I know you want really, really badly." She'd begun to move as she spoke to him, bending slightly to express herself, letting the droop of her breasts catch the eyes of both men.

"And Lester, you do kind of have a point," she glanced down at his erect cock. "After all that's happened here, all we've been through, it does seem kind of... unfinished without a proper goodbye." She'd stopped bending and now her chest was heaving. A drop of precum leaked from Lester and stretched a gleaming thread as it fell from his cockhead.

Dan's chest tightened, a war inside between his desire to escape the confines of the apartment and his need to watch Sarah perform.

As she faced Dan, she licked her lips in anticipation, a gesture eerily similar to Lester's. She broke eye contact and turned to Lester, "One last time. One last night together. You're going to fuck me like it's the last time you'll ever have me. Give me the best fuck of my life to remember you by."

Dan's heart hammered in his chest, his knees going weak. Lester flashed him a smirking, arrogant smile, and he crossed the dirt-laden floor and possessively pulled Sarah into his untuned arms. She groaned when his cock, dripping with precum, touched her skin, pressing hard into her. Lester enveloped her in his flabby, hairy arms and dipped her as a dancer would. For Dan's sake he made a show of running his hands up Sarah's naked body before he roughly

grabbed the back of her head. He slowly licked his thick lips. Dan's breath caught in his throat when his wife again unconsciously mimicked the motion. The fat man slowly lowered his lips to hers, and at the last second before connection, Dan saw her lips open, allowing Lester's foul tongue into her mouth.

His wife moaned into the deepening kiss, her body seeming to melt into Lester's body, pulling on him with desire. Her hands ran over his pale skin, reaching down immediately and grasping his cock. She groaned again, wrapping her delicate, French manicured nails as far around it as her fingers would let her.

Dan's mouth was dry as he tried to swallow. What the fuck did I let happen? The genie was out of the bottle again yet...he knew he could put it back in. But he felt his brain and body disconnect. Lester's hips started humping forward, jutting the precum-soaked tip of his cock against Sarah's thigh. It inched higher and higher, leaving a sludge-like trail in its wake.

Dan's foot inched forward. If he said something, would they stop? Would Sarah? She didn't stop the last time he told her to on the phone. Did Dan want her to stop? His head felt foggy, and he couldn't think straight. He kept blinking over and over, breathing harder and harder.

Sarah eagerly stroked Lester's cock, desperately against herself, smearing his creamy pre-cum onto her skin like some kind of fucked up moisturizer. They stumbled back until Sarah's bubble but pressed against the edge of Lester's low bed.

The analytical part of Dan's brain noted, not for the first time, how the bed seemed to be at the perfect height for Sarah's luxurious behind. Lester edged himself forward, splitting Sarah's legs apart. Sarah still held onto his cock, lining it up with her opening and running it up and down her slit. Lester's oozing pre-cum mixed with Sarah's juices. She was thrusting her chest against Lester, her body desperate for him to fuck her. Their heads continued to wildly thrash from side to side as they hungrily kissed, moaning their lust for each other.

Dan saw flashes of entwined tongues and lips in the rapid motion, Sarah's beautiful blonde mane moving so quickly it seemed to blow in the wind. Sarah's hand grabbed Lester's cock

tightly, stroking herself with it. Then she lowered it and juttred herself forward. Lester held his hips still and broke the kiss. Sarah breathed heavily, looking up at him with a look Dan could only describe as love and adoration. His heart broke. Again.

Lester smirked at Dan over his shoulder and nodded, "Take a seat, champ."

Sarah blinked, looking at Lester, then turned to follow his gaze. She seemed to look through Dan, blinking hard, struggling with recognition. Dan's leg bumped into something that slid back—Lester's gaming chair. Sarah's gaze pierced him, and his legs went weak. He fell back into the chair, scooting it back so it bumped the desk. The monitors came on, casting a light blue glow over the copulating couple in front of him.

Lester was still smirking at him, while Sarah's body writhed in need. "Hey," Lester chuckled, "Remember when you both used to insist on condoms?"

Before anyone could reply, Lester bent his knee and thrust forward, the head of his cock disappearing into Sarah, "UHHHHH."

Her fingers latched onto Lester's hairy shoulders. She moaned as Lester fed her his giant cock. Dan watched inch after inch of Lester's cock disappear into the loving mother of his two children. Sarah groaned in pleasure. Lester's fat ass cheeks jiggled as he pumped more and more of his swollen cock into Sarah. Her legs wrapped around his oddly proportioned body, pulling him in deeper.

His fat tongue lapped at her collarbone, her fingers running through what was left of his thinning hair. "Uhhhmmmm...ffuuuuckkk," Sarah groaned, her bottom lip hanging over her chin, sucking in air.

"Ohfuck Lester," Sarah moaned, kissing his balding, fat head, "Uh, uh. Ah...Uhh..Mhmmm...fuuuuhhhhh."

Lester glanced wryly over his shoulder at Dan, that shit-eating grin still plastered on his face. Sarah tugged at his body, her head thrown back, a mask of pleasure covering her face. Lester sneered, "I didn't hear her making sounds like these earlier. Guess that's what happens when you send a boy to do a man's job."

"Dan wants you to be louder," Lester whispered, "Don't hold anything back. Show him what we've been working on."

"Uhhhh....Mhmmmm...god yes, Lester," Sarah moaned, finger nails raking across Lester's back, "Ffuck."

Dan gripped the chair's arms, having his out-of-body experience. It had been a long time since he'd had a front row seat to this horrid affair. Lester began picking up the pace, his fat hips beginning to jackhammer his cock into Sarah. Each thrust elicited a hearty grunt of pleasure from her. Gone were the soft, pleasurable moans from Dan's session with his wife earlier. Even her screams sounded different. More animalistic. Primal.

Dan felt like he was watching a wild-animal mating ritual on the Discovery Channel. Lester's fat sausage fingers grabbed onto Sarah's thighs. He pulled on her legs and pumped his pale naked cock into her. Sarah fucked him back, her bubble butt rocking against the bed, thrusting her body back onto Lester's unyielding cock. They ground against each other as if it were a competition for dominance.

"Fuck. Ohhhfuuuck," Sarah moaned, throwing her hair back and screaming at the ceiling. Lester snarled and grabbed the back of her head. His fat tongue was already sticking out of his mouth as he pulled Sarah to him. Her mouth, still parted from the moan, took his writhing tongue inside.

"MHMPHMMM," Sarah moaned, eyes flying open at the sudden invasion. Dan's heart sank. Her eyes looked at the fat man in front of her affectionately, almost lovingly, as she closed them and melted into the wild kiss, her mouth and body moving with a passionate fury that Dan had rarely seen.

The headboard slammed against the drywall. Their bodies rocked against the end of the bed, making the bed's legs slide across the floor. Dan opened his mouth, but nothing came out. Sarah was lost in bliss, seeming to have forgotten all about him.

Lester broke the kiss with a groan and dipped Sarah back onto the bed. She moaned as her body touched the soft blankets, and she pulled Lester back into a frenzied kiss, her ass lurching off the bed as Lester slowly fed the entire length of his stiff cock back into her.

"Mmmhmm," Sarah groaned, raking Lester's back with her fingers. Lester's stubby body knelt on the bed, his mass entirely covering Sarah's tight body. The fat gut around his waist pressed down into her, making it hard for her to breathe. Sarah whined under him. Dan's eyes were fixed on Sarah's attractive calves as she dug her heels down into the bed, flexing them, and ground herself as she desperately tried to arch herself up to meet her lover's anxious possessive thrusts.

Lester broke the kiss, leaving a gasping Sarah panting below him. He looked over his shoulder and shot a glare towards Dan, daring him to do something, anything. Dan's nails dug into the arms of the chair. He felt something stir in him. He was about to get up.

Lester emphatically pulled his cock back all the way to the head and slammed his entire length back in with all the force he could muster.

"UHHMHMMMMMMMMHMMM," Sarah moaned, the sound reverberating through the room, followed by lower, softer groans of pleasure that rocked Dan to his core. His legs went limp, the words in his throat a jumble of nothingness.

"UH. UH. UH. UH. UHHH. UHHH. UHHH," Sarah's moans echoed off the walls as Lester continued to crazily pound into her repeatedly. She arched her back, her bare breasts pushing into his chest, gleaming with sweat.

“UH. FUCK....LESTER....MHMMMM,” Sarah moaned, her ass flying off the bed to meet his relentless thrusts. “UHHMMMM.”

Sarah clamped her eyes tight. Dan watched in horrified fascination as her lips formed the perfect ‘O’. He watched all the muscles in her body go taut, feet digging into the mattress, toes curling as his loving wife came.

An incandescent shower of explosive pleasure erupted inside of Sarah and overwhelmed her senses; her concept of time and space didn’t matter anymore as her body drowned itself in the sensation that only Lester’s massive cock could give her. Lester smirked down at her as he pumped his hips forward. He licked his lips, ran his hand down Sarah’s thighs and grabbed onto both of her delectable ass cheeks. He collapsed down on her and humped into her at a rapid pace like some kind of fucked up sputtering slug.

Dan’s stomach twisted at the sight. A mass of sweaty, hairy wan skin engulfed Sarah’s entire body. The only thing he could see was her head and her legs jutting out from under his disgusting body. Her feet weren’t planted on the bed anymore. Lester held her ass up, lifting his wife off the mattress as he pounded into her.

Sarah groaned in wheezing pleasure, crushed under Lester’s weight. But she didn’t want it to stop. Her head lolled to the side as she struggled to breathe, struggled to catch her breath from the blissful orgasm still radiating through her. Struggling to breathe from the oncoming tsunami of a second, thanks to Lester’s new angle, and his rapid, ceaseless fucking.

“OH...OH...OH.....UH...UHH,” was all Sarah could utter through wracked breaths. Her lungs burned under the strain of Lester’s weight. Dan couldn’t move. Just watched as Sarah’s legs kicked out and his wife started another back-to-back orgasm.

“FFFUUUUU,” Sarah’s scream seemed to rattle the walls. It reverberated in Dan’s ears, seemingly settling there and threatening never to leave. When her scream trailed off into a desperate whimper, her heavy breathing was the only thing left making noise. Until Lester

began to thrust into Sarah again, and the wet, slapping sounds of colliding flesh rang out. She threw her head back, her eyes seemingly amazed that the sex was still going this intensely.

Lester was whispering something in Sarah's ear that Dan couldn't hear. He leaned forward in the chair, straining to try and catch a word, but all he heard was a throaty purr from Sarah. It seemed to echo in her chest.

With a heft, Lester pushed himself up, and Dan could finally see his wife's body again. Drenched in sweat, either hers or Lester's. What made him wince was the dark curly hairs clinging to her breasts and torso, transferred from Lester's body. His normally prim wife didn't seem to notice or care. Her breasts were too busy rising and falling rapidly as she struggled to catch her breath.

She struggled up onto her elbows, her body looking like it was ready to collapse into the bed. Her hair was a mess, and sweat ran down her face. She blinked, her eyes searching the room. Lester pulled his cock out of her with an audible 'splutch.'

Her eyes finally settled on Dan, her face blank of recognition for a few seconds before saying, "Dan...what are you doing?"

Dan swallowed, thinking hard. His lips finally made word shapes and said, "W..watching."

"You should be doing more than that," Sarah said, licking her lips the same way Lester did. It unsettled Dan. He didn't respond, his brain racing against a sea of testosterone and neuro chemicals.

"Take out your dick for me," Sarah said, biting her bottom lip. Lester grunted and heaved himself off the bed, repositioning himself. Sarah looked back at him, a wicked smile on her face, and shakily climbed onto her hands and knees. Lester knelt behind her, one hand on her hip, the other on his throbbing cock as he gently stroked her pussy lips with it.

“Mhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned, wiggling her ass back, searching for a connection. Her heavy eyelids opened again, piercing Dan’s, “Take it out. I want you stroking it for me.”

Dan shimmied out of his pants, his dick already tenting his boxers underneath. Sarah looked at the boxers with derision, and he quickly lost them too. His hand was already on his dick, the feeling of his palm a much-needed sensation compared to the strain of himself against his pants. His cock twitched at the sight in front of him, and Dan felt as if he stroked it much more; it was going to explode all over himself.

“Okay, Dan,” Sarah breathed hotly, “Show me how much you like this. How much do you want to keep watching me...UH.”

Her sentence broke off as Lester pushed his cock into her. He only put a couple of inches in, then pulled it all the way back out, and slowly fed her his entire length. Sarah’s head dropped to the bed in recognition of his building cadence, a mass of blonde locks showering down around her face.

Lester kneaded her hips with his pudgy sausage fingers. His sweaty gut sat atop her perfect bubble backside, but like a quivering blob that stared angrily at Dan. It was such a fucked up sight to see his wife shaking with desire, thrusting back against such a horrid creature, while her jaw hung open in half pain-half pleasure as she struggled to breathe.

Lester had a permanent sneer on his face and an expression Dan couldn’t quite place. Something was lurking there, beneath the surface, that he didn’t recognize, but it felt threatening.

“Sarah, my love,” Lester said hoarsely, sweat dripping down his fat skull. As he slowed his thrusts, eliciting a whimper of need from Sarah. She raised her head, her eyes partly visible through the blonde curtain of her matted hair.

“What?” Sarah breathed heavily.

“Have you and Dan discussed which room is going to be the nursery?” Lester drawled slowly as he deliberately pumped in and out of her. Dan swallowed.

“Personally, I’m in favor of you side sleeping. You know, making sure it's there in your bed every night,” Lester chuckled and locked eyes with Dan, “What? You haven’t discussed this at all? Buddy, you'd better get prepared for what's coming in nine months.”

WHAP

He slapped Sarah’s ass cheeks, sending a ripple through them. It rippled through his gut, making a sickening wobble. “Ah, Sarah grunted, fingers digging into the mattress. Lester licked his lips, “And you. You better get ready for what’s cumming in a few minutes.”

Dan didn’t like what Lester was doing. Didn’t like this sick fantasy of his. To impregnate Sarah. It crossed a boundary. Even though part of Dan shook at the very idea. His whole goal tonight was to shut Lester down. With a dry throat, he said, “She’s on the pill. It’s not happening.”

Lester’s smile grew wider. Dan again saw something darkly sinister behind his eyes, but still couldn’t quite identify it. Lester ran his hands lovingly over Sarah’s body and said, “Maybe.”

He left the words hanging in the room. Dan’s mind tried to puzzle together what he meant by that. Sarah hadn’t seemed to hear him. Her face was a mask of pleasure as she ground herself back against him, sucking in little gulps of breath.

Lester’s hand snaked up Sarah’s back, grabbing her by the hair at the nape of her neck. He balled her pretty blonde locks into his fist and yanked up. Sarah’s head snapped up, glossy eyes locking onto Dan’s. She looked like her mind was far away.

“Maybe the pills won’t work,” Lester said slowly, his naked cock thrusting in and out of Sarah. Driving deep inside of her at this glorious angle, hitting places inside of her that only Lester had ever touched. It felt like a hot, veiny steel living rod impaling her, and she craved more and more of it inside of her.

“You hear those stories all the time. Condom breaks. Pills fail because of medication. Vastectomies well...life finds a way,” Lester said in a slow, deliberate voice. His face turned into a grimace, his thrusts growing more and more urgent.

“What do you say, Sarah? Should we stop? What if none of that works? What if your pills don’t work? What if I start shooting real cum into you? Flooding you with it,” Lester grunted, yanking her hair, reaching around with his other hand and mauling her naked breast. “Are you going to stop?”

“No,” Sarah panted, answering far too quickly for Dan’s comfort. “No,” she repeated.

Lester licked his lips. He was pistoning machine-like in and out of her now. Sarah was opening up, moaning, her throat sucking in air faster than her lungs could process it. “You’d let me cum in you? Flood your fertile womb with my potent seed?”

Dan wanted to roll his eyes at the way Lester spoke like a neckbeard incel. But all he could do was swallow, hearing his wife’s lewd admissions. It was hard to dispute his words when he had his cock this deep inside of Sarah.

“Yes...fuck,” Sarah moaned, her arm muscles tight as she ground her palms down into the bed and pushed her body back onto Lester’s invading log of a cock. “I want your cum to explode inside of me. I want to feel it. All of it.”

“Even if it knocks you up?” Lester grunted.

Sarah's body shuddered, and for the first time, Dan saw pleasure and acceptance on her face. The curl of the corner of her lips as she smiled. In that moment, he truly doubted that Sarah would actually stop this if there was a chance Lester could impregnate her. The idea of Lester's seed flooding into his wife and seeking her egg made his cock involuntarily twitch, and a stream of precum dripped out of it. He loosened his grip on it, worried it would go off at the slightest provocation.

"Ummm....uhhhh...yess..." Sarah breathed rapidly, wanting to say anything to keep Lester inside of her. To keep this amazing feeling building inside of her. "I want it. I want it to knock me up. I want you to put a baby in me, Lester."

"You want me to fucking breed you. Say it," Lester snarled.

"Breed me, Lester," Sarah panted. She urgently thrust herself back into him, revelling in the feeling of his cock battering against her cervix, even moving past it and dragging over her sensitive nerve endings, "I want you to breed me. Fucking breed me, Lester."

Lester raised his eyebrows, his smile growing wider than Dan thought possible. Wider and even more sinister. Lester's eyes flicked up to Dan.

"What about you, Dan? You want to see me breed your wife? Breed her right fucking in front of you? Knock up the woman you love and made your wife? Impregnate the mother of your children? Flood her with my heavy seed? Huh?"

Dan's heart hammered in his chest, and his cock twitched. He couldn't breathe. The room felt small. It felt like it was closing in around him. Everything seemed to spin. Sarah's urgent grunts and groans were too much for him. Flooding into his brain like erotic heroin that he needed more of to exist.

"Cat got your tongue, huh?" Lester sneered, "You just gonna sit there while I cum in her aren't you? This is your moment, hero. This is your chance to stop me from impregnating Sarah

Williams. And you're just going to fucking sit there and watch as she gets knocked up. Knocked up and begging for more. Aren't you, you little cuck? Watch your wife get bred."

Dan couldn't move. He couldn't breathe. It was all happening so fast. There was too much to process.

Lester yanked on Sarah's hair, pulling her head back up. She winced and let out a yelp. Lester licked up her back as sweat dripped from him onto her. "Look at your husband, Sarah."

Sarah's eyes lazily locked onto Dan. They flittered over the quivering dick in his lap and onto his conflicted face, "Watch as the man you love sits idly by, as you get knocked up by his disgusting roommate. Watch as he lets you get bred. Watch as he absolutely wants it to happen."

"Ohhhh," Sarah's face contorted at Lester's words. They were pushing her over the edge. She felt the pressure and warmth rapidly building inside of her, convulsing into something gigantic. "Ohhhlllester."

"Tell him what's about to happen, Sarah. Tell him what he's letting happen," Lester panted.

"Ahhhhmhmhm Dan.....Dan....he's...he's going to cum in me," Sarah whined in fervent anticipation. "He's going to fucking knock me up. He's going to breed me. Breed your wife."

"Unless he stops me," Lester whispered the primal challenge to the room. Dan felt an oppressive heat radiating from the enjoined couple in front of him. It threatened to wash over and suffocate him. Part of Dan wanted to protest, but he was already too far gone. Immobile. What the hell happened to me?

"Ohfuck..." Sarah groaned, her eyes locking with Dan's. "I've always wanted a son...Lester..." Dan swallowed. Getting a vasectomy had been logical, the right decision. They could give the girls a better life. Another baby would have been expensive. That's why they'd done it. Why he'd

done it. But he knew part of Sarah had wanted to try for another. A boy. A boy, he never gave her.

“I’ll give you a boy,” Lester grunted with a sneer.

“Fuck...Lester...please,” Sarah whined.

“You have maybe thirty seconds,” Lester said, his hands possessively roaming Sarah’s body, groping, mauling her ass cheeks. “Before I fucking unload into her. Before my heavy balls flood her with my baby batter. I dare you to stop me.”

Dan’s fingers were gripping the arms of the chair, nails digging into the leather. His dick twitched in his lap.

“He’s hard as a rock, Sarah. Look at his dick. He wants this. He wants you to be bred. Pathetic.” Lester sneered. Dan’s vision blurred, his face red-hot.

“Pathetic,” Sarah repeated, chewing on the words for their taste. Breathing was getting hard for her. Her own orgasm was rapidly building, and all conscious thought was starting to slide out the window. “Breed me, Lester. Fucking give me that cum. I need it. Make him watch.”

“Ughhh,” Lester groaned, “Squeeze it, baby. Milk all the cum out of me. Work for it. Show Dan how much you want me to breed you.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Sarah huffed. Dan’s heart twisted hearing that word from her lips. The word that had so many connotations. But his heart twisted further as she followed it up with, “Make me pregnant, Lester. Give me your baby. Fuck it into me. I want to feel it grow inside me.” She was actively thrusting her open cunt back onto the sweaty brute.

“Heh,” Lester licked his lips and pushed her head down into the mattress, “You’re about to get a deluge of Lester DNA into your unprotected pussy. Milk it out, baby. The pills aren’t gonna work, and neither is the snip.”

“Give it to me. Flood me!” Sarah squeezed her pussy around his veiny pulsing shaft. She felt his heavy, hairy balls slam into her. Her body started to burn with an intense white hot fire, and part of her knew, deep down, that this was truly an act of mating. Dominating Dan while she was bred in front of him. Stealing something away from him that would never be returned.

“FFFF-ffuck LESTER BREED ME,” Sarah cried, tears rolling down her cheeks as he pumped his full length into her in rapid succession. Lester sneered at Dan, “Too late, little cuck. She’s gonna get a big load of me.”

Lester turned his attention back to Sarah and said, “Here it comes, baby. Take it.”

“AAHHUUHHGNMMMMMMMGMMMMMM,” Sarah cried, her pussy holding onto Lester like a vise, milking him decisively as his veins began to pulsate. Liquid hot cum sprayed out, drenching her insides in Lester's virile, disgusting cum. It splattered against the walls of her pussy. She milked it thoroughly, taking it deeper as she came. Fireworks exploded behind her eyes, and burning heat coursed through her, igniting her world on fire that burned hot with pleasure. She quaked, her own body convulsing and thrusting back onto Lester's invading cock. As he came, her body rabidly squeezed and sucked more and more of his illicit seed, deeper and deeper inside of her. She cried out as another nuclear orgasm eclipsed the first, sucking the air from her lungs.

Her world spun, and time seemed to lose all meaning. Her world was just a wave of rippling pleasure she wanted to ride forever. Primal pleasure. Of biological functions succeeding.

Her eyes rolled back in her head as she collapsed into a messy heap on Lester’s bed, consciousness slipping from her grasp. Lester grunted and fell onto her before rolling off to the side, the large mast of his cock sticking up into the air, glimmering with their shared drooling juices.

Dan slumped in the chair, his dick quivering in front of him, cum running down its sides and pooling on the surface beneath him. He'd cum all over himself. His dick, exploding on its own accord. He felt weak, in more ways than one.

His brain was still fogged up, looking at the sweaty bodies tangled on the bed in front of him. It tried to grasp comprehension but failed. He sat there, alone as both Lester and Sarah's breathing took on the familiar cadence of sleep. He looked down at his lap, disgusted with himself and slowly, weakly got to his feet and went into the bathroom, cleaning himself up.

When he was done, he looked into the room at the sleeping couple. His mind was a war of hate and self-disappointment. He'd been sucked in, just as he promised himself he wouldn't be. His body was exhausted, and sleep called to him. Sarah was already out, a sleeping mess after Lester's insemination. He didn't want to wake her. Didn't want to face whatever look she'd hold in her eyes. He didn't want to see the disappointment, the hurt, or the naked contentment.

He fell into his own bed and let sleep take him.

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Niko snuck back into the living room after Dan disappeared into his room. He quietly left the apartment and prepared himself to report to Marcus.

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Sarah woke him when the sun was already coming in through the window. She was dressed, and there was a mix of emotions he couldn't properly read.

"Ready to go?" She said quietly, almost hopefully, that he'd say no. Dan sat up and couldn't meet her eye.

“Yeah,” he said to the flood, his voice coming out weak and tired. He cleared his throat and repeated himself. They gathered their things, Sarah, at some point having found her belongings in Lester’s room.

They made their way to the living room, where Lester was waiting for them with a shit-eating grin on his face. Dan wanted to punch him, but felt somehow smaller than the short, pudgy man in front of him.

“We’re leaving,” Dan declared, leaving no room for argument or discussion. “We’re done. Don’t contact us.”

He squeezed Sarah’s hand, hoping to instill strength into both of them. She didn’t squeeze back.

“Oh, I don’t think so,” Lester said far too casually.

Dan flung open the door, and Sarah was right behind him. She looked back and forth between Dan and Lester. He squeezed her hand again, this time to be reassuring. He needed to get her out of this apartment. Out of Lester’s clutches.

“We’re done. Fuck off,” Dan said, pushing the memories of last night out of his head. He tried adding steel to his voice, “Last night was a mistake. It’s not happening again.”

“Want to bet on that?” Lester sneered. A wide, evil grin spread across his face, and he held out a cellphone, showing Dan the screen. Dan squinted, not wanting or caring to see whatever Lester was showing him. Sarah gasped.

Dan squinted and took a step back. On the screen, Sarah was begging to be bred on her hands and knees as Lester plowed into her from behind. Dan watched himself sit pathetically in the

computer chair. Watched as Lester roared and came inside his loving wife. Watched as Dan's own cock betrayed him, standing on end as it quivered and cum spurted out of it.

"Now," Lester said slowly, "Let me tell you how things are going to go."